

My Hood

Cam'ron

You do what you do where you live
I do what I do where I live that's what makes me nigga
And that's just the way it is nigga
Killer, Prease, Vacant Lot, Diplomat
Killer, family nigga, yo, Killer, yo, yo, yo
Where I'm from kids get it hectic but get arrested but get respected
Piss infested, dyslexic, take caution money for extortion money
Girl's fate just for abortion money, honey no day you'll play me on
Flip water, nuttin' like Avion, type a shit my niggas get gravy on
Money missin', might find your baby, gone, the way we bond
Cam got ta spray these arms, have you relocate like Kay Re conn?
Crazy don, crazy cons girl, fuck, put they ladies on, me I'll go crazy on?
One chick told me give her a loan, shit, only thing I leave you is alone
Indeed you could bone, lemme read you a poem
Mom, no good for ya, it's da hood for ya
My hood, hoes, thugs, what it is it good for?
Absolutely nothin', nothin', nothin'
My hood, guns, drugs, what it is it good for?
Absolutely nothin', nothin', nothin'
Yo, yo, yo, now it's gangs out here, cats pass we flaggin'
Blue and red rags we braggin', look out y'all, here the padon wagon
Cops or punks, hit 'em with the pump, nigga, wanna front
Killer give 'em what they want, roll 'em up in the rug
Dump they body in the trunk, eat hoe heat low kill slow like mosquito
Now we dead if i ever did doubt of her, you want these streets?
Tryin' to get out of 'em, gotta leave 'fore they see Cam fold
Where they don't speak English or Espaniol, no, where I go
They don't spit that rap, they say, "Ching chang maka halia"
Yeah, shit like that, get my gat, click my clack, Cam's killin' this
I write for niggas, am I a ventriloquist? Ya feelin' this
Niggas, pump ya krills ta dis be careful, Harlem world will get this
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Absolutely nothin', nothin', nothin'
My hood, guns, drugs, what it is it good for?
Absolutely nothin', nothin', nothin'
Yo, yo, yo, cats wanna talk shit, I don't throw back trash at 'em
I come through in a drop top, laugh at 'em, wit the girls behind me
'Bout ta throw a pass at 'em, they with me stupid, now ma
Blast at 'em, cats fire when I'm walkin' by like JFK junior, y'all talkin' fly

I give 'em Macaulay Culkin lie, Dolly Parton high, they all can buy
Got it for sale and I don't run the crack spot, operation is a jag drop
Rag mop, access with a laptop, one of the have-nots to brick money
Then I came through in the six yummy, ya whole click sick tummy
But be careful, out in this game, buyers, suppliers, yo they wearin' wires
But come up in the world, if I twirl you fry got killed like a bitch hair

Curled and dyed

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Yo, yo, yo, yo this for every hood, every poverty
My whole NYC Harlem eastside, my cats down in NATL

You win, keep it krump Miami, keep it off the chain

Cat Gatti, I see you in Green Borough, get money

VA my guys out in CHI-town, the whole Cali, Westside

LA, bay area, Dego, Houston, Dallas, Memphis

Keep it krump, Detroit, I see everybody, every hood

Every ghetto Everything is a poverty, we love y'all

Dip-Set, Killer Cam, Jim Jones, Freaky

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