

In My Hood

50 Cent

Niggas screw they face up at me
On some real shit son they don't want beef
I cock that, aim that shit out the window
I spray, there ain't a shell left in my heat Ya niggas better lay down, young in stay down
Get hit wit AK rounds, ya ass ain't gonna make it
You niggas'll get laid out, wit blood and ya brains out
Have ya on the concrete shiverin' and shakin' I'm from South side motherfucker
Where gats explode
If you feel like ya on fire, boy
Drop and roll Niggas'll eatcha ass up 'cuz they heart turn cold
Now you could be a victim or you can lock and load
Party jumpin', shorty bouncin' that ass
I wanna fuck Gimme a second, I'ma holla, I'ma see what's up
I got my razor and my handgun
My pistol in trunk
Carve ya ass up nicely if ya play me like a punk In my hood
Niggas got love for me
But I don't go nowhere without my strap
In my hood
A little dro, a lil' Hennessey
A nigga juz don't know how to act In my hood
Niggas is grimy
I stay on point, I hold to my gat
In my hood
Niggas might buck at me
So I keep somethin' around to buck back
In my hood I don't trust a motherfuckin' soul when the D's come they fold
On my first case they told
Where I'm from it ain't safe to have more than a eighth
Niggas'll come to ya place, put a gun in ya face Tell ya open the safe, as ya heart start to race
'Cuz a robbery can turn into a homi-case
Cooperate or doc'll have to operate
Because I pop you run a light than pop at jake Trust me son
Niggas'll go on for they cake
These thirsty niggas are lurkin'
You have to catch 'em and merk 'em I'm observant in my hood, these niggas be dummin'
Shots go off at the dice game, all you see is them runnin'
That make it harder and harder to pump on the block
I'm a hustler, how the fuck am supposed to eat when it's hot? In my hood

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In my hoodThe house party off the hook until them shots go off
Well that's what you get for stuntin' on my block, show off
Uh, you shit outta luck if niggas catch you slippin'
Crack money slow, so you know niggas is trippin'Shorty down there on that Queens track, takin' a whippin'
Shit, bitch get outta pocket, she needs some discipline
Peep the feins shootin' diesel in his arm in the alley
Look at the chrome spinners, spinnin' on that black DenaliThe grimy niggas where I'm from don't wanna see
you chipped up
You shine they gone jux you about to shoot ya whip up
It ain't good to do good in my hood
Blaaow, you know not to do good nowIn my hood
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