

Welcome To My Hood - Explicit Version

DJ Khaled

[T-Pain]

Welcome to my hood
(Where the hood at)
(Where the hood at)
Welcome to my hood
Everybody know everybody
And if I got it everybody got it

Welcome to my hood
Look at all these old school Chevy's
24's so you know we roll heavy

Welcome to my hood
They outside playing hopscotch
And every know this is the hot spot

Welcome to my hood
Them boys will put you down on your knees
(Woop, whoop) That's the sound of the police
In my hood

[Rick Ross]

Audemar on my wrist
Diamond, look like they glowing
50 stacks, all singles, I make it look like its snowing
Black unmarked cars, gotta peep how they playin'
Treat 'em like jack boys, catch 'em slippin' then slay 'em
Lord forgive me for my sins, that's my confessions if they put me in this benz
I got possession of a federal offence
I'm talking pressure in my criminal intent
So wear ya vest's and I'm still gon' stunt
Like it aint no tomorrow, fuck ya house note nigga
Blow that bitch on a bottle
The Ferrari just a front, got the Lambo in the back
Tell you "we the best forever" DJ Khaled handle that

[T-Pain - Chorus]

[Plies]

I know some niggas from my hood that would rob Noriega

I'm talkin' Noriega, nigga, the real Noriega
If you aint from the hood, bitch, than stop impersonating us
And tell congress when you see 'em bitch I'm stealin' cable
And leave the D-Boys alone 'cause they motivate us
And why is the half of my whole hood on papers
Some are on house arrest, some are on child support
Some of 'em did they bit, the other half waiting to go to court
Mr Landlord we gon bust your ass with an eviction note
Better have the police with you dog, if you came to repo
I'm talking strip clubs, I'm talking liquor stores
We throw our money round here, but y'all can...

[T-Pain - Chorus]

[Lil Wayne]

Bitch I'm on probation, so my nerves bad
And they say time fly's, well mine's first class
I landed in the sky, I fell from the streets
I talk a lot of sh-t and practice what I preach
Back from hell, cell 23, tell the warden kiss my ass
Pockets on Monique
Bitch I'm from the murder capital
Hoe, I'm far from practical
Shit happens and since I'm the shit, I'm who it happens to
Young Money, Cash Money, blood bitch, I'm red hot
I don't see nobody, see nobody like a head shot
All that bullshit is for the birds, throw some bread out
Got it sewn up, check the thread count

[T-Pain - Chorus]

Lyrics submitted by Lianna.

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