

Take Tha Hood Back

Ugk

Yeah nigga, the hood is fucked up right now
You niggaz got shit all crossed-up
Niggaz got the game real twisted, right now
You niggaz is really hustlin' wrong
You niggaz got your grind wrong, mayne
I gotta watch you hoe-ass niggaz
It's time for the teacher
To sit back in the front of the class, nigga
Right over the blackboard
And teach you hoe-ass niggaz the rules, nigga
'Cause ain't nobody showin' you niggaz
How to get money the right way
If you gon' get money, bitch
'Cause you gon' fuck everybody money up on the real
Now all my hustlers, grinders and ballers, open up your mind
A lot of niggaz hustlin' backwards, need to press rewind
There's some niggaz playin' dirty pool, bad Cali bandits
They crossin' up the Trill and man, ya boy just can't stand it
Motherfuckers need to be reprimanded and straight jacked
These boys is givin' the wrong niggaz out here respect
Break ya neck to fuck wit a nigga that compromise yo? hood
Yo? doin' shit you know it cool until the good
Got kids movin' work, hustlin' by the school
Using youngsters, they hits states, this whole shit on the cool
Matter ?fact, fuck the cool, you niggaz need to hear me
Breakin' bread with certified snitches, don't come near me
You niggaz givin' these canaries all these passes
Fuck gettin' dough wit a snitch, get in they asses
I'm teachin' classes, Dope Slangin' 101
These hoe-ass niggaz don't want none of Bun
I'm takin' the hood back
Niggaz gettin' knocked goin' fed and six months ya back?
Off with his head, we takin' the hood back
Damn, I coulda swore they gave ya ass ten flat
Now you're home, somethin' wrong, we takin' the hood back
You liar, aight, but he ain't got it like that
Hell naw, we takin' the hood back
We in the club like it's good, in the hood and you a rat
Click clack, motherfucker, we takin' the hood back

I'm a G, hell yeah, I don't bull
Got yo? bitch lookin' mad while them Fingaz so full
I drank hard while you niggaz drank Bull
But the boy like Diddy fed, Bam got pulled
And I was taught to hold my own
Picture spider lock ya down, brother burna zone, nigga
Hell yeah, I'm bout dat, shirt slacks all black
Come through sunny side and leave yo' house flat
Yeah, I grind for the paper, fuck small towns, go major
Fuck a cell phones, goin' pagers
It's young low Frazier, shoot good with no lasers
And every shot hit, I don't throw no grazer
Some killa talk, nigga and real talk nigga
Middlefingaz' a ridah, whoever killed off, nigga
And I put that on Pat, Screw and Steve
Young low bitch, I clap you and leave, hoe
We takin' the hood back
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A thousand-eight grams, enough to get yo? ass right
You smart wit it, get caught wit it, enough to get yo? ass life
From out here in these trenches
Ain't no fuckn' love or second chance
Small-time offender, lose yo? ass, you get enhanced
Speak not, keep yo' mouth shut, investigate the whole place
Make 'em think it's cool, follow that nigga round the whole day
The game ain't the same at all, changed for the worst
Nigga got the less time 'cause he came wit it first
See I disperse to dope, the most convicted felon, strictly G's
No more Glock shit, rock shit, strictly ki's
I gets my paper, I was taught by older niggaz
Cold blooded killas, dope dealers, Sodom niggaz
I'm alert, I'm aware, I'm focused, I'm on top of shit
I show you how to stop that bitch
Get ig'nant wit this choppa bitch
Tomorrow ain't promised, snitch today, die tonight
We know your spot, me and my niggaz gon' ride tonight
Niggaz gettin' knocked goin' fed and six months ya back?

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I'm takin' back the streets, thang on the C
On parole but I'm cold wit the heat
Candy coated rock baller, twenty-chop crawler
Bitches tryna steal my dick, I ain't 'bout to call her
There's a lotta niggaz rappin', playin' games
I don't see none of the shit that you name
Where the car at? Where the bread at?
Where the girl you say that got that 'Five head' at?
Where the rocks at? Where the Glocks at?
In yo' mind and on the mic, the only place it's at
That's my lifestyle you rappin' 'bout
I'm havin' everythin' you pussy niggaz yappin' 'bout
When you see some cocaine
You say you got it, nigga, bring me ten thangs
He gotta call his connect and shit
And he ain't got you co-na-vict nigga, I'm takin' my hood back
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