

Pants Hang Low

Plies

[Intro - Plies Talking:]Aye, man, muthafucka just told me to pull my pants up homie (What?)
Pull my pants up, I went up to that muthafucka and told him i'm from the hood and that's how shit go

[Chorus - Plies:]I let my pants (My Pants) Hang low (Hang low)

I'm from the hood and this how shit go (I'm from the hood)

I let my pants (My pants) hang low (Hang low)

So, you better not play with my dough

'Cuz if you do, 4, 4 (4, 4)

I'm from the hood and that's how shit go

I let my pants my pants, hang low (Hang low)

I'm from the hood and that's how shit go

[Verse 1 - Plies:]I'm from the home of goon, city of the choppas

You ain't 'bout that life, you ain't want no problems

If you sweet and you know it, fuck it gone rob ya

Want straight yappas, fuck with no revolvers

Real street nigga, need a real good lawyer

Last two cases, fault both charges

In the hood, couple rules that you must follow

If you don't then, slugs fill your body

Want my paper, get my shawty

Hustle all day, try to ride big body

Been with three dope boys, hood call ha garbage

Will I still fuck'a, I don't know, yeah, proolly

Just a hood nigga with alot of swagg shawty

Who I hang with the most, proolly my 40

Been labeled a goon, that's what the hood call me

Stay in the hood, 'til I die homie, that's regardless

[Chorus - Plies:]I let my pants (My Pants) Hang low (Hang low)

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So, you better not play with my dough

'Cuz if you do, 4, 4 (4, 4)

I'm from the hood and that's how shit go

I let my pants my pants, hang low (Hang low)

I'm from the hood and that's how shit go

[Hook - Plies:]Say i'm too hood, might be

Don't give a damn what you think about me

Say i'ma goon, that's me

Don't give a damn what you think about me, nigga

[Verse 2 - Plies:]This where you find the most snitches, and most guns

Go four little parnters right now, on the run

Half of the city fellas other half got warnts

Guns stay swole every first of the month

If you ain't got 5, you better not stunt

Hood cut throat, can't even front

Bentley alright, get more attention than the donk

No shirt, pants saggin' with big charm

If it ain't top of the line, I don't want that blunt

Geeked in this trap, come through the front

Jack boys ridin', tryna find what they want

Ball last night, 4 g's what I spunt

police fuckin' wit me, better take his lunch

'Cuz, if he get behind me, then i'm gon' punch

554's under the hood, will run

'Cuz i'm from the hood, and this is how it done

[Chorus - Plies:]I let my pants (My Pants) Hang low (Hang low)

I'm from the hood and this how shit go (I'm from the hood)

I let my pants (My pants) hang low (Hang low)

So, you better not play with my dough

'Cuz if you do, 4, 4 (4, 4)

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[Hook - Plies:]Say i'm too hood, might be

Don't give a damn what you think about me

Say i'ma goon, that's me

Don't give a damn what you think about me, nigga

[Outro - Mannie Fresh talking:]Yaaahhhh, ladies and gentlemen

You're now listenin' to the ghetto music

And, this being supplied to you by the realest in charge,

Plies, and the dude freggy fresh, yeah

Good night ya'll

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