

# In My Hood (Produced By C Styles And Bang Out)

## 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 and spray  
There ain't a shell left in my heat  
Y'all niggas better lay down, yeah, I mean stay down  
You get hit with AK round, your ass ain't gon' make it  
You niggas will get laid out, your blood and your brains out  
Have you on the concrete shivering and shaking  
I'm from Southside motherfucker, where them gats explode  
If you feel like you're on fire, boy drop and roll  
Niggas will eat your ass up, cause they heart turned cold  
Now you can be a victim or you can lock and load  
The party jump, shorty bouncin that ass, I wanna fuck  
Gimme a second I'mma holla, I'mma see whassup  
I got my razor in my hand, got my pistol in the trunk  
Carve your ass up nice you play me like a punkIn my hood niggas got love for me  
But I don't go nowhere without my strap  
In my hood a little 'dro, a little Hennessy  
And niggas just don't know how to act  
In my hood niggas is grimey  
I stay on point, I roll with my gat  
In my hood niggas might buck at me  
So I keep something around to buck back  
In my hoodI don't trust a muh'fuckin 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 your place, put a gun in your face  
Tell you open the safe, as your heart start to race  
Cause a robbery could turn into a homo' case  
Co-operate, or Doc'll have to operate  
Niggas I'll pop you, run a light then pop at Jake  
Trust me son, niggas'll go hard for that cake  
These thirsty niggas are lurking, you'll have to catch 'em and merk 'em  
I'm observing in my hood, cause niggas be dumbing  
Shots forfeit the dice game, all you see is the running  
They make it harder and harder to pump on the block  
I'm a hustler, how the fuck I'm 'sposed to eat when it's hot?In my hood niggas got love for me  
But I don't go nowhere without my strap  
In my hood a little 'dro, a little Hennessy

And niggas just don't know how to act  
In my hood niggas is grimey  
I stay on point, I roll with my gat  
In my hood niggas might buck at me  
So I keep something around to buck back  
In my hoodThe house party off the hook until them shots go off  
Well that's what you get for stuntin on my block showoff  
You shit out of luck if niggas catch you slippin  
Crack money slow so you know niggas is trippin  
Shorty down there on that Queens tracks takin a whippin  
Sheeit, bitch get out of pocket, she need some discipline  
Peep the fiend shootin diesel in his arm in the alley  
Look at the chrome spinner spinnin on that black Denali  
The grimey niggas where I'm from don't wanna see you chipped up  
You shy nigga on jux, you about to shoot your whip up  
It ain't good to do good in my hood  
You know not to do good nowIn my hood niggas got love for me  
But I don't go nowhere without my strap  
In my hood a little 'dro, a little Hennessy  
And niggas just don't know how to act  
In my hood niggas is grimey  
I stay on point, I roll with my gat  
In my hood niggas might buck at me  
So I keep something around to buck back  
In my hood

#### Songwriters

Jackson, John David / Crawford, TeraikePublished by

Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Kobalt Music Publishing Ltd., Universal Music Publishing Group,  
RAZOR & TIE DIRECT LLC, THE ADMINISTRATION MP, INC. Song Discussions is protected by U.S.  
Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damlyrics.com/>