

Back in the Hood

Yo Gotti

I been posted up in them hall ways, late night, broad day, rain sleet or snow nigga, powder packs and hard yae, real talk i anit new to dis, real street nigga im tru to dis, uon see me on no DVD no dope income dat poolishness, when it come down to it these niggas large, cameras on these niggas hard, behind closed doors these niggas brawl, do yo time take the charge, im from dat north north you proley heard it first from project pat, but im Yo-Gotti dog and i got that M-Town on my back, im from a city where im the only rapper i see on the block sellin rocks fuckin wit trapas i mean they proley was and they proley wasn't, but i anit seen em dont kno nobody who seen em so i cant say dey don it, 17 workin wit a 100, im talkin thousands re stript public houses wilin man, mama found a half a quarter in my bedroom, flushed it down the toilet and told me i be in jail soon, i thinkin now wat mama im just a juvenile, from a juvenile to a man ma look at me now, back then they fucked wit me, now im hot they mad at me, erybody wan me to pay they bills, give em a car, buy them a grill, cmon be real, if i do dat then i be broke, proley lookin stupid, back in the hood sellin dope.

Lyrics submitted by Robert.

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