

In The Hood

Wu-Tang Clan

{The story you're about to see, occurred along the main
Trading route, on the border between the North and South
At a small outpost called Red Clay Village} {What the fuck y'all niggaz thought, huh? What you thinkin' bitch?
Are you stupid son, must be stupid kid, What the fuck is wrong?
It's the Wu bitch, ain't got a clue bitch, tie ya shoe bitch
Get the fuck back, 'fore we break a fuck, listen
Tryin' to tell y'all niggaz, give you a fair warnin', just a chance to live
So you can see ya kids, yo son nah, before I split ya wig
I'd rather feed you this, but you ain't wanna eat it
So now you got to, feel it} Yo what the, yo
Let me fuck it one more time then y'all can fuck
Y'know how we do it in the hood
Yo, yeah, turn the mic up, yeah, yo
Y'all niggaz better rock y'all hoodies
Take money, snatch jewelry, in the hood
You find the best woman lookin' good
Diamond she need polishin'
In my hood, all the gunshot legal
At the same time we gotta stop killin' our people
Keep it in the hood, niggaz walk with they gun
Keep it in the hood, that's where we come from I rep Brooklyn, home of the gangsta
I know a few murderer, drug dealer
In the hood, we speak mathematics and build
What's the total weight of the brain, Allah real
Slang jacks and hold gats, in the hood, 80 proof
Get my dick sucked on the roof of the projects
Dice game in the park, blunt sessions after dark
Movin' with the Wesson
Welcome to the God, we build and drop a lesson
Pussyhole testin', in the hood
Got the word from the hoodrat
Shorty on the wood Murder, bad boy ya block off an'
Murder, rude boy ya pop off an'
Murder, nine millimeter me say
Murder, no time fi talk, one fi
Murder, men an' them ah talk 'bout di
Murder, Masta Killa come calm wit' nying
Nying, nying, nying, me say murder Aey yo, we boys in the hood, big bad wolves in the woods
It ain't all good, pass the goods

Deep in the project halls waitin' to shine
Walk with a nine and talk with gang signs
In the hood, niggaz put twenties on Hoopties
Four heads, one forty ounce and a loosie
And keep dough on the flip, a hoe on the strip
And roll dick throw on the flip Weed clouds thick enough to block the sun
Cops come, but thugs never drop the gun, understood?
Far from ya Hollywood
From day one, I vowed I would keep it in the hood
From project chicks with hips and slim waists
From five dollar plates apartment six-eighths
O.G., I spit G to the young ones
I keep it in the hood that's where I come from Murder, bad boy ya block off an'
Murder, rude boy ya pop off an'
Murder, nine millimeter me say
Murder, no time fi talk, one fi
Murder, men an' them ah talk 'bout di
Murder, Masta Killa come calm wit' nying
Nying, nying, nying, me say murder This is the place where thugs is born, in the hood
Blink to long ya life is gone, in the hood
Convicts still live with they mom
And they whole family tree is tattooed on they arm, in the hood
Crack fiend'd furnish a 'Lac, in the hood
Africans be drivin' cabs, in the hood
In the streets the ghetto is hot
And the illest gangsters, on the block with cops, in the hood The ones you love'll fill you with slugs, in the hood
Babies born addicted to drugs, in the hood
We make life or death decisions
And the school system is like a minimal prison
So you can't knock the hustle or the life that I'm livin'
In the hood, it ain't all good, repent or you sinnin' Murder, bad boy ya block off an'
Murder, rude boy ya pop off an'
Murder, nine millimeter me say
Murder, no time fi talk, one fi
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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