

My Hood

Maino & Jermaine Coleman

[Intro: Little kids singing]

La la

La la

La la [Verse 1: Maino]

Yo, I'm from where, you might not make it to see 25

Get the wrong judge? You might see 25

It hurts here - hard to sleep through nights

Need a gun & a good set of eyes just to get through life (damn)

From where dudes stand around the corners & pump rocks

To make it off the street, all depends on your jumpshot (word)

The drugs, the fiends, the pimps, the hoes

& what you call the slums, I call home (I'm home)

The funerals, the tears, little girls with kids

The murals of the friends that we lost through the years (we miss you)

Kids can't learn 'cause school is overcrowded

But they got cells for 'em though they say it's overcrowded (it's crazy)

I can't lie, take a look around, it's hell here (it's hell here)

But somethin' keeps me grounded 'cause Lord I'm still here (I'm here)

The love I feel is hard to explain

I could live anywhere but nothing's the same as

[Chorus: Maino, (little kids)]

(My hood) everything ain't peaches & cream in (my hood)

Even though it ain't much it's (my hood)

Take a look what you seen in (my hood)

'Cause I ain't gon' ever give up on (my hood)

Maybe I'm just too stuck in (my hood)

'Cause I ain't gon' turn my back on (my hood)

Come through, I get love from (my hood)

'Cause I'm gon' always come back to (my hood) [Verse 2: Maino]

Where I seen my man die in front of me (Curtis!)

Seen my pops get high right in front of me

Cops said somebody said I had a gun on me

I guess that's why they keep me while I had the cuffs on me

Around here ain't no hope for each other

'Cause up the block somebody sold dope to my mother

Please tell me how we 'posed to recover

When them gunshots touch more people than them songs from Usher (yeah)

And it don't help seein' all my men get burried

We should've RIOT when them pigs killed Timothy Stansbury

Everybody's on parole or probation
Or on the run or just caught court cases
Hustlers & con artists & narc faces
On the same strip chickenheads is car chasin' (what up?)
Deep down, know it's a better place to be
But still, I can't seem to get myself to leave
[Chorus: Maino, (little kids)][Verse 3: Maino]
You might just speak with a different slang
But 'round the world every hood is the same (the same)
The dice games, the projects, the cars, & the corner stores
The barber shops, weed spots, & the liquor stores (yeah)
Niggas bring them bikes out in the summer time (haha!)
The hood is a bitch but dawg, she's fun at times (uh huh)
Everybody plays ball or they tryna rhyme
My homie just came home for the hundredth time
At night time mami, get yo' kid (whoa)
'Cause when them shells start flyin', don't let 'em hit yo' kid
Petty thieves & stick-up kids, drug businesses
Sluts suck any dick they get (oh)
Young girls with men names tattooed on 'em
With all this AIDS & shit, can't go raw in 'em
Look dawg, my son is my life, when I'm done with my life
The only place that I'd rather die is [Chorus: Maino, (little kids)]
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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