

Rollin' Thru My Hood

Master P

Yo kid man, stop the music Rollin' thru my, rollin' thru my hood
This what I see when I'm rollin' thru my hood
2 to the 3 to the 4 the 5 the 6
And everybody in the ghetto trying to sew this bitch 'Cause she's a dope fiend, she need amphetamine
But I'm the only motherfucker with the candy cream
Now the spots hot, here come the cops
The [unverified], it's time to close up shop Time to move on, brotha's on there cellular phones
Talkin' to them hoochies, I mean them ding dongs
'Cause in the ghetto everybody got nicknames
Like Master P, Lil Roy and Big Man Eyes red, dank to the head
I'm not Snoop Dogg but I feel like Lil Half Dead
Henace with a dab of that gin and juice
Gatorade but it gotta be 80 proof So we can reminisce to all the niggas missed
And when I said the ghetto's trying to kill me, feel this
'Cause in my hood, it's rest in peace shirt
And every nigga in they momma done did dirt Or formed a gang or even ganged banged
Or slang dope, motherfucker, it's the same thang
'Cause where I'm from you got to watch your back
'Cause every nigga in the town got a gat And these hoes, you can't love 'em
Even though a motherfucker wanta kiss and rub 'em
Watch your back 'cause gats go rat-tat
But mind your own motherfucker and it's like that Rollin' thru my hood, rollin' thru my hood
That is what I see when I'm rollin' thru my hood Rollin' through the cuts, dippin' down the alleys of killa Cali
Big Ed got that top drop 'cause it's not cloudy
So I roll on, tank-top with my swoll on
Pullin' in sun rays that be peepin' through the ozone I like to chill out, hang out
'Cause I'm cool, you know Big Ed is in the mix with the fix
Fool, I seen niggas shakin' ivory, hoes shakin' asses
But everybody head turn when the coup passes
Who ride? I ride with my 9 hoe
I creep as I crept 'cause I gotta keep that low pro Rollin' thru my hood, rollin' thru my hood
That is what I see when I'm rollin' thru my hood This nigga, I am one, quick to use that AK gun
On a mark, motherfucker, who wanta pick a bone
2 to the dome will do your ass home Ain't no love in my motherfucking hood
Lookin' where I'm at, ain't shit turning all good
We need cash 'cause it's all about the fucking rent
We get the dice and start rollin' on the pavement That's how it is on the first of every month
Sippin' gin and toking off of blunts
Gettin' higher than the sky, don't ask why

Young G's from the hood trying to get byRollin' thru my hood, rollin' thru my hood
 That is what I see when I'm rollin' thru my hoodWhen I'm rollin' thru my hood
 I see alot of factors, alot of actors
 But since the money's low, I see alot of jackers
 But where I stay at, it be the east to the bayBut what do I be dippin', it be a 6 to a tre
 And what do I be strappin', it be a ace to a K
 But I don't love them hoes that's why I never ever play
 In the 9-4, I use to sell dope and holla at the bitchBut it's 9-5 so it's all about me trying to get a grip
 14 niggas in a cut tryin' to get at the butt but it ain't all good
 'Cause a nigga like set trippin' up in my neighborhood
 [Unverified] through the cut, I see task hoppin' off of the treeIt's all about mine so it's all about me tryin' to get
 a fee
 Can't trust none of these hoes, I leave them hoes at the bus
 'Cause it's one motherfucking thing in this world that you can't trust
 It be a bitch 'cause they a snitch, they get you caught upIn this game, heavy locked up, tore up from the floor up
 I seen this bitches, these niggas, these niggas all the same
 It's a scandal thang and Silkk
 Won't be caught up in this ghetto gameRollin' thru my hood, rollin' thru my hood
 That is what I see when I'm rollin' thru my hoodI hit the play twice and then I'm off to a get away
 Where I got my shit hid away in the cut
 A personal yaht, I snatch a few sacks
 About to hit the track to come up on some scrapsHit the block sideways, perking, trippin'
 Swervin', I'm servin' the shit that I made 'cause it's tight
 All night long nigga's hustle for paper
 24-7 nigga's stay on the caperGotta get them riches and you gotta have game yo
 Gotta keep lie-lo with them hollow
 You see it's still going down
 Motherfuckers gettin' bucked in the townThe silent sound never go away
 Every other day it's another nigga in the game
 Straight passed away and as well as we all know
 It's a little bitty city where motherfuckers bound to get shittyNow when I roll through my spot
 I see niggas like broke, with them glocks, 17 shots nigga
 Hot nigga, pop you nigga and I just bought a 4-5 in the hood
 (In the hood, in the hood)Like that, check it out fool
 It's a ghetto thang, ghetto thang, ghetto thang
 And if you ain't from the ghetto you wouldn't understandRollin' thru my hood, rollin' thru my hood
 That is what I see when I'm rollin' thru my hood
 Rollin' thru my hood, rollin' thru my hood
 That is what I see when I'm rollin' thru my hood
 Rollin' through my hood

Songwriters

D. James Mattis; Johnny AlexanderPublished by

DAVID J. MATTIS Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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