

# The Hood

## Ruff Ryders

Shit, this shit right here  
Is for the thugs in the street  
Do y'all hear me?  
And this shit right here  
Might get you mugged in the street  
Beanie Segal hit hard, and I'll wire ya jaw  
Trademark niggas eyes, give them permanent scars  
Twist backwards, never catch me rollin' cigars  
Only cock and blow dro out of preservative jars  
On the block serving like I never heard of the law  
Cops hit the spot fuck it, mad bro to bar  
Fuck crack, flip powder, I ain't takin' a loss  
Plus if I get snatched, it's less time for the song  
I always been known to stroll the block, hold the glock  
Blow dro, pick up doe, reload the spot  
I'm the shit with crushed ice and some arm and hammer  
I'm the reason why smokers steal car antennas  
I get bricks, so you know I make big nicks  
The size of Chiclets that make you pricks sick  
While y'all try to profit, I just flip quick  
Y'all niggas know my flow be sick, my doe be sick  
Now when you wake up  
I'm wiping the cold out your eyes with the barrel of the gun  
Holding your son, smoking Branson  
Blowing smoke in your face, I want the ransom and some  
Or shit'll get the opposite of handsome  
I mean I got to come clean  
I've done bagged up and served  
Everything you've seen in the Feds magazine  
I'm what y'all haven't seen  
I swallow kerosene and piss out gasoline  
Strike a match and burn the fucking scene  
I'm no joker, I could blow you into smoke  
And make your man a second hand smoker  
I'm so vulgar, I'm sendin' niggas straight back to their maker  
Broke, with a Play Station for a CD player, see me player?  
I don't even play that shit  
I just spit and have the whole hood sayin' my shit  
Y'all got a Bible? Well, pray in that shit  
While I smoke a scripture, load up the guns then come to rip ya  
This be the realest shit I ever wrote  
Gun up in your mouth, hands around your throat  
Choke, nigga, choke, I'm dope  
Roll me up and smoke on contact  
Niggas react, and play me back  
For doe, I'll murder ever nigga not on this track  
I spit back at any nigga claimin' he Teflon  
The best on, be the next nigga get stepped on  
A sick dude, type to ask God, you wanna battle?

I could care less, send me hell I like to travel  
After waxin' him, I wax you  
Smack you, clap you and that's two  
Niggas, I left lookin' like statues  
I have to bring it to these cowards that talk hard  
Some jail shit? Never even walked through a junk yard  
I thump hard make a nigga yell for crew quick  
A true bitch, eat a nigga up like a chew-stick  
Too rich, is what I plan to be in the 9-9  
It's all mine, faggots ride bench when it's crunch time  
So bump mine, make a nigga lean off the opium you  
Ethiopian  
Willie niggas, yeah, we scopin' 'em and ropin' 'em  
Do a nigga Rosewood style  
Hangin' [incomprehensible] and his child  
It's Mysonne, lefty, gun up in the right palm  
Poppin' niggas in their sleep so they die calm  
Kill or be killed, that's the shit that I'm on  
It's Desperado style, shooting at them side arm  
I'm gone, see I'm dope like heroin  
And my guns got scopes, so they zero in  
Here on in, know I fear no men  
And mutherfuck shootin' five, here go ten  
Know that if you start a problem, there's no end  
You tough? Fight death and be a hero then  
Niggas call me Poppyseed, I'll pop your seed  
And move bricks on the block that's too hot to breath  
I'm a real type of nigga that cock and squeeze  
Y'all them second guess faggots that cock and freeze  
So I fuck with real niggas, like The Lox and D  
And y'all niggas got problems, just watch and see  
I'm the kid with the unlaced boots but'll lace you  
Leave a hole in your facial, the size of a bagel  
All my bullets hit, never graze you  
If you never was shit, I'ma promise you this  
I'ma front page you I'ma young'n the first one there and the last  
one to get to running  
Unless you tell me the cops coming  
'Cuz I like to feel assed out, so when they trap me I blast out  
I'm quiet my gun gotta bad mouth  
I wake up with the mad south  
You know how many chinks and Jews  
Drag's done dragged out on a cash route?  
'Cuz when I walk in, stop the talking  
I don't give a fuck if it's a nigga with a Walkman  
I'ma put him in a coffin  
Soon as I step in  
I'ma runnin' up on the nigga with the thick lens  
I'ma tryin' to get the Benz with the thick rims  
Double R, soon half of us'll go to jail  
The best studio, 16 Bars to Post Bail

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