

# In My Hood

## 50 Cent

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Niggas screw they face up at me  
On some real shit son they don't want beef  
I cock that, aim that shit out the window  
I spray, there ain't a shell left in my heat Ya niggas better lay down, young in stay down  
Get hit wit AK rounds, ya ass ain't gonna make it  
You niggas'll get laid out, wit blood and ya brains out  
Have ya on the concrete shiverin' and shakin' I'm from South side motherfucker  
Where gats explode  
If you feel like ya on fire, boy  
Drop and roll Niggas'll catcha ass up 'cuz they heart turn cold  
Now you could be a victim or you can lock and load  
Party jumpin', shorty bouncin' that ass  
I wanna fuck Gimme a second, I'ma holla, I'ma see what's up  
I got my razor and my handgun  
My pistol in trunk  
Carve ya ass up nicely if ya play me like a punk In my hood  
Niggas got love for me  
But I don't go nowhere without my strap  
In my hood  
A little dro, a lil' Hennessey  
A nigga juz don't know how to act In my hood  
Niggas is grimy  
I stay on point, I hold to my gat  
In my hood  
Niggas might buck at me  
So I keep somethin' around to buck back  
In my hood I don't trust a motherfuckin' soul when the D's come they fold  
On my first case they told  
Where I'm from it ain't safe to have more than a eighth  
Niggas'll come to ya place, put a gun in ya face Tell ya open the safe, as ya heart start to race  
'Cuz a robbery can turn into a homi-case  
Cooperate or doc'll have to operate

Because I pop you run a light than pop at jakeTrust me son

Niggas'll go on for they cake

These thirsty niggas are lurkin'

You have to catch 'em and merk 'emI'm observant in my hood, these niggas be dummin'

Shots go off at the dice game, all you see is them runnin'

That make it harder and harder to pump on the block

I'm a hustler, how the fuck am supposed to eat when it's hot?In my hood

Niggas got love for me

But I don't go nowhere without my strap

In my hood

A little dro, a lil' Hennessey

A nigga juz don't know how to actIn my hood

Niggas is grimy

I stay on point, I hold to my gat

In my hood

Niggas might buck at me

So I keep somethin' around to buck back

In my hoodThe house party off the hook until them shots go off

Well that's what you get for stuntin' on my block, show off

Uh, you shit outta luck if niggas catch you slippin'

Crack money slow, so you know niggas is trippin'Shorty down there on that Queens track, takin' a whippin'

Shit, bitch get outta pocket, she needs some discipline

Peep the feins shootin' diesel in his arm in the alley

Look at the chrome spinners, spinnin' on that black DenaliThe grimy niggas where I'm from don't wanna see  
you chipped up

You shine they gone jux you about to shoot ya whip up

It ain't good to do good in my hood

Blaaow, you know not to do good nowIn my hood

Niggas got love for me

But I don't go nowhere without my strap

In my hood

A little dro, a lil' Hennessey

A nigga juz don't know how to actIn my hood

Niggas is grimy

I stay on point, I hold to my gat

In my hood

Niggas might buck at me

So I keep somethin' around to buck back

In my hood

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