In My Hood (Produced By C.Styles & Bang Out)

50 Cent

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 and spray
There ain't a shell left in my heat
Y'all niggas better lay down, yeah, I mean stay down
You get hit with AK round, your ass ain't gon' make it
You niggas will get laid out, your blood and your brains out
Have you on the concrete shivering and shaking
I'm from Southside motherfucker, where them gats explode
If you feel like you're on fire, boy drop and roll
Niggas will eat your ass up, cause they heart turned cold
Now you can be a victim or you can lock and load
The party jump, shorty bouncin that ass, I wanna fuck
Gimme a second I'mma holla, I'mma see whassup
I got my razor in my hand, got my pistol in the trunk
Carve your ass up nice you play me like a punkIn my hood niggas got love for me
But I don't go nowhere without my strap
In my hood a little 'dro, a little Hennessy
And niggas just don't know how to act
In my hood niggas is grimey
I stay on point, I roll with my gat
In my hood niggas might buck at me
So I keep something around to buck back
In my hoodI don't trust a muh'fuckin 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 your place, put a gun in your face
Tell you open the safe, as your heart start to race
Cause a robbery could turn into a homo' case
Co-operate, or Doc'll have to operate
Niggas I'll pop you, run a light then pop at Jake
Trust me son, niggas'll go hard for that cake
These thirsty niggas are lurking, you'll have to catch 'em and merk 'em
I'm observing in my hood, cause niggas be dumbing
Shots forfeit the dice game, all you see is the running
They make it harder and harder to pump on the block
I'm a hustler, how the fuck I'm 'sposed 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 little Hennessy

And niggas just don't know how to act
In my hood niggas is grimey
I stay on point, I roll with my gat
In my hood niggas might buck at me
So I keep something 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 showoff
You shit out of luck if niggas catch you slippin
Crack money slow so you know niggas is trippin
Shorty down there on that Queens tracks takin a whippin
Sheeit, bitch get out of pocket, she need some discipline
Peep the fiend shootin diesel in his arm in the alley
Look at the chrome spinner spinnin on that black Denali
The grimey niggas where I'm from don't wanna see you chipped up
You shy nigga on jux, you about to shoot your whip up
It ain't good to do good in my hood
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 little Hennessy
And niggas just don't know how to act
In my hood niggas is grimey
I stay on point, I roll with my gat
In my hood niggas might buck at me
So I keep something around to buck back
In my hood

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