

Hood Love (feat. Bun B & Joell Ortiz)

Royce da 5'9"

Come on, come on, come on, come on, come on
Come on, come on, come on, come on, come on, come on
It ain't nothin' like
Come on, come on, come on, come on, come on, come on
PremIt ain't nothin' like love from the hood
Ain't no feelin' like rollin' through knowin' you good
'Cause you been keepin' it real
When niggaz see you they salute youLove from the hood
Ain't no feelin' like rollin' through knowin' you good
'Cause you been keepin' it true
When niggaz see you they salute youRoyce Da 5'9" give ya ill verses
Ryan Montgomery is the real person
No makeup, that's why you couldn't touch me up
I remember bein locked upThis nigga walked up, tryin' to battle
I went ahead and let 'em finish
Then I told 'em do that again I'm a fuck you upNow take a journey through a nigga's psyche
The only snitch in my life is the chick tryin' to split up me and wifey
You think you like me, I'm aight with that
I don't even call my nigga Budden, "Mouse"
It sound too much like a ratSo may your steps be just like your stacks
High, afraid of death, havin' a life attack
It's I, got the soldiers for the coca price
Your poker face on, I'm a turn your channel to the 'Poltergeist'My out of town niggaz know the bidness
When you land, I'll come get you, we gon' get itIt ain't nothin' like love from the hood
Ain't no feelin' like rollin' through and knowin' you good
'Cause you been keepin' it real
When niggaz see you they salute youIt ain't nothin' like love from the hood
Ain't no feelin' like rollin' through and knowin' you good
'Cause you been keepin' it trill
When niggaz see you they salute youIt ain't nothin' like walkin' your block
One deep on your city streets nigga, no hawk or no glock
No blades in your mouth or box cutters in socks
'Cause real niggaz show love and bad bitches on your jockEvery corner got a homie you know well
Even if somebody see a deal, then they won't tell
Your man say he got the goods, so you tryin' him out
The ice cream truck roll through, you buyin' 'em outThe youngsters helpin' out the old folks with something
hard to do
The kids is playin' nobody beefin' and it's a barbecue
And every backyard with the old school jams on

Sweet potato pie courtesy of your grandma
Everybody's home, nobody on the yard
We drinkin' and smokin' the night away with no regard
Nobody arguin' and everything's good
Man it ain't nothin' like love from the hood, that's understood
It ain't nothin' like love from the hood
Ain't no feelin' like comin' through knowin' you good
'Cause you be keepin' it real
When they see you they salute you, come on
It ain't nothin' like love from the hood
Ain't no feelin' like comin' through knowin' you good
'Cause you be keepin' it G
When they see you they salute you, word
It ain't nothin' like what I do every other night
Pick up the liquor, send the fiends to go get the cups and ice
Sit on that project bench and have some of the funnest nice
We spend that wrong doin' makin' money the summer right
The smell of somebody barbecue got my stomach
hype
'Tato salad, rice and some chicken, a little something light
A beast with the cards they always ask me to shuffle twice
Swear that I be cheatin', I'm just fuckin' nice
Cut that, rug rat, niggaz that robbed, never tried your boy
Only just me, no security that I employ
I never need to wear iron toy
I ain't naive, I just hang with some killers and I'm their pride and joy
But nah, ain't about that right now
It's about the jokes, weed smoke and the cat fights, meow
It's about them New Year's on the roof with your gat like blow
Outside the booth I'm the truth, give me dap like yowwa

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