

Too Hood (feat. Kirko Bangz & The Game)

Glasses Malone

(Chorus)

I'm too hood for you, I like it
I'm too hood for you, ooh but I like it
I'm too hood for you, I, I like it, yeah
I'm too hood for you ooh, woah, yeah (Verse 1 - Glasses Malone)

How would you like if I take you to the hood
Where we up to no good, serving that good
Serving, serving that good
Won't nobody say nothing, girl I got pull
We can pull up in the whip worker house
Leave the motor running, both hop out
Ain't nobody take it, might take pictures
That's life when you hanging with a fixture
Since 15 I been building this rap
Cash rules e'rythang, I don't take checks
Cash rules e'rythang, I don't do chores
Have you ever seen a wad of cash this large?
Well here, this s**t let them all do your thing
Chess not checkers, powers and your queen
Bet it okay with the styles in my jeans
Know your friends don't approve but you proud as can be
I'm from the hood girl (Repeat Chorus)

(Verse 2 - Glasses Malone)

Making moves, making moves, that's what hood ni**as do
Gucci girl in Gucci shoes
I might rock the J's, Holograms on back
You really with a thug? Where yours? We can match
Hit the Slawson swap meet and blow a rack
Really from the hood and I could go back
Know you like that, this life I'm living
When I'm on the air, respect I'm getting
And baby I'm getting it, and you can get with it
Me and broke ni**as like A-Tray and Sixties
We don't get along, thugging and I'm on
Tired of these squares? Come and thug with Malone
We can hit Roscoe, food off the chain
The one on Manchester, right up off of Maine
The rappers don't go and only real ni**as ball
Rappers get exposed, round of applause

It's the hood girl(Repeat Chorus)

(Bridge)

La la la la, ooh

La la la la, ooh

La la la la, ooh

La la la la, ooh(Verse 3 - Game)

I took a 100 racks and put it on a Benz

I ain't even got a crib, ni**a staying with his friends

10 year flip now a ni**a get his ends

Took the Bentley Dre sent me and put it on rims

I am simply the God out here, the Nas out here

Glasses, tell em I'm classic

Anything I put out forever be on that plastic

How I make it outta Compton, it's the rock, you bastards

Used to bang Hov in my eye rocket, get high, know I drop

Sit on my grandmother's porch, ask God why Pac?

And since he gone, I rep my city to the fullest

Only thing that can stop me is a bullet, pull it, ni**a

(Repeat Chorus)

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