

Where The Hood At (Grand Champ 2003)

DMX

Where the hood, where the hood, where the hood at?

Have that nigga in the cut, where the wood at?

Oh, them niggas acting up?!? Where the wolves at?

You better bust that if you go'n pull that

Where the hood, where the hood, where the hood at?

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Oh, them niggas acting up?!? Where the wolves at?

You better bust that if you go'n pull that Man, cats don't know what it's gonna be

Fuckin with a nigga like me, D-to-the-M-to-the-X

Last I heard, y'all niggas was havin sex, with the same sex

I show no love, to homo thugs

Empty out, reload and throw more slugs

How you gonna explain fucking a man?

Even if we squashed the beef, I ain't touching ya hand

I don't bunk with chumps, for those who been to jail

That's the cat with the Kool-Aid on his lips and pumps

I don't fuck with niggas that think they broads

Only know how to be one way, that's the dog

I know how to get down, know how to bite

Bark very little, but I know how to fight

I know how to chase a cat up in the tree

Man, I give y'all niggas the b'iness for fucking with me, is you crazy?! Where the hood, where the hood, where the hood at?

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You better bust that if you go'n pull that Once a song, I come through, guns is drawn

Blam blam, lungs are gone, sons will mourn

From dusk till dawn, nighttime belongs to the dog

On the street passed midnight, look for 'em in the morgue

Don't play with these cats cuz I ain't got nothing to say to these cats

For the mothers that really do love em, please pray for these cats

Cuz I know niggas is hardheaded but I ain't got the patience

Don't want me havin no patience turn into more patients

More trips to ICU cause I see you

Tryna get away with shit a real nigga wouldn't do

Where my dogs at? (RIGHT HERE) See them niggas? (RIGHT WHERE?!?)

GET EM BOY! (RIGHT THERE) That's how we do... (AIGHT THEN)

This is for my dogs, this is for my dogs

YO, WHERE WE AT BABY?!? (CREEPIN THROUGH THE FOG)

From then till now, don't ask me how

Know that we gon roll like them niggas and hit every block on the job
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You better bust that if you go'n pull that I get tapes doing times, stomp niggas like grapes making wine

Five CD's with mad rhymes

Don't hit me with that positive shit, I know you lying

You really wanna stop niggas from dying? Stop niggas from trying

I cuz I ain't really got that time to waste

And I thought I told you to get these fucking bums out my face

Looking at you in your grill, I might be nice to cut

Once I split ya ass in two, you'll be twice as butt

Yeah, you right, I know ya style: pussy, cause I'm fucking it

Since we all right here, you hold my dick while he sucking it

Motherfucker, don't you know you'll never come near me

Shove ya head up ya ass, have you seein shit clearly

Never heard that D be running, cause D be gunning

I beat my dick and bust off in ya eye so you can see me coming

Empty clips and shells are what I leave behind

And if they get me with the joint, they hit me with a three-to-nine
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Songwriters

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