

I'm So Hood

G-unit

Yeah, yeah, yeah

Lil' Tyrone tired of gettin' his ass whipped, so he holdin' that get down

His momma think it's my fault, 'cause he listened to 'Back Down'

Bobby was a fuckin' bum, he pumpin' backs now

He need some fresh chicks, white T's and fitted hats now

Uncle Rock a wino, he won't put the 'gnac down

Eric had the jump shop, but he's smokin' crack now

The Lunatics, the Lost Boyz, Cheeks shit is whack now

Country blew trial, them crackers got him on his back now

And Sean, runnin' round with his fuckin' get now

Up in niggaz cribs, sayin' where that money at pal?

Now Sandra from BK I seen her out in Houston

That bitch travelled the world, she runnin' round boostin'

Now Toya got these bad-ass kids, they a nuisance

Her baby daddies never come around, they useless

Every now and then I come through on some new shit

Pearly white six or some chrome deuce-deuces

I'm so hood, I can't help it

I'm so hood, I can't help it

Love me for bein' me, 'cause I can't change it

Can't rearrange it, I am what I am

So love me for bein' me

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When I was six man, momma told me god don't like ugly

I fell, scraped my face, and thought god must don't love me

Saw Owen every mornin' before school, he sell dope

Niggaz keep whuppin' nut ass 'cause he sell soap

Charlie be beggin' all the time, he stay broke

Flip be down on one O nine, rollin' up smoke

Shameek, he a thief, catch a stunt in a stolen car

He that nigga that you call when you crashin' into a bar

See they love me 'cause I rap now, but they don't like me

I been locked up three times and they ain't write

Stevie a punk, but fuck what he say, he can get mean quick

Pop shots at you, Esau must suck a mean dick

The block's hot, D's jump out on us almost all the time
They watch us from the buildin' but niggaz still be on the grind
Wayne used to call the cops and tell them G had a nine
'Til G put that gun in Donrad seat and said it wasn't mine
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