

# Pants Hang Low (Amended)

## Plies

Aye, man, motherfucker just told me to pull my pants up homie (What?)  
Pull my pants up, I went up to that motherfucker  
And told him I'm from the hood and that's how shit go I let my pants (My Pants) Hang low (Hang low)  
I'm from the hood and this how shit go (I'm from the hood)  
I let my pants (My pants) hang low (Hang low)  
So, you better not play with my dough  
Cause if you do, 4, 4 (4, 4)  
I'm from the hood and that's how shit go  
I let my pants my pants, hang low (Hang low)  
I'm from the hood and that's how shit go I'm from the home of goon, city of the choppers  
You ain't 'bout that life, you ain't want no problems  
If you sweet and you know it, fuck it gone rob ya  
Want straight yappas, fuck with no revolvers  
Real street nigga, need a real good lawyer  
Last two cases, bought four charges  
In the hood, couple rules that you must follow  
If you don't then, slugs'a be in your body  
Want my paper, get my shawty  
Hustle all day, try to ride big body  
Been with three dope boys, hood call 'em garbage  
Will I still fuck'a, I don't know, yeah, probably  
Just a hood nigga with a lot of swag shawty  
Who I hang with the most, probably my 40  
Been labeled a goon, that's what the hood call me  
Stay in the hood, 'til I die homie, that's regardless I let my pants (My Pants) Hang low (Hang low)  
I'm from the hood and this how shit go (I'm from the hood)  
I let my pants (My pants) hang low (Hang low)  
So, you better not play with my dough  
Cause if you do, 4, 4 (4, 4)  
I'm from the hood and that's how shit go  
I let my pants my pants, hang low (Hang low)  
I'm from the hood and that's how shit go Say I'm too hood, might be  
Don't give a damn what you think about me  
Say I'm a goon, that's me  
Don't give a damn what you think about me, nigga This where you find the most snitches, and most guns  
Go four little partners right now, on the run  
Half of the city fellas supposed to have got warned  
Guns stay swole every first of the month  
If you ain't got 5, you better not stunt

Hood cut throat, can't even front  
Bentley alright, get more attention than the donk  
No shirt, pants saggin' with big charm  
If it ain't top of the line, I don't want that blunt  
Geeked in this trap, come through the front  
Jack boys ridin', tryin' to find what they want  
Ball last night, 4 G's what I spun  
Before you fuckin' wit me, better take his lunch  
Cause, if you get behind me, then I'm goin' punch  
554's under the hood, will run  
Cause I'm from the hood, and this is how it done I let my pants (My Pants) Hang low (Hang low)  
I'm from the hood and this how shit go (I'm from the hood)  
I let my pants (My pants) hang low (Hang low)  
So, you better not play with my dough  
Cause if you do, 4, 4 (4, 4)  
I'm from the hood and that's how shit go  
I let my pants my pants, hang low (Hang low)  
I'm from the hood and that's how shit go Say I'm too hood, might be  
Don't give a damn what you think about me  
Say I'm a goon, that's me  
Don't give a damn what you think about me, nigga Yeah, ladies and gentlemen  
You're now listenin' to the ghetto music  
And, this being supplied to you by the realest in charge,  
Plies, and the dude freggy fresh, yeah  
Good night y'all

Songwriters

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