

# Timz N Hood Check

## Smif-n-Wessun

[Steele]

Smif-N-Wessun out of Bucktown startin' mad trouble  
Play the Hard Rock we break yo' block down ta rubble  
Perform a construction, like a storm when we rushin  
Raisin' Cain, hip shots graze yo' brain  
It's rippin down, like thunda, pound  
Make a brotha wonda now, what otha ill shit lies underground  
We got more if ya want more, dig it  
But ya got ta be hardcore ta get wit' it  
As a youth some called me Tone, some called me ?  
Now they call me Steele cause I'm rough to tha bone marrow  
You don't believe me, G, check my apparel  
Dress code is bold, so feel the cold barrel  
What up to all my cock strong troops in they boots  
True to tha game stayin' true to they roots  
That's how we choose to remain, cause we just can't change  
and we won't change, still stay the same[Tek]  
Timz and hood check, my crew's out ta catch wreck  
Run in ya crib and bolt ya doors'll be ya best bet  
Ya hear footsteps approach, as I drop the roach  
Of the smoke ya can't react because ya throat is being choked  
Pull yo' biscuit that's yo ticket to escape  
I got the trey-deuce my crime partner got the trey-eight  
I kick it hardcore so these critics try ta ban me  
But I'm gettin busy like the black guerilla family  
Got ta meet my man at a quarter ta nine  
So we could blow this town and leave the corpse behind  
We ain't many but we crazy, shady  
Broke into a crib, what we did  
Yes we smoked the fat lady  
Smif-N-Wessun on some reality shit  
Tie up ya timbs and make sure ya don't slip, nucca

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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