Welcome To My Hood (Edited Version)

DJ Khaled

DJ Khaled (DJ Khaled)
Cash Money, Young Money
We the best
Khaled I got you

Welcome to my hood
(Where the hood at)
(Where the hood at)
(YMCMB)
(Where the hood at)
Welcome to my hood
Everybody know everybody
And if I got it everybody got it uh

Welcome to my hood
Look at all these old school Chevy's
Twenty four's so you know we roll heavy uh

Welcome to my hood
They outside playing hopscotch
And every know this is the hot spot

Welcome to my hood
Them boys will put you down on your knees
(Woop, woop)
That's the sound of the police in my hood

Audemar on my wrist
Diamonds, look like they glowing
Fifty stacks, all singles, I make it look like its snowing
Black unmarked cars, gotta peep how they playin'
Treat 'em like jack boys, catch 'em slippin' then slay 'em
Lord forgive me for my sins,
That's my confessions if they put me in this Benz
I got possession of a federal offense
I'm talking pressure in my criminal intent
So wear ya vest's and I'm still gon' stunt
Like it ain't no tomorrow, fuck ya house note nigga
Blow that bitch on a bottle
The Ferrari just a front, got the Lambo' in the back (Rose)

Tell you "we the best forever" DJ Khaled handle that

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I know some niggas from my hood that would rob Norieaga
I'm talkin' Norieaga, nigga, the real Norieaga
If you ain't from the hood, bitch, than stop impersonating us
And tell congress when you see 'em bitch I'm stealin' cable
And leave the D-Boys alone 'cause they motivate us
And why is the half of my whole hood on papers
Some of 'em on house arrest, some of 'em on child support
Some of 'em did they bid, the other half waiting to go to court
Mr. Landlord we gon' bust your ass for that eviction note
Better have the police with you dog, if you came to repo'
I'm talking strip clubs, I'm talking liquor stores
We throw our money round here, but y'all can

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Bitch I'm on probation, so my nerves bad
And they say time fly's, well mine's first class
I landed in the sky, I fell from the streets
I talk a lot of shit and practice what I preach
Back from hell, cell twenty three, tell the warden kiss my ass
Pockets on Monique
Bitch I'm from the murder capital
Hoe I'm far from practical
Shit happens and since I'm the shit, I'm who it happens to
Young Money, Cash Money, blood bitch, I'm red hot
I don't see nobody, see nobody like a head shot
All that bullshit is for the birds, throw some bread out
Got it sewn up, check the thread count

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(Woop, woop)
I say fuck the police in my hood

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