

# In the Hood

## Prodeje & LV

Now see, the definition of a real nigga  
Is about it, in this motherfucking song right here  
You know, it took two real niggaz to collab  
And make some motherfucking shit happen, man  
It's your boy Yung Joc, you know, Block Entertainment  
And my motherfucking nigga Trae, asshole by nature  
Ay, Trae, tell me what you is nigga

[Trae]

I'm a gangsta to the end, riding for the set  
Black Chevrolet, with the paint still wet  
J's on my toes, locs on my eyes  
Crawling on fours, every time I slide by  
Nothing less than the truth, on the streets of the South  
Hos on my swag 'cause the diamonds in my mouth  
But I move low key, posted in the trap  
Raw with the rap, to put my hood on the map  
I'm a do this one for H.A.W.K., and his brother named Pat  
And my partna named Screw, so I let the trunk crack  
What they know about that, haters better chill  
Plus I'm packing something, that they classify steel  
Repping my block, still doing my thang  
Trunk full of bang, holding A.B.N. gang  
Screwed up click, I'm a let the world know  
Before it's all over, we gon' make the world slow

[Chorus]

You can find me in the hood, swanging in a drop  
Trunk popped up, now I'm letting back the top  
Locs on my face, and my grill so clean  
Thirty grand talk, boppers hopping on my team  
Moving so slow, banging my screw  
Moving so slow, banging my screw  
Moving so slow, banging my screw  
Hop out on the block, still hollin' 'what it do'

[Yung Joc]

'65 Impala, Chevy SS  
The top disappear, see the clear VVS

I guess you know the name, I ain't even gotta say it  
When I say it's going down, SK start spraying  
Block E-N-T, and A.B.N. niggaz in charge  
Ery'body mugging, nigga face different starch  
I'm a let you pull your card, but watch how quick I pull it  
Ay fuck a semi-auto, my niggaz pack fullest  
We bullies on the block, the hustle don't stop  
It's eat what you kill, that's the motto off top  
Yeah, it's the A-Town, and the H-Town  
Tell 'em this the shake down, lay face down  
Me and my nigga Trae, getting cake now  
Split it down the middle, 50-50 that's the break down  
Baby, keep your face down, and don't talk back  
You can find me in the hood, nigga distributing packs

[Big Pokey]

My guns go off, when my fists is hard  
Mobbed up 'cause nigga pistols'll scar  
You got your knife on you, homie, that's for twisting cigars  
I got my knife on me, homie, that's for twisting your guards  
These niggaz, wanna play you for weak  
It's going down, motherfuckers drizzown when they playing it deep  
I do the damn thang, niggaz talking about it  
I'm a problem run into it, you ain't walking up out it  
Sensei'll fade the pack, I get mean  
Lean on you with this beam, till you fade to black  
Cuffing broads, cause I mack on chicks  
I go hard same nigga hit your hard, put your Lac on bricks  
Niggaz a trip, crock bull give niggaz the clip  
Slap niggaz in they trap, when they giving me lip  
S.U.C. my nigga, we missing H.A.W.K.  
I'm gon' live through the rest of the click, that's real talk

[Chorus]

[Trae]

Hop out on the block, like I'm still hitting stangs  
Platinum in the hood, so they tend to know my name  
Yellow VS-1's, got me switching up the game  
Might hop fly, top dropping like the rain  
Hoes talk down, Trae never get mad  
Niggaz old school, still jacking my swag'  
Y'all concerned about a playa, since the day of my birth  
Grab a couple mill, and I can show you what I'm worth  
Sitting so low, every time I come down

Trunk just popped, so I'm showing my surround  
84's got me tipping, so low to the ground  
Still hitting licks, moving off the Greyhound  
Watching for the laws, I ain't fucking with the time  
Bitch I'm in my prime, ain't no stopping my shine  
I advise, that they lead the truth to the throne  
If you say I ain't the realest, say bitch you dead wrong

[Chorus]

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