

Busted in the Hood

Cypress Hill

Well, here's a little story, I got to tell
About a thugged out homey, I know so well
It started way back, when I was a teen
In the hood, on the corner, slangin' dope to fiends
Had the little stash that could serve your need
You can do what you want but I got weed for me
Ridin' for my fam, tryin' to hit a grand
Crash unit on my ass, now I'm in demand
One lonely family I be, all in the hood, I got nobody
The sun is beatin' down on my red dark hat
Pigs are roamin' through the alley so I gotta toss my gat
Forgot about the sack, lookin' for a place to hide
If they ask me for my name, fuck 'em, I'ma lie
One O.G. gangsta I be
Busted in the hood, I got no more weed
Pigs are comin' down on my gangsta stash
When they caught me with the weed and the dope and hash
He said a little somethin, I wasn't so impressed
No more runnin' homey, now you're under arrest
The sack was in my hand, felt like a sack of bricks
I swore he couldn't see it when I threw it in my whip
He said he wanted some, I said I don't have none
Found it in the sun on the floor next to my gun
Next thing I saw was the guns to my head
Now the lead will make me dead and yo this is what he said
"My name is Sgt. Slacker with a license to kill
I think you know what time it is, it's time to get real
Now what do we have here?
A banger and his peers"
He cuffed my hand you understand
He threatened me with tears
Sorry motherfucker had his gun out with a grin
You think the story's over but it's ready to begin
One O.G. gangsta I be
Busted in the hood, I got no more weed
Pigs are comin' down on my gangsta stash
When they caught me with the weed and the dope and hash
Now I got your crack and most of your crew
You got a couple choices of what you can do
Better make the right decision if you know what I mean
You can do some time, or fork over your green
I said, "I got no green", he started lookin' at me harder
I said, "I don't have nothin' you can go fuck your daughter"
He hit me with the fist, he hit me with the gat
He put the night stick to my back, so I think I'm done, the pig's got my gun
It isn't lookin' good, I got ink on my thumb
Another pig walked in, said he's playin' games
He gave another look at me, found out my false name
One O.G. gangsta I be
Busted in the hood, I got no more weed

Pigs are comin' down on my gangsta stash
When they caught me with the weed and the dope and hash
Sittin' there pissed as I dwell in my cell
The place smells like shit, in the County Jail
Homey lookin' at me like he seen me before
He started throwin' up a set, then he spit on the floor
I think ay-yeah yo, I know this kid
It's the same motherfucker cocktailed my crib
This dude said, "Get ready", pulled a shank on me
I said, "C'mon homey you a bit too sloppy"
Fool tried to stab me, socked him in the eye
The guards yelled, "Give it up" and let two fly
The guards said, "Down" and we hit the floor
If you make a move after you won't move no more
He said, "I think you once again' best protect ya neck"
I said, "Eat a dick from me you don't get respect"
I said, "You wanna come with it any time and place
And I'll leave you like Pacino with a Scar-on-ya-face"
They put him in the hole and all the bullshit stopped
But when his boy had beef, yeah, he got dropped
P.D. had no witness, D.A. dropped the load
I got probation for the gun and the dope, case closed
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Songwriters

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