

Rollin' Thru My Hood

Master P

Yo kid man, stop the music
Rollin' thru my, rollin' thru my hood
This what I see when I'm rollin' thru my hood
2 to the 3 to the 4 the 5 the 6
And everybody in the ghetto trying to sew this bitch
'Cause she's a dope fiend, she need amphetamine
But I'm the only motherfucker with the candy cream
Now the spots hot, here come the cops
The [unverified], it's time to close up shop
Time to move on, brothas on there cellular phones
Talkin' to them hoochies, I mean them ding dongs
'Cause in the ghetto everybody got nicknames
Like Master P, Lil Roy and Big Man
Eyes red, dank to the head
I'm not Snoop Dogg but I feel like Lil Half Dead
Henace with a dab of that gin and juice
Gatorade but it gotta be 80 proof
So we can reminisce to all the niggas missed
And when I said the ghetto's trying to kill me, feel this
'Cause in my hood, it's rest in peace shirt
And every nigga in they momma done did dirt
Or formed a gang or even ganged banged
Or slang dope, motherfucker, it's the same thang
'Cause where I'm from you got to watch your back
'Cause every nigga in the town got a gat
And these hoes, you can't love 'em
Even though a motherfucker wanta kiss and rub 'em
Watch your back 'cause gats go rat-tat
But mind your own motherfucker and it's like that
Rollin' thru my hood, rollin' thru my hood
That is what I see when I'm rollin' thru my hood
Rollin' through the cuts, dippin' down the alleys of killa Cali
Big Ed got that top drop 'cause it's not cloudy
So I roll on, tank-top with my swoll on
Pullin' in sun rays that be peepin' through the ozone
I like to chill out, hang out
'Cause I'm cool, you know Big Ed is in the mix with the fix
Fool, I seen niggas shakin' ivory, hoes shakin' asses
But everybody head turn when the coup passes

Who ride? I ride with my 9 hoe
I creep as I crept 'cause I gotta keep that low pro
Rollin' thru my hood, rollin' thru my hood
That is what I see when I'm rollin' thru my hood
This nigga, I am one, quick to use that AK gun
On a mark, motherfucker, who wanta pick a bone
2 to the dome will do your ass home
Ain't no love in my motherfucking hood
Lookin' where I'm at, ain't shit turning all good
We need cash 'cause it's all about the fucking rent
We get the dice and start rollin' on the pavement
That's how it is on the first of every month
Sippin' gin and toking off of blunts
Gettin' higher than the sky, don't ask why
Young G's from the hood trying to get by

Rollin' thru my hood, rollin' thru my hood
That is what I see when I'm rollin' thru my hood
When I'm rollin' thru my hood
I see alot of factors, alot of actors
But since the money's low, I see alot of jackers
But where I stay at, it be the east to the bay
But what do I be dippin', it be a 6 to a tre
And what do I be strappin', it be a ace to a K
But I don't love them hoes that's why I never ever play
In the 9-4, I use to sell dope and holla at the bitch
But it's 9-5 so it's all about me trying to get a grip
14 niggas in a cut tryin' to get at the butt but it ain't all good
'Cause a nigga like set trippin' up in my neighborhood
[Unverified] through the cut, I see task hoppin' off of the tree
It's all about mine so it's all about me tryin' to get a fee
Can't trust none of these hoes, I leave them hoes at the bus
'Cause it's one motherfucking thing in this world that you can't trust
It be a bitch 'cause they a snitch, they get you caught up
In this game, heavy locked up, tore up from the floor up
I seen this bitches, these niggas, these niggas all the same
It's a scandal thang and Silkk
Won't be caught up in this ghetto game
Rollin' thru my hood, rollin' thru my hood
That is what I see when I'm rollin' thru my hood
I hit the play twice and then I'm off to a get away
Where I got my shit hid away in the cut
A personal yaht, I snatch a few sacks
About to hit the track to come up on some scraps
Hit the block sideways, perking, trippin'

Swervin', I'm servin' the shit that I made 'cause it's tight
All night long nigga's hustle for paper
24-7 nigga's stay on the caper
Gotta get them riches and you gotta have game yo
Gotta keep lie-lo with them hollow
You see it's still going down
Motherfuckers gettin' bucked in the town
The silent sound never go away
Every other day it's another nigga in the game
Straight passed away and as well as we all know
It's a little bitty city where motherfuckers bound to get shitty
Now when I roll through my spot
I see niggas like broke, with them glocks, 17 shots nigga
Hot nigga, pop you nigga and I just bought a 4-5 in the hood
(In the hood, in the hood)
Like that, check it out fool
It's a ghetto thang, ghetto thang, ghetto thang
And if you ain't from the ghetto you wouldn't understand
Rollin' thru my hood, rollin' thru my hood
That is what I see when I'm rollin' thru my hood
Rollin' thru my hood, rollin' thru my hood
That is what I see when I'm rollin' thru my hood
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