

Trapped In the Hood

Jay Rock

Stepped out my project unit
Loaded my strap, hope I don't have to use it
Jumped in my magnum, gripping the magnum
Patrolling my hood, through the block just to see what's happenin'
Turnin' on the deuce, little kids out wrestlin' (?)
Got me thinking back when I used to flip off trash cans
That was '9-5, back when Beadie (?) ran the block
Doo Dog and Teez (?) had it on lock
With them crack spots rollin'
I used to sit and watch smokers cash they whole check for the rocks
Another sad day, (?) got shot, Lil Hit (?) got shot, then Q-Tip got popped
Over the years so many from the rolls and tears
We born to die, hummers never living in fear
Back on patrol, see whats popping up in the gym
The homies ballin', then they right back on they hustle again
Soon dice in the cup, police roll up
Everybody scattering trying to shake them cuffs
Gang injunction, can't really hang too much
Pointing out niggas? That'll get your cranium touched
That's why I see the homies with them things on tuck
Roll through don't know you didn't bangs gone bust (?)
Living off survival instincts, as they should
Gunplay, slinging yay, that's life in my hood
Niggas, hustlin', strugglin' just to make it daily, trapped up in the hood
(We hustle, we struggle, on that row, gotta go through troubles)
Niggas, hustlin', strugglin' just to make it daily, trapped up in the hood
(We bang, we slang, that's life in the hood, gotta make a little change)When it was '9-5, watchin' Beadie (?)
being observed
2001, I found myself on the curb
Rockin' it up, choppin' it down for them dollars
Niggas was wildin' up in the bushes with them choppers
Momma was hollin', put your pants up, she didn't know that was a problem
Pockets holdin' pistol and thousands, stomachs was growlin'
Lookin' for the next play
Homies run up in each other's spots just for that yay
Enemies come through, take the homie life away
Ride out, lay him down, coming back the next day
Had me ridin' for the turf
The big homie did it, so I had to put in work

Talk later, shoot first
That's the code that we livin' by, sippin' Remy, gettin' high
I was 16 with a semi and a 30i
I'm proud to be property of the black and white bricks
Young nigga fascinated with hood shit
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(We bang, we slang, that's life in the hood, gotta make a little change)
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