

# Hoodz Come In Dozens (SD50 Remix)

## Del the Funky Homosapien

Thieves in the night, stick you in the alleyways  
They might cause fright, they stick you up for Bally suede shoes  
And in the news, and even on Geraldo  
You can choose who will lose a pair of shoes (Yup) word  
The ones with the Reebok Pumps get their rumps rearranged  
For their change now their down in the dumps (Yup)  
You spent two yards, to sport em on the first day of school  
And like a fool, you went out like the worst way  
They pulled out a tool, and asked you to remove them  
Quickly, I told em not to do it and they hit me (What?) in the mouth  
With the nine, I thought they was like kinfolk (punk)  
I never thought crime would elevate up the Twin Oaks way  
But hey, everybody is a victim  
Hoodz come in dozens, the magic word is (stick em)  
When they spot you and they got you and you can't deal with em  
All because you spent two G's on your Boomin System  
Loud enough for the whole block to hear  
But now they caught you at the light and you're drownin in your tears  
(Punk you better raise your ass up out this car)  
(Come out off the car punk 'fore your ass gets blasted)  
It never was your fault that your shit was expensive  
You shoulda bought a vault, and now I gotta mention that  
Hoodz come in dozens, read it in the papers  
Seems like everyone caught a little vapors  
You can't escape em, so don't even plan it  
Gangsta Boogie fever has taken over planet Earth  
Now your life is worth a pair of Jordans?  
Now I wear Vans and my fans think I'm poor  
When I walk down the block, with money in my sock and shoe  
I hate you Mista Gangsta, cause everyone is mocking you  
Now I can't get no rest because you pests keep  
Killing little children like their sneakers are worth a million  
Bucks, it really is a bummer  
Someone tried to get me for a coat last summer  
(Your coat, check it in punk, hahah) Damn  
Hoodz come in dozens so watch your back  
Cause they all on the attack and you'll never know  
When they'll show up, but when they do  
You better throw up your hands like a fan and surrender

Nigga don't be a pretender  
You ain't the Hulk G  
Give up the cash and all the big bulky jewelry  
(All of it) (In broad daylight?) That's the plan kid  
They don't even care if it's candid  
Because passerbys mind they own beeswax  
So they like steppin' to you like yo I'll take these, black  
Give up your cash and your jewels without a argument  
Otherwise you'll catch one between the eyes (bang)  
Don't play hero, cause hero plus a bullet equals zero  
Give up your dough and cheerio old chap  
You didn't get a cap busted in your temple  
See, it's just that simple

Songwriters

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