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
ALAN EDWARD GORRIE, MALCOM DUNCAN, ONNIE MCINTYRE, ROGER BALL, STEVE FERRONE, STUART JAMES, TEREN DELVON JONESPublished by
Lyrics Â© Universal Music Publishing Group

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/