In the hood

Slumdogz

Now see, the definition of a real nigga
Is about it, in this motherfucking song right here
You know, it took two real niggaz to collab
And make some motherfucking shit happen, man
It's your boy Yung Joc, you know, Block Entertainment
And my motherfucking nigga Trae, asshole by nature
Ay, Trae, tell me what you is nigga

[Trae]
I'm a gangsta to the end, riding for the set
Black Chevrolet, with the paint still wet
J's on my toes, locs on my eyes
Crawling on fours, every time I slide by
Nothing less than the truth, on the streets of the South
Hos on my swag 'cause the diamonds in my mouth
But I move low key, posted in the trap
Raw with the rap, to put my hood on the map
I'm a do this one for H.A.W.K., and his brother named Pat
And my partna named Screw, so I let the trunk crack
What they know about that, haters better chill
Plus I'm packing something, that they classify steel
Repping my block, still doing my thang
Trunk full of bang, holding A.B.N. gang
Screwed up click, I'm a let the world know
Before it's all over, we gon' make the world slow

[Chorus]
You can find me in the hood, swanging in a drop
Trunk popped up, now I'm letting back the top
Locs on my face, and my grill so clean
Thirty grand talk, boppers hopping on my team
Moving so slow, banging my screw
Moving so slow, banging my screw
Moving so slow, banging my screw
Hop out on the block, still hollin' 'what it do'

[Yung Joc]
'65 Impala, Chevy SS
The top disappear, see the clear VVS

I guess you know the name, I ain't even gotta say it
When I say it's going down, SK start spraying
Block E-N-T, and A.B.N. niggaz in charge
Ery'body mugging, nigga face different starch
I'm a let you pull your card, but watch how quick I pull it
Ay fuck a semi-auto, my niggaz pack fullest
We bullies on the block, the hustle don't stop
It's eat what you kill, that's the motto off top
Yeah, it's the A-Town, and the H-Town
Tell 'em this the shake down, lay face down
Me and my nigga Trae, getting cake now
Split it down the middle, 50-50 that's the break down
Baby, keep your face down, and don't talk back
You can find me in the hood, nigga distributing packs

[Big Pokey]
My guns go off, when my fists is hard
Mobbed up 'cause nigga pistols'll scar
You got your knife on you, homie, that's for twisting cigars
I got my knife on me, homie, that's for twisting your guards
These niggaz, wanna play you for weak
It's going down, motherfuckers drizzown when they playing it deep
I do the damn thang, niggaz talking about it
I'm a problem run into it, you ain't walking up out it
Sensei'll fade the pack, I get mean
Lean on you with this beam, till you fade to black
Cuffing broads, cause I mack on chicks
I go hard same nigga hit your hard, put your Lac on bricks
Niggaz a trip, crock bull give niggaz the clip
Slap niggaz in they trap, when they giving me lip
S.U.C. my nigga, we missing H.A.W.K.
I'm gon' live through the rest of the click, that's real talk

[Chorus]

[Trae]
Hop out on the block, like I'm still hitting stangs
Platinum in the hood, so they tend to know my name
Yellow VS-1's, got me switching up the game
Might hop fly, top dropping like the rain
Hoes talk down, Trae never get mad
Niggaz old school, still jacking my swag'
Y'all concerned about a playa, since the day of my birth
Grab a couple mill, and I can show you what I'm worth
Sitting so low, every time I come down

Trunk just popped, so I'm showing my surround
84's got me tipping, so low to the ground
Still hitting licks, moving off the Greyhound
Watching for the laws, I ain't fucking with the time
Bitch I'm in my prime, ain't no stopping my shine
I advise, that they lead the truth to the throne
If you say I ain't the realest, say bitch you dead wrong

[Chorus]

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com
written by FREEMAN, BERNARD JAMES / , Y
Lyrics Â© Universal Music Publishing Group

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/