

# Catch Me in the Hood

## G-Unit

Yea, 50cent, Lloyd Banks, Tony Yayo(Lloyd Banks)  
This rap shit plays a major part in my life  
She looked for jack but realize that i got the ride  
Well send a muthafucker at ya tonightG-UnitAnd i aint sleepin till my click pop em  
swimmin in bowls of money  
Micheal walking around with a head em  
cause it's Charley mc dummy it's funny  
niggaz go ravving see you suffering, hungry  
I'm Co-D as well skating with enough of niggaz moneyWhy you ass of  
you know you ain't that tough  
I'm pulling your mask off  
As soon as you act up  
You know what i came for  
A peace of the game or  
Art till the readers  
Buy ass long as a chainsawI buy them weight  
But tis still feels like i'm dreamin  
40. calinger my pillow cinda feel like my c-men  
I fysical pressence of a female the form of a demon  
that's why i fuck em and leave em get my note while im leaving  
And i thought they catch me slippin now im ducking and drippin, thats a thousand dollar outfit wuth the fuck is  
you brickin  
They drippin, the record can get my ass in position  
Death wish for no gorilla jim wether canie a couchen  
Listen, and when trough momma bitchen in and out the kitchen wuth probable cause is probable in and out the  
prison  
We got soldiers  
but you still gotta respect the arts  
We got more 4-5s and nines then a deck of cards(Tony Yayo)  
You can take me out the hood  
But can take the hood out me  
Cause im getto  
Niggaz hate when you to good  
But when you broke  
Your friends and your enemy's  
They love you  
Chi-Chi get the Yayo  
Picture me being crack out of ten trips on the train  
Chi-Chi get the Yayo

Picture me being crackOh, you go  
You can sniff me, cut me ill turn you to a junkie  
I'm the nr. 1 cellar in the whole fucking country  
Wallstreet niggaz, they caught me on a low  
White boyz dont call me coke they call me blow  
Its time to go on a bus the train a plane im smuggle  
Im nothin but trouble Ill make ya money double  
cook me in bacon soda, ill turn ya hoop-rock into a new range-rover  
Ill pay all ya bills and fill je frigerator  
Feed ya familly turn ya man to a hater  
You can put me in a dog-pannel or ya stash box  
Put me in ya Nikes, Timbs or Reeboks  
If you caught three and a halve you hustlin backwards  
Cop a hundred grand you moving forwards  
Im trying to move more birds, and PA all day on the corner of third(50 cent)

You can take me out the hood  
But you can't take the hood out me  
Cause im gettho  
Picture me pollishing pistols  
Im comming to get you the sails hit you they scream  
Think im playing i mean it  
Man i dont bought all this pistols, just get it popping  
Start and wavin my own voice shell cases gets the drop  
The devils got a cone i got to much pride to hide  
Im outside gun in my pocket theres stuntin to poppin  
Im dying to poppin them young and im wrestling to the death system as the world turns the rececippy learn  
count on my blessins clean up my weapons im ready for war  
The strong survive the big shall perrish i told you before  
Hoes can come and take me now im 50

#### NICE TANE

Well I see you 20 grands and tips of the dice game  
Its burned out cant stop it  
You gotta watch MTV ,BET, NIGGA YOU SEE ME  
I wonder if im mad cause im doing good  
Cause niggaz are feelin me more than you in yo hood  
And it hurts cause you love them but they dont love you back cause they know you just rappin and you dont  
bust a get. You pussyYea, explain it to the niggaz in yo hood nigga  
They know you fuckin the front nigga  
Talk all that gangsta shit on the reggae  
I see you nigga  
niggas know me nigga  
Ask around in my hood nigga  
We'r de daily news nigga  
you see them talkin about me nigga  
im in the middle of all cinds of shit

Pussy...get it poppin

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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