

In My Hood (Produced By C. Styles & Bang Out)

50 Cent

Niggas screw they face up at me
On some real shit son, they don't want beef
I cock that, aim that shit out the window
Spray, there ain't a shell left in my heat
Y'all niggas better lay down, yeah I mean stay down
Get hit with a K round, ya ass ain't gon' make it
You niggas goin' get laid out in blood and ya brains out
Have you on the concrete, shiverin' and shakin'
I'm from Southside motherfucker, where the gats explode
If you feel like you on fire, boy drop and roll
Niggas'll heat ya ass up cause they heart turns cold
Now you can be a victim or you can lock and load
The party jump, with shorty bouncin' that ass
I won't fuck, gimme a second, I'ma holla, I'ma see what's up
I got my razor in my hand, got my pistol in my trunk
Carve ya ass up nice, you play me like a punk[Chorus]
In my hood
Niggas got love for me, but I don't go no where without my strap
In my hood
A lil dro', a lil hennessy, a nigga just don't know how to act
In my hood
Niggas is grimey, I stay on point, I move with my gat
In my hood
Niggas might buck at me, so I keep somethin' around to buck back
In my hood I don't trust a mothafuckin' soul when the D's come they fool
On my first case they told, where I'm from it ain't safe
To have more than a eighth, niggas'll come to your place
Put a gun in your face, tell ya open the safe
As your heart starts to race cause a robbery could turn into a homo-case
Co-opperate or Doc will have to op-porate, niggas will pop at you
Run the light, then pop at Jake, trust me son, niggas will go hard for that cake
These thirsty niggas will lurk, then you'll have to catch 'em and murk 'em
I'm observin' in my hood, these niggas be dumbin'
Shots go off at the dice game, all you see is 'em runnin'
They make it harder and harder to pump on the block
I'm a hustler, how the fuck I'm supposed to eat when its hot[Chorus] That house party off the hook, until the
shots go off
Well that's what you get for stuntin' on my block show off
You shit out of luck if niggas catch you slippin'

Crack money slow so you know niggas is trippin'
Shorty down there, on the Queens track takin' a whippin'
Shit, bitch get out a pocket, she needs some discipline
Peep the fiends, shootin' diesel in his arm in the alley
Look at the chrome spinners spinnin' on that black DeNali
The grimey niggas where I'm from, they want to see you chipped up
You shine, they gon' tilt you a block and shoot your whip up
It ain't good to do good in my hood
You know not to do good now[Chorus]

Songwriters

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