Nobody Loves The Hood

Huey

This goes out to all my kids out there in the hood, ya know
Going through the struggle and what not
There's always something bad that could happen in the hood
Ya know, yeah
Momma where you at, daddy where you at?
The hood's out of control, time to fight back
Kids just doing time, ain't nothing but crime
Because they don't believe the sun can still shine
Waited too long, now it's a problem
You see what it is, how it go wrong
Ooh, that's understood
'Cause nobody loves the hood
Man, this hook is too true to believe in
Where da hell is ya momma and daddy when you need 'em?
Born in the hood, so the hood's in ya heart
Though nothing's been good in the hood from the start
Either you was with ya momma or never had a daddy?
Or never had neitha and was raised wit' ya granny
It's a cold ass world fa the younga generation
In err hood somebody would, time to be facing
For a fucked up reason, a bad ass time
Then gave up, they don't think the sun still shine
Brush it against the wall, forced to do crime
Some say they'll die before they do time
'Cause jail ain't the place to be
Might be the place for you but ain't for me, yeah
You enjoying yo life, why? 'Cause your fists grip wood
But the kids doing bad 'cause nobody loves da hood
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'Cause nobody loves the hood
Man, the kids always getting lectured
But what do you expect when they have no direction
Father in jail, mother strung out

No curfew, late nights, hung out
Getting money on the zone, now it is a problem
'Cause they selling white rocks, carrying a revolver
Everybody gotta eat somehow, someway
Wishing they'll make it out somehow, someday
They can put the drugs down and pick up the books
There's only a few good cops 'cause most of them crooks
Supposed to protect and serve but now they got the nerve
To say they want criminals up off of the curb
It's a cold ass world, especially for male
They filling up more than half of all jails
The government got the world misunderstood
I dedicate this to the ones who love the hood
Momma where you at, daddy where you at?
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Ooh, that's understood
'Cause nobody loves the hood
Stand strong all my lil' soldiers
Reject all negative words people done told ya
Grind how you gotta and make 'em out of believers
Give the middle fingers and tell 'em I don't need ya
Over come the bad and pray to the Lord
Soon to turn good 'cause the grace of the Lord
Now you could smile and say it's all good
I'm never gonna leave 'cause somebody love the hood
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