

Hood Love (Feat. Joell Ortiz and Bun B)

Royce da 5'9"

Come on (Preme) It ain't nothing like love from the hood
Ain't no feeling like rolling through knowing you good
Cause you been keeping it real
When niggas see you, they salute you Love from the hood
Ain't no feeling like rolling through knowing you good
Cause you been keeping it true
When niggas see you, they salute Royce da 5'9" give ya ill verses
Ryan Montgomery is the real person
No makeup, that's why you couldn't touch me up
I remember being locked up
This nigga walked up, tryna battle, I went ahead and let 'em finish
Then I told 'em, "Do that again, I'mma fuck you up"
Now take a journey through a nigga's psyche
The only snitch in my life is the chick tryna split up me and wifey
You think you like me, I'm aight with that
I don't even call my nigga Budden "Mouse", it sound too much like a rat
So may your steps be just like your stacks
High, afraid of death, having a life attack
It's I, got the soldiers for the coca price
Your poker face on, I'm a turn your channel to the Poltergeist
My outta town niggas know the business
When you land, I'll come get you, we gon' get it It ain't nothing like love from the hood
Ain't no feeling like rolling through knowing you good
Cause you been keeping it real
When niggas see you, they salute you It ain't nothing like love from the hood
Ain't no feeling like rolling through and knowing you good
Cause you been keeping it trill
When niggas see you, they salute you It ain't nothing like walking your block
One deep on your city streets nigga, no hawk or no Glock
No blades in your mouth or box cutters in socks
Cause real niggas show love and bad bitches on your jock
Every corner got a homie you know well
Even if somebody see a deal, then they won't tell
Your man say he got the goods, so you trying him out
The ice cream truck roll through, you buying 'em out
The youngstas helping out the old folks, with something hard to do
The kids is playing, nobody beefing and it's a barbeque
And every backyard with the old school jams on
Sweet potato pie courtesy of your grandma

Already, everybody's home, nobody on the yard
We drinking and smoking the night away with no regard
Nobody arguing and everything's good
Man it ain't nothing like love from the hood, that's understood
It ain't nothing like love from the hood
Ain't no feeling like rolling through knowing you good
Cause you been keeping it real
When niggas see you, they salute you
Come on, it ain't nothing like love from the hood
Ain't no feeling like coming through knowing you good
Cause you be keeping it G
When they see you, they salute you
Word, it ain't nothing like, what I do every other night
Pick up the liquor, send the fiends to go get the cups and ice
Sit on that project bench and have some of the funnest nice
We spend that wrong doing making money the summer right
The smell of somebody barbeque got my stomach hype
'tata salad, rice and some chicken, a little something light
A beast with the cards, they always ask me to shuffle twice
Swear that I be cheating, I'm just fucking nice, cut that
Rug rat, niggas that robbed, never tried your boy
Only just me, no security that I employ
I never need to wear iron toy, I ain't naive
I just hang with some killers and I'm their pride and joy
But nah, ain't about that right now
It's about the jokes, weed smoke and the cat fights, meow
It's about them New Year's on the roof, with your gat like bloaw
Outside the booth I'm the truth, give me dap like "Yaowa"

Songwriters

Bernard Freeman;Christopher Martin;Joell Ortiz;Ryan Montgomery
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