

For the Hood (feat. Gucci Mane)

Yo Gotti

[Intro - Yo Gotti]

Yeah

I'm Yo Gotti

Ha

This here for the hood

This here for the hood

All around the globe, every hood, nigga [Chorus - Yo Gotti]

This here for the hood

Now I do it for the hood

Now I do if for the hood

I'm like, all these shows and all of these hoes

All of this money and all of these clothes, for the hood

Now I do it for the hood [Verse 1 - Yo Gotti]

I do it for the hood, I do it for my town

I do it for the South, North Memphis to the Mound

I do it for the A, Westside Bankhead

East Atlanta, Zone 6, dope boys break bread

I do it for Alabama, them niggas in the 'Ham

I do it for Mobile, because they be going ham

I do it for the Lou', I do if for the Chi

Across the water in the north, Club Peno, eastside

And this is how I ride, my rims on glide

Six inch lips, twenty six inch tires

I do it for Detroit, because they be going hard

I do it for the 'Nap, 40 F and Boulevard

We get it in as soft, we turn it into hard

This how we kick it, in the kitchen with a Pyrex and a pot

One down to my vatos, because they be showing love

It's been seven years and counting, so I do it for my block [Chorus] [Verse 2 - Yo Gotti]

No security how I roll, my niggas blowing dro

Hoped a lobby full of hoes, to every Gotti show

I do it for Miami, Dade County, Opa-Locka

I do it for the goons who be riding with them choppers

I do it for L.A. and all the niggas who be banging

I do it for VA, and all them niggas who be swinging

I do it for N.O., I do it for PA

I do it for the dro, I done it for the yay

A horse on my hood, so this is not a HEMI

Middle finger to the FEDS, if you want me come and get me

I do it for the Lonestar State, Houston Tex
I done it for my young niggas thugging in the 'Crest[Chorus]
This here for the hood
Now I do it for the hood[Verse 3 - Gucci Mane]
It's Gucci!
Yeah
Zone 6 my hood
With the nerve my turf, baby
Fall off with a bougie nigga, three, four, my young stupid niggas
Twelve six, two different pistols, Westside bitches fucking with us
Bankhead niggas smoking with us
Simpson Rd., they drinking with us
Eastside, Westside, Northside, Southside, off-side
They be linking with us
Fifty minutes balling out, but I didn't have a problem
Stupid watch and crazy, robbers have respect for robbers
You might get robbed on the spot, feet up in the parking lot
Hit the leave by two o' clock, no one's in my parking spot
ABG duct taping them, Outsiders act safe and then
Club packed, ain't no space in there
Fuck around, eat your face in there
Hookers got that gas in there
So what's inside your Swisher fool?
Don't touch, no harassing them
Because Zone 6 hold your pistol too[Chorus]

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>