

# Still My Hood

Joe Budden

[Intro - Joe Budden - talking] See like  
People can't relate to it, don't understand it  
Cause they ain't never been there, they ain't from there  
I understand it

[DJ On Point - talking over last line of Intro (echo)] As we wrap this shit up  
We call this one (Still My Hood)

[Verse 1 - Joe Budden] Even though they hate 'em (oh),  
even though when a nigga try to make a come up  
(It's a), it's another nigga waitin just to run up  
Though they sellin rocks for shorts  
And every night around twelve you hear them shots go off (talk to 'em)  
And know niggaz is rats, some boys is wired  
And the food in the supermarket's all expired (whoa)  
Every block's a liquor store, an abandoned building  
Drunk parents at the liquor store abandonin children (let's go)  
Though the sky seems gray, we'll get through the weather  
And even though they fill our grade schools with metal detectors  
Some cops is crooked and police indecent  
And you can catch a body up the street from the precinct  
Though we got a lot of shit wrong, a lot of shit goin on  
Gotta love it, this the place I was born,  
so I sit here dedicatin this song  
This is still my hood

[Chorus - Joe Budden - w/ ad libs] Now everywhere I roam, though they keep the chrome,  
it's no place like home  
This is still my hood  
And it's far from fine, I may like other places but they far from mine  
Gotta love my hood  
And I only know one place that be like that, if I ever leave, trust  
I'll be right back  
It's my hood  
It may not be good, it may not be like it should  
But let me get one thing understood, this is still my hood

[DJ On Point - talking over Chorus] Shout to Wyks on the beat  
Can't forget NV, what up nigga?

[Verse 2 - Joe Budden] You know they got them Macs out until ya time's up  
And the barbers'll fuck ya line up (this is still my hood)  
Hold up 'cause even though  
You can't meet a girl ain't fucked a nigga you know (gotta love my hood)

This the same place you can't get a job

They look at you, like you young and you black  
get the fuck out of dodge (fuck out of here)

Get a gun, get some crack, feel like that's our only op'  
Tell ourselves we'll fall back as soon as that money stop (oh!)

They feast on ya watch (and)  
And dudes stand on the corner like if life passes us by at least we  
wanna watch (talk to 'em)

Clowns get extorted (whoa), gangstas get recorded (whoa)  
Mami don't know if she should keep it or abort it (get rid of it)

Cops you'll never will catch me, I'm aware all my warrants  
And I'm not goin down (naw), naw that's not goin down (nah)

Carjackings, shootouts is imperial here

And I dare you find a ratchet with the serial, yeah  
Though you might have to raise ya gun, just to raise ya sums  
This ain't the place you want to raise ya son (never that)

A few dudes'll argue about they favorite rapper  
Other dudes sit and think of different ways they could yak ya  
Don't take it personal, it's just the paper they after  
So I keep mine on me, just in case I might have to  
and still no other place that I'd rather

Gotta love my hood

[Chorus - w/ ad libs][Verse 3 - Joe Budden]If you've never been, you can't really know about it (naw)

System's fucked up, the jails is overcrowded (whoa)

Murder rates is up and as a matter of fact

A couple of close friends of mine have added to that

And I rate nothin above it,

I know it seems odd but I hate it and I love it (naw)

Naw, I hate that I love it (yeah, yep)

The same things that seem to get me always pissed  
As soon as I leave, I always miss, it's always like this

So small, everybody knows everybody

It's body after body, it's robbery after robbery

Hookers on the strip, some girls'll be a ho

We got a few local legends, I guess the world'll never know

From Jers to Little Rock, the hood'll never die down

B-More, D.C., Compton, Chi-Town, New York to VA, ya town's like my town

Let's go

[Chorus - 2X - w/ ad libs][Outro - Joe Budden - talking]Whoa!

This goes out to everybody in every hood man  
no matter where ya at, where ya from

New Orleans, Mississippi

Vancouver, London, T. Dot

Wherever you at, I don't even care man [fades out]

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