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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