

Hood Gone Love It

Jay Rock

Keeping it G ain't nuttin, you ain't gotta like it cause the hood gone love it You ain't gotta like it cause the hood gone love it Watch a young nigga show his ass out in public I got the whole block bumpin You ain't gotta like it cause the hood gone love it You ain't gotta like it cause the hood gone love it Watch a young nigga show his ass out in public

[VERSE 1: Jay Rock] Na na na na now now you know what this is Tell em its a celebration bitches With the barbeque pits and the mini-bikes Mini-skirts, Hennessys, and the Miller Lights Domino tables, who got big 6? Where I'm from we do concrete backflips Flip flop flip flop flip flop back To the ghetto's where I bring hip hop back Real niggas love me, they tell me keep it pushin The only niggas be for waste out of central bullets County jails and the lock downs up north Said I should have it if Scarface pass the torch Thats how they feel Jack, built much more than rap This that project haircut in the culdesac This is where ho's ain't front you them boulders at Meet your quota whenever I put a quote on a track

[Hook]

[VERSE 2: Kendrick Lamar] From Compton to Baltimore I'mma kill it I buy a morgue in a minute The public house, the plastic couch of a section 8 tenant The Regal window is tinted The air conditioner broke but I'm cool enough to ensure you my ride is an Eskimo, huh? And I peel off in the midst of getting my clothes off And I thrive off energies from the inner cities that we lost, huh? I'm putting the ghetto on top of my back And I live in the back of the jungle Lions, tigers, bears, oh my Hear the siren, walk up, (*gunshot* *gunshot*) drive by Shooters, looters, federal fed intruders The engines on back of scooters The real can recognize real and we need to know just who you are You are in the presence of many presents Kendrick the gift for the future oh yeah I said it Thug life, good kid mad city mad respect representin the hood right

[Hook]

[VERSE 3 Jay Rock] The home girls tells me I'm the shit I break them off so they can buy some outfits I buy them sons a pack

Oof peppers, some new joints Give em the game, school em on whats really important It's how I was raised, the og's had me 13 fresh off the porch, slangin' cabby But I'm wiser now, show all my young niggers There's other ways you get them dollars and funds niggas Coming down in an old school, co cool Whip like a 5 bar call it so cool You don't know the tribulations that we go through Put your ears to the speakers I'mma show you I paint the picture so perfect In my cd you see Mona Lisa in person Courtesy of a hunnit beat Got my crips and esse's at arm reach, 1 1

[Hook]

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>