

Welcome To My Hood

Dj Khaled

DJ Khaled, Cash Money on money
We're the best
Welcome to my hood
Where the hood at?
Where the hood at?
Where the hood at?
Welcome to my hood
Everybody know everybody
And if I got it, everybody got it, oh
Welcome to my hood
Look at all these old school Chevy's
24's so you know we roll heavy, oh
Welcome to my hood
They outside playing hopscotch
And everybody know this is the hot spot
Welcome to my hood
Them boys will put you down on your knees
Woop, whoop
That's the sound of the police in my hood
Audemar on my wrist, diamonds look like they glowing
50 stacks, all singles, I make it look like it's snowing
Black unmarked cars, gotta peep how they playing
Treat 'em like jack boys, catch 'em slip, then slay 'em
Lord, forgive me for my sins
That's my confessions if they put me in this Benz
I got possession of a federal offense
I'm talking pressure in my criminal intent
Ha, so wear ya vests and I'm still going stunt
Like it ain't no tomorrow, fuck ya house note nigga
Blow that bitch on a bottle
The Ferrari just a front, got the Lambo in the back
Tell you, we the best forever, DJ Khaled handle that
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Them boys will put you down on your knees
Woop, woop
That's the sound of the police in my hood
I know some niggas from my hood that would rob Noriega
I'm talking Noriega, nigga, the real Noriega
If you ain't from the hood, bitch, then stop impersonating us
And tell congress when you see 'em, bitch, I'm stealing cable
And leave the D-Boys alone 'cause they motivate us
And why's the half of my whole hood on papers?
Some of 'em on house arrest, some of 'em on child support
Some of 'em did they bit, the other half waiting to go to court
Mr. Landlord, we gon' bust your ass with that eviction note
Better have the police with you, dog, if you came to repo
I'm talking strip clubs, I'm talking liquor stores
We throw our money 'round here but y'all can call the po
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Woop, woop
That's the sound of the police in my hood
Bitch I'm on probation, so my nerves bad
And they say time flies, well mine's first class
I landed in the sky, I fell from the streets
I talk a lot of shit and practice what I preach
Back from hell, cell 23
Tell the warden kiss my ass, pockets on Monique
Bitch, I'm from the murder capital
Ho, I'm far from practical
Shit happens and since I'm the shit, I'm who it happens to
Young Money, Cash Money, blood bitch, I'm red hot
I don't see nobody, see nobody like a head shot
All that bullshit is for the birds, throw some bread out
Got it sewn up, check the thread count
Welcome to my hood

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