

# 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, woop  
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  
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