

# Busted in the Hood

Cypress Hill

WELLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLL... here's a little story, I got to tell  
About a thugged out homey, I know so well  
It started way back, when I was a teen  
In the hood, on the corner, slangin dope to fiends  
Had the little stash that could serve your need  
You can do what you want but I got weed for me  
Ridin for my fam, tryin to hit a grand  
CRASH unit on my ass, now I'm in demand  
One lone-ly fami-ly I be  
All in the hood, I got no-bo-dy  
The sun is beatin down on my red dark hat  
Pigs are roamin through the alley so I gotta toss my gat  
Forgot about the sack, lookin for a place to hide  
If they ask me for my name - fuck 'em, I'ma lie!"

R: One O.G. gangsta I be  
Busted in the hood, I got no more weed  
Pigs are comin down on my gangsta stash  
When they caught me with the weed, and the dope and hash

He said a little somethin, I wasn't so impressed  
No more runnin homey, now you're under arrest  
The sack was in my hand, felt like a sack of bricks  
I swore he couldn't see it when I threw it in my whip  
He said he wanted some, I said I don't have none  
Found it in the sun on the floor next to my gun  
Next thing I saw was the gun to my head  
Now the lead will make me dead, and yo this is what he said

My name is Sgt. Slacker with a license to kill (uh-huh)  
I think you know what time it is, it's time to get real (yea)  
Now what do we have here? A banger and his peers

He cuffed my hand you understand he threatened me with tears  
Sorry motherfucker had his gun out with a grin  
You think the story's over but it's ready to begin

R:

Now I got your crack and most of your crew  
You got a couple choices of what you can do  
Better make the right decision if you know what I mean  
You can do some time, or fork over your green

I said I got no green he started lookin at me harder  
I said I don't have nothin you can go fuck your daughter (WHAT?)  
He hit me with the fist, he hit me with the gat  
He put the night stick to my back, soooooooooooooooooo  
I think I'm done, the pig's got my gun  
It isn't lookin good, I got ink on my thumb  
Another pig walked in, said he's playin games  
He gave another look at me, found out my false name

R:

Sittin there pissed as I dwell in my cell  
The place smells like shit, in the County Jail

Homey lookin at me like he seen me before  
He started throwin up a set, then he spit on the floor  
I think ay-yeah yo, I know this kid  
It's the same motherfucker cocktailed my crib  
This dude said - get ready - pulled a shank on me  
I said c'mon homey you a bit too sloppy  
Fool tried to stab me, socked him in the eye  
The guards yelled, "Give it up!" and let two fly  
The guards said down and we hit the floor  
If you make a move after you won't move no more  
He said I think you once again best protect ya neck  
I said eat a dick from me you don't get respect  
I said you wanna come with it, any time and place  
And I'll leave you like Pacino with a Scar-on-ya-face  
They put him in the hole, and all the bullshit stopped  
But when his boy had beef, yeah he got dropped  
P.D. had no witness, D.A. dropped the load  
I got probation for the gun and the dope, case closed

R: (2x)