

Boyz In The Hood

Dynamite Hack

Woke up quick at about noon
Just thought that I had to be in Compton soon
I gotta get drunk before the day begins
Before my mother starts bitchin' about my friends

About to go and damn near went blind
Young niggas on the path throwin' out gang signs
I ran in the house and grabbed my clip
With the Mac 10 on the side of my hip

I bailed outside and I pointed my weapon
And just as I thought, the fools kept steppin'
I jumped in the fo', hit the juice on my ride
I got front and back, side to side

Then I let the Alpine play
I was pumpin' new shit by NWA
It was, 'Gangster, Gangster' at the top of the list
Then I played my own shit, it went somethin' like this

'Cruisin' down the street in my six-fo'
Jockin' the bitches, slappin' the hoes
I went to the park to get the scoop
Knuckleheads out there, cold, shootin' some hoop'

A car pulls up, who can it be?
It's a fresh El Camino rollin' Kilo G
He rolls down the window and he starts to say
"It's all about makin' that G.T.A."

'Cause the boyz in the hood are always hard
Come talkin' that trash and we'll pull your card
Knowin' nothin' in life but to be legit
Don't quote me, boy, I ain't said shit

Bored as hell and I wanna get ill
So I go to a spot where my homeboyz chill
The fellas out there tryna make that dolla'
I pulled up in my six-fo' Impala

Greeted with a 40 and I start drinkin'
And from the 8 ball, my breath starts stinkin'
I gotta get my girl to rock that body
Before I left I hit the Bacardi

Pulled to the house, get her out of the pad
And dumb hoe said somethin' to make me mad
She said somethin' that I couldn't believe
So I grabbed the stupid bitch by her nappy-ass weave

She started talkin' shit, wouldn't cha know
I reached back like a pimp and I slapped the hoe
And her father stood up and he started to shout
So I threw a right cross and knocked his old-ass out

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Punk ass trippin' in the dead of night
Homie scored a key, he's gonna fly, punk ass, fly