

# In My Hood

50 Cent

Niggas screw they face up at me  
On some real shit son, they don't want beef  
I cock that, aim that shit out the window  
Spray, there ain't a shell left in my heat  
Ya'll niggas better lay down, yeah I mean stay down  
Get hit with a K round, ya ass ain't gon' make it  
You niggas gon' get layed out in blood and ya brains out  
Have you on the concrete, shiverin' and shakin'  
I'm from Southside mothafucka, where the gats explode  
If you feel like you on fire, boy drop and roll  
niggas'll heat ya ass up cause they heart turns cold  
Now you can be a victim or you can lock and load  
The party jump, with shorty bouncin' that ass  
I won't fuck, gimme a second, I'ma holla, I'ma see whats up  
I got my razor in my hand, got my pistol in my trunk  
Carve ya ass up nice, you play me like a punk

In my hood  
niggas got love for me, but I don't go no where without my strap  
In my hood  
A lil dro', a lil hennessy, a nigga just don't know how to act  
In my hood  
niggas is grimey, I stay on point, I move with my gat  
In my hood  
niggas might buck at me, so I keep somethin' around to buck back  
In my hood

I don't trust a mothafuckin' soul when the D's come they fool  
On my first case they told, where I'm from it ain't safe  
To have more than a 8th, niggas'll come to your place  
Put a gun in your face, tell ya open the safe  
As your heart starts to race cause a robbery could turn into a homo-case  
Co-opperate or Doc will have to op-porate, niggas will pop at you  
Run the light, then pop at Jake, trust me son, niggas will go hard for that  
cake  
These thirsty niggas will lurk, then you'll have to catch 'em and murk 'em  
I'm observin' in my hood, these niggas be dumbin'  
Shots go off at the dice game, all you see is 'em runnin'  
They make it harder and harder to pump on the block  
I'm a hustler, how the fuck I'm supposed to eat when its hot

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That house party off the hook, until the shots go off  
Well thats what you get for stuntin' on my block show off  
Uhh you shit out of luck if niggas catch you slippin'  
Crack money slow so you know niggas is trippin'  
Shorty down there, on the Queens track takin' a whippin'  
Shit, bitch get out a pocket, she needs some discipline

Peep the fiends, shootin' diesel in his arm in the alley  
Look at the chrome spinners spinnin' on that black DeNalli  
The grimey niggas where I'm from, they wanna see you chipped up  
You shine, they gon' ?? and shoot your whip up  
It ain't good to do good in my hood  
You know not to do good now

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