

# Hood Took Me Under

B.G.

I got another gang story to tell.  
Peep, about how a black nigga was born in hell.  
And right then and there it's no hope  
Cause a nigga can't escape the gangs and the dope.  
Damn! And when it's black on black, that makes it shitty.  
Can't survive in the Compton city.  
And fool that's bet.  
Cause when you grow up in the hood, you gots ta claim a set.  
Geah, It's not that you want to but you have to.  
Don't be a mark, cause niggas might laugh you  
Straight off the mutherfuckin block.  
Can't deal with bustas so they asses get clocked.  
Geah, who gives a fuck about another.  
Only got love for my fuckin gang brothers.  
Geah but I'm young so nobody would wonder  
That the hood would take me under.

Always strapped and eager to peel a cap  
The hood done took me under.

Now I'm a few ages older  
Got hair on my nuts and I'm a little bit bolder.  
And puttin in work, I has to do my fuckin part,  
I'm down for the hood and it's planted in the heart.  
Fool. At school slappin on the girls asses  
Fuck the white education so I skip a lot of classes.  
Cause ain't no teaching a nigga white reality.  
Teach me the mutherfuckin gang mentality.  
Pop pop pop, drops the sucker  
If he's from another hood I gots ta shoot the mutherfucker.  
Geah I'm in it to win it and can't quit.  
Fool, and ready die for this shit.  
One times can't fade the gang tuff.  
Puttin my foot in your ass to make times rough.  
I'm the neighbourhood terror but I never wondered  
That the hood would take me under.

Police is hot, so I'm watching my back...

I guess I'll watch my back cause niggas jivin'  
Times heard this brother pulled a 187.  
Who I thought was my homie dropped the dime.  
So I gotta peel his cap with the nine.  
Fool, so if it's on then it's on, fuck ya G,  
Because how the odds are looking, it's either him or me.  
So I loads up the strap and I step  
Cause my brain cells are dead and all I think is death.  
Revenge. That's what it's all about.  
See the sucker, take the mutherfucker out.  
Stare the fool down with the eye contact.  
He try to swing so I draw on him with the gatt.  
Blast was the sound that one times heard uh  
Nigga 25 to live for the murder.  
Was it worth it I've always wondered.  
Maybe if the hood didn't take me under.

Geah, this going out to all the niggas,

It's going out to my niggas.  
It's going out to all the niggas,  
My nigga Mike T