

# Felonies

## Boyz N Da Hood

Whats up with partner, Where he live, Where he stay at  
Where the ice, where the bread, where the cake at?  
I'm telling you man you don't want it with dem boyz,  
Everyone of them got felonies man!  
I'm slap me a nigga, befoe its over with,  
I'm rush me a nigga, befoe its over with,  
Duct tape me a nigga, befoe its over with,  
I'm bust me a nigga, befoe its over with.

I'm sick & I'm tired of niggas asking bout mine  
If I'm cockin that iron, I'm telling you I'm sending them signs  
I move fast forward I aint got no button to rewind  
I react of instinct I aint stressin no time  
I came a long way from peddlin rocks  
Block recognized the gansta & he up my stock  
Showed me the recipe & other grams I copped  
Home ain't a home withoutta arm & hammer box  
Shit, Jeezy just be being on that cell  
Got them pre-teen numbers I like, like R.Kelly (I got that work nigga)  
Lotta niggas they be claimin the spot  
But we the only ones that still represent it like mascots  
So ask not why my attitude is shitty  
Step aside why a real nigga move the city, huh  
From my block to your block niggas know me  
They know that ole reppin ass niggas a O.G.  
We use to rock flip-flops, tube socks with gold teeth  
& A flip flop crease with gold shoes on all they feet  
Please believe we ain't playing no games  
But I will take a charge if you try to drive my lane  
Plus I gotta donkey dick to drive the broads in sane  
I'm a street cat, shit you know I'm hard to tame

I'm a gansta mutha fucka if you ever seen one  
Black fitty cap nigga & some Air Force One's  
Hey & I'm strapped so dont set trip  
.45 hitcha make your whole chest split  
Sleepy Brown nigga I cant wait  
Fifty grand round my neck like bait  
Hey & keep thinking its gravy  
Everybody from my hood know Jeezy is crazy  
& I ain't playin witcha mother fuckers  
Shoot both of yall make yall niggas blood brothers (thats righhht)  
& I'm so sincere, I ain't playing witcha niggas this year  
(Hey we gone rob dem Boyz n Da Hood) Bitch please  
I'll kill a mutha fucks bout Jody Breeze  
Yeah nigga thats the truth, bout Big Dee Big Duke I'll shoot

I'm telling you man I be rollin on dem corners no Range no necklace man  
Range Rover no rims left they neck in da pain  
& Put the silencer on the tip professional man  
Pressure point blank like a sexual change  
& Splitcha head down the middle like a sectional man  
Hard blow to hard coat exsposen the four  
Even though I tote gun I dont rob no more  
Now here I go on the patio with a flat head screwdriver  
Prying on the side door in a gat proof suit liner  
Calm but I'm wide open they act I'm do something

Quite its going down on em with a Mac 11 two rifle  
Pistol, pumps, switch & knives,  
Pistol grips, smoked clips, nighsticks & plyers  
No myth I'm him fucka get hypnotized  
Now get killed in da mist we suggest you ride

Well I'm the youngest in the click boy  
Try me like a bitch & I'll betcha I'll be the first to punch you in ya shit  
Yall niggas just talking, yall niggas aint ready  
Yall niggas dont want none of dis  
While yall out spending 100's on your necks  
Spending 100's on your wrist, spending 100's on your rims  
I'm on da block spending 100's on bricks  
Sending 100's to the J gotta 100 more fits  
Fake niggas get killed round here  
Its real in the field betta get it how you live  
& If not cock back bust atcha cock suckers mutha fucka in fact I will  
Cause the niggas that I roll with & blow dro with  
Fuck hoes with they outta control  
Realer in bumpin chevy's with Mac 11's holdin it steady  
Ready to put seven off in your belly boy