

# My Hood

Cam'ron

You do what you do where you live  
I do what i do where i live  
That's what makes me nigga, and that's just the way it is nigga  
uhh, Killer, uhh, Prease, uhh, Vacant Lot, Diplomat, uhh  
Killer, family nigga, yo, uhh, Killer, uhh, yo yo yo...

Where i'm from kids get it hectic  
But get arrested but get respected  
Piss infested, dislexic  
Take caution money, for extortion money  
Girls fate just for abortion money  
Honey no day you'll play me on  
Flip water, nuttin' like avion  
Type a shit my niggas get gravy on  
Money missin', might find your baby gone  
The way we bond, Cam got ta spray these arms  
Have you relocate, like Kay Reconn (?)  
Crazy don, crazy cons girl fuck  
Put they ladies on, me i'll go crazy on?  
One chick told me give her a loan  
Shit, only thing i leave you is alone  
Indeed you could bone, lemme read you a poem  
Mom no good for ya, it's da hood for ya

My hood (hood!), hoes (hoes!), thugs (thugs!)  
What it is it good for? absolutely nothin' nothin' nothin'...  
My hood (hood!), guns (guns!), drugs (drugs!)  
What it is it good for? absolutely nothin' nothin' nothin'...

yo yo yo

Now it's gangs out here  
Cats pass we flaggin', blue n red rags we braggin  
Look out y'all, here the padon wagon  
Cops or punks, hit em with the pump  
Nigga wanna front, Killer give 'em what they want  
Roll 'em up in the rug, dump they body in the trunk  
Eat hoe heat low kill slow like mosquito  
Now we dead if i ever did doubt of her  
You want these streets? tryin' to get out of 'em  
Gotta leave 'fore they see Cam fold  
Where they don't speak Englas or Espaniol, no  
Where i go they don't spit that rap, they say  
"Ching chang maka halia"  
Yeah, shit like that!  
Get my gat, click my clack  
Cam's killin' this, i write for niggas  
Am i a vantriloquiste?  
Ya feelin' this, niggas pump ya krills ta dis  
Be carefull, Harlem World will get this

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yo yo yo...

Cats wanna talk shit, i don't throw back trash at 'em  
I come thru in a drop top, laugh at 'em  
Wit the girls behind me, bout ta throw a pass at 'em  
They with me stupid, now Ma, blast at 'em  
Cats fire when i'm walkin' by like JFK junior, y'all talkin' fly  
I give em Macaulay Culkin lie, Dolly Parton high, they all can buy  
Got it for sale  
And i don't run the crack spot  
Operation is a jag drop, rag mop, access with a laptop  
One of the have-nots to brick money  
Then i came thru in the six yummy  
Ya whole click sick tummy  
But be carefull, out in this game  
Buyers, supliers, yo they wearin' wires  
But come up in the world, if i twirl you fry  
Got killed like a bitch hair; curled and dyed

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Yo yo yo, yo this for every hood  
Every poverty, my whole NYC Harlem eastside  
My cats down in ATL you win! keep it krump Miami  
Keep it off the chain, Cat Gatti i see you in Green Borough  
Get money, VA my guys out in CHI-town, the whole cali  
Westside, LA, bay area, Dego, Houston, Dallas, Memphis  
Keep it krump, Detroit, i see everybody  
Every hood, every ghetto, everything is a poverty  
We love y'all, Dip-Set, Killer Cam, Jim Jones, Freaky, hoooo!