

# Loked Out Hood

DJ Quik

One day I was chillin' on Araabie and spruce  
Forty in my hand and it's time to get loose  
Got my Nikes, Fila t-shirt, and black khakis  
I heard a horn blowin' and I jumped in my jacket  
John was chillin' in the passenger seat  
Stepped up out the car and started dancing in the street  
Now John was lookin' fresh and it wasn't no joke  
He had on some fresh khakis and was sportin' some Locs  
Some gangstas poppin' wheelies came up from behind  
He got off throwin' up his favorite gang sign

Here come Little Snub, from the Maple block  
Groovin' on the handlebars, ready to rock  
And now my posse's gettin' bigger, 'cause of all these niggas  
I got the .38 and I'm about to pull the trigger  
Looked up at the corner and who did I see?  
Wayne and his little man Pop and Nookie  
Now Sha came rollin' up on a little scooter  
Lookin' for a match so he could light the Thai huddha  
I told him I didn't have it, but yet I went to grab it  
I lit it up and hit it up, and now I'm draggin' it

Wayne took a hit, Pop took a puff  
Nookie started chokin' and now he's fucked up  
The forty-ounce is hittin', so I busted into school  
I'm never gettin' sweated 'cause I'm just too cool fool  
Sun's goin' down and now it's night  
My posse's cold chillin' and we're feelin' alright  
We heard a lot of noise and it sounded like a rally  
Boomin' ass sounds comin' out of Sherm Alley  
We all jumped up and we started to stroll  
A young nigga like the Quiksta was takin' control

The D.E.A. posse so deep we walked three twos  
Now if you want to join then you gotta pay ya dues  
We got up to the alley and everything was chill  
They was just makin' that dollar dollar bill  
Reesa came down and she sat on the stairs  
I stood up 'cause I didn't have a chair  
Now Pop said, "Yo! Let's get some cuts  
Get that Old 8 so we can get fucked up"  
Now I'll put a twenty H put a 10  
And said, "Fuck it! Super soca and gin"

Now everybody's gettin' in the twilight zone  
Head up stairs and they're gettin' weirdo  
Gangsta's on the steps and he's tryin' to bang  
No belt in his khakis so his Lee's could sag  
Here comes Stick with a twenty dollar bag  
But he can't roll a joint 'cause he ain't got no zigzags  
I looked up at my watch, it said 10:28  
You better run up to the liquor store before it's too late  
He went to the store and he got the zags  
He came back walkin' with my homeboy Cash  
Sucka came over he was lookin' for a ride

Runnin' from the police, he ain't have no place to hide

A smile came on my face when I swallowed my beer  
I'm chillin' like a villain and I got no fear  
Now Tony Lane came he said he was bored  
Eatin' on some chips that he got from the store  
I said I'm bored too, so what's up with that?  
Wayne said "Is anyone down to jack?"  
Now I can get the AK and you can get the pump  
But I don't want no deuce-deuce, 'cause I ain't no chump  
Now Mike said, "Dane which one do you choose?"

"I could take the .38 and you can have the Uze"  
But before we can jet and be on our way  
Some niggas rolled up and they was ready to spray  
Rollin' real slow, they turned off the lights  
Waitin' until the time was right  
A fool jumped out all dressed in Guess?  
(Yeah) shot him in the chest  
The niggas tried to jet, but the couldn't get far  
'cause Mike had the uzi and he aimed it for the car

Ha Ha  
Now that's how it's done and we do it good  
Just another day in my loke out hood  
Now all y'all remember that we can't be stopped  
What's the name of my hood?  
(Ha ha ha ha)  
(Figure that shit out you fools)