

# Nobody Loves The Hood

Huey

This goes out to all my kids out there in the hood, ya know  
Going through the struggle and what not  
There's always something bad that could happen in the hood  
Ya know, yeah

Momma where you at, daddy where you at?  
The hood's out of control, time to fight back  
Kids just doing time, ain't nothing but crime  
Because they don't believe the sun can still shine

Waited too long, now it's a problem  
You see what it is, how it go wrong  
Ooh, that's understood  
'Cause nobody loves the hood

Man, this hook is too true to believe in  
Where da hell is ya momma and daddy when you need 'em?  
Born in the hood, so the hood's in ya heart  
Though nothing's been good in the hood from the start

Either you was with ya momma or never had a daddy?  
Or never had neitha and was raised wit' ya granny  
It's a cold ass world fa the younga generation  
In err hood somebody would, time to be facing

For a fucked up reason, a bad ass time  
Then gave up, they don't think the sun still shine  
Brush it against the wall, forced to do crime  
Some say they'll die before they do time

'Cause jail ain't the place to be  
Might be the place for you but ain't for me, yeah  
You enjoying yo life, why? 'Cause your fists grip wood  
But the kids doing bad 'cause nobody loves da hood

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Man, the kids always getting lectured  
But what do you expect when they have no direction  
Father in jail, mother strung out  
No curfew, late nights, hung out

Getting money on the zone, now it is a problem  
'Cause they selling white rocks, carrying a revolver  
Everybody gotta eat somehow, someway  
Wishing they'll make it out somehow, someday

They can put the drugs down and pick up the books  
There's only a few good cops 'cause most of them crooks

Supposed to protect and serve but now they got the nerve  
To say they want criminals up off of the curb

It's a cold ass world, especially for male  
They filling up more than half of all jails  
The government got the world misunderstood  
I dedicate this to the ones who love the hood

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Stand strong all my lil' soldiers  
Reject all negative words people done told ya  
Grind how you gotta and make 'em out of believers  
Give the middle fingers and tell 'em I don't need ya

Over come the bad and pray to the Lord  
Soon to turn good 'cause the grace of the Lord  
Now you could smile and say it's all good  
I'm never gonna leave 'cause somebody love the hood

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