

How Yo' Hood?

Mac Dre

Rat-tat-tat

I grew up in the Bay Area, around a gang of robbin and shootin
Looked up to legends like Felix Mitchum, Huey P. Newton
And Todd Shaw a/k/a Too \$hort
Blowin big hashis with dank that'll make you choke
Young Mac Dre, causin major damage
Back in the days I tossed hoes in the back of my ham sandwich
Grown, gone, on bomb seed that's hemp
Hound for potential prostitutes who need a pimp
But now I'm bendin corners, fresh out Taradas
Chokin on roper in the back of the Nada
Drinkin that snake bite, Yukon jack
And boy, I ain't ride without my strap
Cause them cutthroat bandits will split yo wig
In the streets of Killafornia, ya dig?
It's goin down, dog, I'm in your town, dog
Got to let your peeps know how I clown, dog
In the end get it, comin with that blackhand sound
You thinkin I can't clown? Let me put my mack hand down

How yo hood look?
It's full of gangsters, fool
How yo hood look?
It's full of gangsters, son
You can catch me on the Eastside, doin my thing
Or you can me in New York, boy, it's all the same

I'm from the Eastside, where the thugs, they shed blood for nothin
After the club you get it in your mug if you frontin
We gangbang, it's just that our slang's a little different
Aim a little different, spit game a little different
Got in with the Mexicans, pricin them things a little different
Same kinda crooks, but we cook up bricks a little different
Them old school Chevrolets, our Six Range a little different
Y'all gats and guns the same, but we blow brains a little different
Them drive-by's, we walk-by's, some die a little different
Lie a little different, testify a little different
Y'all trees ain't got seeds, y'all beez a little different
The d's is different, my pee's a little different
Y'all sell bricks, we break it down, get cheese a little different
Y'all hate narcs, we hate cops, we eat a little different
Y'all got strips, we got spots, our blocks a little different
It get hot a little different, fools get knocked a little different
When the feds came, yo Dre, they took the whole block to prison
My man pops was snitchin, his face chopped in Clinton
If you got change and the gear hot, then switch spots, get missin
Yo hood ain't no different, my hood ain't no different

In my neighborhood everybody thuggin
Hoodrats steady gettin dug in
Fools buggin, mean-muggin
Later on you seem em noggin
Dre, I play my hood all day
Seen a fool get killed in broad day
Thugs get money from the hallway
2 for 5, the tall way

Ghetto slang, ghetto game
We all just doin that ghetto thang
Run around totin them metal thangs
Really, homeboy, it's all the same
Yo hood is like my hood, son
Anywhere you go thugs pullin guns
Gangbangers, ghetto birds
Yo hood is like my hood, ya heard?
Me and Killa finna leet you know
How to put a lick down and get some dough
From yo hood to Mexico
Cause it's all about that paper, though
Put me up with Vallejo hoe
That puff on hay, stay on the low
Dre got work, 800 to 0
Eastside thugs make money, you know?
I don't care where we at
Just as long as we keep smokin fat
Get a fifth of Hen and hopin that
Everybody wanna stay chokin, black
I told you, Dre, our hood ain't changed
Thuggin em well, slingin em things
Fools rock Rolies and diamond rings
Respect the game, our hood's the same