

# 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