

## Same Hood

Mac Dre

Y'all niggaz wanna stop me but they can't  
And ya might tyr and pop me but you ain't  
You too scared, y'all ain't prepared  
The kid got enough heat to build a fan base in Baghdad  
I'm turfmatic, you don't wanna start no static  
Have ya sayin hail mary's like that ass was catholic  
Ya head on straight don't make me unmask it  
Or I'll be forced to and disappear like magic  
And until that day caome that I'll get, put in a casket  
I'm a saty spittin rhymes, til I get rich  
That's on Brookly, hear my words and hear 'em well  
I got the envelope sealed noe, you got mail  
Ain't no tellin what I'm finna do  
I'm unpredictable  
I just might flip  
Cock aim and let it spit  
Or I might get ripped and split your brain  
Just label me a hard head, who ain't gon change

It ain't fun out here, you gotta keep a gun out here  
Cause niggaz don't make it to see twenty-one out here  
It's rough out here, you'll get snuffed out here  
Trunked, stuffed and even handcuffed out her

Who me? nah potna, your barkin up the wrong tree  
I'm cutthoat, keep thump thang on me  
I aim good, I throw these thangs good  
And me and that nigga Vital, we from the same hood  
The Country Club, where niggaz love to nub  
Push Scrape thing with whistle and dubs and grub  
It's so rough, so tough out here baby  
We got that puff and that fluff stuff out here baby  
Come out here baby, come visit the Bay  
Like them boys in LA nigga we don't play  
With the atmosphere is different nigga have to keep it pimpin  
Nigga you ain't got no bitches, you ain't gettin your trippin  
I'm yokin and dippin, totin my equipment  
Gone off a fifth, floatin and I'm trippin  
Me and Vital, nigga we finna put a hit out  
Yet the game is rough boy we tryin to get out