

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