

# Rollin' Thru My Hood

Master P

Yo kid man, stop the music

Rollin through my, rollin through my hood  
This what I see when I'm rollin through my hood  
2 to the 3 to the 4 the 5 the 6  
And everybody in the ghetto trying to sew this bitch  
Cause she's a dope fiend, she need emphetamine  
But I'm the only motherfucker with the candy cream  
Now the spots hot, here come the cops  
The ??, it's time to close up shop  
Time to move on, brothas on there cellular phones  
Talkin to them hoochies, I mean them ding dongs  
Cause in the ghetto everbody got nicknames  
Like Master p, Lil Roy, and Big Man  
Eyes red, dank to the head  
I'm not Snoop Dogg but I feel like Lil Half Dead  
Henace with a dab of that gin and juice  
Gatorade, but it gotta be 80 proof  
So we can remenisce to all the niggas missed  
And when I said the ghetto's trying to kill me, feel this  
Cause in my hood, it's rest in peace shirt  
And every nigga in they momma done did dirt  
Or formed a gang, or even ganged banged  
Or slang dope, motherfucker it's the same thang  
Cause where I'm from you got to watch your back  
Cause every nigga in the town got a gat  
And these hoes, you can't love em  
Even though a motherfucker wanta kiss and rub em  
Watch your back, cause gats go rat-tat  
But mind your own motherfucker and it's like that

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Rollin through the cuts  
Dippin down the alleys of killa Cali  
Big Ed got that top drop cause it's not cloudy  
So I roll on, tank-top with my swoll on  
Pullin in sun rays that be peepin through the ozone  
I like to chill out, hang out  
Cause I'm cool, you know Big Ed is in the mix with the fix  
Fool, I seen niggas shakin ivory, hoes shakin asses  
But everybody head turn when the coup passes  
Who ride, I ride with my 9 hoe  
I creep as I crept cause I gotta keep that low pro

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This nigga, I am one  
Quick to use that A-K gun  
On a mark motherfucker who wanta pick a bone  
2 to the dome will do your ass home  
Huh, ain't no love in my motherfucking hood  
Lookin where I'm at, ain't shit turning all good  
We need cash cause it's all about the fucking rent  
We get the dice and start rollin on the pavement

That's how it is on the first of every month  
Sippin gin, and toking off of blunts  
Gettin higher than the sky, don't ask why  
Young G's from the hood trying to get by

Rollin through my hood, rollin through my hood  
That is what i see when I'm rollin through my hood

When I'm rollin through my hood  
I see alot of factors, alot of actors  
But since the money's low, I see alot of jackers  
But where I stay at, it be the east to the bay  
But what do I be dippin, it be a 6 to a tre  
And what do I be strappin, it be a ace to a K  
But I don't love them hoes, that's why I never ever play  
In the 9-4, I use to sell dope and holla at the bitch  
But it's 9-5 so it's all about me trying to get a grip  
14 niggas in a cut tryin to get at the butt but it aint all good  
Cause a nigga like set trippin up in my neighborhood  
?? through the cut, I see task hoppin off of the tree  
It's all about mine, so it's all about me tryin to get a fee  
Can't trust none of these hoes, I leave them hoes at the bus  
Cause it's one motherfucking thing in this world that you can't trust  
It be a bitch, cause they a snitch, they get you caught up  
In this game, heavy locked up, tore up from the floor up  
I seen this bitches, these niggas  
These niggas all the same  
It's a scandel thang, and Silkk won't be caught up in this ghetto game

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I hit the play twice, and then I'm off to a get away  
Where I got my shit hid away in the cut  
A personal yaht, I snatch a few sacks  
About to hit the track to come up on some scraps  
Hit the block sideways, perking, trippin  
Swervin, I'm servin the shit that I made cause it's tight  
All night long nigga's hustle for paper  
24-7 nigga's stay on the caper  
Gotta get them riches, and you gotta have game yo  
Gotta keep lie-lo with them hollow  
You see it's still going down  
Motherfuckers gettin bucked in the town  
The silent sound  
Never go away, every other day it's another nigga in the game  
Straight passed away  
And as well as we all know  
It's a little bitty city where motherfuckers bound to get shitty  
Now when I roll through my spot  
I see niggas like broke, with them glocks, 17 shots nigga  
Hot nigga, pop you nigga, and I just bought a 4-5 in the hood  
(in the hood, in the hood)

Like that, check it out fool  
It's a ghetto thang, ghetto thang, ghetto thang  
And if you ain't from the ghetto you wouldn't understand

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