

Hood Muzik

Memphis Bleek

Know what this shit sound like right niggas?
That old gun out music in the hood right?
You hear it nigga, don't be scared nigga
My niggas is wit me, we focused man, yeah
Get Low in the building, y'know, nigga
Let's do it, c'mon, yo

It's gettin hot so the shorts is on
Gotta tote the snub it's too warm for the long, nigga
You could pass me to baby's zoo
One shot'll turn a nigga face into baby food; BLAAH!
Get it clear, now why they lookin for Saddam
Weapons of mass destruction is here
I got a few in my hood
In case a nigga ever get the feelin and he think that he could
Or would, pull sket on me
I could show you first hand what's a felony
And a hobby and the process of gettin money is nothing
I'm not Sosa, but the dogs is coming
This is not not, no, no, motherfucking game
Entertain you motherfuckers is not why I came
It's R.O.C. and M.O.P.
I wipe floors wit little niggas for fuckin wit my team

My nigga think so god that ounce and mo ice and the nicest MC
But yo big, tell god I said naah, cuz he throw like a bitch
When he threw it he missed, the niceset MCs is right here
Why the fuck you throw it over there
The whole rap game turned into a 2-Pac-a-don
Gangsta boy boppin, with his nuts and cock in your palm
Playa pass the baton, got a few jack tools and bullet scars
Now you got your 2-Pac costume on (THUG LIFE!!)
First of all, y'all niggas gon' need more songs
This M.O.P. nigga we put it down (put it down!!)
Motherfuckers trying to figure me out
Wanna see what a nigga be bout
But if I told ya, I predicted the death of my oldest brother was last
And the death of my mother you'd probably think I'm crazy as fuck
Rumor has it that I' m half past the seventh hour
Naw nigga I'm a quarter to eight, M.O.P.!

Now let me clear this up for you youngun, Bill still comin
The Ville still gunnnin (St- tuh tuh tuh tuh tuh!!!)
Runnin I come from the Browns where niggas don't play fair
It's no love lost cuz it was never none there
Put me in a position to blast
I'll pop you and drop you, where they be fishin for bass
So once you ramblin, take you, drape you, and break you to small pieces
And FedEx your fingers to one of your nieces
We hold fort, we don't give a fuck about you
Ask them bouncers we'll stomp the shit out you
Bill's, not concerned wit a turn and it's the shine
Cuz every step along the line I'ma take mine, nigga
In '87, I started my career
I'll jump back, (clap!) and get it goin this year
I live my life, in crime time bitch
And that's about the size of it AAAOWW!!!