

Hood Love

Royce da 5'9"

Come on, come on, come on, come on, come on
Come on, come on, come on, come on, come on, come on
It ain't nothin like (like, like)
Come on, come on, come on, come on, come on, come on
Preme

It ain't nothin like love from the hood (hood)
Ain't no feelin like rollin through knowin you good (good)
'Cause you been keepin it real
When niggaz see you, they salute you (salute you)

Love from the hood
Ain't no feelin like rollin through knowin you good
'Cause you been keepin it true (true)
When niggaz see you, they salute you (salute you)

Royce Da 5'9" give ya I'll verses
Ryan Montgomery is the real person
No makeup, that's why you couldn't touch me up
I remember bein locked up (locked up)
This nigga walked up, tryin to battle (okay)
I went ahead and let 'em finish then I told 'em "do that again I'm a
Fuck you up" (true story)
Now take a journey through a nigga's psyche
The only snitch in my life is the chick tryin to split up me and wifey
You think you like me, I'm aight with that
I don't even call my nigga Budden "Mouse", it sound too much like a rat
So may your steps be just like your stacks (stacks)
High, afraid of death, havin a life attack
It's I, got the soldiers for the coca price
Your poker face on, I'm a turn your channel to the "Poltergeist" (woo)
My out of town niggaz know the business
When you land, I'll come get you, we gon' get it

It ain't nothin like love from the hood
Ain't no feelin like rollin through and knowin you good
'Cause you been keepin it real
When niggaz see you, they salute you (salute you)

It ain't nothin like love from the hood
Ain't no feelin like rollin through and knowin you good
'Cause you been keepin it trill
When niggaz see you, they salute you (salute you)

It ain't nothin like walkin your block
One deep on your city streets nigga, no hawk or no glock
No blades in your mouth or box cutters in socks
'Cause real niggaz show love and bad bitches on your jock
Every corner got a homie you know well
Even if somebody see a deal, then they won't tell (shh)
Your man say he got the goods, so you tryin him out
The ice cream truck roll through, you buyin 'em out
The youngsters helpin out the old folks (hold up), with something hard to do
The kids is playin, nobody beefin and it's a barbeque
And every backyard with the old school jams on
Sweet potato pie courtesy of your grandma (already)
Everybody's home, nobody on the yard

We drinkin and smokin the night away with no regard
Nobody arguin and everything's good
Man it ain't nothin like love from the hood, that's understood

It ain't nothin like love from the hood
Ain't no feelin like comin through knowin you good
'Cause you be keepin it real
When they see you, they salute you (salute you, come on)

It ain't nothin like love from the hood
Ain't no feelin like comin through knowin you good
'Cause you be keepin it G
When they see you, they salute you (salute you, word)