

Hood Rats

RZA

Yo, yo, get ya head straight, get ya life straight
Sniffin' on that, blow, sippin' on that nitrate
Boostin' from the corner store, fuckin' all them thugs, raw
Suckin' on that apple head, wonder why your throat sore?
Sittin' there, on welfare, head full of horse hair
Baby-daddy dead, in jail or in a wheelchair
But you don't seem to care, you just wanna wear
Prada one-sided but can't afford a pair
Up in your mom's lab, twenty-two, scallywag
Snotty-nosed baby with the bootleg hoochie bag
Gettin' your coochie ragged by an old sugar dad
Dreamin' bout them things that you could of been, you should of
had

Hoodrat, hoodrat, hoodrat, hoodrat (get ya mind up)
Hoodrat, hoodrat, hoodrat, hoodrat (get ya mind up)
Hoodrat, hoodrat, hoodrat, hoodrat (get that swine up)
Hoodrat, hoodrat, hoodrat, hoodrat

Always wanna ball with shit, give back tomorrow's shit
Throw up the sperm, sayin' you don't swallow shit
Drinkin' out the bottle shit, claimin' you a model chick
Prayin' to Gods, so you can hit the lotto, chick?

Hoodrat, hoodrat, hoodrat
Hoodrat, hoodrat, hoodrat