

# Hood In Me

The Jacka

I-pod in my ride  
Ain't no headsets  
Your girl in the front seat givin me head sex  
My nigs in the backseat yellin out he's next  
We be in the pjects eatin like trex  
Smokin kush heavy  
Never seen no sets  
Till I left the west the greatest alive  
But u ain't seen my best  
I ain't reach my gold yet  
But you still upset  
You know my face niga  
You know my silloutte  
You know why I'm here  
The real niga's champ  
The real world love the j cause I'm born to rap  
He got a punch line or two but he ain't for jac  
When I was poor nigas left me hanging like a bat  
Only got it night time with a jawfull of crack  
Crack spittage and all  
Go hard at the trap drug dealer fa sho  
And how I carry myself is really starting to show  
So I married the life, keep the shit on the low  
Know what I'm sayin

It feel good to me  
Maybe it's the hood in me  
Maybe I should leave it alone  
Maybe I should give it away  
Clearly it's what's making me strong  
Clearly it's what's makin me stay

Livin life in the cadillac drinkin purple sippin yak  
Caught up in this life got this rap shit on my back  
If you see my life yeah crown ya boy for living that  
Brought up in a house full of mice and them insects  
Seen it all done it all cutty I've been that  
Niga that you see add jack to your friends list  
Never get enough of me  
I was sent here to lead  
Bukin the hard times  
Follow allah times  
I'm ready to die tryin  
I was in the range steady dreamin the blood flyin  
They say they better than jac them nigas lyin  
They wish they was high as I am  
All the time hatin on me  
Boy they never shine

100 racks gotta nigga feelin amped as fuck  
Smackin messy marv smokin like "that's whatsup"  
Wasn't at the liquor store holdin it up  
Made em gimme all they scrill then I opened his guts  
I was thinkin bout my kids they future n growin up  
I was thinking bout the years for court I'm never showing up  
I'll never see my nigas again I'm on the grind  
It ain't never been easy is what they tell me

It'll never be either  
Smokin tree to take a breather  
With the felons  
We hella deep but we ain't chillin  
Everybody sellin d and it's all in front of children  
Shoot outs everyday chips fallin from my building  
At the same time it's the place that I live in  
So I send my grace for everytaste when I'm eatin  
The streets got me fresh mother fuckers think I'm cheating  
I'm a king who ain't never been beatin of all time  
I suggest you fall back close your eyes and relax  
Before you leave the scrape with your brains in your lap