

# Hood Cake

The Lox

[Styles P:]

All I ever knew was kingpins and gangstas  
Life start to change when you sitting around bankers  
Investors, back when the Benz made the compressor  
I compress my weed and never lost the texture  
Went to get 50, they threw me 50 extra  
Highly appreciate the real strong gesture  
School of Hard Knocks, I never filled a semester  
Fully loaded 9 with the big Winchester  
Louch sold coke, Kiss sold coke  
I sold coke, we all sold dope  
Right around the time I couldn't look at my old folks  
On my block shit, pop shit, getcha nose broke  
Fuck around, let a shot fly  
Ain't a minute of the day that I'm not high  
Real nigga, I ain't switch up yet  
We load heavy, hope Chevy make the pick up vet  
Whether blood or a crip, yeah I stick up sets  
So I used too, now I'm getting money off of juice too  
I'm international, not rational  
You do what I say or you do what I ask you too  
Looking at the work like I get shit off  
Looking at the hammer like I set shit off  
Take head shots so you can take that vest shit off  
LOX nigga, know we keep the best shit dog

[Jadakiss:]

Hip-Hop depreciates the value of luxury  
Personally, I won't allow you to fuck with me  
15 a sack, bundles is 150  
You just had to be there, the money would come quickly  
Very obedient with the cake  
Cause I'm the ingredients in the cake  
One place you'd never see me is by the Jake  
Big cigars, martini's by the lake  
You still get a hundred by the face  
My connect still speak no ingles  
Says a lot about you if you hating me  
Turn a little bit of dough into a bakery  
Bunch of copycats, a lot of fakery  
Becoming a monster, that's cause you making me  
I just wanna know who else is this strong  
Generating this amount of money for this long  
Shots pass your crew  
Yellow gold kilo, Yacht Master II  
Put your wallies dip so the top match the blue  
Couple more shots I might blast ya boos  
Can't judge so they rape this shit  
I stand behind mine, got faith in it  
I just sell it, I don't make this shit  
I got work to do, I got cake to get

[Sheek Louch:]

Cake, Cake, Cake, Cake, Cake,  
It's hard to see the Snakes, Snakes, Snakes,  
They ain't thugs, they Jake, Jake, Jake, Jakes  
Found their bodies in the bottom of these great lakes

Do I think he the king?  
Never that bro, hol' up give that nigga a dap  
Now these lame ass artists gotta think when they rap  
Its almost back to the boom bap  
It's no lyrical apps to download when I walk the ground fold  
I'm heavy out the Chevy I dump for reload, DONNIE  
Was something out a magazine  
Pretty bitch whip something out a magazine  
Gun on me, clip? Nah that's a magazine  
I make money flip easy, no trampoline  
I done made a millie, P and Kiss made a millie  
Hood could of if he wasn't acting silly  
But no hard feelings  
I ain't even in the hood now, no more chilling  
Chasing money, jumping off the tour bus posing for IG flicks  
All around these chicks  
I ain't OG, it's Rakim and Kane and them  
I came right before Baby and Wayne and them  
All these new niggas spit more pain than them  
LOX, you'll never be the same as them