

Recession

Tony Yayo

I'm from, where fake niggaz turn they back quick
Hoe's tricking on a mattress
Soft spots in your heart get you caskets
Lil homies gettin rich off a mad bricks
I elway all the petty bullshit when I'm high
And family only come around when a nigga die, die
When it rain they say god cry
The snitches on the stand tellin d.a's lies
Material girls in gambling spots
In need a cash, ready to pop
Killers plot if they get the drop
You get caught slippin like it or not

She young and hoeing that's the hood for you
Back writing that's the hood for you
Back stabbers that's the hood for you
Niggaz dieing that's the hood for you

Strap gotta double barrel mechanism
Hoe's naked in the crib, eatinism
My best freind turned his back on me, damn
It felt like a butcher knife stabbing on me
As I journey through the hood all I see is pain
Go to my momma house I hope them shots don't rain
I need to get a grip in everything in life now
Driving ciroced out with the 40 cal
But today was a good day like ice cube
My little homie passed away I'm getting tatoood
Dutch masters vanilla that's the hood for you
Shawty ass got fatter that's the hood for you