

# Take Tha Hood Back

UGK

Yeah nigga, the hood is fucked up right now  
You niggaz got shit all crossed-up  
Niggaz got the game real twisted, right now  
You niggaz is really hustlin' wrong  
You niggaz got your grind wrong, mayne

I gotta watch you hoe-ass niggaz  
It's time for the teacher  
To sit back in the front of the class, nigga  
Right over the blackboard  
And teach you hoe-ass niggaz the rules, nigga

'Cause ain't nobody showin' you niggaz  
How to get money the right way  
If you gon' get money, bitch  
'Cause you gon' fuck everybody money up on the real

Now all my hustlers, grinders and ballers, open up your mind  
A lot of niggaz hustlin' backwards, need to press rewind  
There's some niggaz playin' dirty pool, bad Cali bandits  
They crossin' up the Trill and man, ya boy just can't stand it

Motherfuckers need to be reprimanded and straight jacked  
These boys is givin' the wrong niggaz out here respect  
Break ya neck to fuck wit a nigga that compromise yo? hood  
Yo? doin' shit you know it cool until the good

Got kids movin' work, hustlin' by the school  
Using youngsters, they hits states, this whole shit on the cool  
Matter ?fact, fuck the cool, you niggaz need to hear me  
Breakin' bread with certified snitches, don't come near me

You niggaz givin' these canaries all these passes  
Fuck gettin' dough wit a snitch, get in they asses  
I'm teachin' classes, Dope Slangin? 101  
These hoe-ass niggaz don't want none of Bun  
I'm takin' the hood back

Niggaz gettin' knocked goin' fed and six months ya back?  
Off with his head, we takin' the hood back  
Damn, I coulda swore they gave ya ass ten flat  
Now you're home, somethin' wrong, we takin' the hood back

You liar, aight, but he ain't got it like that  
Hell naw, we takin' the hood back  
We in the club like it's good, in the hood and you a rat  
Click clack, motherfucker, we takin' the hood back

I'm a G, hell yeah, I don't bull  
Got yo? bitch lookin' mad while them Fingaz so full  
I drank hard while you niggaz drank Bull  
But the boy like Diddy fed, Bam got pulled

And I was taught to hold my own  
Picture spider lock ya down, brother burna zone, nigga  
Hell yeah, I'm bout dat, shirt slacks all black  
Come through sunny side and leave yo' house flat

Yeah, I grind for the paper, fuck small towns, go major  
Fuck a cell phones, goin' pagers  
It's young low Frazier, shoot good with no lasers  
And every shot hit, I don't throw no grazer

Some killa talk, nigga and real talk nigga  
Middlefingaz' a ridah, whoever killed off, nigga  
And I put that on Pat, Screw and Steve  
Young low bitch, I clap you and leave, hoe  
We takin' the hood back

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A thousand-eight grams, enough to get yo? ass right  
You smart wit it, get caught wit it, enough to get yo? ass life  
From out here in these trenches  
Ain't no fuckn' love or second chance  
Small-time offender, lose yo? ass, you get enhanced

Speak not, keep yo' mouth shut, investigate the whole place  
Make 'em think it's cool, follow that nigga round the whole day  
The game ain't the same at all, changed for the worst  
Nigga got the less time ?cause he came wit it first

See I disperse to dope, the most convicted felon, strictly G's  
No more Glock shit, rock shit, strictly ki?s  
I gets my paper, I was taught by older niggaz  
Cold blooded killas, dope dealers, Sodom niggaz

I'm alert, I'm aware, I'm focused, I'm on top of shit  
I show you how to stop that bitch  
Get ig'nant wit this choppa bitch  
Tomorrow ain't promised, snitch today, die tonight  
We know your spot, me and my niggaz gon' ride tonight

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I'm takin? back the streets, thang on the C  
On parole but I'm cold wit the heat  
Candy coated rock baller, twenty-chop crawler  
Bitches tryna steal my dick, I ain't ?bout to call her

There?s a lotta niggaz rappin?, playin' games  
I don't see none of the shit that you name  
Where the car at? Where the bread at?  
Where the girl you say that got that 'Five head' at?

Where the rocks at? Where the Glocks at?  
In yo' mind and on the mic, the only place it's at  
That's my lifestyle you rappin' 'bout  
I'm havin' everythin? you pussy niggaz yappin' 'bout

When you see some cocaine  
You say you got it, nigga, bring me ten thangs  
He gotta call his connect and shit  
And he ain't got you co-na-vict nigga, I'm takin' my hood back

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