In the Hood

Wu-Tang Clan

(The story you're about to see, occurred along the main Trading route, on the border between the North and South At a small outpost called Red Clay Village)

(What the fuck y'all niggaz thought, huh? What you thinkin' bitch? Are you stupid son, must be stupid kid, What the fuck is wrong? It's the Wu bitch, ain't got a clue bitch, tie ya shoe bitch Get the fuck back, 'fore we break a fuck, listen Tryin' to tell y'all niggaz, give you a fair warnin', just a chance to live So you can see ya kids, yo son nah, before I split ya wig I'd rather feed you this, but you ain't wanna eat it So now you got to, feel it)

Yo what the, yo Let me fuck it one more time then y'all can fuck Y'know how we do it in the hood Yo, yeah, turn the mic up, yeah, yo

Y'all niggaz better rock y'all hoodies Take money, snatch jewelry, in the hood You find the best woman lookin' good Diamond she need polishin' In my hood, all the gunshot legal At the same time we gotta stop killin' our people Keep it in the hood, niggaz walk with they gun Keep it in the hood, that's where we come from

I rep Brooklyn, home of the gangsta I know a few murderer, drug dealer In the hood, we speak mathematics and build What's the total weight of the brain, Allah real Slang jacks and hold gats, in the hood, 80 proof Get my dick sucked on the roof of the projects Dice game in the park, blunt sessions after dark Movin' with the Wesson

Welcome to the God, we build and drop a lesson Pussyhole testin', in the hood Got the word from the hoodrat Shorty on the wood

Murder, bad boy ya block off an' Murder, rude boy ya pop off an' Murder, nine millimeter me say Murder, no time fi talk, one fi Murder, men an' them ah talk 'bout di Murder, Masta Killa come calm wit' nying Nying, nying, nying, me say murder

Aey yo, we boys in the hood, big bad wolves in the woods It ain't all good, pass the goods Deep in the project halls waitin' to shine Walk with a nine and talk with gang signs In the hood, niggaz put twenties on Hoopties Four heads, one forty ounce and a loosie And keep dough on the flip, a hoe on the strip And roll dick throw on the flip Weed clouds thick enough to block the sun Cops come, but thugs never drop the gun, understood? Far from ya Hollywood From day one, I vowed I would keep it in the hood From project chicks with hips and slim waists From five dollar plates apartment six-eighths O.G., I spit G to the young ones I keep it in the hood that's where I come from

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This is the place where thugs is born, in the hood Blink to long ya life is gone, in the hood Convicts still live with they mom And they whole family tree is tattooed on they arm, in the hood Crack fiend'd furnish a 'Lac, in the hood Africans be drivin' cabs, in the hood In the streets the ghetto is hot And the illest gangsters, on the block with cops, in the hood

The ones you love'll fill you with slugs, in the hood Babies born addicted to drugs, in the hood We make life or death decisions And the school system is like a minimal prison So you can't knock the hustle or the life that I'm livin' In the hood, it ain't all good, repent or you sinnin'

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