Boyz in da Hood

Young Dolph

I got racks in my front and back pockets 30 more p's of strong in the closet I just left the bank and made a huge deposit Nigga I don't know your bitch but did I fuck her, probably Looking out the window with the AK like I'm Malcolm Wrap em then I pack em, she suck me like a vacuum They hating, fuck em, tax em You should come see me and ask me I catch it than I pass it, I left it in the plastic Rally stripes on the Chevelle with some big ass rims 5 chains on with a brand new pair of Tim's I got junkies cutting the grass and pit bulls in the crib I'm shooting dice with the Bloods or selling dope with the Crips

Boys in the hood, we living good Got a trunk full of pounds, in that Fleetwood Boys in the hood, young entrepreneur You know I keep that thang with me, I wish a nigga would Boys in the hood, boys in the hood My homie just called me and said the boys in the hood Boys in the hood, boys in the hood Everybody know that we then boys in the hood

Came up with my boys in the hood for real Who your jeweler nigga is them diamonds real Who yo momma bitch is that ass real She told me come and grab it, just so I know that is real Pull up at the club with my boys from the hood Got 50 niggas with me my boys please don't let me do it Whole club full of trappers and bad bitches everywhere I pulled up at the club through the show, money in the air Came in the game, rocking ice and driving Coupes Roll a blunt, pour a deuce, since day one I been a troop Pockets fat like Bruce Bruce Drive a bad bitch cookoo Smoking gas watching the bitch scream lil Jimmy on South Central scre aming out "who the deuce"?

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