

Welcome to Tha Hood

J-Kwon

I make erry mu'fucka in this bitch do tha whop
This the new improved Hood Hop
I make erry mu'fucka in this bitch do tha whop I ain't tryin' to change hip hop
Put one in ya side to make ya hip hop
Knock derty right out his flip flops
Boy fifth cock, derty get rocks Gee, I'll just lean on him
Miss business herre then he swing on 'em
Problem too big, put the team on 'em
They still running up, put the beam on 'em I don't give a damn if you don't like me
I ain't goin' do tha right thing, I ain't Spike Lee
Spike sianid in ya ice tea
I'll choke her while I sex her like Ike T
St. Louis ain't ridin' and they likely
I roll wit real fellas that's on strike three
Snatch ya ass up if you strike me
You ain't happy with that, coward bite me Now do you got a gun? Welcome to the hood
Got a pocket full of crack? Welcome to the hood
Lost your money shootin' craps? Welcome to da hood
Have you ever been car-jacked? Welcome to da hood Now do you got a gun? Welcome to the
hood
Got a pocket full of crack? Welcome to the hood
Lost your money shootin' craps? Welcome to da hood
Have you ever been car-jacked? Welcome to da hood Uncle Charles said the game needs me
So I keep the red beam to make the aim easy
You put me on game like Baby Train Weezy
And all they told me dude pimpin' ain't easy
Used to pop Big Papa work
Now my diamond's big and blue like Papa Smurf
And dude, I'll pop a jerk
And my homie rob his brothers, now his pocket's hurt Like Jay I did it my way
I ain't get it for Freestyle Friday
Cardinal curve hand north talk sideways
I got work up and down Kings highway Plus dude bring the hood to the rap game
Wanna bet? Some like a crap game
Work a sex, better have my exact change
Or I'll run in the boardroom, let it clap man Now do you got a gun? Welcome to the hood
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Have you ever been car-jacked? Welcome to da hood
Third District's who I represent
One of the watches, you lookin' like a peppermint
Shake your frame is what Salt-N-Pepa meant
Cops can't spray the dude's face with peppermint
Man, 'cause I put the iron on 'em
Heavy Starch, put "Da Hol' 9" on 'em
Heavy spark, now the dirt lyin' on him
Oops my bad, found out they was lyin' on him
Got a flat? Need a car jack?
Better yet need a strap 'cause the car jacked
Track Boyz where the stars at
Have you got to the track like Tall Cat?
But I'll never leave my hood derty
If I fell, then the money got my hood dirty
Even when I get this good thirty
I'ma be in the hood with a good birdy
Now do you got a gun? Welcome to the hood
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