

H.O.O.D.

Masta Ace

Yea, goin' out to the H double
That's for you, you, and you
They got broke people, poor people, my people, your people
(Wherever I go) Listen
And they won't change, ever change, can't change, don't change
(And everyone knows)

[Verse One]

As I travel through various towns and strange places
I see the same scowls and frowns on the same faces
The game races and cats try to catch it
Before they know it they know death on a first name basis
Whether it's slangin' or banging, drinking or smokin'
There's bound to be one cat thinkin' of loccin'
The hood's like a sitcom
Leave ya bike outside, come back outside, I guarantee your shit gone
Young cats be sellin' the rock
Money busting out they sock mama tellin' them stop
But desperate times call for desperate means
It all seems so simple when you're just a teen
Only take one bad apple to poison the good
This for the girls on the block, the boys in the hood
And wherever I go it's the same as home
It's the H double O D the name is known

[Chorus]

They got broke people, poor people, my people, your people
(Wherever I go) Listen
And they won't change, ever change, can't change, don't change
(And everyone knows) Listen
They got broke people, poor people, my people, your people
(Wherever I go) Listen
And they won't change, ever change, can't change, don't change
(And everyone knows)

[Verse Two]

They got wild and rough blocks where it's hard to trust cops
Get shot on your way to school at the bus stop, damn
That kid was a fine scholar
Hear his mama whine and holler he died for nine dollars
Young mothers trying to learn the ropes
And them one dollar lotto games turn their hopes
They keep hoping that they number coming
They dreamin' about getting rich driving in they hummer dummin'
Old ladies keep they purse in the front

Cuz them fiends on the prowl it's the first of the month
And you still feel good when you there, yup
And you know you in the hood when you there
They got one in every spot on the planet
And if you wasn't raised there you prolly can not stand it
Some call it the hood I'm calling it home
And there's love feel it all in my poem...what they got?

[Chorus]

[Verse Three]

H dot O dot O dot D

Should I turn my back on the hood? No not me
Whether P.R., D.R., or the West Indies
Or fifty other spots that are just like these
Chicago know what I mean, Philly as well
Shit I hear nowadays sounds silly as hell
Whether in Miami or in Houston, Texas
Where some so broke they're not used to breakfast
Oakland know what I mean, L.A. too
D.C. feel me, I can tell they do
When will it change? Never I know
And I see the same things wherever I go

[Chorus]

beat stops

They got broke people, poor people, my people, your people

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