

Loked Out Hood

DJ Quik

One day I was chillin' on Arabian's spruce
Forty in my hand and it's time to get lose
Got my Nikes and my Fila T-shirt and black khakis
I heard a horn blowin' and I jumped in my jacket
John, was chillin' in the passenger seat
Stepped up out the car and started dancin' in the street
Now John, was lookin' fresh and it wasn't no joke
He had on some fresh khakis and was sportin' some locos
Some gangstas poppin' wheelies came
up from behind
He got off throwin' up his favorite gang sign
Here come little snub, from the maple block
Groovin' on the handlebars, ready to rock
And now my posse's gettin' bigger because of all these
niggas
I got the .38 and I'm about to pull the trigger
Looked up at the corner and who did I see?
Wayne and his little man pop and Nookie
Now Sha, came rollin' up on a little scooter
Lookin' for a match so he could light the Thai Buddha
I told him I didn't have it but yet I went to grab it
I lit it up and hit it up and now I'm draggin' it
Wayne, took a hit, pop took a puff
Nookie, started chokin' and now he's fucked up
The forty-ounce is hittin', so I busted into school
I'm never gettin' sweated 'cause I'm just too cool fool
Sun's goin' down and now it's night
My posse's cold chillin' and we're feelin' alright
We heard a lot of noise and it sounded like a rally
Boomin' ass sounds comin' out of Sherm alley
We all jumped up and we started to stroll
A young nigga like the quiksta was takin' control
The D.E.A. posse so deep we walked three 2's
Now, if you wanna join then you gotta pay ya dues
We got up to the alley and everything was chill
They was just makin' that dollar dollar bill
Reesa came down and she sat on the stairs
I stood up 'cause I didn't have a chair
Now, Pop said, "Yo, let's get some cuts?
Get that old 8 so we can get fucked up
Now, I'll put a twenty H put a 10
And said, "Fuck it, super soca and gin?
Now, everybody's gettin' in the twilight zone
Head up stairs and they're gettin' weirdo
Gangsta's on the steps and he's tryin' to bang
No belt in his khakis so his lee's could sag
Now, here comes stick with a 20 dollar bag
But he can't roll a joint 'cause he ain't got no zigzags
I looked up at my watch, it said 10: 28
You better run up to the liquor store before it's too late
So he went to the store and he got the
zags

He came back walkin' with my homeboy cash
Sucka came over he was lookin' for a ride
Runnin' from the police, he ain't have no place to hide
A smile came on my face when I
swallowed my beer
I'm chillin' like a villain and I got no fear
Now Tony lane came he said he was bored
Eatin' on some chips that he got from the store
I said,? I'm bored too, so what's up with that?
Wayne said, "Is anyone down to jack?
Now I can get the AK and you can get the pump
But I don't want no deuce-deuce, 'cause I ain't no chump
Now, Mike said, "Dane which one do
you choose?
I could take the 38 and you can have the ooze
But before we can jet and be on our way
Some niggas rolled up and they was ready to spray
Rollin' real slow, they turned off the lights
waitin' until the time was right
A fool jumped out all dressed in guess? Shot him in the chest
The niggas tried to jet, but the couldn't get far
'Cause Mike had the ooze and he aimed it for the car
Now, that's how it's done and we do it good
Just another day in my looked out hood
So all y'all remember that we can't be stopped
What's the name of my hood? Figure that shit out you fools

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>