

Hood In Me

The Jacka

I-pod in my ride
Ain't no headsets
Your girl in the front seat givin me head sex
My nigs in the backseat yellin out he's next
We be in the pjects eatin like trex
Smokin kush heavy
Never seen no sets
Till I left the west the greatest alive
But u ain't seen my best
I ain't reach my gold yet
But you still upset
You know my face niga
You know my silloutte
You know why I'm here
The real niga's champ
The real world love the j cause I'm born to rap
He got a punch line or two but he ain't for jac
When I was poor nigas left me hanging like a bat
Only got it night time with a jawfull of crack
Crack spittage and all
Go hard at the trap drug dealer fa sho
And how I carry myself is really starting to show
So I married the life, keep the shit on the low
Know what I'm sayin

It feel good to me
Maybe it's the hood in me
Maybe I should leave it alone
Maybe I should give it away
Clearly it's what's making me strong
Clearly it's what's makin me stay

Livin life in the cadillac drinkin purple sippin yak
Caught up in this life got this rap shit on my back
If you see my life yeah crown ya boy for living that
Brought up in a house full of mice and them insects
Seen it all done it all cutty I've been that
Niga that you see add jack to your friends list
Never get enough of me
I was sent here to lead
Bukin the hard times
Follow allah times
I'm ready to die tryin
I was in the range steady dreamin the blood flyin
They say they better than jac them nigas lyin
They wish they was high as I am
All the time hatin on me
Boy they never shine

100 racks gotta nigga feelin amped as fuck
Smackin messy marv smokin like "that's whatsup"
Wasn't at the liquor store holdin it up
Made em gimme all they scrill then I opened his guts
I was thinkin bout my kids they future n growin up
I was thinking bout the years for court I'm never showing up
I'll never see my nigas again I'm on the grind
It ain't never been easy is what they tell me

It'll never be either
Smokin tree to take a breather
With the felons
We hella deep but we ain't chillin
Everybody sellin d and it's all in front of children
Shoot outs everyday chips fallin from my building
At the same time it's the place that I live in
So I send my grace for everytaste when I'm eatin
The streets got me fresh mother fuckers think I'm cheating
I'm a king who ain't never been beatin of all time
I suggest you fall back close your eyes and relax
Before you leave the scrape with your brains in your lap