

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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