

# 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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