

# 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://counterlikes.com/>