

Shout Out My Hood

Dave East

Yeah
East
Ghost
G-Shit
Worldwide
We're family

Shout out my crips that still cripplin, nigga
Shout out my bloods that still bloodin', nigga
Straight out the dirt, shout out my muddy niggas
Came from the bottom, all my get money niggas

Wanna die, you ain't got to cry, you just got to pray
Put some weed where I lay, I'ma see another day
Full of energy, you my enemy, you got to pay
Was on the East side, fuckin' with them crips the other day
Was on the West side, fuckin' with them bloods the other day
Always look you in your eye, never look the other way
Where I'm from, they can't get you, then they make your brother pay
Doin' dirt, leave you hurt, then they make your mother pray
We got raw plus cook up in this bitch
Master P with the grams, I got the hook-up in this bitch
Shots almost hit the passenger, they shook up in the whip
Before the deal, I took a trip to Brooklyn for the stick
Tried to go the college route, but that's on Tookie, I was crip
Weed, The Color Purple, think of Whoopie when it's lit
Tried to start an empire, broke down a cookie in the crib
Toss you off a high bridge then play A Boogie wit'cho bitch

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That's on Maleek, you ain't seen nothin' like this
I'm Leonidas, three hundred hitters with me, hit excitin'
You can't imagine walkin' to the store, duckin' indictments
Tatted my face, approachin' my enemies like I'm Tyson
Bright lens, ratties in the car with no license
You know that the block bitin'
I'ma throw the knife to his pipe, I do not like 'em
We gon' cop it all from the Gucci to Nike items, we love some bright items
I fell back from the Roc like J-A-Y hyphen
Z650 Kawasaki on indictment, dope
Highway University, the stamp was a bison
These diamonds are enticin', still rottin' with no license
If you ain't me, then [?], you should pray to Christ
P and East got the streets and we got the beast frightened
You ain't got no gas, you should have the shit siphoned
Just leave the lab, crumble all that bullshit you writin'
Yeah

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I got love for my bloods and all my neutral niggas
I got love for my crips and all my stupid niggas
Brick in the trunk, duckin' the state trooper, nigga
In a hotel askin' the plug what could he do for niggas
I don't care if it's crowded, I pick you out a group of niggas
Take you on a ride of your life, but not Uber, nigga
Puttin' prices on they head, they think I used to hoop with niggas
Walt Disney money but we ain't fuckin' with Goofy niggas

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