

Loked Out Hood

DJ Quik

One day I was chillin' on Araabie and spruce
Forty in my hand and it's time to get loose
Got my Nikes, 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 dancing in the street
Now John was lookin' fresh and it wasn't no joke
He had on some fresh khakis and was sportin' some Locs
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, 'cause 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 huddha
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 twos
Now if you want to 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
Here comes Stick with a twenty 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
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 Uze"
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?
(Yeah) shot him in the chest
The niggas tried to jet, but the couldn't get far
'cause Mike had the uzi and he aimed it for the car

Ha Ha
Now that's how it's done and we do it good
Just another day in my loked out hood
Now all y'all remember that we can't be stopped
What's the name of my hood?
(Ha ha ha ha)
(Figure that shit out you fools)