

# IT IS

EST Gee

(Ayy, who that? John Gotitt)  
Yeah, alright, mmm (Know what it is)  
Yeah

Can't get the hood to turn on me, I'm who turned up the hood  
I hopped out geeked, no gloves, burnt the skin off my thumb, heat from that  
Draco wood (Grr, grr, grr, grr)  
Me and Red was sayin', "We need to link the hoods for good"  
And we did, Bopper slid with Spit and still cool with Suge  
He bust pipes, ridin' with no sights, it's unfair if he could  
See, I brought in them fullies, a quick five-second shootout  
Been 'bout risks since me and Dre had went out West and go out the go house  
I been quick, keep the score over 'em lil' boys, but it's a blowout  
If I get the feelin', make niggas think cold, but they ain't goin' out  
Stash a nine in my ho house, she live close by where it go down  
Ain't no way I'll never go out 'less my pole out like my pole hard  
And my lil' bro so anxious, spank shit up, look like he owed down  
It's me and baby broad day, threw that eight, 300 Blackout  
Hope he know, car pull too close, I'm lettin' this whole sixty clip go out

Yeah, but that's just how it is when you from where I'm from  
Could be on bond for murder one, youngin still tote his gun  
You in the streets for fun, scared to see when street shit get done  
My mama shot at my pop with me in the car when I was young  
Know thuggin' in my blood, been the one in my blood  
Gettin' that monyon in my blood, fuck it, however it come  
I'ma make somethin' out of nothin', know this shit been in my blood  
Still made man, con life livin' from the hood, uh

You take out your man, repast, you get a bonus for it (Yeah, yeah)  
Thinkin' shit was sweet, he took a nap, he in a coma for it (Yeah, yeah)  
And she ain't fuckin' with me 'cause I ain't let her put me in her Reel (For  
real)  
The Hell I look like cryin' about a ho who ain't even wear Denim Tears? (Den  
im Tears)  
You the type gon' take the deal (Take the deal), I'm the type gon' play the  
sale (Play the sale)  
I come from the bricks, oh, yeah, you gon' see a athlete make a sale (Oh, ye  
ah)  
Fuck your hood up, growin' up, I seen a fuck nigga whack a player  
I don't need no prices for no Tris, the Wock' pint double sealed  
Shit here way bigger than life  
I don't trust no one heart, only women I like  
Yeah, your bro told, get rid of the mice  
Bro and 'em spank a nigga on sight  
Hi-Tech red, don't sip no Par (Nope)  
Thirty points, I feel like Ja

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