

# Sound of My Hood

Kris Kross

It's hard for me to sleep 'cause in my hood all I ever hear is...

Blam, blam, blam til dem fall  
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It's hard for me to sleep 'cause in my hood all I ever hear is...

Blam, blam, blam til dem fall  
Around my way they love to catch 'em coming out the mall  
And you happen to gat, don't make it harder  
'Cause it's still "Gimme that, while you at it, gimme them Jordans!"  
No gangbanging, and nuthin' like that  
Just some homies on the corner tryna sell a dump sack  
But if the sale goes wrong  
Then it sounds "Buck Buck" 'til it's gone "Buck Buck!" all night long  
And don't be creepin' in your ride by yourself  
Especially if the ride you rollin' is real delt  
'Cause now gots to give it away, give it away now  
And it's a shame that you gots to lay down  
"They said it's happy, you should have no fear"  
Now, how is that when you layin' in bed and this is all you hear

Blam, blam, blam til dem fall  
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It's hard for me to sleep 'cause in my hood all I ever hear is... (Blam, bla  
m)  
Blam, blam, blam til dem fall  
Blam, blam, blam til dem fall  
Blam, blam, blam til dem fall  
Ta-da BLAH, Ta-da BLAH, Ta-da, Ta-da, BOOM!

Yeah, blam, boom, and it don't change  
Some homies in the hood all do the same old thang  
I ain't sayin' that it's wrong and I ain't sayin' it's right  
I'm just tryna put you off on how them niggas survive  
Late, night, don't be creepin' on your own  
'Cause if ya don't slippin' then ya goin' home  
Brother's like to get ya for whatever ya got to be, got  
Especially when you be kickin' in a nice spot  
Gettin' girls or pay the bills is what they ask a patient [?]  
And never do, they askin' you, for your gold laces [?]  
So when ya rollin' through the hood and you flossin'  
Keep in mind that it just might cost ya  
'Cause it's a chapter every single day  
You might say no but then they say "Make my day"  
And you ain't really have to start it, but since you did  
Let's play a game called "Hit the moving target"

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It's hard for me to sleep 'cause in my hood all I ever hear is... (Blam, blam)

Blam, blam, blam til dem fall

Blam, blam, blam til dem fall

Blam, blam, blam til dem fall

It's hard for me to sleep 'cause in my hood all I ever hear is...

All I ever hear 'bout that, all I ever hear is gunshot

Big no no, so let's go loosen the Glock

When they flock, they makin' us flee of the spot

They jump in the car and they bust two shots

BANG BANG, they makin' us dance with a Glock

And then that explode and they get many rock

Give it a dance, give it a shook, and you get the flood flock

One tiny done shot and it rang BOOM!