

Hood Talk

Lil Gotit

(Uh
Know what I'm sayin', I go by Hood Baby, nigga
Livin' that motherfuckin' slatt life, livin' like Hood Baby
Snake life, don't get bit, nigga
I fuck with myself, you know what I'm sayin'?
I fuck with this motherfuckin' bankroll, you know what I'm sayin'? (Slatt)
Slatt, slatt, slatt...)

Say, gangster, why you holdin' fire like you out here sprayin' rounds?
You grew up, but you ain't really makin' gun sounds, yeah
My youngins with it, 'bout that action, poppin' out the playground, yeah
Find our target, give 'em one more day, then take 'em down, yeah
We hit it up and clear it out, ain't no more standin' 'round
Wait for my side, they gon' ride, we don't play around
We hit the club and throw ones when the sun down
Yeah, your bitch with the gang with her ass out

Dick in her mouth, got that lil' bitch occupied
Cry 'bout a bitch, nigga, they ain't even worried 'bout you
Might as well pimp the bitch 'cause you the one that let her out
Came with upper case alphabet blicks, brought them letters out
Everybody strapped with them K's
Been countin' money and get some racks, these bitches fuckin' for some J's
Crew hoppin' niggas, fuck your mama and they grave, you'll trade
I served your auntie all the ice, now she my number one J
Screamin', "Fuck 12," when we got our middle fingers up
Drop one of us, we drop ten, it's war, what's up?
Big slime say lil' bro just got 'em through the mail, let's go stick him up
Mask up in case that nigga tell, he ain't built like us

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Got them racks in and copped a Trackhawk with the sunny feet
I get the bread in by the loafers, nigga, whole wheat
And my ex-partner a rat and he showed it, he ain't cozy
Can't cap to the gang, you ain't stick to the G code, you told it, you told it
You wrote it, you wrote it
Black and white the line
Now your front door always open, it's open for public to know it
Pussy niggas, we exposin'
Knock 'em off, put the body, yeah, in the trash, then dispose it, dispose it
Omerta, but Gotit, boy, have motion, in motion
Hood Baby be cozy, sippin' slow motion
The feds watchin', I'm posin'
You better watch them niggas with that ho shit
I'm ridin' with the toaster, ready to toast it

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