

Pimp C

Lil' Wayne

I got my hood in this bitch
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Bitch, I'm back out of prison
Fucking with this rap, 'cause this rap shit easy
Hooked up with Weezy, niggas didn't believe me
I'm not a fucking actor, but they see me on the TV
I'm with my man, boy, we're in the hood, boy
We got numbers, and it's good, boy
Got them birds to Georgia, coming through the water
It's sixteen-five if you wanna place an order
Thirty-six, grams, fish scales
Thousand and eight grams, nigga, you failed
I'm a hustler, what are the fuck you
I'm getting money, me, and my whole crew (Young Money!)
Me and them, that's Young Money
We got old money, if you ain't know, dummy
Bitch, it's my turn, and it's the time around
For me to hold it down, for my seventeenth round

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Bitch, I'm Mack Maine!
Hollygrove's Hannibal, you cowards, I'm cannibal
Riding in that Phantom, hoe, them niggas is cowards, hoe
The Applestreet animal, but the food ain't flammable
I'm from the hood, where young niggas gamble, yo
You niggas sweet like fruit, Cantaloupe
See every day, I wake up, and know it's more shit
Niggas say my flow sick, I be like, no shit
The feds pull up, asking questions, I don't know shit
I got Alzheimer's, I'm an emotional G, like Carl Thomas
The type of niggas that'll play with your ass on the Palm Pilots
Tryna go gold, just like the 49ers, I did a million times
See I could merk you with a million rhymes a million times
See, I got money, I could buy you bastards
That's why I got more hoes than a Buyou classic
Like eighty degrees when I tell a bitch please
Raise up off my N-U-Ts 'cause you gets none of these
At ease

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