

Hood Trophy

Pressa

Mama used to beat me with my trophy
My teacher used to chase me through the hallway
My nigga, he done snaked me for my.38
I put my dawg on, he went and made a hundred K
I'm from the hood, I'm so hood, that's the hood in me
Never watched my dawg starve, that's the good in me
Real nigga, know my Jordans 1 through 23
Name a nigga in my city that can shit on me

I got a Glock.30 filled with zombies
I'm like a new pair of Loubs, niggas want me
I'm in some Off White, niggas wanna off me
Pressa make the hood look like palm trees
First and furthermore, let's get this clear like Avianne
Pull up on his block, we shmurda shit just like we Bobby
This rap shit just ain't easy, for this shit you need a body
Baby girl got freckles on her face, look like a cookie
And why not? Just go blow some bands, don't wear no Reebok
Never catch me in the hood rockin' fake designer
Never catch me hangin' on the block without my handgun
He ain't killed nobody, but he claim he a gangsta
My niggas play your block, it's on repeat
My dawg underground like it's P3
Uzi shout me out on the TV
I keep sayin' I'ma blow, they won't believe me
My shooters, my shooters, they come in varies
These niggas, they bitches, they scared of police
The Feds hate a nigga, they stole my jewelry
Wassi a sav, he legendary
It's scary, I bet he in this room, he prolly hear me
Pressa lock the city like a Dudley
My niggas swing around like a monkey
I got a glizzy, rockin' in my Monclers
Traphouse whippin' dope and I done broke my wrist [?]
And ceelo's only time a nigga gamble
These niggas hesitate, they start to fiddle
Where I'm from, homicides go by the triple

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Real nigga, never stole out my mom's purse
Grade school, mama used to tuck my collar
Loyalty's a price, I can't rob her
I went from baller to a baller
I went from ball court to a bando
So much hand transactions, I got handles
It's fucked up how I made money on [?]
I'll never leave my dawg, yeah, for dead like a weirdo
'Cause niggas nowadays, they so fake, man
Where I'm from, we take your gun if you're a wasteman

And all that sit-at-home shit, never rate that
I hit the road and got dirty on my way back
Niggas sit at home playin' video games
I learned to go and get it, by a minimum wage
My nigga's on your block, he needs to relocate
Shoot a nigga in his face, do it the drifter way

Yeah, you know how we rock, do it the drifter way, shit
Free my niggas, R.I.P. my niggas and shout all my bros