

Cam'ron, My Hood

[Cam'ron] [intro]

You do what you do where you live

I do what i do where i live

That's what makes me nigga, and that's just the way it is nigga

uhh, Killer, uhh, Prease, uhh, Vacant Lot, Diplomat, uhh

Killer, family nigga, yo, uhh, Killer, uhh, yo yo yo...

[verse one]

Where i'm from kids get it hectic

But get arrested but get respected

Piss infested, dislexic

Take caution money, for extortion money

Girls fate just for abortion money

Honey no day you'll play me on

Flip water, nuttin' like avion

Type a shit my niggas get gravy on

Money missin', might find your baby gone

The way we bond, Cam got ta spray these arms

Have you relocate, like Kay Reconn (?)

Crazy don, crazy cons girl fuck

Put they ladies on, me i'll go crazy on?

One chick told me give her a loan

Shit, only thing i leave you is alone

Indeed you could bone, lemme read you a poem

Mom no good for ya, it's da hood for ya

[chorus]

My hood (hood!), hoes (hoes!), thugs (thugs!)

What it is it good for? absolutely nothin' nothin' nothin'...

My hood (hood!), guns (guns!), drugs (drugs!)

What it is it good for? absolutely nothin' nothin' nothin'...

yo yo yo

[verse two]

Now it's gangs out here

Cats pass we flaggin', blue n red rags we braggin

Look out y'all, here the padon wagon

Cops or punks, hit em with the pump

Nigga wanna front, Killer give 'em what they want

Roll 'em up in the rug, dump they body in the trunk

Eat hoe heat low kill slow like mosquito

Now we dead if i ever did doubt of her

You want these streets? tryin' to get out of 'em

Gotta leave 'fore they see Cam fold

Where they don't speak Englas or Espaniol, no

Where i go they don't spit that rap, they say

"Ching chang maka halia"

Yeah, shit like that!

Get my gat, click my clack

Cam's killin' this, i write for niggas

Am i a vantriloquiste?

Ya feelin' this, niggas pump ya krills ta dis

Be carefull, Harlem World will get this

[chorus]

My hood (hood!), hoes (hoes!), thugs (thugs!)

What it is it good for? absolutely nothin' nothin' nothin'...

My hood (hood!), guns (guns!), drugs (drugs!)

What it is it good for? absolutely nothin' nothin' nothin'...

yo yo yo...

[verse three]

Cats wanna talk shit, i don't throw back trash at 'em

I come thru in a drop top, laugh at 'em

Wit the girls behind me, bout ta throw a pass at 'em
They with me stupid, now Ma, blast at 'em
Cats fire when i'm walkin' by like JFK junior, y'all talkin' fly
I give em Macaulay Culkin lie, Dolly Parton high, they all can buy
Got it for sale
And i don't run the crack spot
Opperation is a jag drop, rag mop, access with a laptop
One of the have-nots to brick money
Then i came thru in the six yummy
Ya whole click sick tummy
But be carefull, out in this game
Buyers, supliers, yo they wearin' wires
But come up in the world, if i twirl you fry
Got killed like a bitch hair; curled and dyed

[chorus]

My hood (hood!), hoes (hoes!), thugs (thugs!)
What it is it good for? absolutely nothin' nothin' nothin'...
My hood (hood!), guns (guns!), drugs (drugs!)
What it is it good for? absolutely nothin' nothin' nothin'...
[x2]

[outro]

Yo yo yo, yo this for every hood
Every poverty, my whole NYC Harlem eastside
My cats down in ATL you win! keep it krump Miami
Keep it off the chain, Cat Gatti i see you in Green Borough
Get money, VA my guys out in CHI-town, the whole cali
Westside, LA, bay area, Dego, Houston, Dallas, Memphis
Keep it krump, Detroit, i see everybody
Every hood, every ghetto, everything is a poverty
We love y'all, Dip-Set, Killer Cam, Jim Jones, Freaky, hooooo!