

# Del The Funky Homosapien, Hoodz Come In Dozens

Intro: \*various media samples\*

60's Frat Rock

Yet the economy was collapsing

And there's been a wave of minor bombings against Amer...

Gang violence is escalating, in such a manner I think, the

The mere violence itself has become part of, of the gang life

Part of the thrill

(Yeah!)

Verse One: Del

Thieves in the night, stick you in the alleyway

They might cause fright, they stick you up for Bally suede shoes

and in the news, and even on Geraldo

You can choose who will lose a pair of shoes (Yup!) word

The ones with the Reebok Pumps get their rumps rearranged

for their change now their down in the dumps (Yup)

You sprint two yards, to sport em on the first day of school

and like a fool, you went out like the worst way

They pulled out a tool, and asked you to remove them

quickly, I told em not to do it and they hit me (What?) in the mouth

with the nine, I thought they was like kinfolk (punk)

I never thought crime would elevate up to Twin Oaks what

but hey, everybody is a victim

Hoodz come in dozens, the magic word is (stick em)

When they spot you and they got you and you can't deal with em

All because you spent two G's on your Boomin System

Loud enough for the whole block to hear

But now they caught you at the light and you're drownin in your tears

(Punk you better raise your ass up out this car)

(Come off the car punk 'fore your ass gets blast)

And never was your fault that your shit was expensive

You shoulda bought a vault, and now I gotta mention that

Hoodz come in dozens, read it in the papers

Seems like everyone caught a little vapors

You can't escape em, so don't even plan it

Gangsta Boogie fever has taken over planet Earth

Now your life is worth a pair of Jordan's?

Now I wear Vans and my fans think I'm poor

When I walk down the block, with money in my sock and shoe

I hate you Mista Gangsta, cause everyone is mocking you

Now I can't get no rest because your pests keep

killing little children like their speakers are worth a million

Plus, it really is a bummer

Someone tried to get me for a coat last summer

(Your coat, check it in punk, hahah!) Damn

Hoodz come in dozens so watch your back

cause they all on the attack and you'll never know

when they'll show up, but when they do

You better throw up your hands like a fan and surrender

Nigga don't be a pretender

You ain't the Hulk G

Give up the cash and all the big bulky jewelry

(All of it) \*In what, daylight?\* That's the plan kid

They don't even care if it's Candid

Because passerbys mind they own beeswax

So they like steppin to you like yo I'll take these blacks

Give up your cash and your jewels without a argumnet

Otherwise you'll catch one between the eyes (bang!)

Don't play hero, cause hero plus a bullet equals zero

Give up your dough and cheerio old chap

You didn't get a cap busted in your temple

See, it's just that simple

Remember that hoodz come in dozens

(You're god damn right)

Hoodz come in dozens

(like thieves in the night)  
Hoodz come in dozens  
(punks runnin out of sight)  
(So gimme them motherf\*\*kin Nike's)