

G-Unit, Catch Me In The Hood

Yea, 50cent, Lloyd Banks, Tony Yayo

[Lloyd Banks:]

This rap shit plays a major part in my life
She looked for jack but realize that i got the ride
Well send a muthafucker at ya tonight

G-Unit

And i aint sleepin till my click pop em
swimmin in bowls of money
Micheal walking around with a head em
cause it's Charley mc dummy it's funny
niggaz go ravving see you suffering, hungry
I'm Co-D as well skating with enough of niggaz money

Why you ass of
you know you ain't that tough
I'm pulling your mask off
As soon as you act up
You know what i came for
A peace of the game or
Art till the readers
Buy ass long as a chainsaw

I buy them weight
But tis still feels like i'm dreamin
40. calinger my pillow cinda feel like my c-men
I fysical pressence of a female the form of a demon
that's why i fuck em and leave em get my note while im leaving
And i thought they catch me slippin now im ducking and drippin, thats a thousand dollar outfit wuth
They drippin, the record can get my ass in position
Death wish for no gorilla jim wether carie a couchen
Listen, and when trough momma bitchen in and out the kitchen wuth probable cause is probable in
We got soldiers
but you still gotta respect the arts
We got more 4-5s and nines then a deck of cards

[Tony Yayo:]

You can take me out the hood
But can take the hood out me
Cause im getto
Niggaz hate when you to good
But when you broke
Your friends and your enemy's
They love you
Chi-Chi get the Yayo
Picture me being crack out of ten trips on the train
Chi-Chi get the Yayo
Picture me being crack

Oh, you go

You can sniff me, cut me ill turn you to a junkie
I'm the nr. 1 cellar in the whole fucking country
Wallstreet niggaz, they caught me on a low
White boyz dont call me coke they call me blow
Its time to go on a bus the train a plane im smuggle
Im nothin but trouble Ill make ya money double
cook me in bacon soda, ill turn ya hoop-rock into a new range-rover
Ill pay all ya bills and fill je frigerator
Feed ya familly turn ya man to a hater
YoU can put me in a dog-pannel or ya stash box
Put me in ya night' tims a read box
If you caught three and a halve you hustlin backwards

Cop a hundred grand you moving forwards
Im trying to move more birds, and PA all day on the corner of third

[50 cent:]

You can take me out the hood
But you can't take the hood out me
Cause im gettho
Picture me pollishing pistols
Im comming to get you the sails hit you they scream
Think im playing i mean it
Man i dont bought all this pistols, just get it popping
Start and wavin my own voice shell cases gets the drop
The devils got a cone i got to much pride to hide
Im outside gun in my pocket theres stuntin to poppin
Im dying to poppin them young and im wrestling to the death system as the world turns the rececip
count on my blessins clean up my weapons im ready for war
The strong survive the big shall perrish i told you before
Hoes can come and take me now im 50
NICE TANE
Well I see you 20 grands and tips of the dice game
Its burned out cant stop it
You gotta watch MTV ,BET, NIGGA YOU SEE ME
I wonder if im mad cause im doing good
Cause niggaz are feelin me more than you in yo hood
And it hurts cause you love them but they dont love you back cause they know you just rappin and

Yea, explain it to the niggaz in yo hood nigga
They know you fuckin the front nigga
Talk all that gangsta shit on the reggae
I see you nigga
niggas know me nigga
Ask around in my hood nigga
We'r de daily news nigga
you see them talkin about me nigga
im in the middle of all cinds of shit
Pussy... get it poppin