

Hot Boys, Up In Tha Hood

Artist: Hot Boys f/ Lac
Album: Let 'Em Burn
Song: Up in the Hood

[Lil' Wayne]

huh, H.B. nigga, listen - From up under the bottom of the streets of Hollygrove
It's Young Carter - fuck wit' me and I fix mo' wigs than a beauty parlor
And due ta all the controversy that circles my clique
I'm liable ta click out at any time and murder a bitch
I've murda within the game and get deeper it stays follow
Then .9 me and get hit wit' my ak's hollows
I blaze block flows at 'cha dome Paco
I let one shot go and watch hot sauce leak out 'cho taco
Head for the border, don't die when I'm there for the cause
Thug Life 'cuz I live it, bary me in t-shirt - jeans and tennis and fuck my bitches
And y'all can trust my niggaz - while I'm here, I'm a living legacy
And I gatta eat like a bitch when in pregnancy, definately
Ain't no hoe can get the best of me
And ain't no facility in this world that can correct me
I'm wild and untamed, I just get more work from Baby and I power them thangs
You muh'fuckas don't want problem wit' Wayne huh

(Hook 2x - [Lac])

Catch me steppin' in my soldeirs when I'm up in the hood
Catch me steppin' in the mud when I'm up in the hood
Catch me hustlin' on the block when I'm up in the hood
Catch me clutchin' on my glock when I'm up in the hood

[B.G.]

Beef wit' me - your life is what it'd a cost ya
I will catch you slippin' do you something pretty awful
Split you from your lip ta the back of ya neck nigga
Knock ya navel out ya back, spine a crawl out 'cho chest nigga
Make sure you have no pumps of hard beef
Surrounded by yellow tape and under a white sheet
I joke, but I don't play - I laugh, but I don't clown
I pull out, jump out, run up, and spray ya down
Now +That is How I Get Down+
And when I spit, I spit nothing less, than 50 rounds
I'm the last, you wanna have problems with
I can't catch ya, I indulge ya mom and 'em
I'm low hound like that - I'm a guerilla ya dig
I'm from Uptown where you drown all killaz ya dig
So get it right, or get your life taken away
Play wit' Geezy get a 'k nigga stuck in ya face

(Hook 2x - [Lac])

[Juvenile]

Lil' Daddy come here, let me put 'chu up on game
It's election time, that's why itza drought of cocaine
See what im sayin' - they all got they hand in
And play the background ta use niggaz ta stand in
So we all be like fuck it, we ain't got no gigs
And fussin' ain't gon feed and house no kids
If you was eating you wouldn't have a reason ta thug
But we was starving, so the whole hood was hustling drugs
I remember New Year's Eve when the light's went out
All the food sproil - we didn't have a bite in the house
So I did what I had ta do - between me and you
Lil' nigga I pull it off - and no one ever knew
Had money ta get some groceries - clothes and whatever
Then asked the lord not ta let the devil get close ta me never

Some people it ain't fust, So I accept my lick
I ain't checking ya - I want ya ta respect my shit

(Hook 2x - [Lac])

[Turk]

I tote the chopper with 50 and I won't hesitate ta use it
I clear the whole block when I come through shooting
No picks, no chosers - any nigga could get it
Don't care if you big or small - I still leave ya shitted
I'm from the projects so y'kno I'm cuthroat
A soulja out that 'Nolia want beef - Lets go
Nigga I'm +Bout Whatever+ I'm tired a telling ya that
Play with me if ya want, get ya fucking head cracked
Don't make me dress in black - you don't wanna do that
Cuz I don't tote one Mag - I tote two Mags
Quik ta leave ya flat on ya mothafucking back
Put a hole in ya head and a hole in ya chest
Nigga thats how it happen ta ya when ya disrespecting
Have ya mom on tha front level dressed in all black
I'ma Killer nigga - a untamed guerilla nigga
Lil' Turk from Uptown quik ta steal a nigga

(Hook 4x - [Lac])

(Outro - [Turk])

(Ha! Ha!) Hot Boys in yo hood nigga, and we up ta no good nigga
Lil' Turk nigga - B.G. nigga - Juvenile nigga - Weezy nigga
Baby nigga - Mannie Fresh nigga - Sugar Slim nigga
How u Luv That? Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! - respect it nigga