

# J-Kwon, Welcome To The Hood

Lyrics by Pat Wright

A nig girl mutha fucka in dis bitch do the wop.  
Dis the new improved hood hop  
A nig girl mutha fucka in this bitch do the wop

I aint tryin to change Hip hop  
Put money aside and make your hip hop  
Not dirty right always flip flop, DING!  
More flip cot, dirty pick rocks

G.I . Just lean on em  
Bitch get scared and swing on em  
Problem too big, put the team on em  
They still running up, put the beam on em

I dont give a damn if you dun like me  
I aint gonna do the right thing I ain't Spike Lee  
Lopside 9 in ur ice tea, choke em while I sex em like Ike T.  
St. Louis aint ridin, that aint likely  
I roll with some real fellas that on strike three  
Snatch ya ass up if you strike me  
You aint happy with that coward, then bite me

[Chorus]

Now do you gotta gun? Welcome to the hood  
Do you gotta pocket full of crack? Welcome to the hood  
Lost your money shooting caps? Welcome to the hood  
Have you ever been car-jacked? Welcome to the hood

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Uncle Tars said the Gang Needs me  
So I keep the red bling to make the aim easy  
You put me on gang the baby train weazy  
An all he told me dude pimpin aint easy  
You used to pop big poppa work  
Now my diamonds big and blue like Papa Smurf  
And rude I'll pop a jerk  
Had my homie ride his brothers now his pockets hurt

Like Jay I did it my way  
I didnt get it here from freestylin Friday  
Kwon dun care if and or talk child ways  
I got work up and down kings Highway  
Plus you bring the hood to the rap gangs  
Wanna bet, Some like the crap gangs  
Rings these gangs better have my exact change  
BFore I run in the boy and clap thangs

[Chorus]

Third gifted so I represent  
In the white city  
You look like a peppermint  
Shake your frame  
Its whats on peppermint  
Cops cant spray dudes face with peppermint

Man cuz I put the ern on em

Every start, put the whole 9 on em  
Every spark, now the dirt land on em  
Who's my bad found out it was laying on em

Got a flat, Needa car-jack  
Betta yet, needa strap thats the car jack  
Crack Boyz where the stores at  
Have you gotten to the track like ?? cats  
Now I never leave my hood dirty  
If I fell, then the money got my hood dirty  
Even when I get this brick thirty  
Imma be in the hood with this brick thirty

[Chorus]

[Chorus]