

40 Glocc, Hood Rich

(feat. Mobb Deep)

[Intro: Havoc]

Yeah! Uh-huh!

Okay! It's on!

Yo!

Okay!

[Chorus: Havoc]

All you niggas mad becuz you know the Mobb is gettin' money
Can't help it your bitch is on my dick. - All the bitches love me!
G-Unit the label, more "Blood Money", blood money!
Don't get mad, I'm hood riiiiiiich!

[Havoc:]

Hats off for the kid. - Pockets full of brick!

We drink Hennessy. - Guttah mothafuck a Cris!

So fuck y'all! - And fuck you!

I ain't gotta tell you baby what the gun do. (whoop!)

Little homie done tried the set home. - He like fuck that!

Time for some new blood, the G's want their block back.

Niggas ease by snitchin, clap him fuck it my opinion,

Shit have me dizzy way to fuck them down spinners.

What ya bitch see in me what the fuck I be shit'N

Prob'ly as greasy as me - on the low pimpin'.

We do this easily y'all go them extra endin',

See the fuckin' team WITH me (okay!) play ya self or get missin'.

[Chorus: Havoc]

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[40Glocc:]

I rock wife beaters. - white on white Sneakers

5-0, one jeans white-T no sleeves!

I'm just so G! - Stee low, low key.

We run the streets - fuck the police!

Aim that trey ya - make that slow leap

Take that Maybach, snatch that fo free.

Push his face back! ("NIK BEAN!") - Atleast 'bout fo' feet

Fuck that peep shit! - Rip him into pieces!

Ya cars is leases. - You ain't got shit,

You need to quit - just lead to cement!

For you find ya feet tied to some brick of cement,

My chest! My neck! My frozen wrist! - So cold I can't feel 'em shit!

[Chorus: Havoc]

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[Prodigy:]

Move back from the kid, When you see me coming, yea!

It's not cool! I'm not playing games with you dummies!

No, I'm NOT - taking picutes! Nah I ain't - signing shit

Show respect from where you stand - or niggas die quick.

Yeah I'm on that bullshit. - Fuck that! And fuck this! (fuck this!)

Rap is bullshit cause in life these streets is a bitch

Now I'm rich than a muthafucka! [Lowrider jumping] - And I show it off ("DJ NIK BEAN!")

To a certain extent cause to much will turn 'em off.

The ladies going crazy when I pull up in the Porsch (Porsch!)

Got me droppin' off the baby at their cuzin jumpin' off.

Niggas wanna take my head - but I be poppin' off.

Saw'd off - .380's, 3 pounds of AR's!

We best in the bizzy niggas jealy of my dawgs

So the bulletproof Chevy got - real heavy doors.

You got her belly gettin large! - I got her celly when I call,

She said: - "We can't fuck, but she'll suck me off!"

[Chorus: Havoc]

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