

# ABK, My Neighborhood

My neighborhood's full of drama  
Killas and thugs  
Everybody representin  
By throwin em up  
With a quick hi hello  
Or a beat down baby  
Even cops knows the bloccs  
That it's all time crazy  
It's alright  
Cuz it's home sweet hood  
Even though half of us  
Is up to no good  
You gotta love it  
When your born and raised  
In a place  
Full of problems  
That you gotta face  
I'm a native in the city  
Of these detroit streets  
Wit a warrior mentality  
That wont at ease  
Tommy hawk in one hand,  
Blunt in the otha  
So I can get high and just swing at mutha fuccas  
That's how it is  
I protect my shit  
On my front porch  
Servin up free fat lips  
So come and see me  
If you down to hang  
But when you visit  
In the minute  
You can't be actin strange  
For real  
My neighborhood ain't wat it's all craced up to be  
So much drama  
My neighborhood ain't wat it's all craced up to be  
So much drama  
Repeat  
H DOUBLE O DCOV  
In the double 7 0 is where ur findin me  
Wit that front porch livin  
Got the lawn chair high  
Don't mistake this lifestyle for a reason to try  
This is the reason to die  
We straight country folk bangin  
Them dirt road bangin  
Country folk slangin  
Got that hard  
That soft  
That prescription for your mental  
My neighborhood homies got them backroads credentials  
Fo do chevys one on bloccs otha one pumped up  
Bad ass kids leavin grown folks punked out  
Trailer park cookin  
Servin up that ass  
City cars always swervin when them hoes walk past  
Cuz them corn bread booties got em hypnotized  
Spendin college tuition  
Just to grip them thighs  
My neighborhood to some might seem worlds away  
But this is where I stay  
Red Clay, GA  
Chorus

My neighborhood  
Is on locc cuz we like it that way  
My neighborhood  
Is a place where the gangstas play  
My neighborhood  
Can see right through if you don't belong  
My neighborhood  
Can defeat all he weak and build up the strong  
My neighborhood  
Is on some shit like you ain't neva seen  
My neighborhood  
Red dirt roads sportin thugs and theives  
My neighborhood  
Country fuccin mouths ain't neva heard of no blocc  
My neighborhood  
Is so far out don't bother callin no cops  
Chorus