

Boyz N Da Hood, Bitches S & Bizness

We gon do it like this,
From the ATL,
All the way down to the 305 M-I-Yayo,
Cocaine capital nigga,
Yeah, da Boyz N Da Hood,

The bizness is bitches
The pussy I keep in my pocket,
The niggaz keep watchin
They know I'll be rockin my watches,
Deez keep knockin
They know I be shootin to spot em,
Weed boyz in da hood
Strictly distribute da product,
My niggaz get slizzered
I'm smokin and chillin in Pradas,
F**k a 9-to-5
We gon just do what we gotta,
I'm in my Chevy-thang
Everything runnin is proper,
Don't come too close
'cause I'm subject to up wit my chopper,
We in da streeeeets (we in da streets)
Who got da weeeeeed, (who got da weed)
I got a couple keys
Wanna eat? F**k wit me,
You don't wanna see me pissed off, (yeah)
F**k until my dicks off, (boyz n da hood)
Nigga this is riff ruff.

Well I don't rock a lotta ice
'cause I'm keepin it slum, (I'm keepin it slum)
Six slugs at the bottom
Lock and keep em in tone, (lock and keep em in tone)
Crack rock cocaine,
What we keep where I'm from, (what we keep where I'm from)
You don't believe me?
Nigga come and see where I'm from, (nigga come and see where I'm from)
Keep two or three heataz
Dug deep in my bum, (deep in my bum)
The police tryin to keep
The concrete on my palms, (the concrete on my palms)
But I got shit to do (yeah)
And I got bricks to move, (okay)
But y'all playin for 4 mil
You can git for 2 nigga,
And try to play me dude (yo)
Ima putcha ass in some baby shoes
And I don't mean the ones that yo baby use,
I know I talk about my niggaz a lot
But I'll shoot too,
Give me somethin to nut up about,
And watch me shoot you.

Chorus (2x):
I woke about 6 in the morning,
Gotta get paid,
F**k moanin and groanin,
Hit the block
Get the truckin rollin, rollin,
By the night time
My pockets is swollen, swollen,

From dusk to dawn

We stay posted up in project homes, (homes)
Keep a plastic tone
Y'all want it bring it on, (bring it on)
We'll creep up in yo home
Hang you by yo bitch's thong,
Said you's a guerilla
Say what's happenin King Kong?
We real playmakers
And this is not ESPN, (ESPN)
Welcome to da gutter
Now watch this shitfest begin, (yeah)
I ain't no f**kin Jack Triple
But I'm bakin cakes, (cakes)
Plus my cakes more than triple
What that fag makes, (that's right)
F**kin just to stay awake
Makin sho I never stumble,
Grind it till my bank statement
Look like social security numbers, (exactly)
Call us cookie monsters
Makin cookie niggaz crumble, (crumble)
Catch a double-digit jersey number
If you fumble.

I'm gon tote the pole
Lock and load,
Shoot til ya hear dat BOW,
Take my time
Speak my mind
Like I'm 47,
Gotta country slang baby
You can tell ain't us, (yeah)
We can kill too
A lotta us got dem Feds at us,
Still keep a stankin kitchen,
'cause in da midst of da 'caine on da way
Da crack smell durin da intermission, (hahaha)
Triple-beam, hand-held, hang-scale
Got some caine stain colored plain fingernail,
Chrome black dish backed up just our clientele,
Saw him walk a thin line but it's not a fat red, (fat red)
Ima rap for deez packed heads
Gats, crack sales, sex and blacks that wanna stack mils,
Smokin on dem Percocet
Runnin in yo house ramblin
Wonderin where da work is at,
Ho's in the third still a-hollerin
Where dem furs is at,
Phone in Atlanta ring da family,
Where dey workin at,
Pay a chain.

(hey, hey, hey, hey, heyyyyy)

6:45 AM, life's great,
Got the baking soda,
I'm cookin pancakes, (that's riiiiight)
Where I'm from nigga I'm the man,
Take em out, break em down
Like a lapdance, (yeaaaaaah)
I ain't playin
I got hella choppers,
All my partners deal
And they got helicopters, (that's riiiiight)
It's like my old job

But a lil different,
(what? heyyyyy)
I used to work at Church's Chicken,
But now I cook my chickens in my own kitchen, (what)
A kitchen fork and a glass pot,
Try to rob if you want
Getcha ass shot.

Chorus (2x):
I woke about 6 in the morning,
Gotta get paid,
F**k moanin and groanin,
Hit the block
Get the truckin rollin, rollin,
By the night time
My pockets is swollen, swollen...