

Boyz N Da Hood, No Talkin'

(Jody Breeze)

Ay, I got a .45 magnum kitted
And you will rarely see me grab my dick without grabbing it with it
If you want, I can tag ya with it
And you can tell ya fam cause I'll let ya whole family feel it
Y'all punks, blood pump, fags and sissies
Hopping in and out of bed with niggaz and turn around and say ya pimping
Man ya tripping, ask ya women
But she ain't heard, ya listening to the man and griffin
I don't talk, I'm bout action really
And I don't need a glass of Remy to cock back and blast the semi
Man it's in me, I'm tellin ya, thugging in my bone
Get me wrong, I'ma put one off in ya dome nigga

(Chorus - Big Gee)

No talkin, no fussin, no flossin, we shootin to kill
Ya momma, ya daddy, ya aunts and ya uncle and children
Boyz N Da Hood in the cutty, keep the pump in the building
Ya want it, it's nothing, whatever, we got it to give
No talkin, no fussin, no flossin, we shootin to kill
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(Big Gee)

I'm stuck in the gutta my nigga, life don't mean shit to me
I'm broke and my daughter crying and I'm lying to the jury
I see no hope in my future, abandoned by them folk killing me
Boy I swear, since my granny died, I don't know what got into me
I been thinking of suicide, no Nyquil to go to sleep
No dough just to wake me up and be forcing myself to eat (naw)
Most my niggaz don't live right, my life throwed from the get go
Folk better try to get their mind right, plus my nine bout to let go
We in the middle of the limelight, I'm bout to ride to the liquor store
We on the pills or that good weed, talk and I'll wind that trigga boom
I might ride through the hot spot, police chilling in they plain clothes
I might pull up in the hot bar, no talks back that in them lame hoes

(Chorus)

(Duke)

Yo, posted up in cul-de-sacs, with plastic gats and fifty packs
Niggaz they pull drastic acts, twenty stacks will get ya whacked
I touch ya with that steel, cut ya off like daffodils
Hit ya with the button, leave ya drowsy like some Benadryl
Casting gears been in the field, Ola bear share many tears
Saw her baby boy get killed, sho baby boy hella trill
Keep it G for all to see, but all don't keep it G like me
All don't see shit how I see, couldn't be in the spots I be
Everybody know Big Dukey known to act a fucking donkey
Keep a chump dumped off in the trunk, that's why it's smelling funky
MTV, don't try to +Punk+ me, leave that cracker head lumpy
Fucking hoes and busting fo's so long, they call me Humpty Dumpty

(Chorus)

(Young Jeezy)

Ay, close ya eyes, let me take ya there (take ya there)
Got a prison sentence tucked off in my underwear (naw)
62 grams nigga, serving straight deuces (what)
Young nigga riding Magnum, squatting dub deuces (damn)
Mind on my money, money on my mind (mind)
Snitch call me up, exit's on the line (yeeeeeeah)
For the love of these exotic cars

We'll risk it all, even time behind bars (let's get it)
My reality is yo nightmare
And this is my life, it's no nightmare (that's right)
I ain't slept in two weeks, shit I'm paranoid (jeah)
They snatched my patna up (who), the alphabet board (ay)

(Chorus)