

Dynamite Hack, Boys In The Hood

Woke up quick at about noon
Just thought that I had to be in Compton soon
I gotta get drunk before the day begins
Before my mother starts bitchin' about my friends
About to go and damn near went blind
Young niggaz on the pad throwin' up gang signs
I went in the house to get the clip
With my Mac10 on the side of my hip
I bailed outside and I pointed my weapon
Just as I thought, the fools kept steppin
I jumped in the fo' hit the juice on my ride
I got front and back side to side
Then I let the alpine play
I was pumpin' new shit by NWA
It was "Gangster Gangster" at the top of the list
Then I played my own shit, it went somethin' like this:

Cruisin' down the street in my 6-fo'
Jockin' the bitches, slappin' the hoe's
I went to the park to get the scoop
Knuckle-heads out there cold shootin' some hoop
A car pulls up, who can it be?
The fresh El Camino rollin Kilo G
He rolls down the window and he starts to say
It's all about makin' that G.T.A.

Cuz the boyz in the hood are always hard
You come talkin' that trash and we'll pull your card
Knowin' nothin' in life but to be legit
Don't quote me boy, I ain't said shit ...

Bored as hell and I wanna get ill
So I go to a place where my homeboyz chill
The fellas out there try to make that dollar
I pulled up in the 6-fo' Impala
greeted with a 40 and I start drinkin'
And from the 8-ball my breath start stinkin'
I gotta get my girl to rock that body
Before I left I hit the bacardi
Pulled to the house get her out of the pad
And the bitch said something to make me mad
She said somethin' that I couldn't believe
So I grabbed the stupid bitch by her nappy ass weave
She started talkin' shit, would'nt you know?
I reached back like a pimp and slapped the hoe'
And her father stood up and he started to shout
So I threw a right-cross and knocked his old ass out

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Punk ass trippin in the dead of night
homies score and key is gonna fly, punk ass fly