

Eazy-E, Boyz N Tha Hood (G-Mix)

Intro:

Yeah, gangsta Dresta steps in this muthafucka and this one goes out tah all the

O.G.'s out there and I can't forget about the baby gangstaz, what's up niggaz, my

nigga they came back with some of that old school original west coast shit nigga that

got all of y'all in this dig in the first place yeah so run that shit E, yeah

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Verse One:

Cruisin' down tha street in my '64

Jackin' tha freaks clocking tha dough

Went to tha park tah get the scoop

Knuckleheads out there come shootin' some hoop

A car pulls up who can it be

A fresh El Camino rollin' Kilo G

He rolled down his window and he started to say

It's all about makin' that GTA

Chorus:

'Cuz tha boyz in tha hood are always hard

Ya come talkin' that trash we'll pull ya cord

Knowin' nuthin' in life but tah be legit

Don't quote me boy 'cuz I ain't said shit

(Straight up, straight up, straight up gangsta wrong nigga tah fuck wit
Straight up, straight up, straight up gangsta wrong nigga tah fuck wit)

Verse Two:

Dotomy's in tha place tah give me the pace

He said my man JD is on free-base

Tha boy JD was a friend of mine

'Til I caught him in my car trying tah steal a alpine

I chase him up tha street tah call a truce

Tha silly cluckhead pulls out a deuce deuce

Little did he know I had a loaded 12 gauge

One sucka dead L.A. Times front page

-Chorus-

(Punk, punk muthafuckaz like it ain't no thang,
Punk, punk muthafuckaz like it ain't no thang)

Verse Three:

Bored as fuck and I wanna get ill

So I went to a place where my homeboyz chill

Niggaz out there makin' that dolla'

I pulled up in my '64 Impala

They greet me wit a 40 and I start drinkin'

And from tha 8-ball my breath start stinkin'

Enough tah get my girl tah rock that body

Before I left I hit tha Bacardi

I went to her house tah get her out of the pad

Dumb hoe said something that made me mad

She said something that I couldn't believe

So I grabbed tha stupid bitch by her nappy-ass weave

She started talkin' shit what did ya know

Reached back like a pimp slapped tha hoe

Her father jumped up and he started tah shout

So I bombed on pops knocked his old ass out

-Chorus-

(And if a brotha talks shit I give him a,
And if a brotha talks shit I give him a,
And if a brotha talks shit I give him a)

Verse Four:

Now I'm rollin' hard now under control
Them wrapped tha '64 around a telephone pole
I looked at my car and I said, "Oh brother!"
Thrown in the gutter and go buy another
Walkin' home and I see tha G-ride
Now Kat is drivin' Kilo on tha side
As they busted a U they got pulled over
A undercovered cop in a dark green Nova
Now Kat got beat for resisting arrest
He socked tha pig in tha head for rippin' his Guess
No