Hot Boy\$, Up In Tha Hood

Artist: Hot Boys f/ Lac Album: Let 'Em Burn Song: Up in the Hood

[Lil' Wayne]

huh, H.B. nigga, listen - From up under the bottom of the streets of Hollygrove It's Young Carter - fuck wit' me and I fix mo' wigs than a beauty parlor And due ta all the controvery that circles my clique I'm liable ta click out at any time and murder a bitch I've murda within the game and get deeper it stays follow Then .9 me and get hit wit' my ak's hollows I blaze block flows at 'cha dome Paco I let one shot go and watch hot sauce leak out 'cho taco Head for the border, don't die when I'm there for the cause Thug Life 'cuz I live it, bary me in t-shirt - jeans and tennis and fuck my bitches And y'all can trust my niggaz - while I'm here, I'm a living legacy And I gatta eat like a bitch when in pregnancy, definately Ain't no hoe can get the best of me And ain't no facility in this world that can correct me I'm wild and untamed, I just get more work from Baby and I power them thangs You muh'fuckas don't want problem wit' Wayne huh

(Hook 2x - [Lac])

Catch me steppin' in my soldeirs when I'm up in the hood Catch me steppin' in the mud when I'm up in the hood Catch me hustlin' on the block when I'm up in the hood Catch me clutchin' on my glock when I'm up in the hood

[B.G.]

Beef wit' me - your life is what it'd a cost ya I will catch you slippin' do you something pretty awful Split you from your lip ta the back of ya neck nigga Knock ya navel out ya back, spine a crawl out 'cho chest nigga Make sure you have no pumps of hard beef Surronded by yellow tape and under a white sheet I joke, but I don't play - I laugh, but I don't clown I pull out, jump out, run up, and spray ya down Now +That is How I Get Down+ And when I spit, I spit nothing less, than 50 rounds I'm the last, you wanna have problems with I can't catch ya, I indulge ya mom and 'em I'm low hound like that - I'm a guerilla ya dig I'm from Uptown where you drown all killaz ya dig So get it right, or get your life taken away Play wit' Geezy get a 'k nigga stuck in ya face

(Hook 2x - [Lac])

[Juvenile]

Lil' Daddy come here, let me put 'chu up on game It's election time, that's why itza drought of cocaine See what im sayin' - they all got they hand in And play the background ta use niggaz ta stand in So we all be like fuck it, we ain't got no gigs And fussin' ain't gon feed and house no kids If you was eating you wouldn't have a reason ta thug But we was starving, so the whole hood was hustling drugs I remember New Year's Eve when the light's went out All the food sproil - we didn't have a bite in the house So I did what I had ta do - between me and you Lil' nigga I pull it off - and no one ever knew Had money ta get some groceries - clothes and whatever Then asked the lord not ta let the devil get close ta me never Some people it ain't fust, So I accept my lick I ain't checking ya - I want ya ta respect my shit

(Hook 2x - [Lac])

[Turk]

I tote the chopper with 50 and I won't hesitate ta use it I clear the whole block when I come through shooting No picks, no chosers - any nigga could get it Don't care if you big or small - I still leave ya shitted I'm from the projects so y'kno I'm cuthroat A soulia out that 'Nolia want beef - Lets go Nigga I'm +Bout Whatever+ I'm tired a telling va that Play with me if ya want, get ya fucking head cracked Don't make me dress in black - you don't wanna do that Cuz I don't tote one Mag - I tote two Mags Quik ta leave ya flat on ya mothafucking back Put a hole in ya head and a hole in ya chest Nigga thats how it happen ta ya when ya disrespecting Have ya mom on tha front level dressed in all black I'ma Killer nigga - a untamed guerilla nigga Lil' Turk from Uptown quik ta steal a nigga

(Hook 4x - [Lac])

(Outro - [Turk]) (Ha! Ha!) Hot Boys in yo hood nigga, and we up ta no good nigga Lil' Turk nigga - B.G. nigga - Juvenile nigga - Weezy nigga Baby nigga - Mannie Fresh nigga - Sugar Slim nigga How u Luv That? Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! - respect it nigga