Mc Eiht, Tha Hood Is Mine

(feat. Mack 10, Techniec)

[Techniec]
I been dyin to ride
Been dyin to shine
Dyin to rob
Been dyin to rep this side
Dyin to serve
Dyin for cheese
To raise up out the hood
I been dyin to lead
Just keep all yellin my name
I been dyin to trip
Dyin for a grip
Dyin for that brand new whip, dyin for it all
Nigga been, dyin to ball
Throw it all
Tech been, brakin his neck
I step in, wavin the tek
For that check, I'ma lane inject
The game is mine
You niggas just ain't knowin it yet
Several attempts I been, tryin to try
Lil niggas, causin havoc in the hood
Like they dyin to dye
Dyin to get fly, dyin to get high
Dyin to win
Dyin to go to the bin, get suaved, get out, then added again
That's why we ride, and that's a fact
Can't spell the west without the E S
Say your grace to that

[Chorus: Mack 10]

The hood is mine
Homey get back
The hood is mine
Chips I stack
The hood is mine
Homey get back
The hood is mine, the hood is mine

[MC Eiht]
Do ya know I don't regulate your spot for cheese
Ya know these real old chiefs got glocks to squeeze
You know the outcome, flips off the horn
Caught times, flip da script, get ya back on
Know the real deal, undercover spots to chill
Know the enemy creep, best pack the steel
I ain't knowin what a trick for doe
If I knew, what I know now, would've caught the 4-4
Know your game plan slow, fuck the rest for sure
Know the west number 1 tell your bitch to float
Ya know these rag wearin pants sagin niggas with drugs
Know ya upper class, bitches love a thug
Know ya days is done, know ya no homey to blaze one
Know when the pistols raise, know how fast you run
Know your talk is cheap, know I'm in too deep
Know if you test the west then your put to sleep

[Chorus + variation x2: add following lines to end]

Killa killa, homey yeah you know wuz up
Sucka sucka, regulate, get your bucks

[MC Eiht]
Ya know how we cruise up and blow leaf
Hoodbangers runnin your spot so no beef
Ya know I loves the town where the homeboys hustle to make cheese
And the girls get down
Know the gang bang sound when we droppin the spot
Know outta towners is easy to spot hoes runnin to pop
You know them niggas cause they down for the cards
We steppin to the room with girls off walls

[Techniec]
Ya know this melitin mack
Heat cocked still in your back
Till we get to the back, walk casual
I want west in to stay plus calateral that'll do
We regulate states, tech and eiht, aye the weight
Waitin for techniec to drop, aye check the date
Tell these enemies of mine the time, better check, your late
Interfere with mine, make him a believer
Throw a bullet and make him a receiver and a LBC'er

[Chorus: w/ earlier variation]