

UGK, Take Tha Hood Back

(Verse 1)
(Bun B)

Now all my hustlers, grinders and ballas
Open up your mind
A lot of niggas hustlin backwards
Need to press rewind
Theres some niggas playin dirty pool
Bad cali bandits
They crossin up the trill
And man ya boy just can't stand it
Mothaf**kas need to be reprimanded and straight jacked
These boys is givin the wrong niggas out here respect
Break ya neck to f**k wit a nigga to come from out ya hood
Ya doin shit you know it cool
Until the good
Got kids movin work, hustlin by the school
Using ?? they hits stages, whole shit on the cool
Matter fact, f**k the cool
You niggas need to hear me
Breakin bread with certified snitches
Don't come near me (don't come near me)
You niggas givin these canaries all these passes
F**kin gettin dough wit a snitch
Get in they asses
I'm teachin classes, dope slangin 101
These hoe ass niggas
Don't want nuttin but im takin they hood back

(Chorus)

(Slim Thug)

Niggas get in, not goin fed
In 6 months your back?
I put his head
We takin the hood back
Damn, i coulda swore they gave yo ass 10 flat
Now your home, somethin wrong
We takin the hood back
You liar aight, but he aint got it like that
Hell naw, we takin the hood back
In the club like its good
In the hood and you a rat
Click clack mothaf**ka
We takin the hood back

(Verse 2)

I'm a G hell yea, oh boy
Got ya bitch lookin mad
While them fingas so full
I drink all while you niggas drink bull
But the boy like ?? bam got pool
And I was taught to hold my own
Picture spider lock ya down
Brotha burna zone, nigga
Hell yea im bout dat
Shirt slacks all black
Come through sunny side
Leave yo house flat

(Verse 3)

For the paper
F**k small towns, go major
F**k a cell phone go pagers
Young low frazier

Shoot good with no lasers
And every shot hit, I don't throw no graza
Some killa talk nigga
Some real talk nigga
We tha fingaz around whoever killed off nigga
And I put that on ? steve
Young low bitch, I clap you and leave
Cuz i'm takin the hood back

(Chorus)
(Slim Thug)
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(Verse 4)
An ounce and 8 grams
Enough to get yo ass right
Ya smart wit it, get caught wit it
Enough to get yo ass life
From out here in these trenches
Aint no f**kin love or second chances
Long time offender
Lose yo ass, get enhanced
Speak not, yo mouth shut
Investigate the whole place
Make em think its cool
While that nigga round the whole day
The game ain't the same
It all changed for the worst
Nigga got the less time cuz he came wit it first
See I disperse to dope the most convicted felons
Strictly Gs, no more glock shit, rock shit
Strictly keys
I kiss my paper
I was taught to hold a niggas (own)
Cold blooded killas, dope dealers
Sorry niggas, I'm alert
I'm aware, I'm focused, I'm on top and shit
I show you how to stop that bitch
Get ignit wit this choppa bitch
Tomorrow aint promised
Snitch today, die tonight
We know your spot, me and my niggas gon ride tonight

(Chorus)
(Slim Thug)
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(Verse 5)

(Pimp C)

I'm takin back the streets
Thang on the C
On parole but I'm cold wit the heat
Candy coated rock balla
20 chop crawla
Bitches tryna steal my dick
I ain't bout to call her
Theres a lot of niggas rappin, playin games
I don't see none of the shit
That you name
Where the car at (uh)
Where the bread at (uh)
Where the girl you say ya got the 5 head at (uh)
Where the rocks at (uh)
Where the glocks at (uh)
In yo mind and on the mic
The only place is at
Thats my lifestyle im rappin bout
I'm havin everything you pussy niggas laughin bout
When you see some cocaine
You say you got it nigga
Bring me 10 thangs
He gotta call his connect and shit
And he ain't got you con-vict
Nigga i'm takin my hood back

(Chorus)

(Slim Thug)

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