

# Young Buck, I Luv Da Hood

(Intro)  
(Young Buck)

G-Unit nigga  
Yea bitch you niggas know what it is with me nigga  
Dirty south in this muthaf\*\*ker  
Young Buck nigga you know where Im from Ca\$hville nigga  
(Get money)Make sure you put a dollar sign on the S too bitch

(Damn...)

(Verse)  
(Young Buck)  
Bulletwounds and tattooes is how I show my pain  
Im gone so much my little girl dont know my name  
My palms covered in residue from cocaine  
Been on the block since 6 in the morning  
The neighbors complain about the traffic at my house (F\*\*k Y'all)  
When they need to borrow something they put their hands out  
Little kids start running when they see my car coming  
Just looking at me will make a nigga start hustlin  
I aint a start nothing I just know how to count  
know how to eyeball an 8ball you wearin em out  
Lips black from the blunt of that sour diesel and the desert eagle (Im so illegal)  
I cant even feed you what they put in the needles  
Amsterdam got me thinking marijuana is legal  
You can call me country but dont call me broke (Why)  
We got all this money 50 where ya wanna go cmon nigga

(Chorus)  
(Young Buck)

Shit aint really all good but I luv da hood  
All I need is my weed I luv da hood  
We aint living like we should but I luv da hood  
But they still Tennekee yea I luv da hood  
Shit aint really all good but I luv da hood  
All I need is my weed I luv da hood  
We aint living like we should but I luv da hood  
But they still Tennekee come and get it

(Verse)  
(Game)  
They say can remember Whoo Kid let it ride  
F\*\*kin wit G-Unit i let the Desert fly (gunshot)  
Ridin thru Ca\$hville wit Buck throwin my dubs up  
For those who don't know that stand for west side  
I blast on my enemies  
F\*\*k you if you aint kinnin me  
Knock your top off like Kennedy  
Then sip hennesy  
Ridin thru Tennessee  
If you need coke Young Buck got the remedies  
I got it for 9 5 if you wanna fly  
Put em in a Range Rover if you wanna drive  
If you only need 1 you aint gotta come  
I just pack it up and strap it to a bitch' thigh  
You ever seen a Impala drive  
Seen hollows fly  
Seen yellow tape everytime  
Its a homoside  
When it's drama i pull the glock from my waist  
Niggas tried to make my mama cry

It's G-Unit nigga  
You better recognize  
I'll put you in the grave for that shit that Joe Budden Tried

I remember right there when my brother died  
Then 2pac, Biggie Smalls and some other guys  
So me and my homies ride  
With a chrome .45 in my lap and my waist an the double 9's  
Niggas tried to kill me but it wasnt time  
I took 5 shots from my own brother' 9  
Went into a coma woke up in the hospital  
Cops said they found drugs  
I said it wasnt mine  
Bad boy but i wouldnt shine  
Matter fact wouldnt shit  
Thought that cos i wouldnt sign  
Now its G Unit Nigga read between the lines Bitch

(Chorus)  
(Young Buck)

Shit aint really all good but I luv da hood  
All I need is my weed I luv da hood  
We aint living like we should but I luv da hood  
But they still tennekee yea I luv da hood  
Shit aint really all good but I luv da hood  
All I need is my weed I luv da hood  
We aint living like we should but I luv da hood  
But they still Tennekee come and get it