

Big Homie From The Hood - mozzy lyrics

This Lyrics is downloaded from Showthelyrics.com check out for more lyrics

“Big Homie From The Hood”

[Intro]

Drum Dummie

Yeah

[Verse 1]

I'ma stand my own ground, a nigga play with me (Yeah)
Sentimental value, never sell the thing you gave to me (On God)
Who the king of Macramento? They gon' say it's me (On God)
I ain't tryna end up in the pen', that shit gay to me (Hell nah)
Slap sixes on the Delt', that's an '83

This gangbanging shit ain't as glamorous as they make it seem
Tryna take it to the box, you tryna take a plea
My lawyer said that if we lose, he'll waive the fee
Hoop court was overcrowded, had to play the streets
Every time you needed a bond, your moms came to me
Lil' Alexander McQueens for the bunions
I'm cut from somethin' different, really bleedin' the circumference
Kel used to tell me that a bundle bring abundance
We was doing two-for-fifteen, kinda reluctant
Mama know I'm hustlin', can't say nothin' 'bout it
I'm putting food in this refridge' and I ain't ate nothing out it

[Chorus]

Yeah, remember it wasn't no hope in the hood
If you ain't sellin' dope, then you was broke in the hood
Name ringin' bells, well known in the hood
Ask the cashier at the stores in the hood
We had it rollin' in the hood, big homie in the hood
Ranking up there, let me show you 'round the hood
Never out there, I lived only in the hood
Throw the 40 and I'm good, on dead homies from the hood

[Verse 2]

Ever catch a sucker loafin', then you gotta cook him (Mop)
It get chilly in the trench, I need a Mozzy hoodie (Mozzy)
Lookin' for consistency when I be copping Cookie (Uh-huh)
I'm in love with your hustle, baby, not your pussy
How you run me out the hood and I'm the one who run it? (Huh?)
I'm the one that make sure Auntie 'nem don't want for nothin'
I'm the one that motivate 'em, baby, ask the youngins
Told 'em re-up with the twenties, gotta stack the hundred
Ayy, we just thuggin' tryna rap, you a rapper thuggin'
Went to sleep inside that abandoned building after hustlin'
You switched sides at the slide, it was all for nothing
Why you cop a Hellcat if you ain't doggin' nothin'?
I ain't tryna split the profit, either all or nothin'
Finna take my girly face to terrorize the mall or somethin'
We never cry 'bout a snitch's death, he had it bomin'
I seen ten fifty times 'fore I sold a hundred

[Chorus]

Yeah, remember it wasn't no hope in the hood
If you ain't sellin' dope, then you was broke in the hood
Name ringin' bells, well known in the hood
Ask the cashier at the stores in the hood
We had it rollin' in the hood, big homie in the hood
Ranking up there, let me show you 'round the hood
Never out there, I lived only in the hood

Throw the 40 and I'm good, on dead homies from the hood
