

Boyz N Da Hood, Dem Boyz (Remix)

(feat. T.I. & The Game)

(Young Jeezy)

Bring it back, bring it back, bring it back (back, back)

(T.I.)

Yeah, yeah yeah, ay

What it is Block?

Boyz N Da Hood

Let's ride nigga

Ay, ain't no introduction needed,
every nigga in Atlanta know,
you try me when you see me nigga,
I'ma spit ya cantaloupe.

Trigga happy and in a hurry to let dem hammers go;
you actin' like you sick in da head, I got the antidote.
I'm comin' wit a question most niggaz ain't got da answer fo';
I'm cool as a fan but I'll kill a nigga like cancer tho'.

Dem Boyz N Da Hood keep 44's and calicos,
454's under da hood of they Super Sports.

You know it's goin' down when they lights low and they movin' slow,
they windows way down, layin' down, what they shootin' fo'?

T.I.P, da Westside Warrior

so you should know that gunfights under the street lights,
I'm used to those.

(chorus)

It's dem Boyz N Da Hood, sell anything for profit.

Five in da mornin' on da corner clockin'.

Yeah we wrong but dare a nigga try to stop it.

And you can get anywhere, anybody.

Dem Boyz got work, Dem Boyz got yay.

Dem Boyz got purp, Dem Boyz got haze.

Dem Boyz got glocks, Dem Boyz got K's.

Dem Boyz got blocks, Dem Boyz gettin' paid.

Big D, Big D,

Edge Hang, Edge Hang.

Big D, Big D,

Swat Dawg, Swat Dawg.

Big D, Big D,

Edge Hang, Edge Hang.

Big D, Big D,

Zone 3, Zone 3

I'm on da corner wit killaz holdin' onto dem pistols.

Da only nigga dat ? and crackin' dem nickles.

I'm up on da block and I'm posted like Moses Malone.

50 a pop, my numbers and 50 is on

I'm still in da spot where most of these ? get blown.

Most of my people is gone, most of my life I did wrong.

I'm in da gutta hoe where most of my partnaz alone.

All of dem live by da streets, and most of dem die by da chrome.

(chorus)

(Game)

Ay give the little nigga his ball back

Game Boyz, put a clip in a 45, cock back.

Jeezy show a nigga where to pop at.

All da bullshit niggaz is talkin', better stop dat.

? where Block at. Ain't kiddin', got a 6-4, drop dat.

Test drove a new Bentley and cop dat.
I'll show you where da rock at,
show you where Eazy E and Dr. Dre get shop at.
Same place Ronnie King got beat by da cops at;
dat was '92, when I stashed the loot from Woopy Woop
and the same exact place Biggie Smalls got popped at.
Unsolved by da boyz in blue,
hundred niggaz outside,
nobody know who,
but I do. L.A.P.D. dats on me, matter fact I put dat on ?
I'ma die too, for da shit I said, if I was the Prez,
probably would have lied too.
But let me get off that and get back to rap,
give all my hood niggaz somethin' new to ride to.
I'ma keep it real dawg when a guy wanna live was dead,
homie I'd cry too, probably ? and it's a god damn shame,
we ain't know we was 'bout to be left out too.
What about you?
How the fuck did you feel when you heard Jam Master Jay got killed
or when Soulja Slim got capped,
feel my pain and do the nolia clap.
You from N.Y. nigga show respect;
you from L.A. take da rag out ya pocket and show 'em that.
Gang bangin' and ? back; me and T.I. holdin' da track.

(chorus)

Yeah man, this ya boy Block, man.
ATL's bad boy, Mr. Eastside hisself.
A to the K, Jose Williams Jr.
Yeah ride through ? wit my hat bent to da left.
The Eastside Chevy rida.
Ay yo Puff, you know I had do it

Boyz N Da Hood, number 1.