

Where The Hood At

DMX

Where the hood, where the hood, where the hood at?
Have that nigga in the cut, where the wood at?
Oh, them niggas acting up?!? Where the wolves at?
You better bust that if you go'n pull that
Where the hood, where the hood, where the hood at?
Have that nigga in the cut, where the wood at?
Oh, them niggas acting up?!? Where the wolves at?
You better bust that if you go'n pull that Man, cats don't know what it's gonna be
Fuckin with a nigga like me, D-to-the-M-to-the-X
Last I heard, y'all niggas was havin sex, with the same sex
I show no love, to homo thugs
Empty out, reload and throw more slugs
How you gonna explain fucking a man?
Even if we squashed the beef, I ain't touching ya hand
I don't bunk with chumps, for those who been to jail
That's the cat with the Kool-Aid on his lips and pumps
I don't fuck with niggas that think they broads
Only know how to be one way, that's the dog
I know how to get down, know how to bite
Bark very little, but I know how to fight
I know how to chase a cat up in the tree
Man, I give y'all niggas the b'iness for fucking with me, is you crazy?! Where the hood, where
the hood, where the hood at?
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at?
You better bust that if you go'n pull that Once a song, I come through, guns is drawn
Blam blam, lungs are gone, sons will mourn
From dusk till dawn, nighttime belongs to the dog
On the street passed midnight, look for 'em in the morgue
Don't play with these cats cuz I ain't got nothing to say to these cats
For the mothers that really do love em, please pray for these cats
Cuz I know niggas is hardheaded but I ain't got the patience
Don't want me havin no patience turn into more patients
More trips to ICU cause I see you
Tryna get away with shit a real nigga wouldn't do
Where my dogs at? (RIGHT HERE) See them niggas? (RIGHT WHERE?!?)
GET EM BOY! (RIGHT THERE) That's how we do... (AIGHT THEN)
This is for my dogs, this is for my dogs

YO, WHERE WE AT BABY?!? (CREEPIN THROUGH THE FOG)

From then till now, don't ask me how
Know that we gon roll like them niggas and hit every block on the job
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I get tapes doing times, stomp niggas like grapes
making wine
Five CD's with mad rhymes
Don't hit me with that positive shit, I know you lying
You really wanna stop niggas from dying? Stop niggas from trying
I cuz I ain't really got that time to waste
And I thought I told you to get these fucking bums out my face
Looking at you in your grill, I might be nice to cut
Once I split ya ass in two, you'll be twice as butt
Yeah, you right, I know ya style: pussy, cause I'm fucking it
Since we all right here, you hold my dick while he sucking it
Motherfucker, don't you know you'll never come near me
Shove ya head up ya ass, have you
seen shit clearly
Never heard that D be running, cause D be gunning
I beat my dick and bust off in ya eye so you can see me coming
Empty clips and shells are what I leave behind
And if they get me with the joint, they hit me with a three-to-nine
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