

# H.O.O.D.

## Masta Ace

Yea, goin' out to the H double  
That's for you, you, and you  
They got broke people, poor people, my people, your people  
(Wherever I go) Listen  
And they won't change, ever change, can't change, don't change  
(And everyone knows)

[Verse One]

As I travel through various towns and strange places  
I see the same scowls and frowns on the same faces  
The game races and cats try to catch it  
Before they know it they know death on a first name basis  
Whether it's slangin' or banging, drinking or smokin'  
There's bound to be one cat thinkin' of loccin'  
The hood's like a sitcom  
Leave ya bike outside, come back outside, I guarantee your shit gone  
Young cats be sellin' the rock  
Money busting out they sock mama tellin' them stop  
But desperate times call for desperate means  
It all seems so simple when you're just a teen  
Only take one bad apple to poison the good  
This for the girls on the block, the boys in the hood  
And wherever I go it's the same as home  
It's the H double O D the name is known

[Chorus]

They got broke people, poor people, my people, your people  
(Wherever I go) Listen  
And they won't change, ever change, can't change, don't change  
(And everyone knows) Listen  
They got broke people, poor people, my people, your people  
(Wherever I go) Listen  
And they won't change, ever change, can't change, don't change  
(And everyone knows)

[Verse Two]

They got wild and rough blocks where it's hard to trust cops  
Get shot on your way to school at the bus stop, damn  
That kid was a fine scholar  
Hear his mama whine and holler he died for nine dollars  
Young mothers trying to learn the ropes  
And them one dollar lotto games turn their hopes  
They keep hoping that they number coming  
They dreamin' about getting rich driving in they hummer dummin'  
Old ladies keep they purse in the front

Cuz them fiends on the prowl it's the first of the month  
And you still feel good when you there, yup  
And you know you in the hood when you there  
They got one in every spot on the planet  
And if you wasn't raised there you prolly can not stand it  
Some call it the hood I'm calling it home  
And there's love feel it all in my poem...what they got?

[Chorus]

[Verse Three]

H dot O dot O dot D

Should I turn my back on the hood? No not me  
Whether P.R., D.R., or the West Indies  
Or fifty other spots that are just like these  
Chicago know what I mean, Philly as well  
Shit I hear nowadays sounds silly as hell  
Whether in Miami or in Houston, Texas  
Where some so broke they're not used to breakfast  
Oakland know what I mean, L.A. too  
D.C. feel me, I can tell they do  
When will it change? Never I know  
And I see the same things wherever I go

[Chorus]

\*beat stops\*

They got broke people, poor people, my people, your people

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