

# Hood Go Crazy (feat. 2 Chainz & B.o.B)

## Tech N9ne

Hello?  
I want to par-ty (Huh?)  
You want to par-ty (Yeah?)  
We need to par-ty (Cool)  
Let's have a par-ty (Lemme get up) Saturday mornin', I ain't gotta work  
Last night's show sold a lot of merch  
Bad bitch in my bed so I ain't gotta jerk  
Forbes List caught me so it's hard to make the dollar hurt  
All we need is good green and some Bou Lou  
Five to one so its guaranteed you can do you  
'Zilla keep the heater just in case we have a boo-boo  
Kansas City natives and we all a little coo-coo This the type of shit to make the hood go crazy  
On the interstate doin' 180  
She said, "do it for me, baby"  
Took a double shot and then we all went crazy  
White girls go crazy  
Black girls go crazy  
College girls go crazy  
This the type of shit to make the hood go crazy  
So much liquor, I never spare that kitchen  
Keep it so I usually have a pair that's kissin'  
And I'm lifted on purple hair, that's bitchin'  
Now that's what I call a fuckin' air Technician  
Down there, they got the hair that's missin'  
Keep it bare, I promise I'll never tear that kitten  
I am aware sex hittin' is the care when I share that stick and  
So good I might impair that vision  
So I dip in, then dip off  
Look for another chick, then they pissed off  
Till I give them another spliff then they lift off  
Party is the mission, I did cross  
Three thick friends, we mixin' these licks when  
They big friend wanna lip off  
So I told her calm to get lost, bitch  
This my place and it's way too turnt up to trip off shit  
This the type of shit to make the hood go crazy  
On the interstate doin' 180  
She said, "do it for me, baby"  
Took a double shot and then we all went crazy  
White girls go crazy  
Black girls go crazy  
College girls go crazy

This the type of shit to make the hood go crazy Yeah, you my prototype  
 My fourth foreign car was a Porsche photo white  
 Cooler than a polar bear in a bowl of ice  
 With a ring, married to the game, had 'em throwin' rice  
 Wait a minute, put my thing in her  
 I'm trynna knock up, I'm trynna put a singer in her  
 So I can do a banger with her  
 I get brain for dinner  
 I don't need to put tender for contender  
 Thank god for strippers  
 High top with zippers, hard as some nipples  
 All the shit I do is straight off the temple  
 Trynna squeeze it into my schedule is like a pimple  
 Tell that poodle, "don't mess around with them pitbulls." This the type of shit to make the hood  
 go crazy  
 On the interstate doin' 180  
 She said, "do it for me, baby"  
 Took a double shot and then we all went crazy  
 White girls go crazy  
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 This the type of shit to make the hood go crazy This the endin' from the N9ne  
 Grindin' bitches from behind  
 If you way drunk off the 'yac  
 Spit it up, spit it up, spit it up  
 This Kansas City, shit's ran gritty  
 In the summer time, the chicks be damn pretty  
 Born in the projects, then to the Ville  
 Then I did a deal with Travis and made mills  
 This is celebration, this is elevation  
 Me and my delegation got niggas hella hatin'  
 This is Nnutthowze, Regime, Rogue Dog  
 And it's all Strange Music, winners can't lose it, unless  
 Errbody got they hands up like (Oooh!)  
 See a bad bitch like (Wooah!)  
 This whole damn city fuckin' go  
 But this is how the hood go crazy in the MO This the type of shit to make the hood go crazy  
 On the interstate doin' 180  
 She said, "do it for me, baby"  
 Took a double shot and then we all went crazy  
 White girls go crazy  
 Black girls go crazy  
 College girls go crazy  
 This the type of shit to make the hood go crazy  
 Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>

