

So Damn Hood (Remix) [feat. Juvenile & Sisqo]

Crooked I

(Crooked I: repeat 2x)

It feels so good, when you so damn hood(Crooked I)
Peep me out though

You niggas soft outta control, on your next video
You probably do the splits like the godfather of soul
While I'm rottweiler patrol, first I clock dollars
Then I pop collars with hoes, I got a problem with foes
Still in the club, hot boy dropping them bows
Nigga, Crooked I is the one that chicks adore
They put their lips on my dick and give me chips and more
Yall should stop, you off the block you faking
I walk with glocks, don't talk to cops for nathin
I brought them choppers in case of al-ter-cation
I aims and pops in the face of confrontation

Speaking raw terror, I'll have your momma picking paul bearers
Broke niggas, yea, y'all error

Got to show 'em how to new age rap

But I'm still ghetto as the last swallow of Kool-Aid left

We so damn hood

(Chorus: Sisqo)

Pussy out if you would lets get good baby we so damn hood
We ride and another would, its understood that we so damn hood
Bust the script if you would, wish you could, nigga we so damn hood
Everybody feeling good like we should, baby we so damn hood(Crooked I)

Stop the screaming, can't nobody in the area to help

If you was homophobic, nigga you'd be scared of yourself

Listen as I, start to whoop ass, why?

Would you try Crooked I, will you die like the last guy

I told you I would put holes riders man

Destiny's Child be the only "Survivors" man

Nigga I been hot, whipping the six drop

Hit you with ten shots, giving me big props

My delivery flip-flops to the tick tock

and it don't stop, giving the big glock

I'm smacking you haters up, stacking the paper

Like I signed an major contract with the Lakers

It's C-R put them with E-R double O trouble blow

Ghetto star haters split your wig

And do the thang in this game 'til I'm O.G. it's Mr. Big

(Chorus)(Crooked I)

How many wanna know what I love? Holla, niggas who love me

We six deep in the ridiculous humvee

Peeling 50's and dubs off, in the mall
Break your face, like Mike Tyson with his gloves off
I'm so hood and ghetto fo life
I park an five in the driveway and ready to fight
If you think I ride with metal you right
Commenting federal crimes only an federal type
It's like, every where I go, all I know fo' sho'
That this The Row, that we gets the dough
What's the R-O-W like
Slug one and you take your dime because you aint fucking her right
Yea yea I nothin fo life, big pipes stuck in your wife
In the bed it's us and a dyke
You should never get it mixed up, big nuts, get clutched
Thick sluts, get fucked, dick sucked, bitch what? (telli meeeee)(Chorus) - repeat 2X

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