

# So Damn Hood

## Crooked I

It feels so good, when you so damn hood  
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

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

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

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? (tellt meeee)