

Hood Go Crazy

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 come and get lost, bitch
This my place and it's way too turnt up to trip off shit

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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."

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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

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