

Oh (feat. Ludacris)

Ciara

This is where they stay crunk, throw it up, dubs on the Cadillac
White tees, Nike's, gangstas don't know how to act
Adamsville, Bankhead, College Park, Carver Homes
Hummers floating on chrome
Chokin' on that home-grown
They got that southern cookin'
They got them fellas lookin'
Thinkin' I was easy I can see it
That's when I say no, what fo'?
Shawty can't handle this

Ciara got that fire like Oh, 'round here we ridin' slow
We keep it ghetto, you should know
Gettin' crunk off in the club we gets low, oh
Oh (oh), all my ladies to the flo'
Handle it ladies back it up

Getting crunk up in the club we gets low, oh Buddy take a new whip, paint strip, into a bowlin' ball
Steel spoke honey spoke, wood-grain, armor all
Light-skinned thick chicks, fellas call 'em red bones
Close cuts, braids, long, gangstas love 'em all
They got that southern cookin'
They got them fellas lookin'
Wishin' I was easy I can see it
That's when I say no, what fo'?

Shawty can't handle this, Ciara got that fire like Oh, 'round here we ridin' slow
We keep it ghetto, you should know
Gettin' crunk off in the club we gets low, oh
Oh (oh), all my ladies to the flo'
Handle it ladies back it up

Getting crunk up in the club we gets low, oh Southern-style, get wild, old skools comin' down in a different
color whip (whip, whip)

Picture perfect, you might want to take a flick flick flick flick flick
Call up Jazze tell him pop up the bottles 'cause we got another hit (hit, hit)
Want to go platinum? I'm who you should get get get get get
Ludacris on the track, get back trick, switch on the 'Lac, I'm flexing steel
Same price every time, hot song, jumped on cause Ciara got sex appeal
And I keep the meanest, cleanest, baddest, spinning on stainless wheels
Could care less about your genus, I bump ya status, I keep the stainless steel
Trunk-rattlin' what's happenin', huh?
I don't even think I need to speed

Bass-travelin', face-crackilin' huh?
Turn it up and make the speakers bleed
Dirty south we ballin' dog
And never think about fallin' dog
Ghetto harmonizing, surprising, running back cause the song is called Oh, 'round here we ridin' slow
We keep it ghetto, you should know
Gettin' crunk off in the club we gets low, oh
Oh (oh), all my ladies to the flo'
Handle it ladies back it up
Getting crunk up in the club we gets low, oh Oh, 'round here we ridin' slow
We keep it ghetto, you should know
Gettin' crunk off in the club we gets low, oh
Oh (oh), all my ladies to the flo'
Handle it ladies back it up
Getting crunk up in the club we gets low, oh

Songwriters

CIARA HARRIS, ANDRE HARRIS, CHRISTOPHER BRIDGES, DON CARLOS PRICE, BALEWA
MUHAMMED, VIDAL DAVIS Published by

Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Universal Music Publishing Group,
BMG RIGHTS MANAGEMENT US, LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other
patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>