

Hood Go Crazy (Feat. 2 Chainz, B.o.B)

Tech N9ne

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 a dollar hurt
All we need is good green and some Bou Lou
Five to one so it's 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 turned 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
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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
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 Black girls go crazy
 College girls go crazy
 This the type of shit to make the hood go crazy

Songwriters

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