

Juelz Santana, Creepin Through Ya Hood

(Intro) (Alternating between Paul Wall and Juelz Santana)

Baby

Juelz Santana

Boy Paul Wall

Yea, I mean I know there's a lotta haters on yo side

Ya, ya, ya I know they over there hatin on yo side too

Oh yeah, but you know we don't give a f**k about them niggas

F**k em

(Chorus)

We don't give a f**k about you

We tote big guns, front, we'll pop you

We be creepin through ya hood

Creepin through ya hood

We be mad slow, Mean mug

Creepin through ya hood

(Juelz Santana)

I'm down and I'm dirty with this

I'm down to get dirty, ya bitch

Aw man, aw damn, the pound is just hurtin my hip

F**k with me I'll show ya how them pounds and birdies get flipped

Play around clown, you'll get found in the dirtiest ditch

He like, Y'all don't give a f**k about who? (Bout who)

I'm like, We don't give a f**k about you. (Bout you)

Hat low to the front

Lean back smokin a blunt

A! See that button? Hit that, dope in the trunk

Nope coke in the trunk, nope both in the trunk

Up, that gun is on my hip too, I be hopin you stunt

You don't want my niggas creepin through ya hood

You don't want my niggas creepin through ya wood

You don't wanna see that pistol in ya face

Homeboy, you don't want my niggas creepin leavin with ya goods

So don't play like that (don't)

Don't act like that (don't)

If you ain't like that, you know,

(Chorus)

(Paul Wall)

I got them windows tinted five percent

Presidential limo tint

I can see you, but you can't see me

223 with extended clip

Them 50 shots gon set it off

It's a fire drill, bitch drop an roll

Gimme dat watch, Gimme dat chain

Empty them pockets and pay the toll

I hang wit killers out on parole

Catch ya cut, run and hide

Evacuate, murder for hire

Kinda like ol barb from the wire

We'll chop you up like garlic cloves

and cook ya ass like emmeril the chef

Take ya last breath, put on ya vest

But im aimin at ya head boy, not ya chest

I pack the nine, I start to dine

Hit them legs and crease ya up

Then I hit the spot wit a bad bitch

they'll slob the knob and piece me up

And when you wake up in the mornin

To the sounds of them choppas roarin

I'll wear the heat just like Alonzo

And leave ya whole family in mournin
I'm in the hood, like wig shops
I'm on the grind, on the block
Posted up like Yao Ming
In the low post, I'm on the box
We'll chop ya up like a screw tape
and have ya hollerin like the opera
but when my sidekick goin off
I ain't talkin bout no T-mobile partna

(Chorus)