

Ludacris, Hood Stuck

[Chorus (Ludacris)]

Eastside, eastside nigga wha?
(Eastside, eastside nigga what?)
I'm talk bout da Westside, westside nigga wha?
(Westside, westside nigga wha?)
Northside, northside nigga wha?
(Northside, northside nigga wha?)
Southside, southside nigga wha?
(Southside, southside nigga wha?)

[Ludacris]

Good luck, time to get hood stuck
Caldasac trap, Mr. Good Stuff
Ludacris give me 20 push-ups
Last summer, got da hook up
You know what I did
Who'd eva thought up they grew up on one of the BeBe Kids
Type of rat, sat on my ass
And fiendin' for cash
Almost got signed with Puff Puff, but I think I'll pass
Now what we got 'round here is a 20-20 twins
and whats up in my hand, is a bottle of Gin
I love women so I'm in it to win it
In it to green
In it to get in it and get in it again
You got two booties so you whippin yo chin
And I don't blame you
I lay in da sand, ya'll lay in da snow and make angels
My ice piece dangle
make my chest look older
Touch it and fall apart like yo High school folder
I'ma Trojan man, BHS hall supplier
Shady park resident and southside Rider

[Chorus]

[Ludacris]

Get back, time to get hood jacked
Gold chain, took dat
World of Ghetto fabulous Dopeboys and Hoodrats
Becareful what you look at
cause you lookin to long
You might go blind in my briefs cause my dick is too long
I'm gettin nutt while I'm singin this song
and there is enough for everybody in da party
while ya'll hittin da bong
But ya'll be hittin my schlong
you play the flute quite nicely
When teeth interrupt, you can watch as I get fiesty
Oh no, you suckas didn't request back up
Broads I seem to rack up
When I pull da gold acta
Get slapped up
Drove up da wall
Put it in Reverse
you can hope for the best, but expect the worst
You at a place like some D's on a Hurst
Its quite funny
Phat Rabbit, playboy bunny
It seems as if thats what I need
Filthy south and Ds
Thats why I roll in from da Southside breeze
Give it to me now

[Chorus]

[Ludacris]

Your pick time to get hood sick
Hit'em wit a good lick
Clean out yo house from da couch to da toothpick
EastSide Ruthless
WestSide leave 'em clueless
my Northside mackers got dis broads actin foolish
And do this for a living
while you stuck up in yo cubicle
Nightlife runnin dis streets, it sounds beautiful
Women break a cuticle
Ballas break bread
Southside, I represent it till I'm dead
What wha

[Chorus x2]