

## Swishahouse f/ Willie D

### "The Hood Luv Me"

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(\*talking\*)

Yeah know I'm tal'n bout, Yung Redd mayn  
Swishahouse the click, E-Class what they tal'n bout  
Know I'm saying, TF nigga ay

[Yung Redd]

Spending money, that I ain't never had  
In my hood I'm a star, with mo' stripes than your flag  
If my watch sick, then my L ring's throwing up  
Sideline niggaz, still talking I'm showing up  
I hear em speaking, on a block they ain't seen  
Paint job soaking wet, bet my jewelry can't me  
All my hoes look like, they came off the screen  
With a ass so fat, hair down to her knees  
Got my H on my hat, shades match that  
Drank I'm po'ing up, haze I'm burning that  
I pop tags, I'm the one your gal talk about  
My ring insane, look his chain Crayola box  
Play the parking lot, do's up the Promenade  
Trunk cracked like the sidewalk, you know what I'm  
bout  
These out of town niggaz, thinking we slow  
But my bread come fast, and getting all mine back

[Hook]

I got my ape's laced up, now I'm running my block  
Pockets busting at the seam, till them rubber bands  
pop  
Mayn I been showing up, that's why them girls love me  
You ain't gotta like me, but the hood love me  
She ain't never met, a nigga this hood  
Tell her we don't look good, then you don't look good  
I ain't never faking, that's why them girls love me  
Post up, way I'm feeling mean the hood love me

[E-Class]

I'm a hood cat, that got millionaire tendencies  
Hit the scene, D's on a limousine lit with screens  
Paint job, same color as promethazyme  
Diamonds in my piece, liquid green like some Listerine  
The blue bell wrist, the Dairy Queen pinky ring

All you can ice bitch, I'm some'ing like a skating ring  
I told Johnny, I want it long as he make it bling  
Bright so when it's light, as a light hit it and make a  
scene  
The hoes wet, cause they liking the way I make it seem  
Easy to get gutter and butter, working a triple beam  
My 16's, are carosine and gasoline  
Margaritas next to electric heaters, releasing steam  
I'm dedicated, and deep in love with this music thing  
I ain't leaving no time soon, you should get use to me  
I got a on-going problem, I don't know who to see  
That'll help me handle my feddy, and getting cream

[Hook]

[Willie D]

Cat niggaz, bow down to the realest  
I ain't jumping on a track, if the hood can't feel it  
Relentless is the label, but I fuck with Swishahouse  
Run up on me partna, bet you I ain't gon miss your  
mouth  
Lexus Cadillacs, alligators and shrimps  
Texas is the home, of the players and pimps  
Respect that, cause if you come around here plexing  
You going back home, in the cargo section  
Stay on my grind, I ain't the sorry type  
Not what you had in mind, but I'm what your daughter  
like  
You want her with a cake, but she desire a strong nigga  
That's why everytime I see the bitch, I'ma long dick her  
Niggaz eating, cause a Northside playa took a gamble  
Nelly made the song, but I started country grammar  
They focused on my city right now, cause we blowing  
up  
It's Willie motherfucking D, I been showing up

[Hook]

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