

Crash Test Dummies

"Put Yo Hood Up"

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(*talking*)

Whooo, one mo' gin, yes sir
It's your boy Dougie D, live on the mic
You know I'm talkin bout, we straight up
Representing in here, me and my family
Know I'm saying, we straight up smashing the gas
Know I'm saying, we representing it to the fullest
From H-Town to yo town, straight up, we ain't skurred
Chunking it up everywhere we go, feel us

[Hook - 2x]

If you real, won't you go and throw your hood up
And if you skurred, all you bitches gotta raise up
Then off to the South, the streets would of made us
We making money, but we never let it change us

[Big Pokey]

Like my nigga Hard say, it ain't on a nigga once but
twice
From the jump niggas know, it's Yellowstone for life
Tap a nigga dome, act a phone with the right
It's a four car collision, when my chrome hit the light
X-Ray vision, when I size niggas up
See two wheels fall off, when I ride nigga what
2-4/3-65, hugging the block
I'm in the hundred, Trae in the 6, Doug in a drop
Letting it up letting it down, hauling the tops
Two pigeons on the dashboard, snub in the spot
Since you got your mask on dog, mug my dot
Many pieces be separated, when slugs pop out
Some niggas chase paper, some niggas try it
Some niggas want a piece, some want the pie
Some niggas wanna skeet, me I want a lot
I'm the same cat, crossed over by my change black

[Hook - 2x]

[Trae]

Throw your hood up, everybody get crunked up
Parking lot we dropped up, on buttons we cocked up
Creased out and we rocked, for hatas we glocked up

If your bopper mouth open, fa sho they get stopped up
Guerilla Maab who we be, me, Z-Ro and Dougie D
Representing for the S.U.C., with P-O-K to the E
Y we so fly, but gangstally motivated
From corners we educated, so hatas get confiscated
Rated by these pitbulls, and these untamed guerillas
Mic wreckers and head bustas, we owe ya then we gon
get ya
So niggas better get the picture, if not then you long
gone
Throw your motherfucking set up, 'fore you get your
chest gone

[Jay'Ton]

Made to the back, it ain't time no for the champ plexing
I grab for the gat, tell everybody be dropping flat
And ducking from the S.L.A.B.er, wood grain when I
grab-a
Drop it trunk knocker, on choppas looking for boppers
And wrecking the parking lot, at every club
Sideways tripping and tipping, when I'm on Dubs
Put it up for the West and the West, and I represent
With that room, we hiding behind tint

[Hook - 2x]

[Dougie D]

I'm a Southsider, Houston Texan to be exact
Down in the Dirty Dirty, Dougie representing that
Look I'm a hood nigga from hood callers, and hood
blocks
Ducking hood shots, and bob and weaving the hood
spots
Niggas try to hate me, and violate me and prosecute
me
Never knew nothing to me, cause I'm too thoed for
them rookies
Look the streets made me, streets love me and streets
hate me
So the streets pay me, motherfucker it's all gravy
Want it all baby, never gon let the money change me
Only thing that may change, the way I just done roll
updated
Got a large family, it's a bunch of us need to be happy
Them hood daddies, on the grind and making me
happy
Pimping pens and graphics, this aint no lolly gagging
and capping
I mask the track and Trae po' codeine, and Jay'Ton
back me
Nigga holla at me, motherfucker you know the deal

We Southside for life, and nigga that's for real

[Hook - 4x]

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