

DJ Khaled f/ Plies, Rick Ross, T-Pain, Trick Daddy "I'm So Hood"

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[DJ Khaled]

DJ Khaled, we the best
who? We nigga, we the best
The Runners, I represent the ghetto across the world
And you represent the hood, two hands in the sky
I'M SO HOOD, LISTENNN~!

[Chorus: T-Pain]

I'm so HOOD! I wear my pants below my waist
And I never dance when I'm in this place
Cause you and yo' man is plannin to hate
I'm so HOOD! And I got these golds up in my mouth
If you get closer to my house
Then you'll know what I'm talkin 'bout
I'm out the HOOD! And if you feel me put your hands up
HOO-OD! My hood niggaz can you stand up
I'm so HOOD! If you not from here you can walk it out
And you not hood if you don't know what I'm talkin 'bout
(I'm I'm I'm I'm I'm - SO, HOOD!)

[Trick Daddy]

E'rybody wanna motherfuckin know why
I, dress so fly, sit so high
Bitch, I do it for the hood
Bitch-ass niggaz I do it cause I could
Heavy starch in my jeans, fo' X in my white tees
Livin life like a G
That's why these bitch-ass niggaz wanna fight me
But I ain't gon' play wit 'em
Uh-huh, I'd rather let the AK hit 'em
Tough niggaz get fucked up
and put on ice for the rest of they life
I'm straight out the hood bruh
See that's what I do it for
And my low class ghetto ass
Just renewed my ghetto pass

[Chorus]

[Rick Ross]

Ross, yeahhh, four-five off in the ride (ride)

Fo' plush for me to get high (high) feel the bump when I
ride by
(I'm so HOOD!) I got 'em hatin talkin like Plies (Plies)
Niggaz keep droppin like flies (flies) snitchin ain't goin
cut no time
(I'm so HOOD!) I murder one of you fuck niggaz
Ross is for you last, and North comin mad
(I'm so HOOD!) Mo' money, mo' mayo, the llello in
millions I made 'em
My Maybach is mine, my city is mine, I made it

[Chorus]

[Plies]
Damn my P.O.~! Y'all can tell her I said it
Violate me if she want, gon' have to come catch me
Bitch test me all you want, I'ma smoke when I'm ready
Pants hangin off me 9 cause my pistol heavy
(HOOD!) I ain't spoke to you yet dawg, cause I ain't
friendly
I drink 'gnac homey, y'all drink Crist'
I like bustin babies, I want that bougie bitch
I never buy a Phantom, 28's can't fit
They say I'm dead bound, they call me high risk
My full bloody goons, lanes make me sick
You gettin three or fo' birds where I'm from we call you
rich
I'd like to thank the hood, homey it's all me, I'm real

[Chorus]

[DJ Khaled]
Trick Daddy, T-Pain, Rick Ross, Plies
Nigga we so hood (I'm so HOOD!)
We the best, DJ Khaled, Florida stand up
Let's go (HOOD!)

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