

Judybats

"Creepin Through Ya Hood"

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[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 fuck about them

niggas

Fuck em

[Chorus]

We don't give a fuck 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

Fuck 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 fuck about who?" (Bout who)

I'm like, "We don't give a fuck 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]

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