Fantasia Barrino f/ Big Boi ''Hood Boy''

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Laughs]

Yeah

Ya gotta understand what I'm talkin' about

I'm talkin' about on this one

Sexy

Sexy as hell to me

Yeah

Love

Love

So let me tell ya bout a player I know

6 foot 4

Suit 25

He's all the way live

See where I come from

We like em like that

He don't talk smack

He just twist caps off

See that's the only kinda dude I'm demandin'

And let the girl like me understand it

And the ones that ain't

They still gotta have it

They don't know why

But they chained to

I need a hood boy

Wifebeaters and chains

Always in the trap

And he looks so mean

I need a hood boy

Go'on head pretty

We don't like them there

Need somethin' realer

I need a hood boy

Hot boys rock boys

Street boys B-boys

Man I love them boys

Go on say

Loooooove

Loooooove

He knows how to treat a lady
But he won't let you get too rowdy
He stands up for himself
That's what I like most about him
He's all I see and all I need
And all that I want
And all that I'm used to
I swear that my man's the truth
I said I swear that my man's the truth

I need a hood boy Wifebeaters and chains Always in the trap And he looks so mean I need a hood boy Go'on head pretty We don't like them there Need somethin' realer I need a hood boy Hot boys rock boys Street boys B-boys Man I love them boys Go on say I need a hood boy Wifebeaters and chains Always in the trap And he looks so mean I need a hood boy Go'on head pretty We don't like them there Need somethin' realer I need a hood boy Hot boys rock boys Street boys B-boys Man I love them boys

Looooooooove Yeah yeah yeah Looooooooove Yeah yeah yeah

[Big boi]
B a double d
Why say bye
Been fly
Ever since a nigga started sayin' bye
That's right stand by
Cause we about to take flight
Not a 747
But the music and the mic
Rophone

Phone home

If you want someone waitin' baby

Go on home

Don't wanna jeapordize your safety

Maybe later

We shake the haters and gets busy

You say you wanna do same thing

Then get wit me

If not then hit me

I know you know the history

Last nigga ridin' round lookin' real crispy

Ridin' round town, top down

On the grizzy

Grind all the time to stay hot

Or either sizzlin'

I thought I told ya niggas

We run stop signs

Cause we don't stop

Till the cops come knockin'

For two block signs

Not mine

Toine gone right

Like sunshine and cold north through summertime

Now bow down

I need a hood boy

Wifebeaters and chains

Always in the trap

And he looks so mean

I need a hood boy

Go'on head pretty

We don't like them there

Need somethin' realer

I need a hood boy

Hot boys rock boys

Street boys B-boys

Man I love them boys

Loooove

Yeah yeah

Looooove

Hey hey shortie wanna rock with you

Shortie wanna rock with you

Wanna bop with you

I wanna ride with you

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