

Juelz Santana f/ Paul Wall

"Creepin Through Your Hood"

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(Intro, Paul Wall & [Juelz Santana])

Swisha House baby

[Juelz Santana]

Ya boy Paul Wall

[I mean, I know it's a lot of hater on yo side]

Yo I know they over there hatin on your side too

[Oh yea, but'chu know we don't give a fuck about them niggas, man]

Fuck 'em

(Hook, Paul Wall & [Juelz Santana])

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]

[Mask low, mean mug, creepin through ya hood]

(Verse 1, Juelz Santana)

I'm down and I'm dirty with this

I'm down to get dirty, ya bitch

Aww man, aww damn

The pound is just hurtin my hip

Fuck with me

I'll show you how them pounds and them birdies get flipped

Play around clown, you'll get found in the dirtiest ditch

(Ey!)

He like, yeah I don't give a fuck about who (bout who?)

I'm like, we don't give a fuck about'chu ('Bout you)

Hat low to the front

Lean back, smokin a blunt (Ey!)

See that button? Hit that, dope in the trunk

Nope, coke in the trunk

Nope, both in the trunk

That gun is on my hip too, I been hopin you stunt (Yup!)

You don't want my niggas creepin through ya hooood

(Through ya hooood)

You don't want my niggas creepin through ya wooodds

(Through ya wooodds)

You don't wanna see that pistol in ya face, homeboy

You don't want my niggas leavin wit'cha gooooods
(Goooods)
So don't play like that (Don't)
Don't act like that (Don't)
If you ain't like that (You know)

(Hook)

(Verse 2, Paul Wall)
I got them windows tinted, five-percent
Presidential limo tint
I can see you, but'chu can't see me
Two-twenty-three with extended clip
Them fifty shots gon' set it off
So fire drill, bitch drop and roll
Gimme that watch, gimme that chain
Empty them pockets and pay the toll
I hang with killas out on parole
Catch ya cut, run and hide
Evacuate, murder-for-hire
Kinda like old barb from the wire
We'll chop ya up like garlic cloves
And cook ya ass, like Elmer the chef
Take ya last breath, put on ya vest
But I'm aimin at'cha head boy, not'cha chest
Now pack the iron, I'll start'cha dyin
Hit them legs and crease ya up
Then I hit the spot with a bad bitch
That'll slob a knob and piece me up
And when ya wake up, in the morning
To the sounds of them choppers roaring
I wear the heat, just like Alonso
We'll leave ya whole family in mourning
I'm in the hood like wig shops
I'm on the grind, on the block
Posted up like Yao Ming
In a low post, I'm on the box
We'll chop ya up like a Screw tape
And have ya hollerin like the Opera
But with my side-kick goin off
I ain't talkin about no T-Mobile partna

(Hook)

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