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## Tru "Hoody Hoo"

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Don't make me call the dogs (Use my ghetto code) Oh, we got beef? (Hoody Hoo) I represent the dirty south For all my thugs and thugettes out there to the world Get rowdy, rowdy, 'bout it, 'bout it (Where they at?) Where the Tru thugs at?

4 or 5 hummers, Burban, Jag for the summer SS sittin' 20's but I ain't no muthafuckin' stunter Grab the gat, where they at, rat-tat-tat-tat I represent the 3rd ward You a rookie, I'm a vet, you the captain, I'm the crunch

You got that dinner, I got the lunch Hit the weed, pass the blunts Your eyes red, you got the munchies How you like me now, gold teeth when I smile Try to take me out the ghetto but I'm still buck wild

So buckle up nigga, knuckle up nigga (Hoody Hoo) That's the code for them killas (Hoody Hoo) Buckle up, knuckle up (What you wanna do?) (Hoody Hoo) Buckle up, knuckle up (What you wanna do?)

(Hoody Hoo) Buckle up, knuckle up (What you wanna do?) (Hoody Hoo) Buckle up, knuckle up (What you wanna do?) (Hoody Hoo) Buckle up, knuckle up (What you wanna do?) One for the money, two for the show Three for my niggaz, four to go When I hear Hoody Hoo it's time to ride Let nothin' slide, let nothin' go If you 'bout your paper then scream (Hoody Hoo)

If you don't fuck with them haters scream (Hoody Hoo)
If you about big thangs then scream (Hoody Hoo)
If about havin' thangs the scream (Hoody Hoo)

Whoa, hold on lil' daddy, watch my feet I know you gettin' rowdy and everything KL, bring that beat back

Drop the hot shit, so I can cop the new shit, the blue six Niggaz hatin' these days, so guess what, I bulletproofed it

N O L I M I to the T nigga, Tru is who we be nigga
Then scream if you with me nigga

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(Hoody Hoo)
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(What you wanna do?)

Straight from the South, got them golds in my mouth Converse on my feet, thug girls bounce dat ass to the beat

We be No Limit niggaz, and we rowdy
We come to the club and get the motherfucker wildin'
Fuck, I been to the streets, rest in peace to my peeps
Stay at home if you weak, gotta hustle just to eat

And the pound put it down, all them girls can't tell Tru niggaz make mail, all them haters go to hell Throw 'em up Uptown, all the way to Downtown You might get clowned, so you better pack a round Tru niggaz want it all, we gon' ball till we fall Put my tank on the wall, Hoody Hoo be call, nigga

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