

Monica F/ Jermaine Dupri

"Too Hood"

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Jermaine Dupri:

I don't think y'all can handle this
I don't really really think y'all can handle this
Mo, I don't know if they can handle this
I don't really really think they can handle this

Chorus:

I'm too hood for you
I ain't trying to act too good for you
I'm just trying to tell you what's really true
Baby I don't think you can handle this
I'm too hood for you
Tell me what you know about
Riding all chromed out
Hair braided up
With the gold in ya mouth
Nothing, nothing

Verse 1:

I don't wanna pull your heart
Play you out, call you a s.o.b.
But the line you just kicked to me
It won't get you nowhere with me
I can see that you are not the kind of guy that I like
Me and you could never be
You're too nice and just too pretty and

Chorus:

I'm too hood for you
I ain't trying to act too good for you
I'm just trying to tell you what's really true
Baby I don't think you can handle this
I'm too hood for you
Tell me what you know about
Riding all chromed out
Hair braided up
With the gold in ya mouth
Nothing, nothing

Verse 2:

It's not your fault I'm from the hood

I love them bad and hate them good
To keep it real with you, honestly
That's the only type of fella that can handle me
I'm tired out, faded out
A playa that don't give a watch
I'm the only one he lets inside
And when he does it's ride or die

Chorus:

I'm too hood for you
I ain't trying to act too good for you
I'm just trying to tell you what's really true
Baby I don't think you can handle this
I'm too hood for you
Tell me what you know about
Riding all chromed out
Hair braided up
With the gold in ya mouth
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I try not to let it show
Something says don't let it go,
Well let yourself be free
'Cause I can take myself out the hood but
I can't take the hood out of me
I'm gangsta, got diamonds and my peeps are so
ghetto
Y'all just wanna please
I gotta have the heart to play the part and talk the talk
to walk these streets,
I'm too hood

Rap (Jermaine Dupri):

Call it what you like
Sometimes I like to fight
Get fly, get high
Party all night
Keep at least 5 grand in my pocket in a rubber band,
Only rock it if it's name brand you know
Prada, Gucci, Polo, whatever
The car? Gotta have that woodgrain and leather
The shoes? Gotta be 20's or better
I don't care if you're in a Benz or a Jetta
Ladies, with tattoos, about three or four
Of somebody's name you don't even see no more
You gotta have the blings, some rings on your neck
Peace bracelet, studs in your ears
Fellas with more than two BMs, that's too hood
Girls that dress like Lil' im, that's too hood
Can't talk without cursin' and gold teeth
MLK, ma that's me

Monica:
Now you see
Just what I mean
I'm too hood

Chorus x3:
I'm too hood for you
I ain't trying to act too good for you
I'm just trying to tell you what's really true
Baby I don't think you can handle this
I'm too hood for you
Tell me what you know about
Riding all chromed out
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