

Fantasia Barrino, Hood Boy

Yeah
ya gotta understand what I'm talkin' about
I'm talkin' about on this one
Sexy
Sexy as hell to me
Yeah

Verse:1
So let me tell ya bout a playa I know
6 foot 4
225
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 every girl like me understand it
And the ones that ain't
they still gotta have it
they don't know why
But they stay chantin'

{Chorus}
I need a hood boy
Wifebeaters and jeans
always in the trap
and he looks so mean
I need a hood boy
go'on head pretty nigga
We don't like them there
need somethin' mo realer
I need a hood boy
hot boys rock boys
street boys B-boys
man I love them boys
Go on say

Verse: 2
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

{Chorus}
I need a hood boy
Wifebeaters and jeans
always in the trap
and he looks so mean
I need a hood boy
go'on head pretty nigga
We don't like them there
need somethin' mo' realer
I need a hood boy
hot boys rock boys
street boys B-boys
man I love them boys
Go on say

{Chorus} repeat
I need a hood boy
Wifebeaters and jeans
always in the trap

and he looks so mean
I need a hood boy
go'on head pretty nigga
We don't like them there
need somethin' mo' realer
I need a hood boy
hot boys rock boys
street boys B-boys
man I love them boys

yeah yeah yeah
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 jeopardize 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

{Chorus}
I need a hood boy
Wifebeaters and jeans
always in the trap
and he looks so mean
I need a hood boy
go'on head pretty nigga
We don't like them there
need somethin' mo' realer
I need a hood boy
hot boys rock boys

street boys B-boys
man I love them boys

yeah yeah
hey hey shortie wanna rock with you
shortie wanna rock with you
wanna bop with you
I wanna ride with you