

# Hoody Hoo

TRU

(Master P)

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 buckwild

(Chorus)

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?)  
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(Silkk the Shocker)

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!)

(Master P)

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

(Silkk the Shocker)

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

(Chorus)

(C-Murder)

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

(Chorus to fade)