

Oh

Ciara

This is where they stay crunk, throw it up, dubs on the Cadillac
White tees, Nikes, gangstas don't know how to act
Adamsville, Bankhead, College Park, Carver Homes
Hummers floatin' on chrome
Chokin' on that home-grown
They got that southern cookin'
They got them fellas lookin'
Thinkin' I was easy, I can see it
That's when I say no, what fo'
Shawty can't handle this
Ciara got that fire, like

Oh, round here we ridin' slow
We keep it gutta, you should know
Gettin' crunk up in the club, we gets low, oh
Oh (oh), all my ladies to the floor
Handle it ladies, back it up
Gettin' crunk up in the club, we gets low, oh

Buddy, take a new whip, paint strip, and head to a bowlin' hall
Still smokin', hundred spokes, wood-grain on the wall
Light-skinned thick chicks, fellas call 'em redbones
Close cuts, braids, long, gangstas love 'em all
They got that southern cookin'
They got them fellas lookin'
Wishin' I was easy, I can see it
That's when I say no, what fo'
Shawty can't handle this
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(Yeah, yo, Luda!)

Ok, southern-style, get wild
Old schools comin' down
In a different color whip (whip, whip)
Picture perfect, you might wanna
Take a click, click, click, click, click
Call up Jazze, tell him pop up the bottles
Cause we got another hit (hit, hit)
Wanna go platinum
I'm who you should get, get, get, get, get
Ludacris on the track, get back Trick
Switch on the 'Lac, I'm flexin' still
Same price everytime, hot song
Jumped on cause Ciara got sex appeal
And I keep the meanest, cleanest, baddest
Spinnin' on stainless wheels
Could care less about your genus
I bump ya status, I keep the stainless steel
Trunk-rattlin', what's happenin', huh

I don't even think I need to speed
Bass-travelin', face-cracklin', huh
Turn it up and make the speakers bleed
Dirty south, we ballin' dog
And never think about fallin' dog
Ghetto harmonizing, surprising, runnin' back
Cause the song is called...

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Oh (oh), all my ladies to the floor
Handle it ladies, back it up
Gettin' crunk up in the club, we gets low, oh
Round here we ridin' slow
We keep it gutta, you should know
Gettin' crunk off in the club, we gets low, oh
(oh, oh, oh, oh.....)