

# Fantasia, 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}  
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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  
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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 grizzly  
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}  
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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