

Oh

Ciara

(verse 1)

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 for
Shawty can't handle this
Ciara got that fire like

(hook)

Oh, round here we ridin' slow
We keep it ghetto, you should know
Gettin' crunk off in the club, we gets low, oh
Oh (oh), all my ladies to the flo'
Handle it ladies, bag it up
Gettin' crunk up in the club, we gets low, oh(verse 2)
Buddy take a new whip, paint strip, into a bowlin' ball
Still smoke 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 for
Shawty can't handle this
Ciara got that fire like

(hook)

Oh, round here we ridin' slow
We keep it ghetto, you should know
Gettin' crunk off in the club, we gets low, oh
Oh (oh), all my ladies to the flo'
Handle it ladies bag it up
Gettin' crunk up in the club, we gets low, oh(Ludacris)
Southern-style, get wild, old schools comin' down in a different color whip (whip, whip)
Picture perfect, you might wanna take a flick flick flick flick flick
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 tha '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 genius, 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 cold(hook 2x)
Oh, round here we ridin' slow
We keep it ghetto, you should know
Gettin' crunk off in the club, we gets low, oh
Oh (oh), all my ladies to the flo'
Handle it ladies bag it up
Gettin' crunk up in the club, we gets low, oh

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>