

# 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.omusic.in/>