

# Skunk

Chocclair

Do what chu want, when you be under the skunk  
Floatin' like a mile high  
Yeah, smoking trees  
Do what chu want, when you be under the skunk

See, while you niggas flop ya gums  
I hop on the the Doogotty, pull back on the throttle  
Catwalk down Younge  
Think I, crash and burn?

Looked on the ground  
Skid marks way out in a juke up swerve  
It's rock, 360 wheel back  
180 lift dust that I deever reach you can't get  
Tell you worldwide, it's T dot city

Don't bling like he but the thick hang heavy  
Lambd out in the all black Chevy  
Sleek and stack, you can't see that  
Phantom menace, a feather in your presence  
And deprive your high rise, baby girl, and ya get it

Niggas try to bomb our Trade Center  
You motherfucking bitch-ass niggas  
Calculate, calculative, intervention  
With a pistol in position to start thumping all  
All the homies on the streets start pumping all

Fill up the streets with Sherm and heat  
Make 'em wiggle like worms, lift niggas out of they seat  
Shift 'em chest to feet, Canada, West to East  
Calicos might spread lead start ricocheting head to head  
I'm Kurupt Young Gotti bitch, heard what I said?  
Yeah bitch, eat a dick instead

Get ya Pesos, take fallacio then slide  
(Do what chu want, when you be under the skunk)  
That's right  
Get ya Pesos, take fallacio then slide  
(Do what chu want, when you be under the skunk)  
That's right

Elevate yo, peeps to know with this chi'  
(Do what chu want, when you be under the skunk)  
That's right

Bouncin', movin', rockin', shakin'  
(That's right)

It's just 'Nock, and K-U-R-U-P-T and  
On this lyrical high and moving to the music  
(When you be under the skunk)  
Chocclair got ya high, and Young Gotti  
And don't bounce unless you can put it together  
(And moving to the music, under the skunk)

See, red line and clutch push to the floor

Pistons doin' like they grill you no more  
Ladies on the back of the floor  
Thinkin' I'm goin' kick it to 6, switch lanes drop it down into 4

Meaning, all y'all comin' of the balls  
T dot comin' suave for y'all  
Kurupt spark the blunt for y'all  
While all y'all balls be sleepin' when the radio be playing your song

See, can't help with that Suave Dawg  
I, I be when they wanna follow this stally  
I switched the whole game  
So the whole time they be following the same damn tree

Confused? People tried to flop on me  
Thirty days Gold, "Ice Cold"  
(What?)  
Yo, y'all know who's, reppin' T dot  
When you see Chocclair say, "What up, Chizznock?"

Get up fast, touch your ass  
To hit some ass, so quick and so fast  
Ridin' slow, rock and move  
Two shot's of Hennessey, that's the remedy  
Movin', smashin', smashin' streets, streets  
Nigga bouncin', movin', rockin', shakin'

Hun, niggas tried to rob my nigga  
Two semi's change is mine, my nigga  
Concentrate, 38 inter vision  
With pistols in position take flight like fishing

Murder red ripples, then all cripple  
Fuck around and leave niggas cripple  
Chip a nigga motherfucking shoe with the full wind nickel  
Chrome nickel soar, like Mockingbirds  
Mocking my words, might chip niggas like Titanic, chip Icebergs  
Coming through on perv, dip, swerve

Niggas got the nerve, niggas try and serve  
Swing like pendulums, perfect aim  
Separate, poetical purple rain  
Detonate, you niggas little as Eddie Kain  
Nigga, I me on Paul be on Hussein, motherfucker

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