Get Some Crunk In Yo System

Lil' Scrappy

Get some crunk in yo system (See) Get some crunk in yo system (It like this right!) Get some crunk in yo system (I done seen them niggas) Get some crunk in yo system (They ain't seen me yet) Get some crunk in yo system (But they Still talkin) Get some crunk in yo system (Fuck a slide, I'ma just swing) Get some crunk in yo system (A, B, Yall niggas could nevah see me) Get some crunk in yo system (Cmon) Get some crunk in yo system (Cmon) Get some crunk in yo system (Cmon) Get some crunk in yo system (Yeah!) I can feel it, ya hater's don't like it They see me at a show, them niggas get excited Cause they think they fixinta get me, but nigga i'm a riot By myself I'ma riot, so nigga don't try it Gun's I collect em, gun's for protection Gun's for that nigga that try me and learned a lesson Cause they don't say B.S'n, Im good with my weapon Ain't never been a lame in the game I respect it

I'm looking for trouble, my own label just found out that I'm a monster But it's too late cause I done signed for, a hundred or something Ain't nothing I'm ruthless, still producing Cut me a check or you'll find yo self toothless I'm Don Corleone, Keep it trill with no confusing Niggas say I'm trill

They aint hard I can prove it.....yeaaaah

Im sippin on the crunk juice, Hennessy to get me loose Niggas gettin bunk and shit, dranking all the grey goose Throwin signs up in the air, representing from where they came Iits the same shit in the club, niggas fightin man. Throwin bows and breaking chairs, niggas pullin hoes hair. Runnin through the club with they click cause they don't care Screamin out whateva side, all my niggas down to ride If you think I'm lyin then you pussy niggas bet not try I'ma let you know, that I never been the scary ho Busting niggas brain yo, for fucking with my game ho Then leave yo ass chained tho, in the the middle of your yard. I'ma pull yo card, for actin hard, down the boulevard nigga. (cmon)

Guess who they called up? Out of the wood works Take off my fuckin shirt, I'm reppin to the dirt I'm reppin to the grave, I'm reppin for the A I'm ridin 21, on my Impala son I'm smokin big dro, I'm with the red ho. Her cousin got that blow, we kicked that nigga door Off the hinges, I'm relentless I represent this, can I get a witness (Amen) Amen , I works hard for the south These niggas playin hard wit they thumb in they mouth The house, the car, these bitches bustin out they bras Just so they can show they titties to a star. Baby my doors ajar, the passenger too I'm ready to ride, so what's up boo? (yeaaah) Keepin it real, Keepin it trill Reppin the ville, I sho will