

Crenshaw on Sunday night

Drinkin up my friends me and Funke Trend
Check the scenery but I'll be steppin on the scene
All the queens get de-fiendin me
They be fiendin me when I'm leanin in my route
When I get the Jefferson and I'm bustin at you
And I'm rollin down the other side
On my eyes is the locs freaks all around
They' be tryin to be down because I'm Skee-Lo yo
It's all good though I'm exbo I'm coastin
Gangster's hittin switches breakin corners three wheel motions
And I'm hopin to pull a fly honey lookin cute
Spittin game what's your name?
You look cute in your daisy dukes
Who me I'm Skee, I rap and produce
Pull over I wanna know you and my crew wants to know your crew
Now how them cheeks fit in the seat of that Jeep
See this is type of freak that could be cool for me
I like her style she like my style I make her smile she think I'm funny
Won't front it be pump rollin Crenshaw on Sunday

Crenshaw on Sunday night
Slowin down to forty five
Crenshaw on Sunday night
Slowin down to forty five

It's only crackin on Sunday nights fools don't be out jackin
They be out mackin lookin for action and satisfaction
And I'll be askin these freaks for they AT&T
Well how you doin?
You lookin nice hey my name is Funke
Yo your show is swollen around your corner
You trap and you be in freaks got more cheeks than Gary Coleman
So what's your name?
(My name is Brenda my friends call me Brend)
That's Skee-Lo and Trend yo call your friends and hop on in
Let's take a spin bust a mission of exposition
You dippin and trippin
And now they got the taste of some chicken and waffles
A daily special for Funke
Now since everybody hungry yo I'm bustin a road to Roscoe's
Stand with women that stack with Toni Brax
Brothers left they straps and gats at the pack
The just askin for some Jimmy hats so they can tax
But I'ma max and relax and enjoy my bomb day
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Bumper to bumper people frontin Crenshaw fun
And do flossin on slossin cars parkin music bumpin
Nobody dumpin nobody startin nothin
We just kickin it and getting digits

On one time be givin tickets
But I'm straight with up to date tags on my plates
The boulevard is hot from spot to spot watch your block
All the homies be comin from Long Beach, Compton and Wash
This song is props and all the cops can do is watch
It's two 'o' clock am and we still at the parkin lot
Coverin freaks with the camera it's like the freak net in the Atlanta
Georgia, with more hoes than Santa told ya
West Coast will be havin more hoochies for ya I wanna know ya
That's the type of game that I'm spittin
Rollin up and down the strip steady dippin is how I'm livin
Ain't no fun if the homies can't come
Show ya ride we all packed in the bag at the Shaw on Sunday night

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