

Gette'm Crunk

Three 6 Mafia

Ah yeah, y'all know what time it is
Tear the club up boys back up in this motherfucker
Y'all know what time it is, we gettin' it crunk for the motherfuckin' '97'
biiootch
Y'all can't handle this motherfuckin' shit
It's on for the '97 motherfucker
Nine nickel in two pennies
Ain't no toms was a nigga words clearly biiootch
We finna do this motherfuckin' shit like thiis...
I ain't rollin' oxy fours, come and go I'm lookin' for
Bustin' through the cut with the skeemask on you funky hoes
Wood grain chevy thangs, hearin' (...?...) boomerangs
Burbon with that (...?) mane, with the gear mane, I ain't playin'
I'm insane gone get you with that killin'
Murder, death, kill now I'm flexin' in your lexus
Stretch me if you wanna, gonna, follow around the corner
Then I holler at your women, turn the fire (.....?.....)
Foolish ass punk, makin' noise in my trunk
Tryin' to get his ass hurt, in the them curbs and them speed bumps
Thump, thump, thump, finna get him can you feel me
Three for my pump, in the destine in the meanin'
Itchin' for a killin' nigga for I kill a man
Didn't want to hit'em, but that bitch kept playin' with mine
As I tried to stop'em, but he kept on runnin' low
Killin' his ass before he got to the door
Chorus 2x
Nigga's up in the (...?) wait till Lord Infamous kick in the door
So just ever your way wipe the crest of your feet on the floor
So get ultra and buck in this hoe
Bitches get (...?) cause it's going down right about now
Tearin' and riot (?) cause we comin' straight from the rowdy ass south
Crank up this bitch, shake like a natural disaster, earthquake to blow up the
scale
Name was the Triple 6, end of the world we can enter this bitch (...?)
Next time we gonna fuck up the club, we gonna rip it up so riots break out
So people (...?) like the war started and ended now
I'm takin' care of my motherfuckin' business, I ain't goin' bitch
Nigga's claimin' killa all the time but ain't did shit
Flodgin' round town, talkin' about what you gonna do
Knowin' if you step up to this pimpin' it's a murder fool
Never try to dodge a nigga cause I let my nuts hangs, strapped
With the smith and wesson if I have to bring the pain, bring the pain
Bring the game, nigga we gone get it on
Smokin' motherfuckers in the night until the early morn'
Chorus 2x
Now it's time to get buck wild, nigga's on that Chris Style
While my nigga Paul and rowdy Chris head to funkytown
Baby come and get it crunk
What's up, what you scared or somethin'
Loddy, doddy party fuckin' hardy till you fuck up somethin'
Fuck the fuckin police bitch, you can't fade the Triple Six
Once they see how crunk we get it they gone want to join this shit
We gone get it crunk, nigga keep it crunk, stayin real
Always smokin' scopin' motherfuckers tryin' to keep a meal, Big Baby
Time to tear the club up thugs, back up in this hoe
Nigga thought we was washed up but we got plenty more

Aimin' at your ass, once again for the nine nickel and a couple of pennies
My words clearly, tom's in so you can hear me
You know the loco break the law but that was '95
Mystic Styles worldwide hoes realize
Chris got the mossberg but they ain't dead yet
The Three 6 gonna be alive till we get it crunk