

# 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 th  
e  
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