

Webbie "Crank It Up"

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Young Savage, I gotta give it to 'em Come on, crank it up, crank it up, crank it up

Say hello to tha nigga dat came from nuttin'
Now I got boo koo whips, boo koo chips
Boo koo clips, I'm thuggin'
Everywhere I go I get hoes, my girl be buggin'
And I fuck wit nuttin' but killas nigga I ain't bluffin'

The block hot like dat got damn oven
My team got weight we steaks yall chicken McNuggets
Death right around tha corna comin' for me it ain't
nuttin'

I'm out chea wit a machine somethin' dats green somethin'

But I be clean as a whistle dou Come on playa get ya hoe, she tryin' to kiss me Like we standin' unda the missletoe Bogaurdin' dat pussywhole, man, we had dat same bitch

At da six suckin' dick doin' tootsie roll

Mane yall lil bitches ain't shit couldn't make 10 Gs If one of deez niggas gave yall a brick Yall fakin' yall shit, imitatin' my hits I'm takin' ova what a nigga got to say about da shit

Stop playin', man, I hope you lil niggas ready I heard da streets out hea yellin' for Webbie, I'm tellin' you nigga

Stop playin', yall nigga betta get on ya shit Or get you some bricks or get you a hit get serious 'Cuz I'm sayin', the Savage work to hard for dis I'ma get to da top of

Tha list regaurdless pussy bitch hold up Crank it up, crank it up, crank it up, nigga Crank it up, crank it up, crank it up

I'll leave one of yall lil rap niggas stankin' before this rap I was hangin'
What da fuck yall lil rap niggas thankin'

While you was gettin' ya grades up I was gettin' my change up a gangsta armed and dangerous

Dey tellin' me commercial my flow but Bun B said, "No Keep it gutta lil nigga, don't change it up" Yall pussy niggas hang it up hollin' trill yall ain't us Boo gave me a light and a mike told me crank it up

Partna I got ya you just chill and watch me take over dat streets have And dees niggas freaks jockin' We been distributers so let's distrub hits and profits I'm all real so ain't no way in hell dey can stop us

Leave my niggas da blocks and get dis legal money poppin'

And ride and smoke doja dat potion da top droppin' Da heat unda the seat rims spinnin' all chrome TVs fliippin' cell phone and I ain't lyin' dat nigga on

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I'm in da streets like dem yellow lines or a new SUV I'm in da hood all da time like a burned CD Some G Nikes or some Jays or some fresh ass rees Hard, soft, pills, weed, rain, snow, hail, sleet

And I ain't goin' home until everythang gone
It don't neva take long, I keep orders on my phone
Wit a sick click wit me wit a big clip wit me
Wit dat good white pretty big zip 650

I'm da eat on da streets a beast on da beats

Da puzzle to the peice dey need to make dis industry complete

I'll run it so post, so fresh, so closp

I'll run it so neat, so fresh, so clean I can go on any street no vest wearin' bling

I'm trill young savage, I do my thing straight No king no prince no queen And I'ma leave it right dea Wish a nigga get crunk I ain't shootin' no curves no slurs straight pumps

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