

Webb Wilder

"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 im
thuggin
Everywhere i go i get hoes my girl be buggin
And i fuck wit nuttin but killas nigga i aint 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 aint
nuttin. im 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 aint shit couldnt make 10 Gs if one
of deez niggas gave yall a brick
Yall fakin yall shit, imitatin my hits, im takin ova what a
nigga got to say about da shit

[Chorus]

Stop playin man i hope you lil niggas ready i heard da
streets out hea yellin for webbie im tellin you nigga
stop playin
Yall nigga betta get on ya shit or get you some bricks
or get you a hit get serious 'cause im sayin the savage
work to hard for dis imma 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 aint 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 and have dees niggas freaks jockin
We been distributers so lets distrubt hits and profits
Im all real so aint 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 aint lyin dat nigga on

[Chorus]

Im in da streets like dem yellow lines or a new SUV, Im
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 aint 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
Im da eat on da streets a beast on da beats
Da puzzle to the peice dey need to make dis industry
complete
Ill run it so neat, so fresh, so clean.
I can go on any street no vest wearin bling
Im trill young savage i do my thing straight no king no
prince no queen
And imma leave it right dea
Wish a nigga get crunk
I aint shootin no curves no slurs straight pumps

[Chorus]

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