

The Archies

"Crunk"

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[Lil Sho]

Lil Sho, niggaz like the way my trunk rattle
Matter fact it do mo' knocking, than a judge's gavel
My rhymes the greatest, at least that's how I feel
Make a nigga break fast, ain't talking bout morning
meals
Step to the Sho-Off/ get your ass dismantled
Candy stain so crucial, they sho couldn't handle it
Talking shit behind my back, but Kevin Harris you'll
walk
Wreckin' Crew blowing up, but we don't use steroids
Straight A's niggaz, never gave the teachers hell
You more nerd than Screech, from Saved by the Bell
Say playa that's yo gal, I think you better leave her
Cause she catching mo' balls, than a wide receiver
Purple stuff and Sprite, make you crunk and raw
I po' it up till it's pinker, than Pepto Bismol
You don't think that Lil Sho, spit nothing but hits
That's just like saying, that bruise don't make you shit

[Ake]

Yo my mouth is a gun, man you better be smart
When I rap I shoot bullets, when you rap you spit darts
Clearing the charts, hey now slice your head like your
boy
Inside my body, nigga I got a K man heart
And I don't beg for the pussy, cause I'm known to
smash
Only thing I'm worried about, is getting head and then
cash
Can't come in last, that's why the youngster in first
When I bust it be a lot of nut, I quench hoes thirst
Leave in a hurry, if you talking bout beef
You talking bout, beef that be another nigga deceased
I'm a beast, when it come to the rapping
When it come to the rapping, my lyrics be clapping
People be like Ake, man you got some'ing to prove
I ain't got shit to prove, but in my heart I can't lose
I keep a short fuse, AKA a hot head
You can't make it in this world, if your bitch ass scared

[Tite]

I'm back off the chain, Tite ready back on his chain
Ready to flame, any nigga knocking my name
Not giving a fuck, mouth open ready to cuss
Dangerous to touch, guns ready to bust
With Ake and Sho, it's rubbing and we ready to blow
T.K.O., these weak cats want no mo'
The D-3 Nutt, microphone see me clutch
Niggaz that bump, give me space and see me rush
It's Armageddon, you see Tite arm your gat
I swarm a cat, or fuck around and harm you cats
I sleep with heat, I eat beef running the street
You wanna compete, naw brah step ya feet
I'm undenied, this rap game something try
Kinda nice with the hands, so respect my size
Armed and ready, smoked out guns is ready
Beat a mo'fucker down, till my arms spaghetti

[Big Redd]

I speak the truth, you hoes better respect my mind
Respect my grind, or get hit with the iron
Big Redd, you can catch me on the North
We pump everything from stracks, all the way to salt
If I'm flossing I flaunt it, best believe I own it
Blonde head yellow bone, best believe I want it
Boys talking down on me, if you want me come get me
Go on see you crash dummies, if they think they can
kill me
I don't bump with you chumps, cause I'm grinding for
this cash
If they run in my section, I'ma put 'em on they ass
Niggaz think they got pull, can't sell a lil' dope
I'm a hustler, I'll sell ya a bird or soap
Play it raw, fuck a nigga if he won't have it
Rule number one, bitch look what's getting got
Ain't no gangsta, I just get it how I live
If I grind with my heart, some'ing gotta give
Bitch in this 0-3, it's all on me
So back-back and make way, for the R-E-double-D

(*talking*)

Don't forget to hit us up, on the website
, and it go down
Every Friday night at the ball room
Huntsville Texas, new spot nigga
Y'all come get at us, yeah

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