

## Color Changin' Click

### "If Ya Crunk"

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[Chorus - Yung-Ro] (50/50 Lil' Twin)

If you crunk (Put ya hands up)  
You got cash (Put some grands up)  
You got plex (Nigga stand up)  
Huh? (Bitch, and what?)  
--repeat 4x--

[Rasaq]

Mic, check testin', tested  
speakin' through the mic like firin' a wesson  
Never mind the violence I'm stressin'  
I'm killin' the beat in a dying second  
Is it koopa?, try the second  
Time, nah it's ya hyness the second  
Twin, get the nine and eject it  
Never mind, they might get infected  
Rather spit a rhyme in a second  
Get ya goddamn mind corrected  
We shootin' slugs, niggaz need hard hats to get they  
mind protected  
Nigga, my mind is hectid  
Ro, rewind and edit  
Was listening, but I didn't get it  
So throw'd, when I just said it  
Niggaz is extra phony  
I dare you to test my homie  
Right hand missin' ya left is lonely  
when you lift it at testimony  
Talk bread, not bologna  
Hot head, got the chromie  
Waist is gaining so much weight my legs is gettin' bony  
My bread 'll never dis-own me  
My homies 'll never piss on me  
My head 'll never go slowly  
so them feds 'll never d-bo me, ya know me  
-G'Yeah, Uh, Rasaq on the block

[50/50 Lil' Twin]

-It's 50  
Diamond piece hang beyond my scrotum  
Aunt Jemimah mixed in my soda

Trigger happy pistol that stay low  
that perfect the fast flow, this is for Hogan  
Will fast buck 60 or more man  
Top is gone, the car need rogain  
KooPa, Rasaq, Twin and Ro' mayne  
Trickin' no cash, the waitress a hoe mayne  
Walkin' out, but not to the lot  
My helicopter land on the roof I'm hot  
If you think you hot, I make you think you not  
untuck my chain freeze the whole damn block  
Gotta jackin' plot, better hold them glocks  
I throw bombs like war in Iraq  
Ke-Ke my ass think I'm lying I'm not  
Matter fact move around dude shake the spot  
I know that dough, cuz I know that flow  
I don't mean to pulverize ya soul  
But I know that hoe, gotta slide me low  
Touch the paint and drown in the door  
Lemme find my flow  
I'm talkin' to fast, rewind me slow  
My Aqua-Swiss blindin' yo  
That's Jacob watch kinda old  
When I'm all alone, kickin' back on my rhymin' throne  
I'm not to be fucked holmes  
G'Yeah!

[Chorus - Yung-Ro] (50/50 Lil' Twin)  
If you crunk (Put ya hands up)  
You got cash (Put some grands up)  
You got plex (Nigga stand up)  
Huh? (Bitch, and what?)  
--repeat 4x--

[Yung-Ro]  
Said it before, yall go on beef with us  
Cuz we the only niggaz that's beatin' us  
New studio, now we leadin' up  
Gettin' high, white-rugs my feet is up  
My heat is tuck, my seats are buck  
I'm speedin' up, cuz they creepin' up  
Got police so them jackers mayne  
tell em' competition we eat em' up  
I beat em' up, ball weave and duck  
Stay on my game with a sleeper up  
Got bang that'll wake them people up  
And I swang tryna make my speakers bust  
In a range, better put that regal up  
You ain't keepin' up, you better move mayne  
I don't mean to be rude mayne  
but stay away from my mood-swang  
You claim you runnin' it

what you think you run, we done with it  
On a whole 'nother level, mayne relax lay back have fun  
with it  
I'm one with it, in simple terms that means I'am the flow  
Rasaq, Lil' Twin, plus Cham' and Ro  
we gon' make it so you don't scan no more  
Slam the door, pop the trunk  
raise ya hand if you got some crunk  
Who wanna be first, just hop in front  
Gotta glock and a pump, and alot of skunk  
I drop a punk, but he ain't gotta be like that  
So chill relax and put ya hands up  
For I pull out make ya put ya hands up  
NOBODY!, and what?  
-G'Yeah

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