

B.B. King

"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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