

Billy Vera & The Beaters

"Get Crunk"

Visit "[Get Crunk](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Pimp C-talking)

Hold up, Sweet Jones, 64 dollar cologne bitch
Smellin good, leather and wood, feelin on somethin
Know what I'm talkin 'bout, check it out

(Pimp C)

Sweet Jones, in a foreign car, shinin like a muthafuckin
superstar
I'm sippin the bar, grippin the grain
I got 17 karats in my piece a chain
I been a young pimp nigga since I was a kid
Mama would be 'shamed of all the things I did
Like cookin the stones and bustin caps out the 'rome
I keep a chip in my phone and put key domes in ya
home
I'm the trillest of the trill, you the fakest of the fake
Pussy-ass niggas in the club tryna playa hate
While I'm standin here draped in diamonds
I ride with made niggas, some choppin on blade
niggas
Survive enemies, Mississippi get paid niggas
They lay ya lup in ya lap, and let the pistol dome clap
And it ain't all about this rap shit bitch nigga
Handle the business with the muthafuckin chrome
trigga

(Chorus-Pimp C)

Now if you heard what I said then get crunk, get crunk
Now if you heard what I said then get crunk, get crunk
Now get buck, now get buck
And pop ya pussy if you don't give a fuck
Now if you heard what I said then get crunk, get crunk
Now if you heard what I said then get crunk, get crunk
Now get buck, now get buck
And pop ya pussy if you don't give a fuck

(Crump)

Sweet done analyzed the game, now he taught me the
shit
I get some golds in my mouth, platinum game I spit
Pimp done told me 'Vel, these niggas ain't nothin but

hoes'

'You make most of ya cheese off production and shows'

See it's all good, lift up ya seat, don't piss on the wood
If these niggas feelin froggy, let 'em come to the hood
It's all gravy daddy, get crunk, get crunk
Talk shit bitch, and get stomped, get stomped
Big Crump in Baton Rouge and ?? in P.A.
I hit moms with 10 grand, now I got money to make
I watch it bubble and shake, choppin lyrical cakes
Niner-Ross on my side, for these busters and fakes

(Chorus)

(Kamikaze)

Don't ever talk to police, don't let 'em know just where
you sleep
And watch them killas 'cause they creep
And won't believe that thugs get deep
If I said it then I did it, if I speaks it then I live it
And early Christmas we gon' gets it,
'cause me and C we 'bout to spit it
???? partner, but I'm not, tryna cypher what I got
To get this shit, it keeps it hot
Then sell it back to make this knot
You sons a bitches ain't gon' last, tryna pocket all that
hash
Can't even launder all your cash, 'cause you gon'
swander on some ass
I'm like pimps say, it's hatin goin on in P.A.
But shit them same hatin niggas is on them streets
where I stay
We go from Jackson back Texas, want some action
come and check us
Got that love then come and bless us,
think we soft then come and test us
Just us trill southern niggas, you brought you that
bouncin jump
So on your left is Mr. Franklin, on your right is Mr.
Crump
Dump them niggas in the trunk, UGK smokin on skunk
Crooked Lettaz ain't no punk, we hit yo city, get it crunk
And ain't not pimp without no hoe, ain't no show without
my dough
You try to floss but know you poor, 'cause you's a
rapper with no flow
So I'm a tell you out the door, ladies don't look if you's
a crow
Nigga's don't speak if you's a hoe,
you got the sweet, nigga let's blow and get crunk

(Chorus) 2x

Visit [Billy Vera & The Beaters](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.