

C Note

"In Da Trunk"

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(*talking*)

Uh yeah, C-Note in here
King of the slabs, y'all know how we do it
Know how we do it, that rider music

[Hook]

In the trunk, in the trunk
Uh, my niggaz get it crunk
We in the trunk, we in the trunk
Uh, my niggaz ain't no punks

[C-Note]

We in the trunk my nigga, we get it crunk my nigga
C-Note is six figgas, bet it bump my niggaz
Got you looking and she tooken, I can see your heads
turning
Fist full of grain, and it's money I'm burning
And I'm sick with this, Screwed Up Click with this
Got it thick, with the blueberry ice on the wrist
In the trunk I'm crunk, swerving lane to lane
Making boys disappear, like I'm David Blaine
And I'm riding on 4's, and my trunk is glowing
I ain't seen you in a while, but that ass is growing
I be beating up the block, rather rain or snowing
I be waking people up, like a old man snoring
Fifth wheel chromey grill, blue steel I'm real
In the trunk I put bitch niggaz that ain't real
And I'm trill with the thang, I'm ill with the thang
Southside nigga, and we running the game what up

[Hook - 2x]

[C-Note]

Show em, how we ride on the Southside
Go show em, how we ride on the Southside
Tell em, how we ride on the Southside
Southside nigga, what we swang and we bang wide
I'm in the trunk on MLK, in the trunk at the club
I'm in the trunk of this chick, that was feeling the dubs
And my piece shine bright, like them neon lights
I'm in the trunk like blinking lights, when you making a

right
Southside so tight, I know you feeling me mayn
If the rest of the world, ain't feeling the slang
Bring your music and bang, cause this is how we ball
I be beating up your block, knocking pictures off the
wall
Got them screens that fall, got it lit like a lamp
Feel it like a earthquake, when I crank up the amps
And we ride real slow, to these Screwed Up beats
And I'm the king of these slab, when it come to these
streets

[Hook]

[C-Note]

Trunk half way cracked, as I circle the block
Push an automatic button, when I drop the top
Parking lot of the club, swanging side to side
And them boppers looking hard, cause they love to ride
Just me and my niggaz, going blunt for blunt
18's in the trunk, going punch for punch
I be taking niggaz out, like they going to lunch
We rolling slabs down South, and we popping them
trunks

[Hook - 2x]

(*talking*)

Coming down, wrecking
This how we do, on the Third Coast
I'm still in it nigga, C-Note
85 till I die, Clover G nigga we out

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