

## Campbell Glen

### "Crunk"

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[Doobie Smoov]

(\*inhales\*)Graveyard bitch

(\*inhales\*),(\*exhales\*)

[Doobie Smoov]

I was born in da south so the  
south I'm gon' die but in the mean  
time everyday I'ma be high because I  
might loose my life on these streets  
tonight but when I wake up in da morning  
everything is alright my heads tighter  
then yo pussy fo' that nigga pop yo cherry  
smokin on Louisiana's finest Halley Berry  
ces as I rest my hand on that 3-80 alotta  
niggas hate me but they cant fade me  
got my bitches in check you bustas cause me  
no threat murder who murder me but I aint dead  
yet now Mr. Doobie Smoov comin down like rain  
smokin blunts popin vik's aint a damn thing changed  
I'm just slammin that jammin that screw up  
in slow motion a nigga solo smokin through yo  
nieghborhood I'm coastin floatin to free my mind  
just like in vounge and I dont be given a fuck  
about no hoe thats real nigga deal wit a Louisiana  
pimp I'm steadily smokin hemp put the flame  
to da tip you know that Graveyard's in dis bitch  
and all you hoes can have a coke and smile  
cause tradin putang for weed now that aint my style  
shit baby Bob Marley's what they call me  
leave it up to me I'll blow the whole world a charge  
and we gon' get crunk.....

[Chorus:DP]

we gon' get crunk

lets get drunk

lets get high so high

[Doobie Smoov]

livin life up in that smoke zone  
nigga you know its so on that herb  
is in the air we smokers extrondar

while stanky dank be the bomb stanky pussy  
is a no no if yo pussy smell like chronic  
then yo ass has gots to go hoe  
slow yo fuckin role and dont be shiesty  
wit that killa cause dis is yo boy  
and you's my nigga fuck fo' niggas and one  
blunt just waiting for turns let be fo' niggas  
and fo' blunts and everybody can burn  
my concern aint the mothafuckin laws at this  
time infact its if this fuckin ounce is wieghin  
right in exact 28 my shit is straight now its  
time for me to blow somethin I'm waitin on this  
white boy wit some pills to let me know somethin  
no somethin no front smoke fest can you see me  
on the porch of the house in alley smokin sweet leaf  
they say what you gon' do when the weed run  
dry well I'ma smoke a beata and cool out  
I got that shawdre screwed out.....

[Chorus:DP rp2x]

[Doobie Smoov]

lets get crunk wit five blunts and  
a fifth of Alize not just tonight but every  
mothafuckin day I pray that up in heaven  
thier'll be fields fulla weed a pound a two  
for you a pound a two for me baby its all about  
the killa mayn mothafuck the bamma so much guingia  
we gon' make Jamiaca in Louisiana cause yo ass  
aint ballin if yo ass aint burnin put some  
Nightquill on yo blunt and dry it out and fry it  
out I still smell like a pound real tight twisted  
Hillfiger conversation got me gamin on these niggas  
like a real nigga they say Mr. Doobie Smoov yo herb is  
on fire but I dont need no water let the mothafucka  
burn

[Chorus till end]

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