

## Lil' Jon & The East Side Boyz "Get Crunk Feat. Bo Hagon"

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Once again up in that south from my motherfucking  
mouth  
And creeping up on y'all niggas like a motherfucking  
mouse  
Stepping on these tracks like fags and drag queens  
And shitting on you busters like I ate some bake beans

Buster me and me's clicks, always making those hits  
We never straight jam with no busters our no tricks  
Getting in trouble from the sounds of my trunk  
And keeping it crunk, keeping it crunk

[Chorus:]

What, What [in background]

Now drop dem bozs' on 'em [repeat 16X]

Nigga bozs' bout to turn out the show  
Crankin' up yo' dance flo' screaming GA hoe  
Flipping rhymes and gripping pines with haters looking  
round  
It's time lay it down putting it all up on the line  
Ain't no love for haters, smoking doug's potatoes  
All these niggas what they made us from dem' boz and  
craters  
While lame done dipped out, we gained the flip flop  
Underground where we dwell, the hell with hip hop  
Southside just reckless, from GA to Texas  
And next it's gone be me flexing in a suburban or lexis  
But it seem like the bigger I be, mo' figures I see  
The mo' hating niggas try me  
Big baby trick crazy thinking he bout' to fade me  
Better sit and wait in consequences fo' you feel you  
can play me  
From a place called T-town be down in the south  
Where dem' players throw dem' boz and gold teeth in  
they mouth  
And dump dump if ya' jump jump  
The club crunk off the funk that we bump bump and  
pump pump  
Through yo' speaker when it reach ya' now you  
tweaking like Beaker  
All the people out there hype as hell, I guess it Lil' Peter

From T-town to Atlanta all the way to Savannah to  
Alabama  
I be damn a club ain't crunk in this manner  
I can't stand a weak buster  
For all the freaks, hustla's, to the clothes  
Y'all gotta get it crunk and drop dem boz, drop dem  
boz

[Chorus]

I can't afford bigger, how ya' figga'  
That you gone stop me from stacking six figures  
Now you hating on me, because my game so tight  
And could you be mad because I fucked ya' wife  
Well it's true, that's the price nigga check that hoe  
I'm from the ATL player, wear that reckland ro'  
So stop talking all that shit, and trying to buck  
I'm popping off at the mouth, we get cha' fucked up,  
now what's up

Now ladies are you tired of trick bitches in yo' mix  
Acting like they want, to lick on yo' shit  
Critizing, everything that you do  
And telling ya' who, and who not to screw  
Nasty hoes, that ain't clean and shit  
They go around sucking on every dope boys dick  
Now is these hoes really yo' friend or yo' foes  
You tell me, while ya' drop dem' bozs'

[Chorus]

Now if the club packed y'all from wall to wall  
And everybody trying to ball, coz sizing all  
Ain't nothing but love in the air, we geeing and  
macking  
Some haters off in there, but at least they ain't macking  
You got cha' cup filled up, ya' niggas is crunk  
Put cha' hands in the air represent where ya' from  
I'm from the GA baby, where freaks is shady  
Man it can be so crazy, so we burn trees daily  
When the beat a drop, everybody just lock ya' boz and  
shake dem' hoes  
And proceed to rock, from the front to the back  
With the blunts and gats, on the hunt for some cat or a  
fat ass sack  
Tear da' roof off the club, show you niggas some love  
And fill a swishe up with bud for my g's and thugs  
Now dem' haters keep watching, dem' freaks a jockin'  
The beats is rockin', so partner want you keep on  
dropping  
For my thugs

[Chorus]

Now right now I want all my hard niggas to follow me,  
follow me

[Bridge:] what

[until fade]

That's how these motherfuckers die, they with the shit  
talk

[repeat 7X]

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