

Little Eva

"So Crunk"

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[Tommy Wright II talking]

Where y'all at, ya motherfuckaz
The Sinistaz, Street Smart all up in ya
Tommy Wright III, C-9, it's time to step up to the plate
Where ya at?, who are the crunkest?
Where them niggas at?

[C-9 talking]

Nuthin' but killas up in my club
Nuthin' but big ballas in my club
Hustlas in my club, thugstas in this bitch

[Hook: Tommy Wright III]

North Memphis in this hoe, we gettin' crunk in this bitch
South Memphis in this hoe, we gettin' crunk in this bitch
East Memphis in this hoe, we gettin' crunk in this bitch
West Memphis in this hoe, we gettin' crunk in this bitch
Mitchell Heights in this hoe, we gettin' crunk in this
bitch
Claybert Homes in this hoe, we gettin' crunk in this
bitch
Westwood in this hoe, we gettin' crunk in this bitch
Orange Mound in this hoe, we gettin' crunk in this bitch
Third World in this hoe, we gettin' crunk in this bitch
Black Haven in this hoe, we gettin' crunk in this bitch
Klondike in this hoe, we gettin' crunk in this bitch
B Haven in this hoe, we gettin' crunk in this bitch

[Verse 1]

C-9 in this bitch about to get shit crunk
Splittin' Swishers wid my niggas like a hose in the trunk
Got ya fiendin' for the flavour of a murderous one
But we gon smoke it than a motherfucker straight from
the junt
About to fall off in the club wid a mean ass mug
Take a pull on the drug I'ma mean ass thug,
Security is sweatin' up for me to cut up
But I'ma thug wid no love I ain't givin' a fuck
About the rough get buck afta 9 in this joint
You in a room wid some real niggas keepin' it crunk
East Memphis West Memphis and we pullin' on stunts

North Memphis South Memphis got the drugs that I
want
I'm bout to act a damn fool wid ya lose cool wid ya
Wreckin' you takin' you and wreckin' whose in here
You surrounded by the real niggas you's in fear
Got you bustas wishin' that it wasn't you in here
Thugged out wid out a doubt niggas throwin' shit over
I'm in the club and wreckin' shit cause we full ah that
doja
Glocked out popped out see a nigga done told ya
You in the middle of the club and gettin' buck wid some
soldiers
Memphis, got a pimpin', on you bustas
Clickin' wid the realest kinda niggas then we touch ya
Crush ya, then smush ya, disrupt ya
Look him in the face spit then I scream buckner

[Hook]

Funkytown in this hoe, we gettin' crunk in this bitch
Evergreen in this hoe, we gettin' crunk in this bitch
Bucktown in this hoe, we gettin' crunk in this bitch
Caperville in this hoe, we gettin' crunk in this bitch
Douglas in this hoe, we gettin' crunk in this bitch
Ante Hill in this hoe, we gettin' crunk in this bitch
Frasier in this hoe, we gettin' crunk in this bitch
Hyde Park in this hoe, we gettin' crunk in this bitch
Hollywood in this hoe, we gettin' crunk in this bitch
Cordova in this hoe, we gettin' crunk in this bitch
Porter Lake in this hoe, we gettin' crunk in this bitch
Crenshaw in this hoe, we gettin' crunk in this bitch
South Haven in this hoe, we gettin' crunk in this bitch
?Border? Lake in this hoe, we gettin' crunk in this bitch
Corda Lake in this hoe, we gettin' crunk in this bitch
Riverside in this hoe, we gettin' crunk in this bitch

[Verse 2]

Full ah this anger, best to beware ah this danger
I strangle your brain-a in the middle of a tanker
Smother you suckas you hater type bustas
Don't trust ya this crazy type killer constructure I touch
ya,
You won't ever touch when I pop my glock 9 and these
bullets start bustin'
And I must, throw you rap clowns in the dust
This is it that I spit out my mouth I disgust you
What's up wid you trick?
Ain't no love for this monster, stomp ya,
Chuck ya in the trunk or my dungeon
Body parts layin' everywhere by my spear
Just don't care cause I'm a family type killer
So what you never heard ah me

Bloody murder in the first degree
A rapid type ah killin' spree
I'm prostylin' wildin' on tracks
It's like, ?mixin' the song wid muscle dude?
Wid the message to make a killer get stash fast
If you act when you rappin' on stage ain't nobody
buckwild
bust the crowd just don't fail your performance
You wack when you real escalate and you fake dealin'
Paid thirty diamonds on ya wrist ya little joke,
I smoke, lil sumthin' sumthin' wid ya hoe,
Hit the liquor store and then I mix up a soda
Hit the club spot where my niggas straight low-a
Tatted up thugs about to let the rage blow up
I'm burstin' you up you surrounded by thugs
In the back of the club we so buck ain't no remedy
Shoot out and loose out my click out on you
til the tumors inside ah my brain catch my enemy
Pain is the penalty, slain in my enemies
Hold up feel it swoll up, got it all up, got it sold up
DJ's gone on the phone that my niggas and bitches
must let this buck buck

[Hook]

Grove in this hoe, we gettin' crunk in this bitch
Castay in this hoe, we gettin' crunk in this bitch
Magnolia in this hoe, we gettin' crunk in this bitch
Smokey City in this hoe, we gettin' crunk in this bitch
Bunker Homes in this hoe, we gettin' crunk in this bitch
West Alley in this hoe, we gettin' crunk in this bitch
G-Town in this hoe, we gettin' crunk in this bitch
Rawley in this hoe, we gettin' crunk in this bitch
Middleton in this hoe, we gettin' crunk in this bitch
North Haven in this hoe, we gettin' crunk in this bitch
Henry Hill in this hoe, we gettin' crunk in this bitch
New Chicago in this hoe, we gettin' crunk in this bitch
Mid-Town in this hoe, we gettin' crunk in this bitch
SPL in this hoe, we gettin' crunk in this bitch
SPV in this hoe, we gettin' crunk in this bitch
Street Smart in this hoe, we gettin' crunk in this bitch

[Verse 3]

So pop wid this murder, straight to the devil a nigga
must turn-a
Torture his corpse and it's what you must earn
These shells gonna burn through your scalp like a perm
So you niggas must learn not to fuck wid this killer
Eyes turn green as I'm fiendin' for skeltah
Decapitated body parts all that was left
Bloody toes on the floor wid his heart on my shelf
Don't decides to ride, you bustas can't hide

Wipe the fear from ya eyes feel lives real lives, and it
shows how to die,
Shouldn'ta been a playa hatin' motherfucka at your
mouth
Rip your tongue out your throat make your tonsils hop
out
Blood all over the floor now gunshells in your hoe
Twenty niggas at the door, scopin' out for po-pos
Any nigga step close, blast his ass out them clothes
Pack his ass by skin to the end of the coast
See my mind is so sick it would kill and I'm losin'
Confusion, a fusion, nothin' but psychotic illusions
I'm usin', the Lucifer's satanic music
This killa so serious ain't a damn thing amusin' it's
useless,
When I get the glock and start shootin'
Drag his ass in a body bag then we scoop him
Dump him in a river watch his body start soupin'
Sayin' to myself this punk nigga so stupid
Choke off his hoe in three pieces like Cupid
Blaze off her face burn her mucus and pupils
Killin' off all enemies is the way that I'm choosin'
Leave 'em concussions and rupturous bruising
Bloodstains all over my clothes and my shoes
Look at ya struggle by the ounce and ya oozin'
All rated pulses is what you be losin'
When you fuckin' wid a nigga wid a head wid no screws
in it

[Hook]

??????? in this hoe, we gettin' crunk in this bitch
Bunker Hill in this hoe, we gettin' crunk in this bitch
Pimpinville in this hoe, we gettin' crunk in this bitch
??????? in this hoe, we gettin' crunk in this bitch
Mitchell thugs in this hoe, we gettin' crunk in this bitch
Thug Kali in this hoe, we gettin' crunk in this bitch
??????? in this hoe, we gettin' crunk in this bitch
O-Chi in this hoe, we gettin' crunk in this bitch
Clerview in this hoe, we gettin' crunk in this bitch
QueensMound in this hoe, we gettin' crunk in this bitch
Blackview in this hoe, we gettin' crunk in this bitch
Scuttlefield in this hoe, we gettin' crunk in this bitch
PV in this hoe, we gettin' crunk in this bitch
??????? in this hoe, we gettin' crunk in this bitch
Buddah Village in this hoe, we gettin' crunk in this bitch
Cherokee in this hoe, we gettin' crunk in this bitch

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