

Maria McKee

"We Get It Crunk"

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[Intro]

Cool Breeze, Kurupt, young Gotti
In 1999, anything that can happen
It will, it will, it will, it will, it will
Organized Noize, let's do it
Kick it off, c'mon
Uh, uh, uh
Cool Breeze, young Gotti, Organized Noize
We gon' bust your mothafuckin' mouth open
No haters allowed, no haters allowed
Uh, no haters allowed
No, no haters allowed

[Kurupt]

Cool Breeze, I heard you was a mothafuckin' fool
Ah yeah, all 'em wanna see me hit 'em
Wanna get blown from my living room to my bed
Ya heard what I said?
Don't come around here again
Changin' the game, re-arrangin'
I'm changin' my name
Since I shot up the party, I'm 2 shotty young Gotti
Like givin' a fuck, hold 'em up, nigga wha
I'm pressin' it homie, I keep the pistol whisling homie
Stashin' it nigga, cocked back, blastin' it nigga
Be silent, you can hear the falls tricklin' homie
It's ridiculous homie
Why the fuck you up on me?
That's how mothafuckas lay in caskets nigga

[Kurupt and Cool Breeze]

1 - Fool what, we get it crunk
Comin' through your hood with the sawed off pump
Fool what, we get it crunk
Comin' through your hood with the sawed off pump
Fool, what

[Cool Breeze]

Hey, I hear you screamin' through your whole house
Mommy, daddy, turn the TV on
Cool Breeze done came out

And everytime I wear some new sneakers
They be hatin' on me, all behind my back like some
school teachers
And be checkin' for me in the streets
So they can listen to me real good
And go and make a ? that beat
Now everybody wanna put it down
You give 'em one little record deal and they think they
'bout to run the town
And when they album start to get a buzz
Everytime you turn around, you see 'em posted all up
in a club
I think they smokin' too much ?ever body?
They try to spit one at me, and we end up spittin' one at
everybody
It ain't no plan with the hitman
He bust ten bars, bust back with both hands
So keep your dial locked and stay tuned
And when you be down in Atlanta, be down with the
Calhouns

Repeat 1
Repeat 1

No, no haters allowed
No, no haters allowed
No, no haters allowed
No, no haters allowed

[Cool Breeze]
Is that your homeboy? (is it)
Are you for sure?
You ever been through war? (this nigga)
He up and help you feed your folks
Where was this mothafucka when we was broke?
Now I ain't mean to offend a nigga
But if I struck a nigga, heh, fuck that nigga
Punks ain't made around these parts
'Cause over here, everybody got heart
The homie C double O L, nigga
B-R double E Z-E
When I E-E MC E-E, bitch
All y'all hoes is out to get rich
And all y'all ? can eat a fat dick

Mean and my niggas, we got that get back
When we fall through the club, we make everybody get
back
Niggas know about the dirty south
I'mma ask you one time, then you gettin' your back
slammed out

Cool Breeze only 5'7"
But I'll break you off quick, and it don't matter if you
5'11"
I played ball before I was cool cut
Everybody used to call me "don't drop"
'Cause I ain't drop nothin'
One time I walked up and pulled a gun
And layed this dough boy down and made his whole
click make buns
Now everytime I make a run
My niggas tell me watch my back
'Cause we know they still want some

Repeat 1
Repeat 1
Repeat 1
Repeat 1

We get it crunk
Comin' through your hood with a sawed off pump
What
We get it crunk
Cool Breeze, 1999

No haters allowed
No, no haters allowed
(Cool Breeze, 1999)
No, no haters allowed
No, no haters allowed
(Kurupt, young Gotti, 1999)
No, no haters allowed
No, no haters allowed
(Yeah, 1999)
No, no haters allowed
No, no haters allowed
(Y2K!)
No, no haters allowed
No, no haters allowed
No, no haters allowed

What's up Dr. Dre?
Chronic 2000
Organized Noize
Forever
2000 on

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