

Cool Breeze "We Get It Crunk"

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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

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

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 whistling 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

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

Hey, I hear you screamin' through your whole house
Mommy, daddy, turn the TV on
Cool Breeze done came out
And every time 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 [unverified] 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
Every time 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
Calhoun's

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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 [unverified] 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 every time I make a run
My niggas tell me watch my back
'Cause we know they still want some

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

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