

The Crystal Method

"Let's Get it Crunk"

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[Verse 1: Playa Fly]

Niggas best beware of that motherfuckin' villain
It's hard to fuck wid us, so prepare for the killin'
Livin' where it's realer man and you don't know the
feelin'
It's time to grab my glock and make a rocket for the
million
Creepin on yo ass wid that mask what ya wanna do
Boom is that sound shootin' rounds down glock we do
All my row dogs down smokin' pounds it's that nigga
who
Don't give a fuck, test your nuts, catch a slug fool
Nigga wid the mind full of crime don't be guessin'
If you fail to see him then a bullet you'll be catchin'
Always packin' a weapon so keep steppin' don't let it
happen
You know that talkin' shit, as my lyrics start to cappin'
The homies in the house and it's no doubt I'm finna sew
shit up
As I tape it over walk right over then I fulls you up
Pass a sack and drink the yack and let my niggas roll it
up
Now we gettin' smoked out, now my locs get loc'd out
Scopin' out the victim for the slayin' man
you know I'm still up in this bitch
Niggas from down South we so gap, wid this gangsta
shit
Nigga best believe it's about that cheesin' and I'll rob
you trick
Grippin' on my glock, pop, pop, pop, nigga that's my
shit I'm slick
Raise up off these playas nuts, shank you I don't give a
fuck
Nigga we can slang throw them thangs what the fuck is
up
Bangin' the fuckin' microphone that nigga straight
from Tennessee
Psychopathic, schizophrenic, bitches cannot fuck with
me,
Three Six on my dizick, hoe stop swingin' on my fuckin'
nuts

Keep on talkin' shit I just might stick you in your fuckin'
guts
Niggas shankin', now I think it's time to blaze that B-U-D
Now I'm high, really high, a hustla in reality
Enter the asylum of a motherfuckin' lunatic
Introduce you to my tone let's get in to some gangsta
shit
Nigga wid the mind full of crime I'm about to click
Shots up to you playa hatas till you give me somethin'
nig
Back up off my dick because you know you cannot fuck
wit this
Leave your body burnin' in a motherfuckin' crucifix
(Yeh, like I said before, we still up in this bitch...)

Hook (sounds like Eazy E being mixed in)

[Verse 2:]

Up early in the morning, rollin' tokin' swisher blunts
Thinkin' to myself, how, can I get this junt crunk
Light up another blunt, now I'm feelin' super straight
Playa hatin' bitch type niggas who I really hate
So I have to meditate, just to keep my mind right
If I don't it's gonna be a killin' at the midnight
Pimp tight lyricist, busta can't fade this
Leave ya body in a grave talkin' all that weak shit
Come and get your wig split, but you ain't, cause you
can't
Step to a psycho, gotta let you know,
Once before we let the bullets flow,
Got the rap game sold up, hold the, speaker, now it's
time to clicka
Bang bang shoot 'em up, bloodied up ya fuckin' guts
Trick I thought I told you don't you ever try to test my
nuts
Creepin' through the front door slowly, like a fuckin'
sniper
Hyper, than a muhfuckin' fired piper
Silence, violence, is all that I think about
One two three four punks that you read about

[Verse 3:]

It be Lil Chee-zy in the back,
That nigga wid that three eight gat
Keeps that motherfucka packed,
Just in case these niggas act
Like they wanna hustla hate,
I'm tryna feed my fuckin' kids
I be damned if they don't eat,
Tryna take what's mine you trick
Any end will have to take to split a punk ass nigga's

dome,
Chop a hater wid my chrome, take off my mask so I
could be known
I don't give a fuck got shit to lose I just go buck
you feel the ooze ain't had enough now catch the blues
my shit is rough you knew the rules,
before you stepped, to a pimp tight nigga-ro,
And I ain't scared to go toe to toe to let these bitch ass
niggas know
It's gon' take a murder case to put these tricks up in
they place
Lock you in my Chevy will bump for E&G keeps twistin'
skunk
Playas get your fuckin' gat, cause you know the
robber's back
It's so Fly got for these punks cause Lil Chee-zy gettin'
it crunk

Hook

[Verse 4: Playa Fly]

Everlastin' gangsta Playa bound to reach the fuckin' top
SPV is backin' me, bustin' wide playa lock
Niggas down from Jackson bumpin' tracks and keep us
taxin' hoe
Fly done buy that whitey's got you frighten on that
goodie dope
Dirty dud and gangsta stayin' ri-zaw and inflictin' pain
Playa from the shower full ah powder coca fuckin' caine
Gettin' it crunk and gettin' a drank, pon a funky
roadster bitch
Down to make a dollar don't you holler busta follow this
SPL is super thick, clickin' quickly full ah blunts
Now that Playa's on the scene, tell me did Fly get it
crunk?

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