

Jeff Loomis

"Get Crunk"

Visit "[Get Crunk](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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 lexus
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]

Visit [Jeff Loomis](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.