

Louchie Lou & Michie One

"Get Some Crunk In Yo System"

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Get some crunk in yo system! {*repeat 8X*}
(Rapper talking in background)

[Verse 1]

I can feel it
These haters don't like me
They see me at a show
Them niggaz get excited
Cuz they think they finna get me
But nigga I'mma riot
Found myself a riot
So nigga don't try it
Guns I collect 'em
Guns fo' protection
Guns fo' dat nigga dat tried me and learned a lesson
And ain't no second guessin
I'm good wit my weapon
I ain't never been a lame in da game I'm respectin
???
I'm looking fo' trouble
My own label just found out that I'm a monsta
But its too late cuz I signed for a hundred
It's something
Ain't nothing
I'm roofless
Still producing
Cut me a tape and you'll buy yoself two
???
Niggaz say I'm trill
They ain't hard I can prove it
YEEAAHHHH!!!

[Chorus]

Get some crunk in yo system! {*repeat 16X*}
(P. Troy talking in background)

[Verse 2]

I'm sippin on da crunk juice
Hennessy to get me loose
Niggaz getting buck and shit
Drinkin all da grey goose

Throwin signs up in da hair
Representin from wher I came
Its da same shit in da club niggaz fightin mane
Throwin bows and breakin chairs
Niggaz pullin hoes hair
Runnin threw the club wit dey click cuz they don't care
Screamin out whateva side
All my niggaz down to ride
If you think I'm lyin then you pussy niggaz bet not try
I'mma let you know
I ain't never been a scarry hoe
I'mma let you know that I never been a scarry hoe
Bustin niggaz brains over fuckin wit my game hoe
Then leave yo ass jane'd doe
In da middle of ya yard
Imma pull yo car fo' actin hard
Down on boulevard Nigga!!

[Chorus]

Get some crunk in yo system! {*repeat 16X*}
(P. Troy talking in background)

[Verse 3]

Guess who they called up
Out of the wood works
Take off my fuckin shirt
I'm reppin to da dirt
I'm reppin to da grave
I'm reppin for da 'A'
I'm ridin twenty-one
On my impala son
I'm smoking big dro
I'm wit da red hoe
Her cousin got da blow
We kicked dat nigga do'
Off da hinges
I'm relentless
I represent this
Can I get a witness (Amen!)
Amen I work hard for da south
These niggaz playin hard with they thumb in they
mouth
The house the car
The bitches bustin out they bras
Just so they can show they titties to a star
Baby my door ajar
The passenger too
I'm ready to ride
So what's up boo
(Yeah) Keepin it real (real)
Keepin it trill (trill)

Reppin da ville (ville)
I show will

[Chorus]
Get some crunk in you system! {*repeat 16X*}
(P. Troy talking in background)

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