

## **Skee-Lo "Crenshaw"**

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Crenshaw on Sunday night

(Skee-Lo)

Drinkin up my friends me and Funke Trend  
Check the scenery but I'll be steppin on the scene  
All the queens get de-fiendin me  
They be fiendin me when I'm leanin in my route  
When I get the Jefferson and I'm bustin at you  
and I'm rollin down the other side  
On my eyes is the locs freaks all around  
They' be tryin to be down because I'm Skee-Lo yo  
It's all good though I'm exbo I'm coastin  
Gangster's hittin switches breakin corners three wheel  
motions  
And I'm hopin to pull a fly honey lookin cute  
Spittin game what's your name?  
You look cute in your daisy dukes  
Who me I'm Skee, I rap and produce  
Pull over I wanna know you and my crew wants to know  
your crew  
Now how them cheeks fit in the seat of that Jeep  
See this is type of freak that could be cool for me  
I like her style she like my style I make her smile she  
think I'm funny  
Won't front it be pump rollin Crenshaw on Sunday

(Chorus)

Crenshaw on Sunday night  
Slowin down to forty five  
Crenshaw on Sunday night  
Slowin down to forty five

(Funke)

It's only crackin on Sunday nights fools don't be out  
jackin  
They be out mackin lookin for action and satisfaction  
And I'll be askin these freaks for they AT&T  
Well how you doin?  
You lookin nice hey my name is Funke  
Yo your show is swollen around your corner  
You trap and you be in freaks got more cheeks than  
Gary Coleman

So what's your name?  
(My name is Brenda my friends call me Brend)  
That's Skee-Lo and Trend yo call your friends and hop  
on in  
Let's take a spin bust a mission of exposition  
You dippin and trippin  
and now they got the taste of some chicken and  
waffles  
A daily special for Funke  
now since everybody hungry yo I'm bustin a road to  
Roscoe's  
Stand with women that stack with Toni Brax  
Brothers left they straps and gats at the pack  
The just askin for some Jimmy hats so they can tax  
But I'ma max and relax and enjoy my bomb day  
Crenshaw on Sundays

(Chorus)  
Crenshaw on Sunday night  
Slowin down to forty five  
Crenshaw on Sunday night  
Slowin down to forty five

(Trend)  
Bumper to bumper people frontin Crenshaw fun  
And do flossin on slossin cars parkin music bumpin  
Nobody dumpin nobody startin nothin  
We just kickin it and getting digits  
On one time be givin tickets  
But I'm straight with up to date tags on my plates  
The boulevard is hot from spot to spot watch your block  
All the homies be comin from Long Beach, Compton  
and Wash  
This song is props and all the cops can do is watch  
It's two 'o' clock am and we still at the parkin lot  
Coverin freaks with the camera it's like the freak net in  
the Atlanta  
Georgia, with more hoes than Santa told ya  
West Coast will be havin more hoochies for ya I wanna  
know ya  
That's the type of game that I'm spittin  
Rollin up and down the strip steady dippin is how I'm  
livin  
Ain't no fun if the homies can't come  
Show ya ride we all packed in the bag at the Shaw on  
Sunday night

(Chorus)  
Crenshaw on Sunday night  
Slowin down to forty five  
Crenshaw on Sunday night

Slowin down to forty five  
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