

Eve F/ The Ruff Ryders

"Skunk"

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[Intro]

Do what chu want, when you be under the skunk

[Choclair]

Floatin like.. a mile high

Yeah, smoking trees

Do what chu want, when you be under the skunk

[Choclair]

See, while you niggas flop ya gums

I hop on the the Doogotty, pull back on the throttle
catwalk down Younge

Think I, crash and burn?

Looked on the ground, skid marks way out in a juked
up swerve

It's rock, 360 wheel back, 180 lift dust that I dever
reach you can't get

Tell you worldwide, it's T dot city

Don't bling like he but the thick hang heavy

Lambed out in the all black Chevy

Sleek and stack - you can't see that

Phantom menace, a feather in your presence

And deprive your high rise, baby girl, and ya get it

[Kurupt]

Niggas try to bomb our Trade Center

You motherfucking bitch-ass niggas

Calculate, calculative, intervention

With a pistol in position to start thumping all

All the homies on the streets start pumping all

Fill up the streets with sherm and heat

Make 'em wiggle like worms, lift niggas out of they seat

Shift 'em chest to feet, Canada, West to East

Calicos might spread lead start ricocheting head to
head

I'm Kurupt Young Gotti bitch, heard what I said?

Yeah bitch, eat a dick instead

[Chorus]

Get ya Pesos, take fallacio then slide

(Do what chu want, when you be under the skunk)
That's right
Get ya Pesos, take fallacio then slide
(Do what chu want, when you be under the skunk)
That's right
Elevate yo, peeps to know with this chi'
(Do what chu want, when you be under the skunk)
That's right

[Kurupt]
Bouncin, movin, rockin, shakin (That's right)

[Choclair]
It's just 'Nock, and K-U-R-U-P-T and...
On this lyrical high, and moving to the music
(When you be under the skunk)
Choclair got ya high, and Young Gotti, and...
Don't bounce unless you can put it together
(And moving to the music, under the skunk)

[Choclair]
See, redline and clutch push to the floor
Pistons doin like they grill you no more
Ladies on the back of the floor
Thinkin I'm gon kick it to 6, switch lanes drop it down
into 4
Meaning, all y'all comin of the balls
T dot comin suave for y'all
Kurupt spark the blunt for y'all
While all y'all balls be sleepin when the radio be playing
your song
See, can't help with that Suave Dawg
I, I be when they wanna follow this stally
I switched they whole game so the whole time they be
following the same damn tree
Confused? People tried to flop on me
Thirty days Gold, "Ice Cold" (What?)
Yo, y'all know who's, reppin T dot
When you see Choclair say "What up, Chizznock?"

[Interlude: Kurupt]
Get up fast, touch your ass
To hit some ass, so quick and so fast
Ridin slow, rock and move
Two shot's of Hennesey, that's the remedy
Movin, smashin, smashin streets, streets
Nigga bouncin, movin, rockin, shakin

[Kurupt]
Hun, niggas tried to rob my nigga
Two semi's change is mine, my nigga

Concentrate, 38 intervision
With pistols in position take flight like fishing
Murder red ripples, then all cripple
Fuck around and leave niggas cripple
Chip a nigga motherfucking shoe with the full wind
nickel
Chrome nickel soar, like mockingbirds
Mocking my words, might chip niggas like Titanic chip
Icebergs
Coming through on perv, dip, swerve
Niggas got the nerve, niggas try and serve
Swing like pendulums, perfect aim
Separate, poetical purple rain
Detonate, you niggas little as Eddie Kain
Nigga, I me on Paul be on Hussein, motherfucker

[Chorus]

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