

Tear Da Club up Thugs "Who the Crunkest"

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Who the crunkest in this motherfucker?

(Folks on the right)

Who the crunkest in this motherfucker?

(People on the left)

(People on the left)

(People on the left)

(People on the left)

You know the time is tickin' short, now I'm reachin' for
the vault

Grab them clothes that match the night and them
things they call they

Aunt, yes, a nigga know I'm quiet, if you don't talk they
think your soft

But I be quick to pull and blast and leave your body full
of chalk

Never talk 'cause when you talk, these hoes be all up in
your biz

Bring the word up, where you livin'? All the shit a nigga
did

Hoe I ain't dentin' a fuckin' dinner roll, your bodies in
the trunk

'Cause shit some keys over seas, may the flour mix
with funk

I call the police, 911, "Their's been a murder on my set"

And when they pull up on my set, we pop them things
and then we jet

On the low is how I keep it, if you want your blood to
spill

Run your mouth off in the street and pull your gun to
shoot to kill

If you real, if you realer than a motherfuckin' gang

On the block is where you hang, throw them
motherfuckin' thangs

Nigga, drivin' up the K, slangin' rocks or pushin' weight
Ghetto nigga from the south, ain't no law that we can't
break

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(People on the left)
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Who the crunkest, who the crunkest
Who the crunkest, who the crunkest
Who the crunkest, who the crunkest
Who the crunkest in this motherfucker?

What you know about goin' out, headin' out, ridin' out,
down south
Findin' DJ Paul with the gold and diamonds in his mouth
Ridin' in the Rover with the boys and the broads in the
cars behind me
Could you tell me how'd you find me

Rolex hangin' up out the window, shiny as hell
I must have gave myself away with my diamond bezzle
Slang the Rover in the garage, crankin' up the Capris
Time to check up on my tramps in the B A Z week

Zone us hangin' on corners, slangin' that marijuana
Hoe we been known since we been gone good, since
this early morn
Biggity bust 'em, dust 'em, make 'em put plugs in
donuts
In my hood, I'm like wassup with somethin' that's on us

Groovin' with the Hypnotized Camp Posse boys
Took my credit card, the Lexus, bought ten of them
toys
Ha, ha, I got you thinkin', wishin' you was thru with the
Hypnotizers
But facin' failure, you can get the club crunk like us

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Knicky knack, patty wack, automatic ghetto bust
Some say they down but they shady, so in glock I trust
I shall bust if you in it, man, represent it, man
If it's all about that, yah, that green then I'm wit' it, man

Understand where I'm comin' from, out the ghetto slum
Project Pat, Tear Da Club Up Thugs out here slangin'
drugs
Makin' lame thugs bite the dust, if they step to us
Ain't no need to cuss even fuss, let that Ruger bust

If you real, you can keep it real, never fake the deal
If you gotta kill for your meal than you handle that
In the street the gat is a tool used for regulatin'
Poppin' off lead at your hat when you violating

Incriminating eyes when you see me passin' in my Lex
Haters in diguise, don't you boot this killa, do what it
takes
Laid to rest, must have been your time for you to clock
out
Had a vest but you should have had your fuckin' glock
out

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Who the crunkest, who the crunkest
Who the crunkest in this mother?
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