

Henri Padovani

"Get Crunk or Get Ghost"

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[Archie Lee]

SwishaHouse bitch, I wreck shows and flows
Swng wide, frank does, and high cap on hoes
Bouts my peety, bouts lucci, all abouts my cash
I was feeling kind of bored so I bought me a jag
Pull up in escalade and I swatch the street
I was feeling kind of chilly so I bought me some heat
Fuck with made niggas cause thats all I know
And I'ma beats my hoe if she ain't got my doe
You hoes best to run for cover cause we bouts to blow
"loaded with cash no plex no more"
Mista Masta Archie Lee I'm way live-r than most
SwishaHouse bitch now get crunk or get ghost

[Big Tiger]

It's the million Big Tike I'ma knock out pro
Leave a niggas fronts on the god damn floor
Ramming niggas like a rhino, rhinoceros
Kick more ass than Jacki Chan and Chuck Norris
Whats the deal I hid a nigga from his mind
Yep you got a line but not big as mine
I came to wreck this, disrespect this
Hit a nigga in his stomach and I broke his necklace
Bob and I weave, weave and I bob
And I ain't go stop untill I knock down my job
SwishaHouse bitch, get crunk or get ghost
'fore I put a fork in you like the don Al Bo

[Al Bolden]

Al Beezy dog !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
And it's time to get hype
And pop trunk on twanks
with AK's out the viper
And when I touch the mike i'm trying tro make these
boys feel it
And when I stretch this lab I'ma fifth rell it, grill it
Sip the eight, don't spit it cause i'm throweder than
most
When Archie Lee goes platinum I'ma pose a toast to all
my
reel niggas from H-town to Maine, Californ-i-a

I got them boys riding swangs, popping trunk Al bang
I'ma take this city Al B. don't bo
Got them haters looking shitty
Forty diamonds stay pretty
Body rocking your trunk
You boys better get ghost, cause I'ma get crunk

(Chorus)

SwishaHouse bitch, now get crunk or get ghost
Cause we be the niggas that be crunker than most
Everybody hit the floor cause it's about to go down
Northside, southside how you like us now

SwishaHouse bitch, now get crunk or get ghost
Cause we be the niggas that be crunker than most
Everybody hit the floor cause it's about to go down
East coast, west coast how you like us now

[Lil Ron]

Now is you with that, cause if you ain't get gone
Now when the blunts get blown I be in my own zone
The northside my home, we be showing naked ass
Gliding on bast, with glocks ready to blast
You better move real fast, I break up things
Lil Ron's my name I'm bout to spit a little game
I'm known to bring pain when I come down your block
Bigger stars out your flock, beating up all they cock
I got a million dollar platinum, i'm bout to execute my
plan
Big faces don't fit I got to hold'em in my hand
Make a grand, spend a grand nigga that don't mean
nothin'
We ride down the set in a Lexus on buttons
You know them choppers cutting, we left ass fall in the
grass
I used to broke but now I put that in the past
Lets see who let standing, nigga i'ma be the last
I opened up my trunk and caused a freight linner crash
To be the best is my task, I hold them fire things
When the bang hit your brain yo mind gone go insane
I'm the throwdest in the game but I'm also a G
In the B-E-N-T getting gone off that tree
Get crunk !

[Big Pic]

Hopping out tinted Lac to call this nigga in black
My freestyle's down to act I split wigs and back
John Hancock on contracts watch Pic bring havock
I suggest you scat before I deside to attack
Fraud niggas get crushed when the stage get rushed
Cause we young and nigga clushed, turning life to dust

Gets legal like a connection best call for protection
Better check your nuts whe the house in your section
And the mouth going off, aggitating the cump
Get ghost or get crunk or end up on your rump
Suggest you not test cause I damage your chest
I'm on the quest to be the best, and can't sell us for
less
Bitch alert your block cause my cage unlock
Red and grey riding chops, dash box with a glock
SwishaHouse is hot fuck those who wasn't down
Bitch we acting bad, now how you like us now

[Blyndcyde]

I'm opening up my drop so I can ride the choppers
Fuck doing rock and rock I'ma flood the block
Headed straight for the top on the ground for skrilla
On the way like a guerilla nigga whats the dilla
It's Blyndcyde the heavyweight, steady shaken the
crowd
Breaking mikes, putting down for the top of my town
Because I'm bold and I'm cold, you just wait till I'm old
I'm the reason that the north is how post they cold
With diamonds cluster, now how you strutter block
buster
If you fake I'll crush ya', taking off like a thruster
An earthquaker, shaking the world with my bang
Hell nah that ain't Alaska that's a piece of my chain

(Chorus)

[Lester Roy]

SwishaHouse bitch, I've been crunker than most
I tot my pistol in the club cause I be full of that dope
And I ain't scared, fuck nah to put a hole in a nigga
I'ma trigger happy nigga, putting holes in Hilfigers
With some thug ass niggas sipping eighty proof liquor
Split swisher down the middle, sun up with the killa
I'ma northside thug getting fucked with a mean mug
I don't give a fuck cause I fuck yo slut
She was bopping hustle, she seen the bezzletine on my
neck
A nigga start to trip but Archie Lee rass a teck
I hope you strapped for the rest cause like Big Pic I
leave a mess

[Lil Mario]

Get crunk or get ghost, I'm jumping off the ropes
Elbow drop like Randy Savage fucking around with
third coast
They can't hold me, Lil Yo me coming down that
avenue

Pop trunk, 'mote controll, third eyed, red and blue
Gone off that killa weed now scoring Archie Lee
Man I'm so fly cause Watt's got that hennesy
Get crunk or move over, northside soldier,
SwishaHouse bitch and I done already told you
Who gives a fuck about the nigga if they mad
I'ma swang wide and I'ma hop in they grass
And the yo it I ain't for it, better ask that boy daz
One thing you never fuck with is my blood or my cash
nigga

[A.D.]

You want me to get crunk
You want me to pop the trunk
You want me to pull out thirty miles burn punk
Laying boys on they back, when I ripping these track
Screen in the Lac I done already did that
Don't plex when I wreck, cleaning up the set
Disrespect we breaking necks, we ain't playing a tet
Bezzeltines on chest, I'ma red in the lane
I'm maintaining moving bricks and bola
Fucking with my clique we knocking off heads and
shoulders
So lets " give a toast who balls the most "
"SwishaHouse bitch get crunk or get ghost nigga"

(chorus)

[Sabwarfare]

Crunker than most, making busters down right ghost
Standing strongger for my post, nigga third is the
coast
Give them a dose and watch them biches crumble like
toast
Alot of crews be coming close, but we done came with
the most
And that ain't to boast, it's real we danger like loaded
skills
Try to kill one in the fields, long with lyrical skills
And thats the deal you dig, nigga plex I split wigs
Put a bum up in your girlfriend house and kidnap yuor
kids
I'm bout my bitch motherfuker now get crunker than
that
Talking that shit cause you drunk off that yak, nigga
I'm armed with a gat
I pull it out and lay you out on your back
your body shaking with your blood on the mat
So back,back cause I'm closterphobic cain't nobody
hold me down
Warefare representing for that northside of town

To you clowns it's whatever on the house I put my
cheddar
Any time, place or weather bet there ain't nobody
better

[J-Dawg]

SwishaHouse bitch, now whats the god damn deal
Everybody hit the floor it's going down for real
I'm fixing to set it off, I got some shit up on my chest
I'm fixing to let it
off
now give me elbow room, and if you you make the
wrong move bitch I'm clearing
the room And if ain't up on are side all you hear is
boom
And thats that, you better get down and get back
Cause I'm full of that wack and I don't know how to act
I got a contract for the mike's I break
I got strikes under my belt for the lifes I take
And I'm real enough to know when I'm dealing with
faith
Better get yo shit straight when you come my way
J-Dawg I don't play to grown for that, I'm trying to go
plat ain't no holding
back
And if you cain't deal with that then hit the door
SwishaHouse Bitch now get crunk or get ghost

[Slim Thug]

Now get crunk or get ghost, cause I make mike smoke
I'm Slim Thug you might heard out that thirty third
coast
Boss Hogg and shot calling and I'm twenty inch
crawling
My rang and beats and chain defenition of balling
Clarion screen falling in my Fleetwood Lac
Four eighteen in my trunk I'm bout to crack my back
I give haters a heart attack when I get on these track
Cause I can make that nigga Jigga hit verse sound
wack
Talk back and get smack ain't cut no slack
Cause I got more dirty gats than they got in iraq
Hit hitter, brick splitter with a fifty round spitter
You better duck when I buck cause I ain't no quitter
Talk down and get popped, fuck with us and get
dropped
Me and my clique on top so go on and give us are
props
We can't be stopped so stop all you fraud ass punks
Get your bitch ass ghost or get your bitch ass crunk

(Chorus till end)

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