

## Halley

# "Flava 2 Da Crunk"

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::VERSE 1::

Came from tha boogie down,  
Straight to Agg-town  
Hat drop it low,  
That's how I choose to roll now,  
Had to leave the mall,  
9 o clock tha Parks close down,  
No need to go home,  
Cause my night ain't fully over now,  
Wherever my car stops,  
That's where we throw down,  
Ain't now use in paying dem dollars,  
To go clubbin now'  
It's about time, that I represent now,  
Here's how my flava,  
Made it to tha durtty south,

::CHORUS::

Baby this is how we,  
Shake a lil but,  
Get on the grind,  
Playas pop ya collars,  
Pimps cop a dime,  
Bump this on a Saturday nite,  
Deep in tha club,  
Break em off dj,  
Turn my shhh up  
Flava to the crunk,  
Bump this in ur ear,  
From ur bass to ur speakers,  
To ur trunk,  
Baby this is how weâ€¦

::VERSE 2::

Pull up to the spot,  
Jump out tha ride,  
Soon as we arrive,  
Gangst's tip and ride,  
See that hustla's ova there,  
They always's on tha grind,  
Tryna make that buck,

Ain't no shame in tha grind,  
We keep it gutty down here,  
Gotta keep it real,  
In tha club we drop it low,  
Talk that mess we throw dem bows-  
That's why I always hold it down,  
Gotta do this for my town,  
R&B and Hip Hop,  
Comin' straight for tha crown,  
And befor I let yall go,  
I just gotta let yall know that,  
It's about time that I represent now,  
Here's how my flava,  
Made it to tha durtty south,

::CHORUS::

::RAP::

Jamaica to New York  
Texas to ATL,  
We droppin it,  
Shakin it  
Give you something for your heartburn,  
Bringing u some more,  
Some heat for ur front door,  
Give you something hot,  
Blow up ur spot,  
Gonna turn up tha heat,  
And make ur dance bones pop,  
Jumpin, Clubbin,  
Ain't no use in frontin'  
We got what u want,  
And you know it's a must man,  
Spicy like mustard and ketchup on ur buns,  
Like what I got in my bag full of hits,  
Let me show you what I got,  
Let me show u who I am,  
I got tha ish to make ya dance,  
Cause I got that flava for ur ear,  
Got that crunk for ur funk,  
Put that bass in ur system,  
So music won't be bunk,  
Ain't no slippin' in my pimpin,  
Ain't no faults in my walk,  
Gotta quiet on down,  
Let that angelbaby talk.

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