

Crunchin

Boldy James

I'm from Detroit so you already know what's up then
I don't care how you get yo' money cause I'm plugged in
By any means necessary, nigga, just win
I was down 120, now I'm up a buck ten
I owe you, it's only us I put my trust in
Fuck friends, I don't get none
But my shotgun cause this just fam
So better click in, on 6 Mile, I'm the brick man
My sink bowl like a sinkhole
And it's going down, bitch, quicksand
Air bending with them hair triggers, give you split ends
When I burn 'em out I ain't worried bout
No couple thou' 'cause I get bands
So bitch, dance cause I'm tippin', basketballin', Big Ten
I'm tryna slam and get a private dance
She actin' like she don't give head
Bitch, quit playin', all I got is dick and
Some big bread and I'm fresh out
But you could put your mouth on my dick head
I'm good on my feet but I'm even better in bed
My left pocket got a fish head
And my right pocket by the ten spread

While niggas out here tryna act like they doing some
I ain't gotta rap, I'mma do numbers

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Cause my trap slap, and my hood bumpin'
Got the spot jam-packed and the club jumpin'
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I-I-I ain't gotta rap, my trap do numbers
Plus, I got them collard greens, cabbage and the cucumbers
True pockets full of green beans and cream cheese
And, last few summers, I been ballin' out, bitch, D-League
Now I'm in the NBA, nothing but ass and titties
When I'm in the A, it's pinups and Magic City
Used to do a Bo a day, selling halves for fifty
Put up the hundreds and the fifties and I stack the twenties
Playing with them tens and fives, I would practice plenty
Now I got them Posturepedic stacks, that's that mattress money

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Lay a nigga down if he think I'm pussy
I got the thesis for a rat but they kinda ugly
Sippin' tinky winky, got every color laid
Purple, red, yellow, green, we some Teletubbies
M-A-P, game time, get this money
Concrete, 227, hell block, hully gully

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