

Crank That

Caleb Gordon

Yeah

Ayy, 2000, E-S-T

That boy O-C-O-E-E

Christ steppers get the Word and we gon' crank that (We up)
We don't need no clips or magazines, why would you think that? (Uh-uh)
Feel like Neo, this ain't what it seems, just check the playback (Check it)
Feel like Nino, way I get the Word and then I spray that (Brrt)

Tebow, way I get the Word and then I slang that (It's gone)
I'm fly like eagles, see the bird, that's where my strength at (Just like a bird)
Luci tried to take me out, but now it's payback (He can't)
Remember I was down up in that dirt, but shoot my Ajax (I'm some like what?)

I some like comet (Yeah, I'm clean)
If you ain't G-O-
D then why would I trust your comment? (Why would I trust you?)
Why would I step in the ring and fight my own problem? (Why would I touch it ?)
I just step back and I let the King solve 'em (I'm steppin' back)
Watch the enemy get blocked like Iguodala (We blockin' that)
Couldn't fill that hole up in my heart with all them dollars (It ain't enough)
Without Christ I was just a dog without a collar (I was lost)
But now I and now He answer when I call Him (I'm callin' up)

Christ steppers get the Word and we gon' crank that (Shoot around that)
We don't need no clips or magazines, why would you think that?
Feel like Neo, this ain't what it seems, just check the playback (Uh-uh)
Feel like Nino, way I get the Word and then I spray that (Brrt)
Christ steppers get the Word and we gon' crank that (We steppin')
We don't need no clips or magazines, why would you think that? (Uh-uh)
Feel like Neo, this ain't what it seems, just check the playback (Check it)
Feel like Nino, way I get the Word and then I spray that (Brrt)

Tebow, way I get the Word and then I slang that (It's gone)
I'm fly like eagles, see the bird, that's where my strength at (Just like a bird)
Luci tried to take me out, but now it's payback (He can't)
Uh-huh
Remember I was down up in that dirt, but shoot my- (Yeah)

Cross all on my back, hyphy on my feet
You ain't gotta ask, you know where I be
Down in F-L-A, straight out N-Y-C
Seen 'em on my job, tryna get like me
How you throw the jersey on?
You tried to split the team
Heard my dog was switchin' on me
What he did was green
Wanna try me like I'm dumb? God gon' intervene
'Cause these kids are not my sons, shout to Billie Jean
It's the mic' check, a certified Christ stepper
Murder on the beat, what you mean?
This is light, brother
Way they rappin', I could tell that they don't write, ever

Messin' around me lackin', get your life well up (Grrt)
Really don't want no part of it
I really know I'm a Lauder jit
The city, I'm in the heart of it
I rev it up and I probably went
And did it before you though of it
Ain't no need to tote that fire
Man, you started it

Christ steppers get the Word and we gon' crank that
We don't need no clips or magazines, why would you think that?
Feel like Neo, this ain't what it seems, just check the playback
Feel like Nino, way I get the Word and then I spray that
Christ steppers get the Word and we gon' crank that
We don't need no clips or magazines, why would you think that?
Feel like Neo, this ain't what it seems, just check the playback
Feel like Nino, way I get the Word and then I-