

Crunk Ain't Dead

Duke Deuce

Deuce Duke
Project Pat
Juicy J, let me tell you, man
Lil Jon

We too crunk, ho, we got you niggas scared, yo (Yeah)
We too crunk, ho, we got you niggas scared, yo (Yeah)
We too crunk, ho, we got you niggas scared, yo (Yeah)
We too crunk, ho, we got you niggas scared, yo (Let's go)

'Bout to kick the door, they been sleepin' on big foe
Nigga popped out for some Anna, so I robbed him for his camera
I'm a gangster motherfucker and I'm standin' on that shit
We just stepped in with them tools, let's go hammer in this bitch
Yeah, trappin' from bag to bag, we can go mag for mag
These niggas false, they flag, how you goin' rag to rag?
Book bag got the big pump
Like high school, you can get jumped
Can't play me like a weak punk, ayy
Bend it over, let me see somethin', ayy
Bitch, I'm a monster
Dumpin' niggas like a Tonka
GD crazy like my uncle
This not a Honda
Hellcat loud like some thunder
Fuck 12, fuck you honor (Ugh)
All these lil' rappers think they tough
I swear to God, I don't give two fucks
Our nuts hangin', we gang bangin'
We bet who first to fuck some' up (What the fuck?)

Crunk ain't dead, crunk ain't dead, crunk ain't dead, ho (Break the law)
Crunk ain't dead, crunk ain't dead, (Break the law), crunk ain't dead, bitch
(Break the law)
Crunk ain't dead, crunk ain't dead (Break the law), crunk ain't dead, ho (Br
eak the law)
Crunk ain't dead, crunk ain't dead (Break the law), crunk ain't dead, ho

Tennessee, get a key (Crunk ain't dead)
GA, they don't play (Crunk ain't dead, crunk ain't dead, ho)
Out in Texas, shit get reckless (Crunk ain't dead)
To California, place your order (Crunk ain't dead, crunk ain't dead, bitch)
To the boot, them niggas shoot (Crunk ain't dead)
Florida, free Yak, ho (Crunk ain't dead, crunk ain't dead)
Arkansas (Crunk ain't dead)
Shout out to Freddie (Crunk ain't dead, crunk ain't dead, bitch)
The Carolinas (Crunk ain't dead)
My nigga Vegas (Crunk ain't dead, crunk ain't dead, ho)
Mississippi, keep it pimpin' (Crunk ain't dead)
Alabama, bangin' hammers (Crunk ain't dead, crunk ain't dead, bitch)
Illinois, Larry Hoover (Crunk ain't dead)
Kentucky, they'll do you (Crunk ain't dead, crunk ain't dead, ho)
To Washington (Crunk ain't dead)
To Missouri (Crunk ain't dead, crunk ain't dead, bitch)

Juicy J don't fuck with niggas, got my section full of women
I'm gon' have to watch my step, I got all they pussies drippin'

Niggas dissin' on the low, you know I can't let it go
We got choppers like balloons, it's a party, let it blow
I treat my lungs with gas (Yeah), 'Rari got paper tags (Ho)
I've been on top for twenty-
some summers, no wonder why niggas is mad (They mad)
Big face don't tick-tock (Tick-tock)
All this ice, but I'm makin' shit hot (Shit hot)
2K in a ziplock (Ziplock)
Blue money make a Crip walk (Okay)
I'm an OG, young niggas ball for free, who they gon' come for, me? (Crunk ain't dead, ho)
You call it beef, it's just a crumb to me, I get it done in my sleep (Crunk ain't dead, ho)
They pretendin' to be gangster, but we know they scared as fuck (Crunk ain't dead, ho)
Let us in there with them pistols, we gon' tear the club up (Crunk ain't dead, ho)

Crunk ain't dead, crunk ain't dead, crunk ain't dead, ho (Yeah)
Crunk ain't dead, crunk ain't dead, crunk ain't dead, bitch (Shut the fuck up)
Crunk ain't dead, crunk ain't dead, crunk ain't dead, ho (Shit ain't dead)
Crunk ain't dead, crunk ain't dead, crunk ain't dead, ho (These niggas just scared)
Crunk ain't dead, crunk ain't dead, crunk ain't dead, ho (We shoot 'em dead)
Crunk ain't dead, crunk ain't dead, crunk ain't dead, bitch
Crunk ain't dead, crunk ain't dead, crunk ain't dead, ho
Crunk ain't dead, crunk ain't dead, crunk ain't dead, bitch

Jewelry, 'tillery, nah, you ain't cool with me
You niggas snitches and rats, you ain't foolin' me
I want the mula-ry, fuck all the foolery
Havin' these bands and these bitches ain't new to me
Squeeze on this Drac', it smoke you like hookah-ry
My drip the shit, the runs, the dook-ary
Guaranteed shine in the dark so you can see
Barrel, your man revolver cocked
You can be quiet, lil' dude
Your pockets look like on a diet, lil' dude
Your bitch ate my dick at the Hyatt, lil' dude
Now you wanna feud about the way that I got my rocks off
We in the club and this shit 'bout to pop off
Three of my niggas strapped, safety is on off
Fool didn't know, 'bout to get his shit blown off
This shit ain't sweet, this shit ain't candy
Memphis niggas savage with no Randy
We use violence, AK's handy
Money piled up, they can't stand me
Sippin' on brown, this ain't brandy
Beat a bitch down, understand me
City full of gas, hustle dandy
Jack with no mask, rob your mammy
Swipin' credit cards, we so scammy

Crunk ain't dead, crunk ain't dead, crunk ain't dead, ho