

# CRUNK

Kelvyn Colt

Chain swingin', head bangin', this is how I crunk  
This is how I crunk, this is, this is how I crunk  
Chain swingin', head bangin', this is how I crunk  
This is how I crunk, this is, this is how I crunk  
Yeah, chain swingin', head bangin', this is how I crunk  
This is how I crunk, this is, this is how I crunk

Ayy, pussy, better step out  
Flash light on the strap, bra-bra, then it's black out  
I say it on a track, so I can keep it calm  
If you don't hear it on a song, then it's quiet before the storm  
Yeah, yeah, ayy, you been warned  
That's what happens when you let 'em in your heart, it gon' get torn  
And I'm not into whinin', I just keep it movin' on  
I been through a ego death before and that shit made me strong  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, I don't pop pillies  
Trippin' of the shrooms, all my goons act silly  
R.I.P. to those gone too soon, do you feel me?  
I'm channelin' my inner-child and the universe to heal me  
Spiritual experience when I rage (Ayy)  
Plus I own my catalog, nigga, I ain't no damn slave  
Except to my desires, nigga, yes, I got my ways  
Gotta hit Rick Owens every time that I get paid

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