

# Let's Get It Crunk

Playa Fly

Niggas best beware of that motherf\*\*kin' villain  
It's hard to f\*\*k wid us, so prepare for the killin'  
Livin' where it's realer man and you don't know the feelin'  
It's time to grab my glock and make a rocket for the million  
Creepin on yo ass wid that mask what ya wanna do  
Boom is that sound shootin' rounds down glock we do  
All my row dogs down smokin' pounds it's that nigga who  
Don't give a f\*\*k, test your nuts, catch a slug fool  
Nigga wid the mind full of crime don't be guessin'  
If you fail to see him then a bullet you'll be catchin'  
Always packin' a weapon so keep steppin' don't let it happen  
You know that talkin' shit, as my lyrics start to cappin'  
The homies in the house and it's no doubt I'm finna sew shit up  
As I tape it over walk right over then I fulls you up  
Pass a sack and drink the yack and let my niggas roll it up  
Now we gettin' smoked out, now my locs get loc'd out  
Scopin' out the victim for the slayin' man  
you know I'm still up in this bitch  
Niggas from down South we so gap, wid this gangsta shit  
Nigga best believe it's about that cheesin' and I'll rob you trick  
Grippin' on my glock, pop, pop, pop, nigga that's my shit I'm slick  
Raise up off these playas nuts, shank you I don't give a f\*\*k  
Nigga we can slang throw them thangs what the f\*\*k is up  
Bangin' the f\*\*kin' microphone that nigga straight from Tennessee  
Psychopathic, schizophrenic, bitches cannot f\*\*k with me,  
Three Six on my dizick, hoe stop swingin' on my f\*\*kin' nuts  
Keep on talkin' shit I just might stick you in your f\*\*kin' guts  
Niggas shankin', now I think it's time to blaze that B-U-D  
Now I'm high, really high, a hustla in reality  
Enter the asylum of a motherf\*\*kin' lunatic  
Introduce you to my tone let's get in to some gangsta shit  
Nigga wid the mind full of crime I'm about to click  
Shots up to you playa hatas till you give me somethin' nig  
Back up off my dick because you know you cannot f\*\*k wit this  
Leave your body burnin' in a motherf\*\*kin' crucifix  
(Yeh, like I said before, we still up in this bitch...)

Up early in the morning, rollin' tokin' swisher blunts  
Thinkin' to myself, how, can I get this junt crunk  
Light up another blunt, now I'm feelin' super straight  
Playa hatin' bitch type niggas who I really hate  
So I have to meditate, just to keep my mind right  
If I don't it's gonna be a killin' at the midnight  
Pimp tight lyricist, busta can't fade this  
Leave ya body in a grave talkin' all that weak shit  
Come and get your wig split, but you ain't, cause you can't  
Step to a psycho, gotta let you know,  
Once before we let the bullets flow,  
Got the rap game sold up, hold the, speaker, now it's time to clicka  
Bang bang shoot 'em up, bloodied up ya f\*\*kin' guts  
Trick I thought I told you don't you ever try to test my nuts  
Creepin' through the front door slowly, like a f\*\*kin' sniper  
Hyper, than a muhf\*\*kin' fired piper  
Silence, violence, is all that I think about  
One two three four punks that you read about

It be Lil Chee-zy in the back,

That nigga wid that three eight gat  
Keeps that motherf\*\*ka packed,  
Just in case these niggas act  
Like they wanna hustla hate,  
I'm tryna feed my f\*\*kin' kids  
I be damned if they don't eat,  
Tryna take what's mine you trick  
Any end will have to take to split a punk ass nigga's dome,  
Chop a hater wid my chrome, take off my mask so I could be known  
I don't give a f\*\*k got shit to lose I just go buck  
you feel the ooze ain't had enough now catch the blues  
my shit is rough you knew the rules,  
before you stepped, to a pimp tight nigga-ro,  
And I ain't scared to go toe to toe to let these bitch ass niggas know  
It's gon' take a murder case to put these tricks up in they place  
Lock you in my Chevy will bump for E&G keeps twistin' skunk  
Playas get your f\*\*kin' gat, cause you know the robber's back  
It's so Fly got for these punks cause Lil Chee-zy gettin' it crunk

Everlastin' gangsta Playa bound to reach the f\*\*kin' top  
SPV is backin' me, bustin' wide playa lock  
Niggas down from Jackson bumpin' tracks and keep us taxin' hoe  
Fly done buy that whitey's got you frighten on that goodie dope  
Dirty dud and gangsta stayin' ri-zaw and inflictin' pain  
Playa from the shower full ah powder coca f\*\*kin' caine  
Gettin' it crunk and gettin' a drank, pon a funky roadster bitch  
Down to make a dollar don't you holler busta follow this  
SPL is super thick, clickin' quickly full ah blunts  
Now that Playa's on the scene, tell me did Fly get it crunk?