

# Get Crunk

## Lil' Flip

For the hoe ass niggas  
This for the niggas, hoe ass niggas  
Look at the nigga right next to you, look at him  
Is he real, is that nigga real, is that girl real  
Is that girl real, huh  
He a hoe, he a hoe, he a hoe, he a hoe  
If that nigga owe you money, he a hoe, he a hoe  
She a hoe, she a hoe, she a hoe, she a hoe  
If that hoe won't let you fuck, she a hoe, she a hoe  
He a hoe, he a hoe, he a hoe, he a hoe  
If he don't wanna sell you weed, he a hoe, he a hoe  
She a hoe, she a hoe, she a hoe, she a hoe  
If she don't wanna give you head, she a hoe, she a hoe  
They call me Thunder Cat 'cause I got so many hoes  
They call me cookie man 'cause I sold so many O's  
Did a lot of shows, made a lot of cash  
Slid out the Benz, jumped in a Jag  
Jumped out the Jag, then I hopped in a Hummer  
Guess what I drop, underground this summer  
But get ready, for the shit about to hit the air  
And bitch you ain't smoking endo, so I don't care  
He a hoe, he a hoe, he a hoe, he a hoe  
If that nigga owe you money, he a hoe, he a hoe  
She a hoe, she a hoe, she a hoe, she a hoe  
If that hoe won't let you fuck, she a hoe, she a hoe  
He a hoe, he a hoe, he a hoe, he a hoe  
If he don't wanna sell you weed, he a hoe, he a hoe  
She a hoe, she a hoe, she a hoe, she a hoe  
If she don't wanna give you head, she a hoe, she a hoe  
Say flip, look at all these hoes  
Some are girls but it's niggas also  
I'm tired of fellin' tention, when walking in places  
Niggas is hating, I'm fin to hurt they faces  
Change the paces, winning the races  
Money I'm making, cookies a nigga baking  
Feeling my status, above average  
Lil Ron be ready for all that static  
We got automatics, nigga we still thuggin'  
Nigga we still hustlin', all the hoes still loving

The way that we flowing, the cars that we driving  
The way that we hustle, that's the way we surviving  
Going to shows, going to clubs, riding on blaze, riding on Dubs  
We from the south, we country as hell  
Y'all smoking brown weed, we got that funky smell  
The dro and the do-do, the blueberry endo  
Riding on low-lows, flip there go the po-pos  
Step out, let me see your license and your insurance, nah 'cause  
You a hoe, you a hoe, you a hoe, you a hoe  
If the laws pull you over, he a hoe, he a hoe  
She a hoe, she a hoe, she a hoe, she a hoe  
If she want child support, she a hoe, she a hoe  
He a hoe, he a hoe, he a hoe, he a hoe

If he fucked up your car, he a hoe, he a hoe  
She a hoe, she a hoe, she a hoe, she a hoe  
If she tear up your Bentley, she a hoe, she a hoe  
I ain't never been the type to be in love with a hoe  
Instead I'm trying to leave out the club with a hoe  
A basket case, I spit in a bastard's face  
Walk in, crash the party and trash the place  
Fuck it I tried to tell 'em, some niggas wouldn't like it  
Too bad, you should of seen it coming like a psychic  
Then it's, back to the Benz that's sitting on chrome men  
Waving at the hoes, yelling aight then  
He a hoe, he a hoe, he a hoe, he a hoe  
If that nigga owe you money, he a hoe, he a hoe  
She a hoe, she a hoe, she a hoe, she a hoe  
If that hoe won't let you fuck, she a hoe, she a hoe  
He a hoe, he a hoe, he a hoe, he a hoe  
If he don't wanna sell you weed, he a hoe, he a hoe  
She a hoe, she a hoe, she a hoe, she a hoe  
If she don't wanna give you head, she a hoe, she a hoe  
Ki's from over seas for me, that's just some cain  
30 G's and robbing lanes, that's just some change  
Bows from them hoes, you know, that's just them thangs  
Listen to my pimp game, listen to my pimp game  
Yeah, fuck 'em, my nuts let 'em suck 'em and let 'em go  
Mississippi, p-p-pimping, mayne fa sho  
Coming down, gripping grain up on the do'  
On the flo man you slow and not knowing that she's a hoe  
You give her all your feelings, she giving me all your do'  
I'm shopping all day for polo and hydro  
Weed greed man, her pussy is what you need  
I'll fuck her in the puss, she giving you all them seeds

All my down south niggas get crunk, get crunk  
And all my eastcoast niggas get crunk, get crunk  
All the westcoast niggas get crunk, get crunk  
All the up north niggas get crunk, get crunk  
All the midwest niggas get crunk, get crunk  
All the K.C. niggas get crunk, get crunk  
All the H-town niggas get crunk, get crunk  
All the Pensacola niggas get crunk, get crunk  
Whenever you see a hoe, point 'em out, point 'em out  
Whenever you see a hoe, point 'em out, point 'em out  
Even if you know a hoe, point 'em out, point 'em out  
Whenever you see a hoe, point 'em out, point 'em out  
All my Mississippi niggas get crunk, get crunk  
All my Mississippi niggas get crunk, get crunk  
All my Mississippi niggas get crunk, get crunk  
That's all I know my nigga  
Nah, for real though  
Baton rouge, you know I'm talkin' bout  
Oklahoma coming down and L.A.

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