Get Crunk

Lil' Flip

ft./ Lil' Ron, Redd, David Banner
(Lil' Flip talking)
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(Chorus 1)
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
(Lil' Flip)
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(Chorus 1)(Lil Ron)
Say Flip, look at all these hoes
Some are girls, but its 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
(Lil' Flip)
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 that 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)(Chorus 2)
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(Redd)
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 its, back to the Benz that's sitting on chrome men
Waving at the hoes, yelling aiight then(Chorus 1)(David Banner)
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-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(Lil' Flip)
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)(Redd)
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)(David Banner)
All my Mississippi niggas get crunk (get crunk)
All my Mississippi niggas get crunk (get crunk)
All my Mississippi niggas get crunk (get crunk)(David Banner talking)
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.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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