

# 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 aight 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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