

Down Heya (in The South)

Youngbloodz

And thats how we keep it crunk, from the club to the streets
To the two door Capri, crunk out with the beat
We shakin' hoes off, cut em' up like a slab
Then hit the studio and take it back to the lab
If 5 on 2, shit its all good, we ride through the hood
In the Delta 88' with that Georgia license plate These niggas, don't know
They don't even wanna show no love to a nigga, like me, so I just stay On the grind, stay down for mine tryin'
to get mine in daily
Holla' at me like you know your foe, chiefin' on that green
Never snort a lot of coke, stayed down with the home team
Know what I mean, some shit, have a nigga, stressed out
Make him small fast
Bout' 175 will quit to open that cannon and whoop your ass
But ya' wait, get a bat face on the one-time while these hoes
Choose on the Attic Crew, my girl already been chose
These stankin' bitches get your boy caught up in that fuck shit
I know they suckin dick, but they thanking the game I spit
I put they ass in a rap and ride out on them hoes
Get wit' my slick part now, then hit the studio
Now see I jumps up, without a doubt
Not a question being asked as you dash, with no way out
Through the whirl-wind I spin, intruders, we break em' in
Atlanta Georgia, we comin' for ya' with 50 men
In sets of 10, no sippin' gin, we steppin' in its the Attic Crew
No flaw within, we them Youngbloodz wit' plenty kin
No ifs, no ands, no buts, no grins
We after you, so what you do is count to three then click your shoes
Then out the door, back to your hoe, down on the low
Straight, toe to toe, 'cause J-Bo is who I be, won't fuck with you
Don't fuck with me, so can't you see through the enemies
Where be all you can fuckin' be, stay sucker free
But first get some nuts before you fuck around and bite the dust
Now nigga what, so what you got now if you ride out on them cruts, Hook
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A day late and a dolla' short on the cat walk, windin'
Tryin' to get meat, 22 tryin' to see 23, Shawty, three U double T's
What it ain't gonna be, what it is over years I been scratchin'

And scrapin' still ain't came up with nothin'
Let everybody get they time to shine still waitin' on mine
In the meantime tryin' to find a loophole
God knows where the next one, for dead
Got bust in the neck, nigga cryin', but the grind don't stop
Like time don't stop, like a nigga who drop
Casket, cover it up and ride out, ain't got nothin' to be smilin' bout'
Only bit fake chasers, I'm tryin' to waste
Gotta keep on stackin', gotta keep on packin', slackin' gonna get me
Hemmed up, posted up in the store with the blow, don't show no flow
As long as though, see hit the gas flow
Gotta play it smart, gotta take it to the heart
Fuckin' around, gonna get you fucked up, 4:30, the hill, law gone
Always underestimated, great don't gives a fuck, don't make mistakes
Shake em' off gonna get it crunk before this thang get too late
Hold up, wait, my homeboys straight
Don't make me go upside your head
Drag your ass across the club, heard what I fuckin' said
We ain't scared, prepared to take this thang to the streets
Caprice and Fleetwood ride good Vouges with the beat
You might not understand a damn thang that I speak
I'm slizzard as hell, might stomp your punk ass to sleep
And when this thang get crunk, I pack it up and take it to the lab
Hit that gentlemens club and grab a couple of hoes off on the ass

Laugh if you will, thank its funny but it ain't what the fuck you gonna do When they hit you, stick you for your
bank

From the freeze-tag to the Fleetwoods, from the two door to the four door
Who got the leather, who got the cloth, who got the Vougues
With all the hoes, who got the gold, who got that grain
Who got the green, who got the chains, who got the bitch
I got the Fleetwood, girls most likely to complain
See somethings can't be explained, how we really do this man
Hit the lab, make it talk, now you here me once again
Have you jumpin' and shakin', like you off in that blue flame
Whats really going on holmes, can you please tell me man
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