

# Skunk

## Stoned Revivals

Do what chu want, when you be under the skunk  
Floatin' like a mile high  
Yeah, smoking trees  
Do what chu want, when you be under the skunk  
See, while you niggas flop ya gums  
I hop on the the Doogotty, pull back on the throttle  
Catwalk down Younge  
Think I, crash and burn?  
Looked on the ground  
Skid marks way out in a juke up swerve  
It's rock, 360 wheel back  
180 lift dust that I deever reach you can't get  
Tell you worldwide, it's T dot city  
Don't bling like he but the thick hang heavy  
Lambd out in the all black Chevy  
Sleek and stack, you can't see that  
Phantom menace, a feather in your presence  
And deprive your high rise, baby girl, and ya get it  
Niggas try to bomb our Trade Center  
You motherfucking bitch-ass niggas  
Calculate, calculative, intervention  
With a pistol in position to start thumping all  
All the homies on the streets start pumping all  
Fill up the streets with Sherm and heat  
Make 'em wiggle like worms, lift niggas out of they seat  
Shift 'em chest to feet, Canada, West to East  
Calicos might spread lead start ricocheting head to head  
I'm Kurupt Young Gotti bitch, heard what I said?  
Yeah bitch, eat a dick instead  
Get ya Pesos, take fallacio then slide  
(Do what chu want, when you be under the skunk)  
That's right  
Get ya Pesos, take fallacio then slide  
(Do what chu want, when you be under the skunk)  
That's right  
Elevate yo, peeps to know with this chi'  
(Do what chu want, when you be under the skunk)  
That's right  
Bouncin', movin', rockin', shakin'  
(That's right)  
It's just 'Nock, and K-U-R-U-P-T and  
On this lyrical high and moving to the music  
(When you be under the skunk)  
Chocclair got ya high, and Young Gotti  
And don't bounce unless you can put it together  
(And moving to the music, under the skunk)  
See, red line and clutch push to the floor  
Pistons doin' like they grill you no more  
Ladies on the back of the floor

Thinkin' I'm goin' kick it to 6, switch lanes drop it down into 4  
Meaning, all y'all comin' of the balls

T dot comin' suave for y'all

Kurupt spark the blunt for y'all

While all y'all balls be sleepin' when the radio be playing your song  
See, can't help with that Suave Dawg

I, I be when they wanna follow this stally

I switched the whole game

So the whole time they be following the same damn tree  
Confused? People tried to flop on me

Thirty days Gold, "Ice Cold"

(What?)

Yo, y'all know who's, reppin' T dot

When you see Chocclair say, "What up, Chizznock?"  
Get up fast, touch your ass

To hit some ass, so quick and so fast

Ridin' slow, rock and move

Two shot's of Hennessey, that's the remedy

Movin', smashin', smashin' streets, streets

Nigga bouncin', movin', rockin', shakin'  
Hun, niggas tried to rob my nigga

Two semi's change is mine, my nigga

Concentrate, 38 inter vision

With pistols in position take flight like fishing  
Murder red ripples, then all cripple

Fuck around and leave niggas cripple

Chip a nigga motherfucking shoe with the full wind nickel

Chrome nickel soar, like Mockingbirds

Mocking my words, might chip niggas like Titanic, chip Icebergs

Coming through on perv, dip, swerve  
Niggas got the nerve, niggas try and serve

Swing like pendulums, perfect aim

Separate, poetical purple rain

Detonate, you niggas little as Eddie Kain

Nigga, I me on Paul be on Hussein, motherfucker  
Get ya Pesos, take fallacio then slide

(Do what chu want, when you be under the skunk)

That's right

Get ya Pesos, take fallacio then slide

(Do what chu want, when you be under the skunk)

That's right  
Elevate yo, peeps to know with this chi'

(Do what chu want, when you be under the skunk)

That's right

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