

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 skunkSee, 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 juked up swerve
 It's rock, 360 wheel back
 180 lift dust that I never reach you can't get

Tell you worldwide, it's T dot cityDon't bling like he but the thick hang heavy
 Lambed 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 itNiggas 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 allFill 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 insteadGet 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 rightElevate yo, peeps to know with this chi'
 (Do what chu want, when you be under the skunk)
 That's rightBouncin', 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)
 Choclair 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 4Meaning, 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 songSee, 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 treeConfused? People tried to flop on me

Thirty days Gold, "Ice Cold"

(What?)

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

When you see Choclair 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 fishingMurder 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, swerveNiggas 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, motherfuckerGet 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 rightElevate yo, peeps to know with this chi'

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

That's right

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