

Crunk Inc.

Crime Mob

Ay, Crunk Incorporated, we ain't takin' nothin' this year
We comin' straight for you, we talkin' 'bout gettin' crunk, nigga
Fuck that shit you talkin nigga
When I see yo ass nigga, this how shit gon pop off
This how shit gon go down from here on out nigga
So we gotta tell ya'll niggas, to wake the fuck up
Cy co Black, let 'em know
Fuck that shit that you talkin'
Fuck that shit that you talkin'
Fuck that shit that you talkin'
Fuck that shit that you talkin'
Fuck that shit that you talkin'
Fuck that shit that you talkin'
Fuck that shit that you talkin'
Fuck that nonsense, nigga I'm outside
You got a problem wit my click, I'm outside
I got my gun and my motherfuckin' ride
We bussin' heads, so you bitches betta hide
Crunk to the mothafuckin' I.N.C.
Mike, Gray, Black and Killa behind me
Park in the street wit Crunk and A.D
So I dare that nigga to come and try me
Dare that nigga to walk my street
Watch me cock it back and let go
Comin' up popular, he's a fuck nigga
I'ma let his ass know, he ain't nuttin' but a ho
Fuck yo words, yo words don't mean shit, all that talkin' get yo ass hit
Beat yo bitch wit a baseball bat a-rata-tat-tat on yo ass real quick
This real shit and I don't play games, ATL be my domain
Creep yo cast and beat yo ass, so fuck that shit you talkin' mayne
Fuck that nonsense, nigga I'm outside
You got a problem wit my click, I'm outside
I got my gun and my motherfuckin' ride
We bussin' heads, so you bitches betta hide
Fuck that shit that you talkin'
Fuck that shit that you talkin'
Fuck that shit that you talkin'
Fuck that shit that you talkin'

Fuck that shit that you talkin'
Fuck that shit that you talkin'
Fuck that shit that you talkin'
Fuck that shit that you talkin'
Yeah, bitch fuck that shit that you talkin'
Go get yo clique and start walkin'
My crew too thick so get off me to fuck wit you I got whodi
Peepin' the scene, so don't test me, ho don't try me, I stay ready
Yo shirt gon' be, so damn heavy, I snipe yo ass like I'm Wesley
Got a problem, I solve, so ho let's take it outside
Revolver tucked in my pocket, I'm feelin' what in my ride
Bussin' heads is my specialty, one like me, you will never see
Ho you know I'm wit M.O.B, wanna buck? It's whatever G
Keep on poppin', I'ma show you just how deep we are
Ya'll niggas thank yall buck? We'll have ya'll seein' stars
You'll think you're touchin' Mars 'cause we some must asses
A second blastin' anywhere where there be shit talkin'
So do not get smart bitch 'cause here we runnin' thangs
Ain't got no time for lames, just 'bout that money, mayne
Just watch me spray some flames, get up, release some anger
I keep sixteen in the clip and one off in the chamber
Fuck that shit that you talkin'
Fuck that shit that you talkin'
Fuck that shit that you talkin'
Fuck that shit that you talkin'
Fuck that shit that you talkin'
Fuck that shit that you talkin'
Fuck that shit that you talkin'
Fuck that shit that you talkin'
Fuck that nonsense, nigga I'm outside
You got a problem wit my click, I'm outside
I got my gun and my motherfuckin' ride
We bussin' heads, so you bitches betta hide
What's up Aight
Aight, Aight
Aight, Aight
Aight, Aight
Aight, Aight

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>