

# Crenshaw

## Skee-Lo

Crenshaw on Sunday night Drinking' up my friends me and Funke Trend  
Check the scenery but I'll be stepping on the scene  
All the queens get de-fiending me  
They be fiending me when I'm leaning in my route When I get the Jefferson and I'm busting at you  
And I'm rolling down the other side  
On my eyes is the Locs freaks all around  
They' be trying to be down because I'm Skee-Lo yo It's all good though I'm exbo I'm coasting  
Gangster's hitting switches breaking corners three wheel motions  
And I'm hoping to pull a fly honey looking cute  
Spittin' game what's your name? You look cute in your daisy dukes  
Who me I'm Skee, I rap and produce  
Pull over I wanna know you and my crew wants to know your crew  
Now how them cheeks fit in the seat of that Jeep See this is type of freak that could be cool for me  
I like her style she like my style  
I make her smile she think I'm funny  
Won't front it be pump rolling Crenshaw on Sunday Crenshaw on Sunday night  
Slowing down to forty five  
Crenshaw on Sunday night  
Slowing down to forty five It's only cracking on Sunday nights fools don't be out jacking  
They be out macking looking for action and satisfaction  
And I'll be asking these freaks for they AT&T well how you doing?  
You looking nice hey my name is Funke Yo your show is swollen around your corner  
You trap and you be in freaks got more cheeks than Gary Coleman  
So what's your name?  
(My name is Brenda my friends call me Brend) That's Skee-Lo and Trend yo call your friends and hop on in  
Let's take a spin bust a mission of exposition you dippin' and trippin'  
And now they got the taste of some chicken and waffles  
A daily special for Funke  
Now since everybody hungry yo I'm busting a road to Roscoe's Stand with women that stack with Toni Brax  
Brothers left they straps and gats at the pack  
The just asking for some Jimmy hats so they can tax  
But I'ma max and relax and enjoy my bomb day  
Crenshaw on Sundays Crenshaw on Sunday night  
Slowing down to forty five  
Crenshaw on Sunday night  
Slowing down to forty five Bumper to bumper people fronting Crenshaw fun  
And do flossing on slossing cars parking music bumping  
Nobody dumping nobody starting nothing  
We just kicking it and getting digits on one time be giving tickets But I'm straight with up to date tags on my

plates

The boulevard is hot from spot to spot watch your block  
All the homies be coming from Long Beach, Compton and Wash  
This song is props and all the cops can do is watchIt's two 'o' clock am and we still at the parking lot  
Covering freaks with the camera it's like the freak net in the Atlanta  
Georgia, with more hoes than Santa told ya  
West Coast will be having more hoochies for ya I wanna know yaThat's the type of game that I'm spitting  
Rollin up and down the strip steady dipping is how I'm living  
Ain't no fun if the homies can't come  
Show ya ride we all packed in the bag at the Shaw on Sunday nightCrenshaw on Sunday night  
Slowing down to forty five  
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