

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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