

Skunk

The Jon Spencer Blues Explosion

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
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 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)
Choclaire 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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