

Crank It Up

Webbie

Young Savage, I gotta give it to 'em
Come on, crank it up, crank it up, crank it up
Say hello to tha nigga dat came from nuttin'
Now I got boo koo whips, boo koo chips
Boo koo clips, I'm thuggin'
Everywhere I go I get hoes, my girl be buggin'
And I fuck wit nuttin' but killas nigga I ain't bluffin'
The block hot like dat got damn oven
My team got weight we steaks yall chicken McNuggets
Death right around tha corna comin' for me it ain't nuttin'
I'm out chea wit a machine somethin' dats green somethin'
But I be clean as a whistle dou
Come on playa get ya hoe, she tryin' to kiss me
Like we standin' unda the missletoe
Bogaurdin' dat pussywhole, man, we had dat same bitch
At da six suckin' dick doin' tootsie roll
Mane yall lil bitches ain't shit couldn't make 10 Gs
If one of deez niggas gave yall a brick
Yall fakin' yall shit, imitatin' my hits
I'm takin' ova what a nigga got to say about da shit
Stop playin', man, I hope you lil niggas ready
I heard da streets out hea yellin' for Webbie, I'm tellin' you nigga
Stop playin', yall nigga betta get on ya shit
Or get you some bricks or get you a hit get serious
'Cuz I'm sayin', the Savage work to hard for dis I'ma get to da top of
Tha list regaurdless pussy bitch hold up
Crank it up, crank it up, crank it up, nigga
Crank it up, crank it up, crank it up
I'll leave one of yall lil rap niggas stankin' before this rap I was hangin'
What da fuck yall lil rap niggas thankin'
While you was gettin' ya grades up
I was gettin' my change up a gangsta armed and dangerous
Dey tellin' me commercial my flow but Bun B said, "No
Keep it gutta lil nigga, don't change it up"
Yall pussy niggas hang it up hollin' trill yall ain't us
Boo gave me a light and a mike told me crank it up
Partna I got ya you just chill and watch me take over dat streets have And dees niggas freaks jockin'
We been distributors so let's distrub hits and profits
I'm all real so ain't no way in hell dey can stop us

Leave my niggas da blocks and get dis legal money poppin'
And ride and smoke doja dat potion da top droppin'
Da heat unda the seat rims spinnin' all chrome
TVs fliippin' cell phone and I ain't lyin' dat nigga on
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Crank it up, crank it up, crank it up, nigga
Crank it up, crank it up, crank it up
I'm in da streets like dem yellow lines or a new SUV
I'm in da hood all da time like a burned CD
Some G Nikes or some Jays or some fresh ass rees
Hard, soft, pills, weed, rain, snow, hail, sleet
And I ain't goin' home until everythang gone
It don't neva take long, I keep orders on my phone
Wit a sick click wit me wit a big clip wit me
Wit dat good white pretty big zip 650
I'm da eat on da streets a beast on da beats
Da puzzle to the peice dey need to make dis industry complete
I'll run it so neat, so fresh, so clean
I can go on any street no vest wearin' bling
I'm trill young savage, I do my thing straight
No king no prince no queen
And I'ma leave it right dea
Wish a nigga get crunk
I ain't shootin' no curves no slurs straight pumps
Stop playin', man, I hope you lil niggas ready
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