

# Get Crunk (feat. Bo Hagon)

## Lil Jon & The East Side Boyz

Once again up in that south from my motherfucking mouth  
and creeping up on y'all niggas like a motherfucking mouse  
Stepping on these tracks like fags and drag queens  
And shitting on you busters like I ate some bake beans  
Buster me and me's clicks, always making those hits  
We never straight jam with no busters our no tricks  
Getting in trouble from the sounds of my trunk  
and keeping it crunk, keeping it crunk  
Chorus: What, What (in background)  
Now drop dem bozs' on 'em  
Nigga bozs' bout to turn out the show  
Crankin' up yo' dance flo' screaming GA hoe  
Flipping rhymes and gripping pines with haters looking round  
It's time lay it down putting it all up on the line  
Ain't no love for haters, smoking doug's potatoes  
All these niggas what they made us from dem' boz and craters  
While lame done dipped out, we gained the flip flop  
Underground where we dwell, the hell with hip hop  
Southside just reckless, from GA to Texas  
And next it's gone be me flexing in a suburban or lexus  
But it seem like the bigger I be, mo' figures I see  
The mo' hating niggas try me  
Big baby trick crazy thinking he bout' to fade me  
Better sit and wait in consequences fo' you feel you can play me  
>From a place called T-town be down in the south  
Where dem' players throw dem' boz and gold teeth in they mouth  
And dump dump if ya' jump jump  
The club crunk off the funk that we bump bump and pump pump  
through yo' speaker when it reach ya' now you tweaking like Beaker  
All the people out there hype as hell, I guess it Lil' Peter  
>From T-town to Atlanta all the way to Savannah to Alabama  
I be damn a club ain't crunk in this manner  
I can't stand a weak buster  
For all the freaks, hustla's, to the clothes  
Y'all gotta get it crunk and drop dem boz, drop dem boz  
Chorus I can't afford bigger, how ya' figga'  
that you gone stop me from stacking six figures  
Now you hating on me, because my game so tight  
And could you be mad because I fucked ya' wife  
Well it's true, that's the price nigga check that hoe  
I'm from the ATL player, wear that reckland ro'  
So stop talking all that shit, and trying to buck  
I'm popping off at the mouth, we get cha' fucked up, now what's up  
Now ladies are you tired of trick bitches in

yo' mix

Acting like they want, to lick on yo' shit

Critizing, everything that you do

and telling ya' who, and who not to screw

Nasty hoes, that ain't clean and shit

They go around sucking on every dope boys dick

Now is these hoes really yo' friend or yo' foes

You tell me, while ya' drop dem' bozs'ChorusNow if the club packed y'all from wall to wall

And everybody trying to ball, coz sizing all

Ain't nothing but love in the air, we geeing and macking

Some haters off in there, but at least they ain't macking

You got cha' cup filled up, ya' niggas is crunk

Put cha' hands in the air represent where ya' from

I'm from the GA baby, where freaks is shady

Man it can be so crazy, so we burn trees daily

When the beat a drop, everybody just lock ya' boz and shake dem' hoes

And proceed to rock, from the front to the back

with the blunts and gats, on the hunt for some cat or a fat ass sack

Tear da' roof off the club, show you niggas some love

and fill a swishe up with bud for my g's and thugs

Now dem' haters keep watching, dem' freaks a jockin'

the beats is rockin', so partner want you keep on dropping

for my thugsChorusNow right now I want all my hard niggas to follow me, follow meBridge: what (until fade)

That's how these motherfuckers die, they with the shit talk

(repeat 7X)

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