

# Get It Crunk

Lil' Flip

We came here to get it crunk like (jump!)  
In the club with our middle fingers up like (jump!)  
Now, we gonna make 'em stomp like (jump!)  
Niggas get out of line we hit 'em up like

Well I'm flippin' and grippin' my woodgrain steering wheel (steering wheel)  
I made a mill at eighteen, nigga how it feel (Ha ha!)  
It feel good to cash checks every other day (yes!)  
If you ain't talkin' bout money, go the other way  
Miss me with that bullshit dawg I'm on the grind (grind)  
You disrespect me while I'm on stage, it's goin' down  
Bottles, chairs, whatever I get my hands on  
You can bet your bottom dollar they get some  
If you think you strong enough to take a shot (jump!)  
I bet you changin' your mind when you lookin' now (jump!)  
These niggas like to talk shit, then apologize (I'm sorry, I'm sorry)  
You put my name in a verse then I gotta ride

Look I'm a pimp  
Mine is the 3-piece suit  
My grill the same color as my GT Coupe  
Gators snappin' on my feet like they fresh out the jungle  
There's a nine in my vest, but it's a tec' in my Hummer  
I know I make y'all niggas wonder how I'm gettin' that cash (cash)  
Cause when we gotta drop, I ain't spendin' my last (my last)  
The prices (jump!)  
If you out of town and you need a bird (jump!)  
I could ban him and blow his brains on the fuckin' curve (jump!)  
You don't want beef wit my squad nigga (jump!)  
Come out the club off note, you gettin' rob nigga (jump!)  
Stupid if you wanted dawg  
These hollow tips gon' put you in a coma dawg. ya dig?

Hey!  
Niggas claim they got guns but they ain't shot nobody  
Or you a stick-up kid why you ain't got nobody? (stop lyin!)  
Niggas at the bar buyin' shit they can't afford  
You think he ballin' until you see his Honda Accord (Ha Ha!)  
And tell valet not to scratch my wheeeel  
Or he gon' leave here wit a busted liliip  
Me and Crime Boss rollin' in my Coupe Deviiiille  
I ain't tryin' leave you in but I shoot to kiiiiiiill  
Hey! I'm like Jeezy I trap or die (trap or die)  
And I don't pop, pop, I rather fire  
I'm a thug and you know it, you damn right I show it  
Twenty two's on my lotus just in case you haven't noticed

Hey I bet he won't (jump!)  
Keep talkin' all that shit but I bet he won't (jump!)  
Keep talkin' all that shit but I bet he won't (jump!)  
She talkin' all that shit but I bet she won't (jump!)  
She actin' like a bitch 'cause I know she won't (jump!)  
Oh, Oh, Oh, you better not (jump!)  
Oh, Oh, Oh, you better not (jump!)  
Oh, Oh, Oh, y'all better not (jump!)  
You fuck around and get (jump!)  
Ha-ha! Whoo!

Shout to my nigga Zab Judah  
Floyd Mayweather, Roy Jones, Winky Wright know what I'm sayin'  
What up to my nigga Bernard Hopkins  
Yeah, holla at yo boy!