

Crunk Inc.

Crime Mob

Ay, Crunk Incorporated, we ain't takin' nothin' this year
We comin' straight for you, we talkin' 'bout gettin' crunk, nigga
 Fuck that shit you talkin nigga
 When I see yo ass nigga, this how shit gon pop off
 This how shit gon go down from here on out nigga
 So we gotta tell ya'll niggas, to wake the fuck up
 Cy co Black, let 'em know Fuck that shit that you talkin'
 Fuck that shit that you talkin'
 Fuck that shit that you talkin'
 Fuck that shit that you talkin' Fuck that shit that you talkin'
 Fuck that shit that you talkin'
 Fuck that shit that you talkin'
 Fuck that shit that you talkin'
 Fuck that nonsense, nigga I'm outside
 You got a problem wit my click, I'm outside
 I got my gun and my motherfuckin' ride
We bussin' heads, so you bitches betta hide Crunk to the mothafuckin' I.N.C.
 Mike, Gray, Black and Killa behind me
 Park in the street wit Crunk and A.D
 So I dare that nigga to come and try me
 Dare that nigga to walk my street
 Watch me cock it back and let go
 Comin' up popular, he's a fuck nigga
I'ma let his ass know, he ain't nuttin' but a ho Fuck yo words, yo words don't mean shit, all that
 talkin' get yo ass hit
 Beat yo bitch wit a baseball bat a-rata-tat-tat on yo ass real quick
 This real shit and I don't play games, ATL be my domain
 Creep yo cast and beat yo ass, so fuck that shit you talkin' mayne
 Fuck that nonsense, nigga I'm outside
 You got a problem wit my click, I'm outside
 I got my gun and my motherfuckin' ride
We bussin' heads, so you bitches betta hide Fuck that shit that you talkin'
 Fuck that shit that you talkin'
 Fuck that shit that you talkin'
 Fuck that shit that you talkin' Fuck that shit that you talkin'
 Fuck that shit that you talkin'
 Fuck that shit that you talkin'
 Fuck that shit that you talkin' Yeah, bitch fuck that shit that you talkin'
 Go get yo clique and start walkin'
 My crew too thick so get off me to fuck wit you I got whodi
 Peepin' the scene, so don't test me, ho don't try me, I stay ready
 Yo shirt gon' be, so damn heavy, I snipe yo ass like I'm Wesley

Got a problem, I solve, so ho let's take it outside
Revolver tucked in my pocket, I'm feelin' what in my ride
Bussin' heads is my specialty, one like me, you will never see
Ho you know I'm wit M.O.B, wanna buck? It's whatever GKeep on poppin', I'ma show you just
how deep we are
Ya'll niggas thank yall buck? We'll have ya'll seein' stars
You'll think you're touchin' Mars 'cause we some must asses
A second blastin' anywhere where there be shit talkin'
So do not get smart bitch 'cause here we runnin' thangs
Ain't got no time for lames, just 'bout that money, mayne
Just watch me spray some flames, get up, release some anger
I keep sixteen in the clip and one off in the chamberFuck that shit that you talkin'
Fuck that shit that you talkin'
Fuck that shit that you talkin'
Fuck that shit that you talkin'Fuck that shit that you talkin'
Fuck that shit that you talkin'
Fuck that shit that you talkin'
Fuck that shit that you talkin'Fuck that nonsense, nigga I'm outside
You got a problem wit my click, I'm outside
I got my gun and my motherfuckin' ride
We bussin' heads, so you bitches betta hideWhat's up Aight
Aight, Aight
Aight, Aight
Aight, Aight
Aight, Aight

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