

# 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

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>