

Crime Mob, Crunk Inc.

Ay, Crunk Incorporated. We ain't taking nuttin this year, We comin straight for ya. Talkin bout gettin that shit you talkin nigga. When I see yo ass nigga, this how shit gon pop off. This how shit gon go nigga. So we gotta tell yall niggas to wake the fuck up. Cyco Black let em know....

[Bridge]

Fuck that shit that you talkin' [8X]

[Chorus]

Fuck that nonsense nigga I'm outside (What's up). You gotta problem wit my clique I'm outside (What's up) my mothafuckin ride (What's up). We bussin heads so you bitches betta hide (What's up Aight).

Crunk to the mothafuckin I.N.C. Mike, Gray, Black, and Killa behind me. Park in the street wit Crunk that nigga to come and try me. Dare that nigga to walk my street. Watch me cock it back and let go 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 yo ass hit. Beat yo bitch wit a baseball bat a-rata-tat-tat on yo ass real quick. This real shit and I do ATL be my domain. Creep yo cast, and beat yo ass so fuck that shit you talkin mayne.

[Chorus]

[Bridge]

Yeah, bitch fuck that shit that you talkin. Go get yo clique and start walkin. My crew too thick so get 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 Snipe yo ass like I'm Wesley. Got a problem I solve so ho let's take it outside. Revolver tucked in my what in my ride. Bussin heads is my specialty, One like me, you will never see, Ho you know I'm wit It's whatever G.

Keep on poppin I'ma show you just how deep we are. Yall niggas thank yall buck? We'll have yall s you're touchin Mars, cause we some must asses. A second blastin anywhere where there be shit ta bitch, cause here we runnin thangs, ain't got no time for lames, just bout that money mayne. Just w flames. Get up, release some anger. I keep sixteen in the clip, and one off in the chamber.

[Bridge]

[Chorus]

(Aight [8X])