

# Webbie, Crank It Up

Young savage i gotta give it to em  
Come on  
Crank it up, crank it up, crank it up

Say hello to tha nigga dat came from nuttin  
Now i got boo koo whips boo koo chips boo koo clips im thuggin  
Everywhere i go i get hoes my girl be buggin  
And i fuck wit nuttin but killas nigga i aint bluffin  
The block hot like dat got damn oven my team got weight we steaks yall chicken McNuggets  
Death right around tha corna comin for me it aint nuttin. im out chea wit a machine somethin dats g  
But i be clean as a whistle dou come on playa get ya hoe she tryin to kiss me like we standin unda  
Bogaurdin dat pussywhole. man we had dat same bitch at da six suckin dick doin tootsie roll  
Mane yall lil bitches aint shit couldnt make 10 Gs if one of deez niggas gave yall a brick  
Yall fakin yall shit, imitatin my hits, im takin ova what a nigga got to say about da shit

(Chorus)

Stop playin man i hope you lil niggas ready i heard da streets out hea yellin for webbie im tellin you  
Yall nigga betta get on ya shit or get you some bricks or get you a hit get serious cuz im sayin the s  
Tha list regaurdless pussy bitch hold up  
Crank it up, crank it up, crank it up nigga  
Crank it up, crank it up, crank it up

I'll leave one of yall lil rap niggas stankin before this rap i was hangin  
What da fuck yall lil rap niggas thankin  
While you was gettin ya grades up  
I was gettin my change up a gangsta armed and dangerous  
Dey tellin me commercial my flow but Bun B said no  
Keep it gutta lil nigga dont change it up  
Yall pussy niggas hang it up hollin trill yall aint us  
Boo gave me a light and a mike told me crank it up  
Partna i got ya you just chill and watch me take over dat streets and have dees niggas freaks jockin  
We been distributors so lets distrubt hits and profits  
Im all real so aint no way in hell dey can stop us  
Leave my niggas da blocks and get dis legal money poppin  
And ride and smoke doja dat potion da top droppin  
Da heat unda the seat rims spinnin all chrome  
TVs fliippin Cell phone and i aint lyin dat nigga on

(Chorus)

Im in da streets like dem yellow lines or a new SUV, Im in da hood all da time like a burned CD  
SOME g NIKEs or some Jays or some fresh ass rees  
Hard, soft, pills, weed, rain, snow, hail, sleet.  
And i aint goin home until everythang gone it dont neva take long  
I keep orders on my phone  
Wit a sick click wit me wit a big clip wit me  
Wit dat good white pretty big zip 650  
Im da eat on da streets a beast on da beats  
Da puzzle to the peice dey need to make dis industry complete  
Ill run it so neat, so fresh, so clean.  
I can go on any street no vest wearin bling  
Im trill young savage i do my thing straight no king no prince no queen  
And imma leave it right dea  
Wish a nigga get crunk  
I aint shootin no curves no slurs straight pumps

(Chorus)