

Trillville, Get Some Crunk In Yo System

Hook 1:

Get some crunk in yo system (See)
Get some crunk in yo system (It like this right!)
Get some crunk in yo system (I done seen them niggas)
Get some crunk in yo system (They ain't seen me yet)
Get some crunk in yo system (But they Still talkin)
Get some crunk in yo system (Fuck a slide, I'ma just swing)
Get some crunk in yo system (A, B, Yall niggas could nevah see me)

Hook 2:

Get some crunk in yo system (Cmon)
Get some crunk in yo system (Cmon)
Get some crunk in yo system (Cmon)
Get some crunk in yo system (Yeah!)

I can feel it, ya hater's dont like it
They see me at a show, them niggas get excited
Cause they think they fixinta get me, but nigga i'm a riot
By myself I'ma riot, so nigga dont try it
Gun's I collect em, gun's for protection
Gun's for that nigga that try me and learned a lesson
Cause they dont say B.S'n, Im good with my weapon
Ain't never been a layin in the game I respect it
I'm looking for trouble, my own label just found out that I'm a monster
But it's too late cause I done signed for, a hundred or something
Ain't nothing I'm ruthless, still producing
Cut me a check or you'll find yo self toothless
I'm Don Corleone, Keep it trill with no confusing
Niggas say I'm trill
They aint hard I can prove it.....yeaaaah

Hook 2:

Get some crunk in yo system (Cmon)
Get some crunk in yo system (Cmon)
Get some crunk in yo system (Cmon)
Get some crunk in yo system (Yeah!)

Im sippin on the crunk juice, Hennessy to get me loose
Niggas gettin bunk and shit, drankin all the grey goose
Throwin signs up in the air, representing from where they came
lits the same shit in the club, niggas fightin man.
Throwin bows and breaking chairs, niggas pullin hoes hair.
Runnin through the club with they click cause they don't care
Screamin out whateva side, all my niggas down to ride
If you think I'm lyin then you pussy niggas bet not try
I'ma let you know, that I never been the scary ho
Busting niggas brain yo, for fucking with my game ho
Then leave yo ass chained tho, in the the middle of your yard.
I'ma pull yo card, for actin hard, down the boulevard nigga. (cmon)

Hook 2:

Get some crunk in yo system (Cmon)
Get some crunk in yo system (Cmon)
Get some crunk in yo system (Cmon)
Get some crunk in yo system (Yeah!)

Guess who they called up? Out of the wood works
Take off my fuckin shirt, I'm reppin to the dirt
I'm reppin to the grave, I'm reppin for the A
I'm ridin 21, on my Impala son
I'm smokin big dro, I'm with the red ho.
Her cousin got that blow, we kicked that nigga door
Off the hinges, I'm relentless
I represent this, can I get a witness (Amen)

Amen , I works hard for the south
These niggas playin hard wit they thumb in they mouth
The house, the car, these bitches bustin out they bras
Just so they can show they titties to a star.
Baby my doors ajar, the passenger too
I'm ready to ride, so whats up boo? (yaaaah)
Keepin it real,
Keepin it trill
Reppin the ville,
I sho will

Hook 2 (twice):
Get some crunk in yo system (Cmon)
Get some crunk in yo system (Cmon)
Get some crunk in yo system (Cmon)
Get some crunk in yo system (Yeah!)