

Happy Birthday Hip Hop

Big K.R.I.T.

Twin states mane: Alabama, Mississippi
Big KRIT, Yelawolf
Happy, happy birthday, happy birthday...

I used to do backspins, no Adidas suit
In my grandmama's house, listening to Coup
Straight out the country like a pair of boots
With arrow pulled back, you been shot, no apparel to match
I was hip-hop before I hopped to be hip
Some dirty British Knights, tied up, size 6
Don't give me the spoon to cut my pie with
I get it, hand scooped the poofs under my eyelids
I was bumpin' that Tela and that UGK, and that group home
And Skinny Pimp from Tennessee, and I knew the songs
Mystikal, muthafucka: put your boots on
That's mustard: no Grey Poupon
Geto Boys trick or treat: let's go home
Deep dish D's: drop two tones
And I know Alabama ain't your birthplace
But I just come to celebrate: happy birthday
Hip-hop

Yelawolf and Big KRIT on some new shit
We got that firewater, so keep your candles lit
Happy birthday hip hop!
Mississippi/Alabama and it don't stop
The door slamming and the rims chop
Twin states from the bottom, now we on top
So happy birthday, hip hop
We worldwide and it don't stop

I'm hollerin' breathe little shawty
Just look what I done bought ya
The very best that I possess from 'neath that country water
Like preaching from the altar, I break bread with you hip-hop
Just show me where the sauce, a piece of mind is what it cost ya
The beginning of the better, return of forever
Like Pete Rock in the lab, no telling what we'll chef up
You find a will to flow once the vinyl dust settle
I was digging in the crates, just bring a 40 and your shovel
Old school Chevy, sprayed it Ole Miss Rebel
My definition for lizard crawlin' and heavy metal
808 bass in, haters strut facing
While you was Kid N Playin', I was UGKing
"Say it ain't so, KRIT", bitch, I'm just saying
Don't play me like no sucka
These Alpines leave you muffled
Country bumpkin hella gumption, tell them niggas take that
Happy birthday hip-hop, now show me where the cake at

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Bonita fried, apple pie bum put me on
(Put 'em up) waffle house, 2Pac's rock song
You see I had to dig to find the hieroglyphics
My mama didn't know about Del and Souls of Mischief
See the Bible Belt gave me the Holy Spirit
But it didn't give me rap, cause I wasn't supposed to hear it
So I had to walk under them Rebel flags
With my hoodie inside out, with Adidas on the tag

Who would've thunk it, I think we onto something
Like a speaker on my chest, no holding back they hear me coming
If you check my gun function, I've been 'bout it 'bout it
The royalties within my jeans and they so outta pocket
Back when Screw was popping, Them 4s and vogues was chopping
The swangas swung like pendulums and boppers kept bopping
Reminiscing on the golden times
3000 rhymed over noise so organized

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