

Notordina

Big K.R.I.T.

I ain't the one to play with round here in my city
I'm on my grind I gots to shine blink once you'll miss me
Kritikal Productions

I ain't the one to play with round here in my city (in my city)
I'm on my grind I gots to shine blink once you'll miss me (and you'll miss me)
I ain't no ordinary rapper in my to-own (in my town)
I gots to hustle, shawty and I puts it do-own

On my grind gotta shine with my folk getting paid
Twist it up hit the strip get clean [?] a fade
Al's on my feet, white tees clean to press
I got [?] in my blood you can tell how I dress
K-rizzle I-tizzle be the 'ssippi representer
I was raised to get dough in the crush, all contenders
Talk shit get slapped in your mouth
I'm as dirty as it gets
Born and bread in the south
Throwback throwback, draw attention to some trims
I ain't never played ball, but I'm still above rims
So fresh, I guess I choose this time
[?] Georgia Peaches no less than a dime
I provide 'em with dreams all in one evening
Bad yellow bones, I fuck 'em and leave 'em
Holla at a playa if you see me on the streets
With some screens in my trunk and a handful of freaks

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1-0-5, we live I'm still struggling
Watch these niggas endure the [?] I'm still juggling
Mean muggin', steady bussin', whatever drama call
Smoke a log or kill and kill and swallow alcohol
Look at naked broads, titties shaking, pussy pop
Mouth like she can suck a dick, get so wet she drip drop
I'm strictly business, is these niggas kidding?
Woofing like you bad, getting to big for them bridges
Got a big ball lil sissy here won't fight
We here, we set it off and blow like tail pipes
Run up in your trap and snatch your whole [?]
These niggas real soft, thew sweet like honey buns
Give it to 'em anyway, don't play in the A
You can get ya ass whooped from the words that you say
Cop hammers in there lining everywhere that I go
You forever wearin' Pampers, stick your hands in my dough, whoa

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Okay, I'm a G or whatever you want to call it
I make to rapping and that means I'm ballin'
I find time to grind, don't find dimes
That only want me for paper but paper is all mine
Never, confuse me with that dude that trick [?]
But the one behind V-I-P doors with thick hoes
My main agenda in this game to get them dollars
Throw away the Big dawg and bring back Impallas
The old school drop top shit
White cut, diamond cut, neon light kit
I'm just a man, the extraordinaire
Tryna be the next dude sellin' out Madsion Square
Yeah, I encore and after that, that's it
After millions and millions come back to the 'sip
Posted on that same country corner I been on
If it wasn't for them hater [?] been on