

Big Joe Turner "Gettin Mine"

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[Intro: Big KRIT]

Can?t let it get in the way

Yup?

Just to make a way

I?m getting? mine baby

Yeah, yeah?

I?m gettin? mine baby

I?m gettin? mine baby

[Hook: Heather Victoria]

Can?t let nothin? get in the way

It?s a hustle

Had to pay dues just to make a way

It?s a struggle

I?m gettin? mine baby

Yeah, yeah

I?m gettin? mine baby

Yeah, yeah

And I?m getting? mine baby

Yeah, yeah

[Verse 1: Big KRIT]

Back one more ?gain ? life couldn?t be better

Shit changed, I Liu Kang, kick it wherever

Bottom feeders, never reach us, ties severed

Bird hoes come and go, I ruffle their feathers

Ever since I flew the coop I been shittin? on niggas?

stoops

Fast forward, Caddy doors, motherfuck a Subaru

Play ball or go home, I?m swinging? for the fence

As soon as I could pay my rent, I ain?t been the same

since

Breakfast: Ruth?s Chris, lunch at Del Frisco?s

Philippe?s dinner, green prawns, damn I might get

those

I?m poppin? like Crisco, windows came tinted

Now I?m ridin? somethin? foreign with the woodgrain in

it

Word to Dutch, cobra clutch these bucks and never let

go

These hoes suck and fuck like what! ?Cause I said so

Retro, more like Deadstock with my wordplay
My life? s a vacay er? day
Krizzle?

[Hook]

[Verse 2: Big KRIT]

I just wanna ride clean with five screens
Digi-Dash, Adjust the mirror, flip the signal, then hit the
gas
The road to riches, filled with detours that?ll block my
path
But I?m official, to my bone gristle, just check my tags
That candy paint was a mixture of hues
Don?t be confused by the blues
That fade into purples and greens
Just know I?m doing my thing
Since way back, I had that, straight crack
Since I rapped on that 8-deck
And them hood niggas used to play that
Like he got potential
I heard that youngin, he sayin? something?
Don?t fall victim to materialism, you know it?s comin?
Just keep on jumpin?, above the rim
And anybody that can?t be happy that you dunkin??
Don?t fuck with them
I listened up, pressed my luck and hit it big
They figured Krizzle would fall off quicker than
drawers on a stripper
But never figured this
That I?d remain unstained, still a king, remember the
time
They could never block my shine
I?m live and in effect, nigga

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Rapsody]

Night time blacks, really hard flow
Locked like white folks? car door
When you ride through the bad part of town slow
Jack you for your Acura
That?s how the Hell I?mma act up
Put fear in they heart like Cassius
Claiborne isn?t in fashion
Or what they study at NASA, nah?mean?
Choke you out like Death Row
Flow in turn is a balcony
Beg for life when I touch the mic
Rap and I?m gunnin? for all emcees
Autumn leaves and I change my rap

Flow for days, lap for lap
Secretary of Triple Crown
Flow, charisma, I?m lyrical
In turn the throne it awaits me now
If you await me now, got a big, big pound
I could dap up Shaq with a Triple Crown
Triple threat like Michael Crown
King and queen, no castle now
In the capital, North Railay
Feel it deep down in your body
Can?t stop me like O?Dally, partner
Can?t tear apart the grind
Like Northern Stars I shine
Success comes to me and you and those who think it in
they minds
So shine?
So shine?
My nigga?

[Outro: Heather Victoria]
Yeah?
Big KRIT, Heather V, come on
9th Wonder, y?all
Rapsody on the track, ?y?all
Jam the records, y?all
Come on, come on
This ain?t no fucked shit

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