

## Big Joe Turner

### "Gumpshun"

Visit "[Gumpshun](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Chorus:]

They know just who we are  
Roll in fo' deep cars  
Polo down, country bound  
Tight like Mason jars  
My grandma used to say  
Boy you got, boy you got, boy you got gumption  
Boy you got, boy you got, boy you got gumption  
Boy you got, boy you got, boy you got gumption  
Boy you got, boy you got, boy you got gumption

[Big K.R.I.T.:]

First off, I'm the country of the countryest  
Mississippi bitch, what you know about this country  
Shit?  
Hold on, prolong, I'm knowing what you thanking  
Naw, it ain't the chitterlings that got this shit here  
Stanking  
Jumping, bumping through the speakers, sub booming  
Shawty, I've been stroking is what I've been doing  
Everybody got something to say about how we get  
down  
When we get round, cause it's thirty-eights on the  
Crown Vic  
So I use a ladder to get down with  
Ay, thick and for the picking's what I'm fine with  
Her face ahh! Ass astounding  
She micro-braided, I pull it and pound it  
That malt liquor keep a nigga grounded  
On the porch with my kinfolk lounging  
Up underneath the stars  
They talk about my state, but they know just who we are

[Chorus]

[Big K.R.I.T.:]

Psychedelic, excelling on Daytons and Vogues  
Majestic, I'm killing these hoes  
Sprinkle game of the greenest, the meanest of flows  
Planting seeds in your mentals and leave it to grow  
Eager to know, how to get money and bring it to daddy

Evenly so, buy me some gators and pull up the Caddy  
Open my do', jump from my car, round and clean up  
my  
Palace  
Throw on my robe, run my bath water and fill up my  
Chalice  
Sit on my balance beam until her belly cream  
If that pussy needs ramming, I'm battering  
Player way, tailor made, always in a gator state  
'92 Bulls on a fool, that's how players play  
For the win like M.J. straight away  
Shook 'em off, no time left, fuck it, fade away  
Buzzer, it's all over with  
Champagne with lobster and shrimp, pimp

[Chorus]

[Big K.R.I.T.:]

Ay, ay player play on, I roller-skate on  
I was taught to give 'em something just to hate on  
Like a Ford engine light, I just stay on  
Or, to find a yellow belly I can take home  
Or, lay on cause it ain't nothing but a skill to  
You either get her done barbecue or meal dude  
Let the super-fly inside you steer you  
Because being lame's a disease, it can kill you  
So let me put you on these hoes  
Chevy that be heavy and the wall that be Vogue  
Peanut butter guts with the grape jelly glow  
Chromed-out bumper with the Cobain do's  
That's suicide shit if ain't know that  
Need a lil' pimping? Baby girl, let me pour that  
Sow that up with some dough on it  
I was born with the gift of gab, so motherfucker throw  
A bow on it

[Chorus]

Visit [Big Joe Turner](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.