

Big K.R.I.T.

"Etc Etc"

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[Verse One: Big K.R.I.T.] "Dare I say, player?
Fuchsia alligators
Looking through my eyesight like looking at a skyline
Wi-fi my aura, I'm so online
I'm late enough to be on time
She dived yours and jumped on mine/It's pimp pimpin',
silk lining
Plush linens, hand stitching
I'm picture perfect, hieroglyphic
If she ain't down, her homegirl wit it
Turning heads, lock like dreads
Caution, no trickin', just excessive grain grippin'
Cup full of drank, blunt rolled, I'm lane switchin'
Me and King Tut had the same visions
Either stay home or come with it
Some dig, but most miss it
I'm droppin' presents for the ungifted
If you was in the lead, the momentum just shifted
A-team, 3 kings, 4 great feats
Name another Mississippian on a Ski beat"
[Hook] We are the best of the best player
Take you round the world and up like elevators
And they
They try to duplicate us but they could never be that's
between you and me
Etc Etc
But they could never be that's between you and me

[Verse Two: Curren\$y] "Yeah, unhh, I'm up now, so
bitches break trees down
Coffee tables turn
Funny how funny style
Bitches come out niggas like they was pregnant with
'em

Run with cleats on these beats, I am not slippin'
At your women, FeBreeze venom, I clean kill 'em
Green linen, weed so soft I go so hard
Think of new flows in my old school car
Windex, no streaks on my glass house, and I know you
won't rest that ass

Bitch, don't get it twisted, hoe, not so fast
Jets in the cut, niggas just collectin' like scabs
I smash, brushing my Dickies free of the ash
A 7 gram bag, ceramic one hitter in my stash
Not a thread outta place, eyes red, outta space
Drop bread, get out my face,"

[Hook]

[Verse Three: Smoke DZA]"No sucker shit, we G'd up,
it's a boss movement

Just Enjoy This Shit, fuck you thought, stupid?

Rappers, as if, they all clueless

Cook up skills like a culinary art student

We, get it poppin' like we 'sposed to do

Instead of kissing ass and sucking dick like most of
you

Living on your knees, you got no control

Fucking haters, kick rocks with open toes

Lil' mama wanna roll with some winners

'Cause we got more cheddar and the weed taste better

Big bambooze pack, my vision stay blurry

Weed purple like a Lakers away jersey

Plethora flows, plethora hoes

Down to do whatever I like, they don't never oppose

Gold diggers tryna get their purse filled

But I send 'em straight to voicemail

DZA

[Hook]

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