

## **Big K.R.I.T. "Gumpshun"**

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They know just who we are  
Roll in four deep cars  
Polo down country bound  
Tight like mason jars  
My grandma use 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  
First off I'm the country of the countryest  
Mississippi bitch what you know about that country shit  
Hold on, prolong I'm doing what you thanking  
Naw it ain't the chittlings that got this shit here stanking  
Jumping, Bumping through the speakers sub boomin  
Shawty I been stroking is what I been doing  
Everybody got something to say about how we get  
down when we get down  
Cause it 38's on the crown vic  
So I use the ladder to get down with  
They think its for the pickens is what im found with  
Her face uhh ass outstanding  
She micro braided I pull it and pound it  
That malt liquour keep a nigga grinding  
On the porch with my kin folk lounging  
Up underneath the stars  
They talk about my state but they know jus who we are  
Psychedelically excelling on daytons and vogues  
Dianetics majestics im killing these hoes  
Sprinkle game of the greenest the meanest of flows  
Plant a seed in your mental and leave in 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 door, jump from my cart round and clean up  
my palace  
Throw on my robe, run my bathe water and fill up my  
chalice  
Sit on my balance, beamer to her balance cream  
If that pussy needs ramming I'm bantering  
Player made tailor made  
Always in the gator state  
92 bulls on a fool thats how players play  
For the win like MJ straight away

Shook em off no time left fuck it fade away  
Buzzer its all over with  
Champagne lobster and shrimp  
I was taught to give them sometime jus to hate on  
Like a ford engine light I jus stay on  
nd a yella belly I can take home  
Or lay on, cause it ain't nothing bout a skill to  
You either get her done barbecue or meal due  
Let the superfly inside you steer you  
Because being lame is a disease and can kill you  
So let me put you on these hoes  
Chevy that be heavy and the wall that be  
[vogue](undefined)  
Peanut butter guts with the grape jelly globe  
Chromed out bumper with the cold bang doors  
That's suicide shit if you didn'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  
boat on it

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