

## **Big K.R.I.T. "Happy Birthday Hip-Hop"**

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[feat. Yelawolf]

Twin states mane: Alabama, Mississippi

Big KRIT Yelawolf

Happy, happy birthday, happy birthday...

[Verse 1: Yelawolf]

I used to do backspins, no Adidas suit

In my grandmama's house, listening to Coup

Straight out the country like a pair of boots

With [?] no apparel to match

I was hip-hop before I ought to be hip

Some dirty British Knights, tied up, size 6

Don't give me the spoon to cut my pie with

I did it, hand scooped the poofs under my eyelids

I was bumpin' that [?] and that UGK, and that group  
home

And Skinny Pimp from Tennessee, and I knew the  
songs

Mystikal, muthafucka: put your boots on

That's mustard: no Grey Poupon

Geto Boys trick or treat: let's go home

Deep dish D's: drop two tones

And I know Alabama ain't your birthplace

But I just come to celebrate: happy birthday

Hip-hop

[Hook:]

Yelawolf and Big KRIT on some new shit

We got that firewater, so keep your candles lit

Happy birthday hip hop!

Mississippi/Alabama and it don't stop

The door slamming and the rims chop

Twin states from the bottom, now we on top

So happy birthday, hip hop

We worldwide and it don't stop

[Verse 2: Big K.R.I.T.]

I'm hollerin' breathe little shawty

Just look what I done bought ya

The very best that I possess from 'neath that country  
water

Like preaching from the altar, I break bread with you  
hip-hop

Just show me where the sauce, a piece of mind is what  
it cost ya

The beginning of the better, return of forever  
Like Pete Rock in the lab: no telling what we'll chef up  
You find a will to flow once the bottom does settle  
I was digging in the crates, just bring a 40 and your  
shovel  
Old school Chevy, sprayed it Ole Miss Rebel  
My definition for [?] and call it heavy metal  
808 bass in, haters [?] facing  
While you was Kid N Playin', I was UGKing  
"Say it ain't so, KRIT", bitch, I'm just saying  
Don't play me like no sucka  
These Alpines leave you muffled  
Country [?] hella gumpshin, tell them niggas take that  
Happy birthday hip-hop, now show me where the cake  
at  
[Hook]  
[Verse 3:]  
Bonita fried, apple pie baum put me on  
(Put 'em up) waffle house, 2Pac's rock song  
You see I had to dig to find the hieroglyphics  
My mama didn't know about [?] Souls of Mischief  
See the Bible what gave me the holy spirit  
But it didn't give me rap, cause I wasn't supposed to  
hear it  
So I had to walk under them Rebel flags  
With my hoodie inside out, with Adidas on the tag  
Who would've thunk it, I think we onto something  
Like a speaker on my chest, no holding back they hear  
me coming  
If you check my gun function, I've been 'bout it 'bout it  
The royalties within my jeans and they so outta pocket  
Back when Screw was popping, Them 4s and vogues  
was chopping  
The swangas [?] and pendulums and boppers kept  
bopping  
Reminiscing on the golden times  
3000 rhymed over noise so organized  
[Hook]

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