

Big K.R.I.T. "Highs & Lows"

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Now I was doing it big all on my own
Gripping wood grain and riding on chrome
Sprinkling game everywhere that I go
Cause all these horny girls wanna fuck
Now I was old school riding slamming my doors
Recline, shine like a pimp 'suppose to
Life ain't nothing but a EQ of highs and lows
EQ's highs and lows

I got more than your amount, what's in your account
Young Krizza newest out the south
So it's going down,
I think you a hater if you can't see that a player
With this diva, major leaguer and these fuchsia
alligators
Shawty got me fucked up, I'm never slipping never
tricking
For no treats that ain't for free up on these streets if it
ain't Halloween
And while these boppers on my dick I swear they trying
to fuck my whip bobbing
Cause my paint was candy sour, apple green
I pull the baddest broads up out they drawers and
barely wave
If you ain't winning in this game then you've barely
played
If you ain't buying what you want then you barely paid
if you didn't see me hiding then you could barely hate
cause

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I got everything you want, everything you need
Damn right, I'm the coldest nigga out, you liable to
freeze

Never ever bring your girl around she liable to leave
She ain't never been around a pimp, she was dying to
see

I'm out these [?] that fliest of the freshest that was
freshin up the fly

I'm major in the pimping I'm just rapping on the side
For the benz with the trim and the teriyaki tires and
The plane that don't take off if I don't ride
Oh so live like pay per view I show you what paper do
Make her popping and drop it slide back and forth like
a fader do

I'm feezele incredible
Swear My vessel hater proof
Only me myself and I is who I cater, cause

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I'd rather be with you, yeah yeah
Said I'd rather be with you
I'd rather be with you, yeah
Said I'd rather be with you

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