

Big K.R.I.T. "How U Love That"

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[Hook]

Shit, I got the hook up bitch, what you know bout this
Old school my whip, can't tuck my wrist
I got the hook up bitch, what you know bout this
I put on my click, hoes on my dick

How you love that, how you love that
How you love that, how you love that
How you love that, how you love that
How you love that, how you love that
I got the hook up bitch, what you know bout this

Fuck what you heard hoe, they nobody crizzle
The chevy, off prontorellis, with the pole in the middle
I break a hoe if she brittle,
Pimping hot out the griddle
Clucking plugs that's creeping and fucking for nothing
So high up figure
I was trickin off, candy paint my candid frame
Don't be ashamed to lick it off
Hail mary's to game, to a dame, you can't pick it off
Off the chain, I can sick it off
Time and time again I try to tell em lemme kick it off
and bang on
Put the lames on, it ain't more time if I ain't put my
name on
Make the kind of track to put a train on
Styrofoam, purple rain on
Fresh about the cleanest, bout the meanest, not a stain
on it
Rain on it, pussy chains on it,
Bet the game on it
Bout whoop a beat to the frequency that a bitch came
on it
We could rang on it, did you lookin hang on the flow
I leave a bitch fiending for some more

[Hook]

Shit, I got the hook up bitch, what you know bout this
Old school my whip, can't tuck my wrist
I got the hook up bitch, what you know bout this

I put on my click, hoes on my dick
How you love that, how you love that
How you love that, how you love that
How you love that, how you love that
How you love that, how you love that
I got the hook up bitch, what you know bout this

Yeah, b is I, g sun big, young creep nigga
Hoe you know just what I be out
Time to take out the t tops, we own them, like batters
Man hold up, my car older than your favorite rapper
This that shit that they should capture on tape
Lights, camera, action life
Bitch my pimpin 1080p without no satellite
My niggas ain't acting right,
Talking bout who run the south
They know it's us, they stick it in the robo testing hepa...
I've been official, big dog in the yard,
Rollin more likely to murder every verse that I start
So as I soon as I park, and I hop on the pot
Better leave with a bitch, for I'm off in her mouth
Cause I'm a big timorama, no co signers will rhyme for
you
If I ain't with that clear then let me break it down for you
They lame, we not, see us, on top, alumni forever ever
bitch

[Hook]

They know I got the hook up bitch, what you know bout
this
Old school my whip, can't tuck my wrist
I got the hook up bitch, what you know bout this
I put on my click, hoes on my dick
How you love that, how you love that
How you love that, how you love that
How you love that, how you love that
How you love that, how you love that
I got the hook up bitch, what you know bout this.

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