

Big K.R.I.T. "Just Touched Down"

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[Talking:]

Let's get it pimp (let's get it shawty)

This for all my real players (yeah)

Sounds so soul but don't you agree? (ay what the beat
this here?)

So what I want'chu to do

If you on your way and you bout to do it big

You can tell em shawty...

("I Just-just j-just-just j-just down") [plays x2 in
background while KRIT talks]

[Chorus:]

I just touched down (touched down)

Aye what it is shawty (yeah)

I'm going places shawty

I just touched down (touched down)

Aye what it is shawty (yeah)

I'm going places shawty

I just touched down (touched down)

Aye what it is shawty (yeah)

I'm going places shawty

I just touched down

Just-just j-just-just j-just down

I just-just j-just-just j-just...

[Verse 1:]

I just touched down in my city on chrome

Working wood wheel from a yella getting dome

Gators on my toes, love how I'm living

Aye tell me what I'm doing if I ain't fuckin pimpin'

Gettin' mnoey working overtime Supernova shine

Only see a playa down and out ain't no cloning mine

I'm one of a kind cloth it tho, make em hit the flo'

See do what I like been doing this since 2005

This ain't overnight

Show ya right, super duper tight, showing bumpa grill

Poppin' trunk, roll it smoke it up, crackin hella seals

How it feel neva eva fuckin with my leva

They be trying but no one can do it better

[Chorus]

[Verse 2:]

I just got paid, working on a slab

When y'all was watching cartoons I was beating Shaft

Acting bad, swangin' lane to lane, drippin candy paint

Ain't no hole this side of the Mississippi but this my
candy thang
Fly without a plane
Definit, throw it I don't care, police stop and stare
Toot it up triple boot it up, pop n lock it there
Drop it there, rock it there, I'm a motivator
Haters past keep walking if it ain't about paper
I'm trill, down like Ford Flex
Ties on the cut throat SS or a Cadillac
See they might of slither on the sun bout to sippin cane
Had my momma's womb breathing like it to this pimpin'
[Chorus]
[Verse 3:]
You dealing with a country fly certified country flow
In my crooked letter the Return of 4eva hoe
Super duper clean on the scene pop my collar back
Prada hella-fied when I'm round like selling power pats
K.R.I.T. P.I.M.P. owe you where my dollas at?
You ain't bout these bengies that I'm kicking ain't no
holla back
Pimpin' is my child, strengthening out for miles
Streeting block approve on my whole perffessional
[Chorus]

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