

Zerohour

"Gumpshun"

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[Chorus:]

They know just who we are
Roll in fo' deep cars
Polo down, country bound
Tight like Mason jars
My grandma used 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

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

First off, I'm the country of the countryest
Mississippi bitch, what you know about this country
Shit?
Hold on, prolong, I'm knowing what you thanking
Naw, it ain't the chitterlings that got this shit here
Stanking
Jumping, bumping through the speakers, sub booming
Shawty, I've been stroking is what I've been doing
Everybody got something to say about how we get
down
When we get round, cause it's thirty-eights on the
Crown Vic
So I use a ladder to get down with
Ay, thick and for the picking's what I'm fine with
Her face ahh! Ass astounding
She micro-braided, I pull it and pound it
That malt liquor keep a nigga grounded
On the porch with my kinfolk lounging
Up underneath the stars
They talk about my state, but they know just who we are

[Chorus]

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

Psychedelic, excelling on Daytons and Vogues
Majestic, I'm killing these hoes
Sprinkle game of the greenest, the meanest of flows
Planting seeds in your mentals and leave it 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 do', jump from my car, round and clean up
my
Palace
Throw on my robe, run my bath water and fill up my
Chalice
Sit on my balance beam until her belly cream
If that pussy needs ramming, I'm battering
Player way, tailor made, always in a gator state
'92 Bulls on a fool, that's how players play
For the win like M.J. straight away
Shook 'em off, no time left, fuck it, fade away
Buzzer, it's all over with
Champagne with lobster and shrimp, pimp

[Chorus]

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

Ay, ay player play on, I roller-skate on
I was taught to give 'em something just to hate on
Like a Ford engine light, I just stay on
Or, to find a yellow belly I can take home
Or, lay on cause it ain't nothing but a skill to
You either get her done barbecue or meal dude
Let the super-fly inside you steer you
Because being lame's a disease, it can kill you
So let me put you on these hoes
Chevy that be heavy and the wall that be Vogue
Peanut butter guts with the grape jelly glow
Chromed-out bumper with the Cobain do's
That's suicide shit if ain'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 bow on it

[Chorus]

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