

Big K.R.I.T., ow And Then (feat. Slim Thug)

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

Yo!

That hatin? shit is contagious, pimpin?
Ain?t really no vaccine for that shit either
Niggas out here talkin? down
Niggas need to be out here tryin? to get they own money
Congratulate a player every once in a while, you dig?
Every now and then you?ve got to just ball on these niggas

Every now and then you?ve gotta pimp
Every now and then you?ve gotta ball
Every now and then you?ve gotta clean up
Blow a scene up
High-beamed up
TV screened up
And sit tall
Take that shit up with my trunk
If you really think I?m listenin? to that hate
Take that shit up with my trunk
If you really think I hear you over bass
Take that shit up with my trunk

Try not to flatter yourself
I see through niggas like glass
Why the fuck?d you shatter yourself?
On a mission for scrilla
Chinchilla coats for the winter
I buy a crib with the pillars
And sit that hoe in the villa
Vanilla bucket seats, with a busty freak, that fuck with me
She bob on top, but a nigga like you, she just can?t fuck for free
Well on the late night, I?m a great white in a shark tank
Your heart pump Kool-Aid on these groupie hoes, my heart can?t
Your boat sank so long ago
Your crew been jumped off, my shit sell ?cause I stay afloat
I dodged some icebergs on these chrome rims just to float some more
Motherfuck your life, fish
Y?all niggas act like I ain?t float before
Hold that thought, hold my coat, nigga ?cause

Every now and then you?ve gotta pimp
Every now and then you?ve gotta ball
Every now and then you?ve gotta clean up
Blow a scene up
High-beamed up
TV screened up
And sit tall
Take that shit up with my trunk
If you really think I?m listenin? to that hate
Take that shit up with my trunk
If you really think I hear you over bass
Take that shit up with my trunk

[Slim Thug:]

I can?t hear you, haters
I can?t see you fakers
You?re in my rearview and the bass got it shakin?
Always talkin? down, let?s talk about what you makin?
And what records you breakin? to have this conversation
Where you live, what you drive, what?s in your bank account?
Your jive-ass 9-5 ain?t matchin? my amount
I count my cars, count my broads
If you could count you?d know I?m living large
Menage with two TV stars

You dream about everything that's ours
Hater, hatin' on my gifts from God
Only gon' block your gifts from God
So stop actin' fraud
Congratulate and give me my award
Work hard and one day you'll get your card

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

Every now and then you've gotta pimp
Every now and then you've gotta ball
Every now and then you've gotta clean up
Blow a scene up
High-beamed up
TV screened up
And sit tall
Take that shit up with my trunk
If you really think I'm listenin' to that hate
Take that shit up with my trunk
If you really think I hear you over bass
Take that shit up with my trunk