

Made Alot

Big K.R.I.T.

Made a lot of cheese (cheese) people say I changed
Made a-made a lot of cheese (cheese) people say I changed
Made a-made a lot of cheese, people- people say I changed
But if you thinking that you never knew me from the gate
Made a-made a lot of cheese (cheese) people say I changed
Made a-made a lot of cheese (cheese) people say I changed
Made a-made a lot of cheese, people- people say I changed
But if you thinking that you never knew me from the gate man

Ay what fuck it then
Cause I rather ride Bubble Benz and push a bucket break, scrubbing paint
Bubbling up again on my hood
Gotta get it while the gettin good
Chemist with the pimpin mix the leather with the cherry wood
If you could you should slam doors on hoes
I 5th wheel my trunk while white-wallin my vogues
I tight walk on these foes just to flex
Ain't no sense in stepping out if I can't never look my best
Damn, don't stress my bankroll, just know I keep my bank swoll
Ain't no place I can't go, never trick on no stank hoe
It was like that back when I was in my mama's stomach
A player slid up out the womb and hit the ground running
Never stumbling always gunning like a popped glock
Keep a hater boxed out
So I could rebound and ball for the top spot
All the same I'm a staple in the game
Ain't never been no lame
That's why I find it strange when I...

Uh
Who the fuck are you
Texting me at 1: 46 in the evening
Meant the morning, after midnight
While I'm yawning, you were sleeping
4 door Chevy roll I'm out'cha creeping
Slamming doors in
Heavy things but I want some more with playa pose
Roll up on hoes they say they knew me from high school
Maybe community college, claim you wanna do some thangs
But I can do without it, my mama name "Such and such"
And we gonna be like baby powder
Baby I doubt it
It's hard to swallow, you wanna lay up
I want a dollar
For the machine, I'm kinda thirsty
A little parched, she wanna ride, no you cannot
She say I'm mean I say just a hoes
And dumb niggas, kinda like you, them Bs and doe's
Reject request on Facebook, daily duckin lames
All you know is my patna & 'em then my name,
Plus you heard that I...

You probably see me in the street but nigga you don't know me
Big Sant bitch motherfucking OG
From the Sip get a grip wanna visit take a trip
Ain't a nigga dead or alive that can say that I done flipped
I'm from the land of the cheese, home of the slave

Don't confuse me with no lame, cause that's just what I ain't
Alumni forever put that on the nigga next to me,
Started out writing rhymes ended up writing a legacy
They hollerin there he go again
What's his name, where his folk?
Call him Kurt, call him KRIT?
Fuck that nigga I ain't sure,
He got beats, heard him flow
Like a couple years ago
He alright, kinda tight
Shawty like him on the low
There he go, too much soul
I wouldn't buy it out the store
Plus I saw him in the club
One who hollered at my hoe
Just because he got some dough
From a deal he think he I'll
I bet that's how that motherfucka feel
And on the real I think he changed...