

1986

Big K.R.I.T.

Like it was 1986, yeah I'm back bitch
Big money, subwoofer reignin savage
It was 1986, yeah I'm back bitch
MC 24 crawling through the traffic
It was 1986, yeah I'm back bitch
Rolling clean, hella screen, digi-dashed it
It was 1986, coldest year ever
Mama coulda cut me out the womb but she knew better

Digi my dash, this for the playas
That got them some golds and copped them some gators
Fresh than a motherfucker I knew what it took
The thing that I'm givin' you couldn't get out a book
Now don't be trickin' no hoes, don't be lendin' your
ride
And if you fuck, wear a rubber cause they burnin'
inside
If it don't pay what ya askin' then you wastin' yo time
If you can't get you no old school don't go fuckin'
with mine

Watchin' for jackers, scopin' for law
They go to hatin' when I'm basin' cause I swang and I
crawl
Scrapin the wall, rubbin' the curb
A chef with the whippin', my trunk shaken and stirred
I got a fetish for Chevys, a itch for the dollar
On the hunt for a freak, down to fuck if she swallow
I be poppin' my collar til I'm dead in a tomb
Hell, I been poppin' my collar since I fell out the
womb

It feels good to have it
Knowing that I did what I could
It feels good to have it
I put the leather on top of the wood
It feels good to have it
I rode chrome all around my streets
It feels good to have it
To see it, to need it, to grab it
Feels good to have it

[Hook]