

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]