

# Live from the Underground

Big K.R.I.T.

Pushin' rhymes underground like moonshine  
With jump like juke joints  
Ridin' like old 'lacs  
Down like 4 flats  
Shine like gold grills  
Curls and chrome rims  
Bitch you know what it is  
I'm live from the underground, underground  
Live from the underground, underground  
Underground, underground  
Live from the underground railroad

My papa told me get paper, motherfuck a hater  
Them J's look clean son but elevate to gators  
I took that shit to heart plus I dug it like a crater  
I'm givin' out game player are there any takers  
While you was quarter sackin' I was quarterbackin  
Callin' plays everyday, level All-Madden  
Hi five, cloud nine, private jet lackin'  
Treat the seal like a vinyl record, gotta keep it crackin'  
Shall I pour up, blow some smoke up, get my spit on  
Grab a paper, sit on a track and get my shit on  
Ice cold water with the flow minus the lemon  
I'm Cinematic Multi, what label you been on  
Old school ridin' flickin' ashes in the tray  
Smokin' up the booth blowin' static in they face  
C.R.E.A.M., cash rules everything around me  
King, checker board nigga go and crown me

Pushin' rhymes underground like moonshine  
With jump like juke joints  
Ridin' like old 'lacs  
Down like 4 flats  
Shine like gold grills  
Curls and chrome rims  
Bitch you know what it is  
I'm live from the underground, underground  
Live from the underground, underground  
Underground, underground  
Live from the underground railroad

Keep it rolled, I'm supposed to lose control  
Oh no, pop the trunk, burn a skunk and slam a do', do'  
Window crack on the ave, marinate the scene  
When I lean and crawl couldn't see me with your high beams  
Play my part, I got heart, I'm tailor gator sharp  
Plus we sit taller than Monster trucks in them trailer park  
My candy coated it cost a grip but I had to blow it  
Your sides was dusty, my seats is bucket but you'll never know it  
Forever tinted so you can't peep while your bitch up in it  
You call her phone she give you tone like "Why you trippin'"  
Cold blooded ain't it but that's how it be when they want that cash  
When you ain't around anybody can be in that ass  
Heard that from 8-Ball homeboy girlfriend  
If she a bopper then she probably ain't your girl then  
You claim you pimpin' don't be trickin' wear a curl then  
And find some paint to put some swirls in

I'm pushin' rhymes underground like moonshine  
With jump like juke joints  
Ridin' like old 'lacs  
Down like 4 flats  
Shine like gold grills  
Curls and chrome rims  
Bitch you know what it is  
I'm live from the underground, underground  
Live from the underground, underground  
Underground, underground  
Live from the underground railroad

We goin' live  
From the underground  
From the underground  
From the underground

We goin' live  
From the underground  
From the underground  
From the underground

We goin' live  
From the underground  
From the underground  
From the underground

We goin' live  
From the underground  
From the underground  
From the underground

Hey, are you okay down there?  
Yeah, I'm fine. Where am I?  
You're in the mainstream. This is A&R-ville.  
Where are you from?  
I'm from Cadillactica, by way of the underground.  
For short, the south