

# Rotation

Big K.R.I.T.

Old school when I ride, forever sky high  
Workin' wood wheel, when the sun outside  
I'm just rotating my tires, rotating my tires, rotating my tires, rotating m  
y tires  
Not a care in the world, me and my girl  
Candy coated pearl with the bowling ball swirl  
I'm just rotating my tires, rotating my tires, rotating my tires, rotating m  
y tires

Now this could be one of those days  
I chop on my blades, leave my worries behind  
Just pretend that I'm paid  
Do it big, do it large, on the boulevard  
Get a cig of some cess, pushin' candy cars  
I did some thangs for that Chevy mayne  
Restored the frame, blew the brains, out on everything  
I ain't ashamed, scooped my dame cause she down to roll  
Since way before, don't touch my screens or my radio (say what?)  
She know the score

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Now this could be one of those days  
Parlay and I ball, turning necks til they break, outside of the mall  
Going in going hard like a superstar  
Break the bank full tank take me super far  
I swang and bang, sittin' heavy mayne  
Hoggin' lanes candy paint never leave a stain  
Let it rain hydroplane but I'm ridin' slow  
Eyes closed, Etta James keep me on my toes (Say what?)  
Can't let her go

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Wheels on the slab go round and round, round and round, round and round  
The wheels on the slab go round and round, round and round, round and round  
Screens in the slab fall down and down, down and down, down and down  
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