

Happy Birthday Hip-hop

Big Krit

[feat. Yelawolf]Twin states mane: Alabama, Mississippi

Big KRIT Yelawolf

Happy, happy birthday, happy birthday...

[Verse 1: Yelawolf]I used to do backspins, no Adidas suit

In my grandmama's house, listening to Coup

Straight out the country like a pair of boots

With [?] no apparel to match

I was hip-hop before I ought to be hip

Some dirty British Knights, tied up, size 6

Don't give me the spoon to cut my pie with

I did it, hand scooped the poofs under my eyelids

I was bumpin' that [?] and that UGK, and that group home

And Skinny Pimp from Tennessee, and I knew the songs

Mystikal, muthafucka: put your boots on

That's mustard: no Grey Poupon

Geto Boys trick or treat: let's go home

Deep dish D's: drop two tones

And I know Alabama ain't your birthplace

But I just come to celebrate: happy birthday

Hip-hop

[Hook:]Yelawolf and Big KRIT on some new shit

We got that firewater, so keep your candles lit

Happy birthday hip hop!

Mississippi/Alabama and it don't stop

The door slamming and the rims chop

Twin states from the bottom, now we on top

So happy birthday, hip hop

We worldwide and it don't stop

[Verse 2: Big K.R.I.T.]I'm hollerin' breathe little shawty

Just look what I done bought ya

The very best that I possess from 'neath that country water

Like preaching from the altar, I break bread with you hip-hop

Just show me where the sauce, a piece of mind is what it cost ya

The beginning of the better, return of forever

Like Pete Rock in the lab: no telling what we'll chef up

You find a will to flow once the bottom does settle

I was digging in the crates, just bring a 40 and your shovel

Old school Chevy, sprayed it Ole Miss Rebel

My definition for [?] and call it heavy metal
808 bass in, haters [?] facing
While you was Kid N Playin', I was UGKing
"Say it ain't so, KRIT", bitch, I'm just saying
Don't play me like no sucka
These Alpines leave you muffled
Country [?] hella gumpshin, tell them niggas take that
Happy birthday hip-hop, now show me where the cake at
[Hook][Verse 3:]Bonita fried, apple pie baum put me on
(Put 'em up) waffle house, 2Pac's rock song
You see I had to dig to find the hieroglyphics
My mama didn't know about [?] Souls of Mischief
See the Bible what gave me the holy spirit
But it didn't give me rap, cause I wasn't supposed to hear it
So I had to walk under them Rebel flags
With my hoodie inside out, with Adidas on the tag
Who would've thunk it, I think we onto something
Like a speaker on my chest, no holding back they hear me coming
If you check my gun function, I've been 'bout it 'bout it
The royalties within my jeans and they so outta pocket
Back when Screw was popping, Them 4s and vogues was chopping
The swangas [?] and pendulums and boppers kept bopping
Reminiscing on the golden times
3000 rhymed over noise so organized
[Hook]

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