Lac Lac (feat. A$AP Ferg)

Big K.R.I.T.

Lac, lac, lac, lac, lac
Slammin' doors in the
Pull up with hoes in the
Diamond in the back, they chosen up, posted up
Pourin' up
Be it the sticky icky got you rollin' up
Hold it up, be a soldier don't be closin' up
Open your mind, open your mind
Open your mind, open your mind
This could be the day
You don't know the road, I could show the wayYoung candy cut though still slammin' doors
Pull up with your ho on the low low
In my ride, it's so clean if you didn't know
Niggas hate but it's cool 'cause they too slow
Move, smooth, gotta get to it
Ain't nobody gonna stop me, nah
I got a big backseat for a super freak
Tell them mothafuckas it's goin' down
Back road, a shortcut the lane
Fuck the law, they can't stop the bang
Cut the double cup of purple rain
Tell them fuck critics I'll never change
Young K.R., I.T. my niggas say
Gotta keep a dash closed with the .44
'Cause them jackas rob 'round here every day
So I chill, for the bills, diamonds against the wheel
Pressin' the buttons while clucky bust-its peep how I live
Goin' in for the kill
Champagne poppin' daily
No petty numbers, shipes
Fuck 'em, just tell 'em "pay me" fosho
Hoes love it, niggas know it, 'bout time
Ride clean, like a billion suns, they can't stop my shine
Tell 'em one more 'gain for that 2000 beyond
That king shit, I be on, tell a bitch nigga to be gone
'Cause myLac, lac, lac, lac, lac
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You don't know the road, I could show the wayI'm walkin' up into the party, and feelin' and killin' the party
A couple of women are chillin' and sippin' Bacardi
She walk me up into the hallway, I started on kissin' the shawty
And feelin' so good, thug bitch from the hood, but really though
Might get some ass tonight, hit it like a real man should, I'ma kill it though
Make a right, open that 'frigerator, crack that 40 ounce
Head into your momma room so I can hear that naughty sound, don't play around
Your parents ain't around, and plus your room is packed
I'ma hit it from the front, I'ma hit it from the back, bust it like a gat, pat pat
Kissin' party with a couple bad bitches, gettin' naughty with all of my niggas
Feelin' woozy but I'm pourin' more liquor
But the cutie booty couldn't be bigger
I'm celebratin' 'cause we shouldn't be here
Hella faded 'cause of Hennessy, yeah
Dedicated to all of my peers, A$AP, the vision so clear
I can see you haters from here, I can spot you out of my chair
My throne, you won't come near, the microphone is on fire
The booth is Roman, I'm sire, I'm king of this shit, I'm no liar
I'm droppin' careys, Mariah, got the grip on the game like I'm pliersLac, lac, lac, lac, lac
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You don't know the road, I could show the wayNiggas talk that big shit nowadays
But they muscles ain't strong enough
Niggas claim they change the game
Catalogs ain't long enough
Slow motion, I'm still posted
In the cut, been waitin' my turn
Fell off 'cause you wasn't yourself
Oh well, nigga live and you learn
Money don't concern me, I was too determined

Fuck what you heard, I feed my fam
I put on for mine, I let my brother shine
And I be comin' down like goddamn
We made it, that check on me, my nigga
For what it's worth, I don't go to work
So this verse ain't free, my nigga
This work ain't free, my nigga
Yeah it's above average 'cause they're raisin' taxes
Dropped twelve albums, that's a grand apiece
And plus I made the beats, you do the mathematics
No watches, no dope money, I'm just Southern
One of the coldest niggas that's in the game
And I've only been on one major cover, like damn
Either they don't know, they don't show
Or they don't care what happens in the South
Or either I'm too smart, or they too dumb
To know what the fuck I'm talkin' 'bout when I sayLac, lac, lac, lac, lac
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