

# 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 way  
Young 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  
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You don't know the road, I could show the way I'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 pliers Lac, lac, lac, lac, lac  
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You don't know the road, I could show the way Niggas 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 say Lac, lac, lac, lac, lac  
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