

# 1986

## Big Krit

[Hook] Like it was 1986, yeah I'm back bitch  
Big money, subwoofer, Randy Savage  
It was 1986, yeah I'm back bitch  
MC 24 crawling through the traffic  
It was 1986, yeah I'm back bitch  
Rolling clean, hella screen, digi-dashed it  
It was 1986, coldest year ever  
Mama coulda cut me out the womb but she knew better  
[Verse 1] Digi my dash, this for the playas  
That got them some golds and copped them some gators  
Fresh than a motherfucker I knew what it took  
The thing that I'm giving you couldn't get out a book  
Now don't be tricking no hoes, don't be lending your ride  
And if you fuck, wear a rubber cause they burning inside  
If it don't pay whatcha asking then you wasting your time  
If you can't get you no old school don't go fucking with mine  
[Hook][Verse 2]  
Watching for jackers, scoping for law  
They go to hating when I'm bassing cause I swang and I crawl  
Scraping the wall, rubbing the curb  
A chef with the whipping, my trunk shaken and stirred  
I got a fetish for Chevys, a itch for the dollar  
On the hunt for a freak, down to fuck if she swallow  
I be popping my collar til I'm dead in a tomb  
Hell, I been popping my collar since I fell out the womb  
[Hook][Bridge] It feels good to have it  
Knowing that I did what I could  
It feels good to have it  
I put the leather on top of the wood  
It feels good to have it  
I rode chrome all around my streets  
It feels good to have it  
To see it, to need it, to grab it  
Feels good to have it  
[Hook] Explain

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