

# New Agenda (feat. Rick Ross)

## Big K.R.I.T.

[Hook: Big KRIT]

Bitch I got a new agenda  
Grippin' grain 'till I catch a splinter  
Stripper pole, set it in the middle  
For them busters, down to toke a little  
B-b-b-b-bitch I got a new agenda  
Time and time again  
And time and time and time again  
I tried to tell these hoes  
Time and time again  
And time and time and time again  
I tried to tell these hoes  
Bitch I got a new agenda

[Verse 1: Big KRIT]

Doin' two a days in my Cadillac  
Flex around me, I might take your bitch and not give her back  
Nigga cutthroat, nigga cutthroat, nigga cutthroat  
He ain't give you money to give to me bitch? Then what you fuck for?  
Ducked off in that corner store  
Yeah I got some gators but I need some more  
'Dem white wall, 'dem white wall, they was super cold  
Since a grasshopper all I ever wanted was some triple golds  
'Dem Daytons and that my bass boss  
John Travolta, these subwoofers might blow your face off  
Take your cape off, super sippin', settle down  
And let me check your ties, I roll around

[Hook: Big KRIT]

[Verse 2: Rick Ross]

Gold teeth on my pitbull your bitch bringin' me breakfast  
Just got me two coupes, them hoes Jeremy Shepherds  
Hatin' niggas so petty, all I chase is that lettuce  
Top down on my fitted, Pittsburgh like Bettis  
Smilin' like I'm William "The Refrigerator" Perry  
6 mill' for the condo that extra 2 for that terrace  
All I want is that lemon pepper, but the flavors vary  
Got head in Paris, my AP canaries  
See me on that cover of Rolling Stone's embellished  
Diamonds drip from my neck, them tats all on my belly  
All I had was that dream, Martin Luther my king

And one last request: bury me in my rings  
[Hook: Big Krit]  
[Outro: Big KRIT]  
Pardon if it's much  
Diamonds in the back seat will surely crush  
Fishbone the dash, roll around on glass  
You talkin' too much  
Takes a lot of shine just to Supernova  
You don't know my kind  
I don't play with kids, bitch I play for keeps  
If you don't know I'm with it then you don't know the shine  
Take that with a grain of salt, I don't give a fuck about it  
Treat the pussy the gold if she down  
Then swoll, then she bound to squeeze a buck up out it  
Hard protective plate of a suplex, the way I flex on a broke ho  
It ain't what I asked for? It's a no no  
Bitch I got a new agenda

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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