Mt. Olympus (Reprise)

Big K.R.I.T.

Now they wanna hear a country nigga rap
Five albums in, I swear a country nigga snap
Thought they wanted trap, thought they wanted bass
Thought they wanted molly, thought they wanted drank
Fuck them niggas, now they wanna hear a country nigga rap
Five albums in, I swear a country nigga snap
Thought they wanted gold, thought they wanted shine
Thought they wanted radio, bitch make up your mind
(Yeah ho)All this attention, I don't even know what I might even do with it
That Control beat is like an ugly bitch that everybody done fucked raw
Maybe you hit it
Aww man, I'm more concerned why niggas been textin' my cell, callin' my phone
Ask me about this Kendrick shit, that he ain't even really even diss me on
I ain't drawn to all this propaganda, rap shit 'bout as real as Santa
Now I'm lyrical all of the sudden
Well last year they claim they ain't understand me
I'm buryin' niggas, and pissin' on they graves
Another nigga, other nigga name on your chain
And they call me a slave
Niggas scared of this country boy, lord forbid I catch a body
In the studio tryna calm your soul
Lookin' at your manager, I think Krizzle got me
I put you in the trunk with these subwoofers
5th wheel in my shottie
I'm so prolific with these scriptures they might give me a Bible
Page 1, come here son
Mind your manners, just be cool
I know you lame when you was in school
The little fame you ain't used to
And it was easy for you to move through
English class with your own thesaurus
Like one of these days I'm gonna be a rapper
But all my verses gonna be borrowed
So I'ma take from all these Southern artists
That mainstream never heard of
Recycle all of they lingo
And make sure I screw my words up
Bravo for your swagger-jackin'
I'm overwhelmed by your dedication

You actually fooled these people into thinkin'
That your music was innovative
Frustrated
Rap battlin' never got me out of no public housin'
You tellin' me I can be King of Hip-Hop
And they wouldn't give it to Andre 3000?
Nigga please, this award ain't got shit to do with us
God could physically come down and say "he the greatest
My favorite, y'all should listen, he have potential
To outlive the heatwave I'ma send through this motherfucker
And rebuild for a whole 'nother other culture"
And that wouldn't be enough
So fuck these haters and fuck these hoes
Damn right I still mean thatNow they wanna hear a country nigga rap
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Thought they wanted gold, thought they wanted shine
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Fuck them niggasHope the hook wasn't too simple
Either way nigga, I wrote it
Yes, I made the beat, yes, I mixed the track
I am far from wack, you a one-trick pony
I don't fall in line, I define what's rhyme
Fuck what you was thinkin', bloggers they can quote it
Lotta rappers buried underneath my house
They know what I'm 'bout, you ain't even know it
Overdosed on hocus-pocus, jibber-jabber
Snap on my stature was firebreathin' dragon
King of every castle, how you signin' rappers?
All these labels must be givin' out a raffle
Wranglin' like cattle, keep a nigga shackled
Leavin' people baffled, tap dance nigga
Misleadin' all of your rap fans, nigga
Might as well just do a lap dance, nigga
Sap ass nigga
Do whatever for some dap ass nigga
I ain't got time
To watch out for children, stay out my kitchen
The shit that I'm cookin' ain't meant for your kind
Crackin' and bashin' the shit out your spine
King with a crown, humble and tall
Tyrants never keep quiet, they'd rather be violent

So I'm beheading them all!
The lay of the land, I'm settin' fire to buildings and bridges
You ain't sell out a show until you sell out one in Mississippi
What's good for Hip Hop may not be good for my soul
So, I keep flexin', wreckin', for the people that respect it
Check it, fuck a Control
Bih!Now they wanna hear a country nigga rap
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Thought they wanted molly, thought they wanted drank
Fuck them niggas, now they wanna hear a country nigga rap
Five albums in, I swear a country nigga snap
Thought they wanted gold, thought they wanted shine
Thought they wanted radio, bitch make up your mindFuck them niggas!
Yea, I said it, fuck them niggas!
Yea, I said it, fuck them niggas!
Yea, I said it, thought they wanted radio, bitch make up your mind
Fuck them niggas!

Songwriters
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