Made Alot

Big Krit

(Sample from 8Ball & MJG's "On Top Of The World")

Made a lot of cheese(cheese), people say I changed

Made a (made a) lot of cheese(cheese), people say I changed

Made a (made a) lot of cheese, people(people) say I changed

But if you thinking that you never knew me from the gate

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But if you thinking that you never knew me from the gate man

Ay but fuck it then,

I rather ride Bubble Benz and push a bucket break, scrubbing pa

cause I rather ride Bubble Benz and push a bucket break, scrubbing paint,
Bubbling up again, on my hood
Gotta get it while the gettin good,

A chemist with the pimpin mix the leather with the cherry wood, If you could you should,

Slam doors on hoes,

I 5th wheel my trunk while white-wallin my vogues, I tight walk on these foes just to flex,

Ain't no sense in stepping out if I can't never look my best,

Damn, don?t stress my bankroll, Just know I keep my bank swoll,

Ain?t no place I can?t go, never trick on no stank hoe,

It was like that back when I was in my mama?s stomach A player slid up out the womb and hit the ground running,

Never stumbling always gunning like a popped glock,

Keep a hater boxed out,

So I could rebound and ball for the top spot,

All the same I?m a staple in the game,

Ain't never been no lame,

That?s why I find it strange when I.

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Who the fuck are you,

Texting me at 1: 46 in the evening,

Meant the morning,

After midnight,

While I?m yawning,

You were sleeping

4 door Chevy roll I?m out'chea creeping,

Slamming doors in,

Heavy things but I want some more,

With playa pose, Roll up on hoes,

They say they knew me from high-school,

Maybe community college, claim you wanna do some thangs
But I can do without it,
My mama name "Such and such" and we gonna be like baby powder,
Baby I doubt it,

It it?s hard to swallow,
You wanna lay up, I want a dollar,
For the machine, I?m kinda thirsty,
A little parched, she wanna ride, no you cannot,
She say I?m mean I say just a hoes,
And dumb niggas, kinda like you,
Them Bs and doe's,

Reject request on Facebook,
Daily duckin lames,
All you know is my patna & 'em then my name,
Plus you heard that I.

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But if you thinking that you never knew me from the gate man
(Big Sant)

You probably see me in the street but nigga you dont know me, Big *sut* bitch motherfucking OG,

From the Sip get a grip, wanna visit take a trip,
Ain?t a nigga dead or alive that can say that I done flipped,
Im from the land of the cheese, home of the slave,
Don?t confuse me with no lame,

Cause that?s what just I ain?t,

Alumni forever put that on the nigga next to me, Started out writing rhymes ended up writing a legacy

(Big K.R.I.T.)

They hollerin there he go again, What's his name, where his folk? Call him Kurt, call him KRIT?, Fuck that nigga I ain?t sure, He got beats, heard him flow, Like a couple years ago, He alright, kinda tight, Shawty like him on the low, There he go, too much soul, I wouldn?t buy it out the store, Plus I saw him in the club, One who hollered at my hoe, Just because he got some dough, From a deal he think he ill, I bet thats how that motherfucka feel, And on the real I think he changed.

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