

# My Sub (Pt. 2: The Jackin')

## Big K.R.I.T.

My sub, my sub, my sub, I put that on my sub!

My sub, my sub, I put that on my sub!

My sub, my sub, I put that on my sub!

My sub, my sub

Yeah let my trunk knock till the tape pop

My rims chop chop, while the bass drop

Yeah let my trunk knock till the tape pop

My rims chop chop, while the bass drop OK I pull up and my partners ask me "Krizzle where you sub at?"

Hey fuck them tweeters they ain't beaten, get yo sub back"

So I push my pedal to the metal to my cuz house

He owed me money, "fuck that bread, just set your sub out"

I fly like jets, that candy wet, I'm finna fuck wit hoes

E.q. these settin's in my Chevy 'till my trunk explode

Maybe I'm bumpin', maybe I'm trippin', Maybe I'm feelin' good!

Either way I'm quakin', shakin' wakin' up the folk in my neighborhood

Still hit the scene and whip, pour it up in my cup and sip

Never be where them white folk at cuz the laws over there they bound to trip

Lift it up in my trunk and bump, saw a lame and I hit the trunk

Pop that shit like twice for real, niggas gon' feel my wheels of steel

Chopping these vogues too, congrats when I roll through

Back to the backwood where I ride clean like I'm supposed to

Forever whipping on, leather guts with plenty chrome

Knocking pictures down till I get home

I put that on my sub My sub, my sub, my sub, I put that on my sub!

My sub, my sub, I put that on my sub!

My sub, my sub, I put that on my sub!

My sub, my sub

Yeah let my trunk knock till the tape pop

My rims chop chop, while the bass drop

Yeah let my trunk knock till the tape pop

My rims chop chop, while the bass drop Now usually, I dont disturb the peace

But I'mma wake you if you sleep

With that quake, that bass, that beat

Two miles per hour on creep

Smoke make it hard to see

When I'm swangin' down, I mean bangin' down

I ain't playin' around wit no freaks

I gotta shake junt in my trunk

Tell my DJ bring it back

Turn it up all the way to the max  
Till that old school Chevy frame crack  
My partner hit me up like he need a ride  
But I can't hear him either  
Said he got some bags and that's kinda sad  
'Cause there's only room in here for my speakers  
But I'm riding out, like I don't know what he talking bout  
Besides he always hating when I'm bassing  
Telling me to turn it down  
Out of line, and that's outta bounds  
Bother me when I'm ridin' 'round  
Hell, I just wanna hear the lows, shit  
I just wanna shake the ground!  
Lay it down in the parking lot  
Turn it up outside the club  
Can't tell if shawty really digging me  
She can shake or she loves the sub  
Might be the best but I can dig it though  
She vibrate, gyrate  
And swear that's the reason I did it for  
I put that on my sub

Songwriters

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