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 dropOK 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 subMy 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 dropNow 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

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