Made Alot (feat. Big Sant)

Big K.R.I.T.

(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,

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,

Gotta get it wille 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, dont stress my bankroll,

Just know I keep my bank swoll,

Aint no place I cant go, never trick on no stank hoe, It was like that back when I was in my mamas 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 Im a staple in the game,

Ain't never been no lame,

Thats 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 Im yawning,

You were sleeping

4 door Chevy roll Im 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 its hard to swallow,

You wanna lay up, I want a dollar,

For the machine, Im kinda thirsty,

A little parched, she wanna ride, no you cannot,

She say Im 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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(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,

Aint a nigga dead or alive that can say that I done flipped,

Im from the land of the cheese, home of the slave,

Dont confuse me with no lame,

Cause thats what just I aint,

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 aint 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 wouldnt 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.

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

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