Gumpshun

Big Krit

They know just who we are
Roll in four deep cars
Polo down country bound
Tight like mason jars
My grandma use to say
Boy you got boy you got boy you got gumption
Boy you got boy you got boy you got gumption
Boy you got boy you got boy you got gumption
Boy you got boy you got boy you got gumption
First off I'm the country of the countriest
Mississippi bitch what you know about that country shit
Hold on, prolong I'm doing what you thanking
Naw it ain't the chittlings that got this shit here stanking
Jumping, Bumping through the speakers sub boomin
Shawty I been stroking is what I been doing
Everybody got something to say about how we get down when we get down
Cause it 38's on the crown vic
So I use the ladder to get down with
They think its for the pickens is what im found with
Her face uhh ass outstanding
She micro braided I pull it and pound it
That malt liqour keep a nigga grinding
On the porch with my kin folk lounging
Up underneath the stars
They talk about my state but they know jus who we are
Psychedelically excelling on daytons and vogues
Dianetics majestics im killing these hoes
Sprinkle game of the greenest the meanest of flows
Plant a seed in your mental and leave in to grow
Eager to know how to get money and bring it to daddy
Evenly so buy me some gators and pull up the caddy
Open my door, jump from my cart round and clean up my palace
Throw on my robe, run my bathe water and fill up my chalice
Sit on my balance, beamer to her balance cream
If that pussy needs ramming I'm bantering
Player made tailor made
Always in the gator state
92 bulls on a fool thats how players play
For the win like MJ straight away

Shook em off no time left fuck it fade away
Buzzer its all over with
Champagne lobster and shrimp
I was taught to give them sometime jus to hate on
Like a ford engine light I jus stay on
nd a yella belly I can take home
Or lay on, cause it ain't nothing bout a skill to
You either get her done barbecue or meal due
Let the superfly inside you steer you
Because being lame is a disease and can kill you
So let me put you on these hoes
Chevy that be heavy and the wall that be [vogue](undefined)
Peanut butter guts with the grape jelly globe
Chromed out bumper with the cold bang doors
That's suicide shit if you didn't know that
Need a lil pimping baby girl let me pour that
Sow that up with some dough on it
I was born with the gift of gab so motherfucker throw a boat on it

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/