

# What U Mean

## Big K.R.I.T.

What you mean you ain't nasty  
Why the fuck you came  
Why the fuck you came  
Why, why the fuck you came  
What you mean you ain't nasty  
Why the fuck you came  
Don't you see the grill  
Candy on the frame  
What you mean you ain't nasty  
Why the fuck you came  
Why the fuck you came  
Why, why the fuck you came  
What you mean you ain't nasty  
Why the fuck you came  
Don't be pushin' on my buttons  
Wait a minute motherfucker Bout time niggas seen the real  
Old school car with the grill  
Gettin' it, doors valet can't help you up out it  
Top fell off and ain't shit I can do about it  
Ride clean, every day's a holiday  
Gettin paid, every day's a bottle day  
And you ain't seen a pimp until you seen me on the corner  
Last time your bitch chose me but I ain't want her  
Get money, motherfuck fame  
Tryna break a ho and make change  
If you knew me from the ribbit then you knew that I was tippin'  
You's a motherfuckin liar if I ain't reppin' Mississippi  
What you know about it  
Krizzle still cold on em  
My gift of gab came with a bow on it  
So if you grind and you down for the smashing  
So what you mean, what you mean, what you mean What you mean you ain't nasty  
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Don't be pushin' on my buttons  
Wait a minute motherfucker Don't you wanna rest off in this glass house  
If I let you ride set that ass out  
Don't play me like no trick that's just so overrated  
All this superbassin' woofer quakin' got you motivated  
Haters screamin' favors never stopped me  
Sucker motherfuckers never blocked me  
Poppin' trunk, droppin' top as I beat the bass  
If you don't know what KRIT mean by now then bitch you super late  
Po' another fo' up to recuperate  
If pimpin' was a blood sport I kick it like a kumite  
Working boppers on the field like it's 2 a day  
Three a day, 4 a day, any day a pro say  
Shake it for a player, let me see it  
If you lookin' for a southern country bumpkin let me be it  
You say you ridin' and you down for the smashin'  
So what you mean, what you mean, what you mean What you mean you ain't nasty  
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Don't be pushin' on my buttons  
Wait a minute motherfucker I knew a bitch named Mandy  
She was a pink toe  
She had a lisp so I asked her could she deep throat  
She said she never done it, she said she never tried  
She sittin' there tellin' a motherfuckin' lie  
I said baby don't you worry just get down on your knees  
Cause some warm head will turn me up a couple degrees  
So just throw your lips around this anaconda and squeeze

And you'll keep a nigga harder than some government cheese  
I say all women are freaks they just need an excuse  
Pretendin' they all tight when these bitches is loose  
That's why I stay strapped up when I'm knocking the boots  
And love that military pussy I just need some recruits (Troops!)  
Salute a pimp, salute a pimp  
Bad bitches join my team, ugly hoes exempt  
After midnight don't play no motherfucking games  
Cause if you do, all you gon' hear me say is What you mean you ain't nasty  
Why the fuck you came  
Why the fuck you came  
Why, why the fuck you came  
What you mean you ain't nasty  
Why the fuck you came  
Don't you see the grill  
Candy on the frame  
What you mean you ain't nasty  
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Why, why the fuck you came  
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Why the fuck you came  
Don't be pushin' on my buttons  
Wait a minute motherfucker

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Bridges, Christopher Brian / Scott, Justin Published by

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