

Outta Season (feat. Big K.R.I.T.)

Bun B

All this lame shit been, been outta season
(been, been outta season)
Drop, chop the block for no reason
Practice what you preach, keep your eyes on the prize
Pop, pop the trunk twice with the swangers on the side
Drop the top, chop the block for no reason
All this lame shit been, been outta season
Practice what you preach, keep your eyes on the prize
Pop, pop the trunk twice with the swangers on the side
Drop the top, chop the block for no reason
All this lame shit been, been outta season
Mane, I'm a big body in a big body, prop the fuck up
Top dropped the fuck down and trunk popped the fuck up
Love you if you stayed down and fuck you if you stuck up
Fuck, I'm 'bout to drop the slab off and pick the truck up
Laid up in the Escalade, cup of Vodka
Un DS Jordan's I just pulled up out the locker
Nina tucked with the chopper and if I pop her, you couldn't stop her
Break you off somethin' proper
Been 'round since Vogue tires wrapped around the Tru's rim
Tell them hoes if they ain't chose yet, they better choose him
Keep the camera movin', if you don't, you finna lose him
Better check the timeline if you ain't heard the news, bitch
Practice what you preach, keep your eyes on the prize
Pop the trunk twice with the swangers on the side
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Mane, I'm a big baller holdin' big balls in my nutsack
Dirty South nigga, buck at me I'm finna buck back
Boys thought I wasn't comin' back, nigga fuck that
Shit, I'm 'bout to pick the slab up and bring the truck back
Slab time, wreck your slab, I'm about to hit 'em hard
Swingin' on your curb, best to get up in your yard
Say exactly what the fuck I feel with no disregard
David Blaine with this thang, mane, is this your card?
This the trill nigga's four-oh-nine region
You gon' have to back the fuck down or pay allegiance
Momma them from Louisiana, Cajun with the seas'nin
The King is on the throne, it's best you just appease him, bitch
Practice what you preach, keep

your eyes on the prize
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All this lame shit been, been outta season
Summertime let the top off
Spring up with the ice in Winter
Chop the block like a steak dinner
They bust shots, return to sender
Graduated as a corner bender from the school of trill
Showin' grill, pop pop the seal
Pop pop the trunk
Neon real, bitch how it feel?
How it taste?
Pringle season all in her face
Eat the cake, don't forget to scrap crumbs off the plate
Them candy flakes drip off the chrome
Sunshine won't leave me alone 'cause I keep a glow
When they throw a stone
When it rains on my robes
Practice what I always preach
No hand-outs, bitch stop that reach
I'm still holdin' on, competitin'
All that lame shit outta season
Practice what you preach, keep your eyes on the prize
Pop the trunk twice with the swangers on the side
Drop the top, chop the block for no reason
All this lame shit been, been outta season
Practice what you preach, keep your eyes on the prize
Pop the trunk twice with the swangers on the side
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All this lame shit been, been outta season
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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