

You Already Know

Messy Marv

Pass me that test nigga, slow motion right now, I love Texas
Aye Hawk we had to do this

I'm a mothafuckin' fool mayn, you already know
Me and my murder men'll run through your front do'
Put the Ruger in ya mouth and hit you with the Calico
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Big rocks and Glocks and all that shit (All that shit)
Gangsta than a mothafuckin son of a bitch (Than a son of a bitch)
You know I keep it mafia like Tela and Prince (Yeah)
I'm about that dirty bay though' like Pac and Rich (Like Pac and Rich)
Blowin' on a bag, twenty-two's on skinnies
Cook the soft and get a hardaway like Penny
I come up from nuthin' what you hatin' me fo'? (Hatin' me fo)
And I ain't tryna reach on you, but you makin' me though
Just look for the set man, you know we there
You'll get smashed on lil nigga I swear
I'm a mothafuckin' fool like y'all don't know (Like y'all don't know)
Like I won't spazz out and won't rap no mo' (Uh-huh)
Like I won't yank it 'til it don't clap no mo' (Clap no mo')
Like them nutty niggas ain't got my back no mo' (Imagine that)
I'm in a ol'school Chevy mayn, palmin' on wood
This for them niggas tycoonin' but still in the hood

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Fillmo' to New Orleans, mayn we get that cheese (Get that cheese)
Bitch quit playin' with me, get on yo knees (Get on yo knees)
Keep ya bammer weed ho, I smoke purple
One hit'll make you talk like Steve Urkle (Aow)
Blowin' on a bag, twenty-two's on skinnies
Choppin'-choppin' swishas down, drinkin' my Remy
Ridin-Ridin through servin' droppin' off cream
Knockin'-Kockin' Michael Watts, with my fo'-fifteens
Hand on my iron, mayn I got fiya (Fire)
Twenty Inch wires with the gold to the tyre (To the tyre)
Nigga why you bullshittin'? We clap back
You know the fo' five nigga, we clap mack
I'm all the way in the bay sippin' on lean
It got a nigga feelin' so fresh so clean
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You ain't 'bout what I'm about, run up in a nigga house
Pistol whoop him and his spouse, put his scrilla in tha pouch
Then I'm out, Yukmouth, big bag like santa
I'll make you dance like Hammer
The black Tony Montana, weighing them grams up
Ears glued to the scanner, hookin' my fam up
Cram up in my grey goose, scoopin' that lamb up
I'm in Detroit with cheddar boys sparkin that Ganz up
Or at the strip club with Jazze Pha in Atlanta
But still I'm a mothafuckin fool mayn I blast tool's
And move crack on them avenue's 'cause the cash rules
Act a fool like King Tee or Ludacris (Yeah!)
Pimp a stupid bitch, pimp juice, it's too much loot to get
Yuk, the young thug, puffin that bum bud
The gun bust I don't give a fuck like the young bloods
I'm Kamakazi like Bart, so don't start (Don't start)
Before this Calico rip ya asshole apart, Mark (Chea)

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