

# They Know

2 Chainz

Paid \$100 for some head, nigga, Say you ain't did it!  
I know a lick at 4 mil', nigga, Say you ain't with it!  
Now if we hit this lick, nigga, & you don't want to split it  
Then it's bow, bow, bow to your motherfuckin' fitted, now!  
I don't give a fuck, I don't give a fuck!  
I pull up in that truck, Pull up in that truck  
I run that bitch over, call it Trukfit  
And yeah I'm on my own, I'm screamin' "Fuck it"

Fuck it, I'm whippin' it crazy  
I'm ridin' the foreign, I'm doin' 180  
My chain so heavy, my brain so deadly  
Type of nigga buy the watch & change the bezzy  
They ain't never seen me comin' like this  
Smokin' on that gasoline in the VIP  
They need ding-a-ling for the trampoline  
Cause all these bitches want to do is jump on the dick  
I hop over fence, I'm offended by co-defendants  
Drink codeine for mornin' sickness  
Your dad was a motherfuckin' snitch, so nigga, you were born a witness  
Allstate, accident forgiveness  
Say my name by accident, We actin' ignorant  
Doing a drive-by while you playin' different  
This that Me Time at the finest  
You won't beat me or see me whinin'  
I am gangsta like the Raiders cap with a Jheri Curl on the side  
I like thighs & breasts, I hide from stress  
I don't even know where my phone at  
Crib so motherfuckin' big, I don't even know where my room at!

Whip so fast they say ''there he go''  
Bitch so bad, man, I think she know  
Turned 100 to a mill, man I think they know  
Ducking on the low, man, I think they know  
I think they know, I think they know  
I think they know, yeah yeah, I think they know  
I think they know, I think they know  
I think they know, yeah yeah, I think they know

I think they know it, if they don't then fuck it I show it  
Blow it like you owe it, ordered a case of Moet  
Y'all get to going back to back for us  
All black like I'm wanted  
Got your bitch zoning, send her back in the morning  
That money coming, trying to stack it enormous  
You niggas pussy, fucking rat on your homies  
I think they know it, they know it, they know it  
I got a plane that's sittin round the corner  
I got some bitches here from California  
Got on my chains, I'm lookin like a dope boy  
These niggas don't want it, I put that on mañana  
My chain into 100, my belt Ferragamo  
Go to LA, meet the plug at Katanas  
I'm still the king of my city and they know it  
And I paint pictures with these words, I'm a poet  
And I drop the top on my whip, and we soarin'  
A 50 a check then I'm in it, if niggas stay with it then they get extorted

And I'm gone