

You Know

50 Cent

See low we know
I'm sitting on leather I'm a winner
If I crap out the strap out
Cause I snap right back to the beginning nigga

You know I will let it pop front if you want bitch I will make
it hot
You (rrr) know you think you ill but you not
You will need a tombstone you will need a plot (yeah)

I peep what niggas hate through my peripherals
Boy if I leave this club back to the car I got some shit for yo
u
Want party? We can paint the town red
Them bottles ain't shit to me a nigga got bread
I'm big money big business I love it
For the bad bitches with big asses and the budgets I'm the boss
Until you know shit is going how it got to go
I don't want talk tonight I might just buy the hoes
My pleasure principle spender's expense
First I'm happy then she happy then she can pay the rent
It's nothing to a nigga when he up
But when they down I bet you he won't give up at your bump
Flipping will catch your attitude 'like bitch what the fuck you
want from a nigga huh?, you fucking up nigga huh? '
Look girl you know you sitting on a gold mine
Fuck with them other niggas think you so fine

My flow hotter than the gun after that clip done
Don't care about the sit you claim mother fuck the finger bang
I hang around with hustlers and hoodlums that party get the pop
ping
Then we beefing and we shooting
Let's party like it's 1999
Flat top Gazelle, the swag going back in time
I got it locked they can't ignore it
My nigga know some bullshit I'm all for it
Heroin Don seven sixty leaning
Chrome clean spend a nigga scheming trying to hit a lick
Them victim niggas thinking damn why me
I'm thinking why these niggas never try me
Maybe they feel the vibe they know a nigga lie
I let it off inside and outside
The club rocking it's on tonight
Them bottle's popping we getting right