

I Know

Ace Hood

Ok I may know me some killas
Bitch I may know me some goons
I keep them people 'round 'case them niggas actin' fool
Betta know I keeps it real, and plus my mother fuckin tool
Just know my bitch is bad, and so is her attitude

Ok um, what it do, what it is, what it be though?
Hit the city with a bad lil' freak ho
Hop up outta the beamer that's on low pros
Two Fours, suicide on the back do'
Ridin 'round, eagle on my lap yo
Pop off, shots to ya elbow
More shells, comin through your window
All black, semis slide in the renzo
Get money, about cash, I'm a nympho
10-4, need my slice, like Kimbo
Drop top, that's only when the wind blow
See a nigga low pro, double M logo
Hold up, and I'm with a bad bitch
She thick, nothin like ya average
My pussy, make her call a nigga daddy
The bitch so sassy, she damn near had me
But I ain't trippin, cause the swag on pluto
Fly nigga he wouldn't know what to do though
Call me, Papi Chulo
Polo when I'm ridin in the culo
God damn, I'm way too gutta
Keep a toast, and I'm bout my butta
Shoot a nigga, that's on my motha
Don't believe, just ask my brotha

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Ok I, bounce onto this beat like pogo
Know my t-shirt and boxers polo
Love me a little coco loso
Bitch ain't fuckin, that's a mother fuckin no no
Hate when they say they ain't no groupie
Trick you choose, and they already know so
Couple hours in the Cadillac fo-do
Gettin some head, suck it so slow
Hot damn, sippin on a little Rose-mo
Red bone, graduated out of Flo-Mo
Got a job and she wanna get paid mo
Add her to the pay roll, do as I say so
Six figure nigga 20 with the rate go
Keep killas if you wonder what the K fo
Blat blat, couple shots to ya Kangol
Yessir when it's about that dinero
Hit the block in the mother fuckin lambo
Double G sandals, tank top camo
Good lawd, man the nigga be swaggin
Just imagine the penthouse pattern

Pockets stay full of that cabbage
Neck and wrist stay full of them karats
Some shit you can't inherit
Me and money eloped, we married

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