I Know

I know, I know, I know You have been waitin' I know, I know, I know I know what you're waiting for You'll think I'll make you a break-up song That you really think you deserve it And I know you've been longin' for You'll think I'll make you a break-up... I know how you want this to go I know how you want me to flow You want to even this go You want me to upload a post You want me to go back and forth with the shit I did with a random lil' ho You want me to... hm but would be doin' the most They want to see a nigga deep in his feelings 'cause that's where they usual ly qo New bitches always got somewhere to go but that's what the Uber is for Old bitches always be down for a setup but that's what my shooters is for Bitches be so quick to side with a bitch like they never heard rumors before I hate emotions, I ain't good with 'em I only fuck with trouble, put that wood in 'em I ain't good for 'em, ain't no sugarcoatin' shit, ain't no sugarcoatin' wood in 'em From the hood but not a hoodlum Lines got suss in 'em Bitches fall for anything you tell 'em, better get the pillow for some cushi onin' Like the Cushigan I know, I know, I know You have been waitin' I know, I know, I know I know what you're waiting for You'll think I'll make you a break-up song That you really think you deserve it And I know you've been longin' for You'll think I'll make you a break-up... I know, I know, you know I know, you know, you don't-you don't deserve it I know, I know, you know And you know it And you know it This ain't a love song or a fight or a break-up or a make-up song This ain't a grudge song, this a "who can you trust" song (yeah) Or "why are they thinkin' in blood" song This ain't a club song, "Fontainebleau Miami revolt" song This a "only guy can judge" song "People care too much about who I fuck" song "When you smokin' and discuss" songs "That's something that should discuss" songs This a "hush, you blowin' my bust" song "Power usually corrupt" song (yeah) "Two step in the ever-bud" song This a "look at me in disgust" song "Control yourself, take what you need but I ain't done" song

A palm for nurses, they had their scrubs on "Things got too complicated for us" song Shit, we should've left it in the crush zone Yeah, but I couldn't leave well enough alone Yeah, I couldn't leave well enough alone Couldn't leave well enough alone Now I'm singin' this fuckin' song

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