

You Know

Boldy James

Blockworks
Alan the Chemist
ConCreatures
Boldy Bricks, yeah

When them birds flying high in the sky
You know how I'm feelin' already
And I don't wanna kick it cause ya'll niggas petty
And if that's ballin' I'm in L.A. with Jefe
On that Mac Mall shit cause I'm all about my fetti
Yes, yes, UPS'll send 'em next day
Overnight, Fed Ex, express, ese
Never been a coward or a pussy in these streets
And I put that on a G like a thousand word essay
Bricks on consignment, dirty dishes in the sink
Finna cook another ki with this chopper and this SK
Pistol whippin, I do the fool in the kitchen
When I'm spinnin and I only rock the Trues with the thick stitches
I ain't the man but I damn sure know him
Got a fin full of bands and my hand finna blow it
Like I grow it, if you gettin' money then show it
I talk it cause I live it but you already know it
It's ConCreatures

(You know, you know, you know) I'm on my throwback
Bo Jack but you already know that
(You know, you know, you know) And it's a known fact
That I sold crack and all my niggas don't rap
(You know, you know, you know) We get the load back
Them bows and thrax, we got them bitches on deck
(You know, you know, you know) They got my phone tapped
I ain't goin' back, tell them bitches get the bozack

Niggas know that they better run that dough back
'Fore we hit your door with the calicos, no on smack
We smack niggas for fat living and dog check
The shit out of bitch ass niggas, tell 'em to fall back
We get points on the pack and hit y'all wit' the sacks
And shake no weight, I'm sellin' all packs
I got that Master P hook up, recipe to cook up
The middle of spring and bring fall back
For my dogs in them Bronco colors
Blue and orange on the yard doin' football numbers
I jumped off the porch and I took off runnin'
Had a long run, it's been a long time comin'
When chances were slim to none
I was the skinniest one but kept the biggest gun
In the hood, I'm a boss 'cause I get it done, my niggas empty drums
Pull up and pull off now that's a hit and run

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'Cause old habits, it's hard for me to break those
We weigh packages whole, shake, rattle and roll
I'm talkin' crate loads, easy passin' through tolls
Breakin' the border, meetin' quotas, drinkin' glasses of Rose
And Moet for Moses, diamonds in my gold link
Glowin' piece, goin' when I'm strikin' a pose
We finally famous but this the life that we chose
Gold wire, C frames with the ice on my nose

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