

# He Don't Know

Chief Keef

Fuck nigga wanna mug  
He don't know I got the .40 in the club  
He don't know I got my shorties in the cut  
Cause this shit goin' very nuts  
Throw 'em up, pop up, shootin' shit man, cops out  
He don't know we got Glocks on us  
He think we gon' knock him out  
He said that he want war but he don't know  
Can't tell that little boy what he don't know

It's me and Dirty Thirty  
Bullets fly, like little birdy birdy  
The only pimps I know is Mac and Dirty Thirty  
With a Tec, told a 50 you can't have Larry Birdy  
Yeah they say money, power, respect  
But bitch its money, power, the Tec  
Point at your block and won't even have any regret  
You fuck niggas be knowing how we get  
So don't get screwed, I got some niggas with a bunch of tools  
They come through screwin' shit like [moppers do]  
Like don't be talkin' what my choppa do  
Turn your block to Lil B bitch, Wonton Soup  
Pull off in my Lady Gaga, skrr  
I got Hannah, Lady Gaga too  
Lotta bullets fly, that's what I do

He don't know  
Got so many cars, when I pull up he won't know  
He was talkin' to this bitch, she was suckin' me, he don't know  
And this bitch want blue dream back, I'm like "you don't know"  
What I smoke, better smoke OG  
I like Ben Franklins baby, I don't fuck with no Gs  
Can't wait for no bitch cause these hoes be fuckin' lowkey  
Cause you thought your bitch was your bitch  
But she was suckin' on me, that thot I like  
She ain't know that almighty so got cinnamon rolls  
That nigga act like sneak dissin' me gon' get him on  
It's me and Ben Frank, I don't like people, me and him get along  
Blow your block, givin' out shots for the face just silicone  
Cops won't know  
Unless one of you lil fuck niggas snitchin' on me  
Shootin' up houses  
Living rooms, bedrooms, and them kitchens only  
Shootin' up cops  
Front seats, passenger seats, and them engines only