

I Know

Chris Travis

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Say baby, we can run the streets
I'm rolling up, herb and she kissing on my cheek
My old girl tripping she won't let me be
She said my new bitch, made me weak
Why these niggas won't let me be?
They mad I got bitches and my steez so unique
Since a young nigga, I practice what I preach
Better watch ya mouth 'cause you sow what you reap
Or is it reap what you sow?
I sent this shit backward 'cause I thought that you should know
See niggas nowadays just don't have no hope
They don't pay attention, they just going with the flow
I might have to lead them on
Just like a teasing bitch in her leggings and her draws
All my old friends need to let me go
They see a nigga getting bank they try to tag along

I'm in New York, specifically Manhattan
I'm with a bitch, we staying at the Mad Hatter
But fuck boy my life something special
I made it far knowing I'm a down south rebel
At the bar, drinking wine, all in her ear
Feeling her head up, saying shit she wanna hear
She said she ain't want nothing but my time
She thought a nigga pretty, shit I ain't spend a dime
Like damn I'm thinking in my mind
I can't fucking leave this girl, I'ma give it time
I'ma let the heat simmer down
And fuck her ass tonight while I still got the time
You niggas is so out of line
I got your girl at my show, the V.I.P line
Like nigga let's be for real
A young nigga from the South, I'ma keep it real

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