

They Don't Know

Chris Webby

Said no, they don't know
No no, they don't know
Said no, they don't know
Said no, they don't, no no they don't

Said no, they don't know
How I been up on the grind so long
Survived while I kept the prize in my sight so long
And haven't, run outta lyrics when I write those songs
And still hit that stage crazy when the lights go on
I'm an underground king, yeah I stayed in the trenches
Shit, I had to watch the game from the benches
Tuning out the hating ass lames in my mentions
Then I got to watch 'em as they came to they senses
Started on the bottom like the Krusty Krab
In the beginning like a DJ mustard tag
I been humble
Now its Webby's turn to be the one to brag
How I secured, now I clutch the bag
I'm goin' in, yeah I'm rappin' through
I'm such an animal my life is narrated by David Attenborough
See me up on planet earth, apex predator
Servin' mother fuckers like a young Roger Federer
Listen, this a stick up better empty out your register
Keep my musket loaded just so I can shoot the messenger
Fossil fuel executive, I'm raising up the temperature
And melt the polar ice with what I'm droppin' on the regular
You thought I was a wrap?
Look who's coming back from the dead
Cold blooded, you would think I fuckin' hatched from an egg
Went from spittin' free's while we tapping the keg
Now I'm counting fifty racks on my bed

Said no, they don't know
How we got the game on lock
They don't know
How we hustle so we stay on top
They don't know
How they ever gonna take my spot?
Yeah, they don't know the way I rock
Said no, they don't know
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I remember thinking that I couldn't make it any farther
Had a couple phony homies try to leave me to the slaughter
I was out there robbin', I was tryna feed my daughter
I was broke like a 9 months pregnant woman's water
Screamed the truth 'til I got a sore throat with it
They needed me, I delivered like digiornos did it
Game's cold, like I left the north pole with it
I went from gettin' turned down to fuckin' porno bitches
I was fucked up, hustlin', wonderin' will this shit end
Now my cribs big enough to fit my old crib in
This the magic school bus, everybody get in
Visions become reality, my dreams is what I live in
I'ma do this until my hair gets a receding line
Old and gray sniffin' lines, kickin' the meanest rhymes
Please stay out my way, baby girl I'm speeding by
Life is sweeter than a piece of pie, I'm Wiz Khalifa
I, don't give a fuck about the critics at all
Tell 'em they can suck it while its soft and lick on my balls
I ain't like these other rappers taking trips to the mall
I ain't kicking it with y'all unless there's bitches involved
Hey
Chris Webby pour some Jameson, I'll take Tequila
Thank you for this feature homie, this is what I needed
Talk about the times that I really felt defeated
I'm confident, not conceited

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