

# They Know

Da Band

Yeah. This beat here was created in the Hamptons  
Uughhh!  
And dropped in Manhattan  
Hey-o, Hey-o  
Bad Boy's the label  
Time Shock  
Dofat's the man  
Wit Chopper from Miami to New Orleans  
Chopper City's the nigga (whoo!)  
Freddy P  
Who want war wit em'?  
(Uh-huh, Uh-huh)  
Take a fall wit em'  
(Uh-huh, Uh-huh)  
Back against the wall wit em  
(Uh-huh, Uh-huh)  
Chopper City let 'em know!

I believe in gettin rich or die tryin  
Niggaz is (?) and I'm a warrior like ninja stroll  
It ain't nothin, I can show you how to pimp a ho  
And if you want it, you can get it nigga - friend of foe  
I keeps the mac milli low  
Itchy for nothin to crack so I can snap like "what chu grillin fo'?"  
Shit, I keeps it gutter man, you know how I do's it  
I strike a kite that's my definition of stickin and movin  
What you know about shoot outs for half an hour?  
If you don't, you niggaz is jive and act as cowards  
You bouta witness City reach till' it's massive power  
Boss man. I can get you niggaz wacked in showers  
I'm well known for what I do, but fiends call me Captain Powder  
If you want it you can call on Chopper  
Choppa! Fetti is somethin that ya boy desire  
I keep the metal thing-a-mijiggy the color is copper

I keeps it gangsta - you can ask my niggaz cause they know (They know)  
Yeah  
I'ma hustler that bout them pesos (pesos)  
C'mon  
If you wit me then let them keys blow (keys blow)  
Don't be afraid. Don't be afraid  
Throw 'em up and let ya nuts hang low now..  
I keeps it gangsta - you can ask my niggaz cause they know (They know)  
Holla  
I'ma hustler that bout them pesos (pesos)  
Holla  
If you wit me then let them keys blow (keys blow)  
Holla  
Throw 'em up and let ya nuts hang low Now..

I love the haters cause I feed of they energy  
I'm in the same business as the muthafucker on the roof who shot Kennedy  
Waitin for sinners and  
They see the glory and pain  
You know the story bout the boy with a name  
He did things like kill people and stole Kane  
The hood got three lanes, Life, Death, or entertain

Now sellin's the life. In that box is the D-word  
In that house by the lake wit the yacht is the Keyword  
Fuck it, if he work and she work Da Band  
We work on P.D.'s nerves  
Man we probly gon clash when he hear these words  
But fuck it, I love that nigga, he the reason we hurr  
If it wasn't for him, I'd be livin to see dirt  
Now lil F.P. and me, we see curves  
Bend 'em - fuck it the windows is tinted, so we splurge  
Wit niggaz that treat me like Jerry and do Steve's work

All I do is chill and blind hoe wit a sparkling grill  
Stroke, smoke, grind and count dough by the mill's  
That's real. I ride the wheels till' they fall off  
Sittin still wit a sawed-off ready to blow a arm off  
Oh, Lord! You don't want no problems wit dude  
I'm out that Band, so you now the boy-band news  
I bruise ya crew then ride out then head to the hideout  
I stay wit them nines out to clear the whole block out

Now they say "Fred you need to chill"  
I been a BadBoy way before Martin of Will  
I'm somewhere parked on a hill on the southside of Germany  
That's what the game has earned me supportin my skills  
And them girls like "Freddy, you need to stop"  
How I came through like Griffin and made Cleveland hot  
How they get up on the floor and make it "Breathe and Stop"  
like Q-Tip - get in her ear and I bet she get in my drop

We them southside riders  
C'mon, C'mon, Look out  
Huh? Now what cha say Freddy Peezay  
We them southside riders  
C'mon, C'mon, Look out  
Huh?  
C'mon, C'mon, Look out  
Huh?  
C'mon, C'mon, Look out  
Huh?  
Get down! Get down, c'mon

I like that shit! Yeah, Boi!  
I'm tellin you whoa, I'm tellin- aight, I ain't gon talk