

I Don't Understand It

Dave East

[Intro: DJ Holiday & Dave East]

R.I.P. Freaky
R.I.P. Mugga
We gon' do it for y'all
I don't understand these niggas
Holiday Season!

[Chorus: Dave East]

I don't understand it
Niggas lookin' at me like I'm from another planet
This ain't happen overnight, this is how I planned it
I just want to fuck, ain't got no time to be romantic
Nine's inside the truck, .45 inside the Phantom
Grams had the smoker's two step and we was jammin'
We'd have shot 'em broad day, it wasn't for these cameras
Nobody gave me shit, I feel a way when they comparin'
I'm nothin' like these niggas, see him with they bitch, she starin'
I got a little chick runnin' Saks Fifth, her name is Karen
I gotta put these shades on in the club, these diamonds glarin'
We all got guns, tell me, who do you think you scarin'?
If Mac in the 'Rari, shooter gotta do the McLaren

[Verse: Dave East]

Paid 1100 cash just so the bottom's red
Jew told me bloody gainin' weight, hope he get out the feds
Cut your hair, gonna be hard to recognise you without your dreads
Clientele slow with the pound, here go an ounce instead
Home invasions, homie, over any amount of bread
Flip the fish tank, shoot the dog, make sure the house is dead
I'ma flight risk, no ankle monitor, I prolly fled
Claim you got the work with no job, same shit that Tommy said
I don't understand it, before I ever got booked for a show, know I was scamm
in'
We was Wildin' Out way before I met Nick Cannon
End up dead, was boilin' eggs in the mornin', I was scramblin'
I got chased for my biggie, my cousin got shot for his Vanson
When I was dead broke, none of these bitches called me handsome
I got my weed from Audebum, my cousin got his from Branson
Couldn't sleep in the projects, now I wake up in a mansion
Throwin' parties in the Hamptons, all these sticks think we campin'
I'm serious as cancer, bartenders too boujee, I slid off with the dancens
Strippers, I'm in LA, they treat me like a Clipper
Laker, she fuck my Gucci up with all that makeup
Jacob would have been my jeweler during the Meech era (free Meech)
These Cartiers help me see better, rep three letters (HMC)
I want my niggas all in ice until we need sweaters
My whole gang gon' flip your wifey if she let us
These diamonds on me, I got carats, I need lettuce
I'm sendin' pictures, I write my niggas, they need letters
You a opp or a fan, these Xans help me sleep better
They wonder why I'm always in LA, 'cause Cali weed better
It's hard to understand it
I don't Jackson, I really had a thing for Janet
Talkin' all that tough shit, come around them niggas panic
Watch how I dap niggas, 'cause I used to hand to hand it
Got caught with a hammer and they kicked me off the campus

[Chorus: Dave East]

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