

Yeah I Know

Dave East

Brand new Glock .40 on my hip
I just blew another 40 on my wrist, I'm the shit
Yeah, I know
He love her, but his shorty on my dick
Actin' different, she been fuckin' with a crip, off the rip
Yeah, I know
Shit a little different since the trap, where you at?
Never thought I would rap, that's a fact
Yeah, I know
Just bought a bunch of guns, let's get 'em back
They ain't search me, I just walked in with the strap, ain't no cap
Yeah, I know

It's hard to recognize her, kept her face down
Don't have nothin' on your body, this a shakedown
Back and forth, goin' out of town on the Greyhound
Tried to give her the world, she's sayin' she needs space now
I started out just tryin' to get some product
You could cut it, you could chop it, nobody know where I got it
My plug from out the city, nobody know nothin' 'bout him
He ran off with that work and nobody ain't ever found him

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I was posted on the block with the demons
Couple Glocks, we ain't worried bout the opps'
We ain't leavin' (Yeah, I know)
I know niggas that got shot for no reason
Wasn't beefin', it's just hot and niggas teakin' so I gotta keep a pole
Bitch I grew up in the field, ain't no way around it
And if he jackin', we got static, then I'll probably rob 'em
Couple bitches on my dick that I done curved before
But since this money came, they all done turned to carnivores
If you can read between the lines, they all meat eaters
And I ain't worried about no beef, we got street sweepers
Quarter million for my tape, so I gotta chill
But I'm still swervin' through them lanes like I'm off a pill

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If I can't beat that charge, fuck it
I'ma spin the yard, just me and my dawg, comin' up, livin' hard
Never disrespect the set, I put that on God
Runnin' up another check
I just hopped out the Benz
Nobody dropped, then we slidin' again
We don't rock with opps, and we not gon' pretend
I see they get hot when we win
But they gon' hear shots if we spin

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