

Yeah, haha
I got a feelin' this shit gon' be hard, huh

Woah, man (Woah)
All my shit fire like I'm Earth Wind (Earth Wind and Fire)
They like, "DeJ, why you don't dance?"
Why you think I got these watches on both hands? (Woah, woah, woah)
I know you want me but no candle (Woo)
That boy be snitchin', like Randle
Ain't got time for no romance
My nigga got killed, it's some top tens (Baow)
Load all my shooters in the box Benz
The fuck you niggas thought? You better think again (Yeah)
They like, "Why she don't fear shit?" (She don't fear shit)
She be thinkin' she the shit, shit, shit, shit (Woo, yeah)
Baby, I'm a dog, Mike Vick shit
Want smoke? Meet me at the QuikTrip (Meet me at the-)
Bitch, time up, you're evicted
Where's my competition? Crickets

I don't know who you fuckin' on but I could make you nut
I don't know who you talkin' to but I could shut you up
I don't know what you lookin' at but you should look at us
I don't know what your chain doin' but that shit look like rust (God damn)
I don't know who they speakin' on (Yeah), but they shouldn't speak on us
I don't know, I just don't know (I just don't know, woah, woah)

I know feed the family first (First), I'm the first down on my turf (Turf)
I knew one day I would kill it, I was just waitin' for the purge
I know feeling like your life about to change and you right there on the ver
ge (Ayy, ayy, ayy, ayy)
You could feel it in your nerve (I feel it)
Years in this bitch, this ain't no overnight success ('Cess)
And if I break a sweat, they gettin' game four-swept
Do you live inside the moment or live in your regrets? (Regrets)
To all my souls servin' life, I pray it's life after death (B-I-G)
Look, I walk with a limp this shit look like I'm dancin' (Woah)
Hoes arguin' over me, Monica, Brandy (Woah)
I'm top ten forever, like one of the commandments
My downfall you wish for, can't be granted (No, no)
Been killin' these niggas since the lunch tables (Lunch tables)
Did everything in the D except fuck DeJ Loaf (Fuck DeJ Loaf, yeah)
They gave me the key to the city but I still kick down doors
And embarrass you lil' niggas actin' fake rich 'round hoes
Don

I don't know who you fuckin' on but I could make you nut (Yeah)
I don't know who you talkin' to but I could shut you up (Damn)
I don't know what you lookin' at but you should look at us (Yeah)
I don't know what your chain doin' but that shit look like rust (Woah, woah)
I don't know who they speakin' on, but they shouldn't speak on us
I don't know, I just don't know (Swerve, swerve, swerve, swerve, swerve, swe
rve, swerve)

What you know?
Do you know?
What you know?

Tell me (Uh?)
Tell me what you know, ha
Lil' DeJ, Don