

You Don't Know

Deuce

Deuce, I think I see dead people...

Hahaha, yeah
9 Lives

I, gonna take it to the grave
I, gonna run this rap game
I, gonna make you feel the pain
It's hip hop, and it ain't gonna be the same

Black Chucks, black gloves, stolen with the different plates
I'm the bomb, like grenades, blowin' up in your face
Blowin' on that fuckin' haze, none of this is new to me
9Lives mother fucker Ben Baller the jewelry
All day at the range working on my game
For, for, my fucking back seat game plan
My screws ain't loose homie, listen, they missin'
The click steady ticking rinding while I'm grinding
Kinda cloudy in the Audi sittin' on some new wheels
Gotta get bottle of a bottle of them prescribed pills
Poundin' on that brown liquor tryin' not to lose it
I ain't the type to flash that pistol unless I'mma use it
Forty-eight laws of power brushin' through my memory
All this hate around me givin' me that energy
I don't sleep, I like naps, money bring power
Gotta get this dough, I ain't talkin' 'bout the flour

See me in trafic, maybe we can smoke in a blunt
While malcom's in the middle, you can catch me in the front
You can learn a thing or two, I'm givin' out lessons
The Truth mother fucker's got answers to questions
Same year my father died my choice was limited
Don't try to put my sneakers on unless you can fit in 'em
Running out of options, there ain't nothing I can ask for
You ain't flying 'till you got stamps in your passport
I ain't no photographer, you'll never catch me flash
I plain ol' Jason without the mother fucking mask
Real funny how these freaks are sucking on that plastic
Ain't nobody faithful, black door, paper clips
Keep digging lil' hamster, punk bitch rat cats
Speak when you're spoken to, maybe I might answer
I drive blind, quiet down all the fucking noise
Respect your elders, I ain't playin' with you boys

All my life, been alone, I don't need no damn help
Shadow Boxing while they're talkin' all about my damn wealth
California King Koosh growin' right fucking thick
Money in the swiss bank, jewels in the fish tank
Gotta problem with me I'm gonna shoot it through your fuckin' polo
In my pool, call me dodo, I'll make the perfect photo
I'mma gonna keep a Desert Eagle while I'm creepin' through the night
Cops come around, I'm gonna shake'em up like I'm shooting dykes
Crooks say "Sup" like a snake watching rattle
I'm too much to handle it, go to church, burn a candle
Must be like spilled milk the way these kids cry

I can see it through their teeth, the way these kid's lie
The Truth got night vision, all he see is fuckin' green
As shit pop off like a type to cause a scene
I fucked her in the back room, black hair, red cool
Came and turned Hollywood into Cancun