

Ion Know Nothin

Drakeo The Ruler

Clown ass niggas
I peep all them subs and all that
Niggas can't fuck with me, nigga
Haha, I do this, nigga, I am this shit, nigga

I don't know nothin' 'bout no BF fee and nothin' 'bout no simpin' (Nah)
And I ain't been served no papers out the twelve years I been pimpin' (Nah)
I shoot up your block, then play dumb like, "Who did it?" (What?)
I got some family members who turned out to be straight bitches (Huh?)
I walk out the mansion, then pull up right in the trenches (Cleat check)
Like Jim said, ain't nan' nigga finna touch my baby picture
I eat lunch with kidnappers and shoot dice with killers (Factual)
Quick to send that bitch to Figg in a Lyft, go load vanilla (Check my cleats
)
If you ain't never burned shit for me, stop claimin' we partners (Stop it)
You keep runnin' your mouth about me, I'ma fuck your mama (Ah, ah)
Free Drakeo 'til it's backwards, and fuck whoever snitchin'
I'm ALLBLACK, the nigga who all up in your bitch business (Well, well, well,
well, well)

I don't know nothin' 'bout no murders, I don't know nothin' 'bout no killers
The only thing I know is what I know and mind my business
These niggas eyeballin', I'm assumin' they offended
The Grinch that stole Christmas
I don't know nothin' 'bout no murders, I don't know nothin' 'bout no killers
The only thing I know is what I know and mind my business
These niggas eyeballin', I'm assumin' they offended
The Grinch that stole Christmas

Shh, be quiet, we ain't talkin' right now
In the last twelve months, a whole lot done went down
Niggas mask up, vest up, throw your sets up
The homies crashed his foreign 'cause he just got wet up
Uh, what's the reply?
Ain't got shit to do with me when somebody die
I'm in the county jail right now fighting life
Twelve jurors, not guilty, bitch, I'll be out tonight
The judge want me stuck, twenty-five with an L
Niggas want my head, I'm making knives in the cell
I know what I know, bitch, I mind my business
Once they say not guilty, I'll be back by Christmas

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Pussy nigga, you disgust me, please don't discuss me
Baby bottle when I'm fussy, ten bands off of musty
I ain't talkin' 'bout the song, I be sendin' ten packs every week of that st
rong
Get 'em in, get 'em gone, don't be playin' on my phone
Eight-balls eyeballed, and I serve 'em all night long

Poured a four of the pint 'cause the deuce wasn't strong
I don't go back and forth, bitch, this ain't ping and pong
I don't know nathan about nothin'
But I know every nigga with me gon' be bustin'
I ain't fightin', I ain't fussin', we ain't talkin', bitch, we fuckin'
Then you dippin', we ain't cuffin', you be sippin' Robitussin

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Like I was saying, I don't know nothin' 'bout no murders or no killers
Like, keep my name out your mouth, I don't know you niggas
Like, for real

And don't be commentin' on my pictures, I don't know you niggas
Pippi Longstocking, huggin' on my denim
All up in my business, 'bout to take the beetle
Call me Mr. Whiskers, the flu flamming champion
Bitch, I am the Ruler, back splittin' medullas
Medusa, I stone him if he Judas, he stupid
Think he finna book me, I am not one of these losers
The kamikaze doors when I'm hoppin' out with two TECs
Ooh, damn, flu flam, nigga think he too tough
Klu Klux, quick to hang a nigga for my Luther
All these niggas know me, Mr. Big Bank Buddah
Or Mr. Big Banc Uchie

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