

# You Don't Know (For Fuck's Sake)

Ed Sheeran

For fuck's sake

Living the life of a student  
Yeah, I begin on a high  
Losing my mind  
And they say that I've been winning for time  
Never been to a gun fight, never needed a knife  
But then I make the cut whenever delivering the lines  
Sit on the side, with a rhyme pad  
With a tin in my sights  
Sipping a lemon and lime Corona only with my best friends  
Cause I paid in my pride  
Giving the time to write rhymes  
But I find truth at a quarter to five  
Eh

It's kinda like I took a train  
To the left side of my brain, oh, mayne  
Toddle some mud, under my door  
You know I'm stepping in my own lane  
All of these speakers sitting behind me  
But what psychology, psychologically insane  
Part of me wanna get down, down, down  
Making you go low, inside

You don't know, if you don't know by now  
You better tell him 'bout it  
What you gonna tell him bout it?  
Yeah, yeaaaaah

Ten toes to the dirt  
Pencil to the paper  
God has a favour for your thirst  
Drink-drink ya pint bye-bye  
To this bullshit praise allah  
To the wheels I'm a ridah  
Steering your prada  
Only closed in my ada-di-das  
I'm a fetus in my boom sake nana  
Daddy's home, on the mic, hey papa

Back with my bang yo, straight loop on my pedal no band though  
But every single one of my fans know that  
Every damn show, I'm taking their ears on a journey  
Like I'm flying overseas with Van Gogh  
Livin' so sweet without Gretel and Hansel  
Critics hate the lyrics cause they think I've been tangoed  
Find me wearing old clothes rocking a Kangol  
I'm riding round with Yelawolf in your daddy's Lambo

Hello me, how ya been?  
You got a mullet again like when you was 10  
You're probably sipping sweet tee's, you still huh?  
And your piggy bank is full of change  
Fact, what you used to steal from  
You been playing fools, like a steel drum  
Pulling out early, and they still come

Eating from the game, when you know the meal's done  
Yelawolf is kicking back at these pilgrims  
Hold up baby, sit still son  
Woah, this old rock, it heals been rolled  
Still shocking when I see 'em go  
Bananas and they hammer the [?]

I'm not the average half wit  
After this hour gets out of this  
60 seconds I'm going in any directions  
And chasing this jack with a shot of Budweiser and water  
It's probably the better idea you move the direction in  
Fact its a part of me to be the loser of cannons  
Blowing his fucking mics like the winds  
I caught this cardigan  
Hooligans, hooligans, hooligans  
But really who's a friend?  
Jump in this little fire jump right back in the pool again  
Know I be new again  
A student of you my friend  
Marshall Mathers, I'm tossing rappers up at my crew of 10  
Minus 4, minus war  
You don't want it  
Shady records I'm already better, fuck it, doggonnit

Dog don't gotta lead  
Dog's already home  
Jack, dog I'm a beast, I'm a wolf  
Bring your dogs back  
A melody man in a melancholic mellow yellow can  
Shhh, tell him how we gonna sell 'em man

Been working hard all week  
(So if you wonder if we earned it, well its not a probably)  
So won't you bring that back to me  
(And holla when you hear it like all the screams of a halloween)  
I got blisters on my feet  
(To walk in night with you is not the shoes to be borrowing)  
So won't you bring that back to me  
(Cause all the sole of my pin is what all the sorrow brings)

If you don't know, if you don't know, no, no, no  
If you don't know, if you don't know, no, no, no  
If you don't know, if you don't know, no, no, no  
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