

## LET YOU KNOW

Eem Triplin

Loving won't get much better  
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Uh, one time for the ho, two times up for the gang, yeah  
Thirty rounds and a scope topside that's what I claim, yeah  
Can't trick on a ho, I ain't never stress about a bitch  
Fell out with my folks but I guess it is what it is, yeah  
One thing I need to know, if I fucked up would you tell me?  
Don't know if I should up and go  
'Cause staying with you isn't healthy  
Know I keep my feelings on the low  
But I think it's time to let you know  
I don't wanna see you up and go  
But I think it's time to let you go

Pray to God every day so I get him, yeah  
To wash away all of my sins  
What's the point of giving you a chance?  
If you might just do it again  
I'm protected with all of my friends  
From the opps that want revenge  
You can ride around in my side of town  
You can spin around in my Benz

Get whatever you want, lil' baby, I got it  
Know you can talk all that shit 'cause you poppin'  
Walk in the function the stick in my pocket  
Nigga try me, he gon' die 'bout this Prada  
I got a stick on my hip and that bitch really cooking and flipping like it's  
Benihanas  
Bet he don't know that she fuck with the oppas  
Better stay cool, watch that car that's behind 'em

Fuck what they talking 'bout, we might go rob 'em  
Bodies be dropping we put 'em in coffins  
Glock 9 on me, we is not boxing  
Stick on my hip finna solve all the problems  
Fuck a millimeter bitch, I ride with a shotty  
Bullet holes all on my chest and his body  
Big drip on a ho like Fivi'  
Only trust God 'cause he got me

I thought that we were friends  
But I guess I was thinking wrong  
I can't pretend that you was just my only one  
I'll make amends  
I'm coming clean to you for once  
Are we still friends?  
Ah, yeah, ah, yeah  
Ah, yeah, ah, yeah

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Shoutout my nigga Eem  
Shoutout Eem