

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