

Kat Cobain

Esham

(Yeah)

What y'all know about me? (Oh no!)
I tell you nothing. You don't really know about me
I'll send one of you fuckers to your G-O-D (Huh?)
Now tell me, baby, what you really know about me?
What y'all know about me? (Huh?)
I tell you nothing. You don't really know about me
I'll send one of you fuckers to your G-O-D (Oh no!)
Now tell me, baby, what you really know about me?

What y'all know about me?
A real playboy from the three one three
You say you get money; well, we gone see
You say you got to work; well, where you gonna be?
Never say A 'cause I'm from the D (Oh no!)
A double L-A-S no [?]
Three one three, D-E-T me
All police stay the hell away from me (Huh?)
I'm makin' hella cheese, countin' cash like calories (Huh?)
Ain't no cap on a player ballin' salary (Huh?)
Every other minute I be pickin' up another G (Huh?)
Let these little niggas know y'all can never fuck with me (Yeah)

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(What) Keep calm, I'm a Detroit don
Fuck the police, [?]
If you think you fuckin' with me, out your mind
I'm posted up in every hood like a stop sign
What y'all know about wealth?
Your boy tryin' to eat right, stay in good health
You ain't got to do it 'cause I do it myself
Me, myself, and I, ain't nobody else, welp
Can't nobody save you, nobody gone help
Back up on my grind, I mean it's time to go for self
That's when I decide to dust the Uzi off the shelf
And get to playin' the game of life with the cards that I was dealt
What y'all know about me?
I'm sick of niggas actin' like they know about me
I'm everything you niggas don't know about me
I'll send one of you fuckers to your G-O-D (Yeah)
Talk to 'em like

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Now tell me, baby, what you really know about-