

God Don't Know

Foolio

(Brick baby)
Who it is? Uh (Brick baby)
Bwop-bwop-bwop-bwop, nigga
Nigga (6, 6)

How the fuck you gon' tell that lie straight to my face? (To my face)
Death gettin' close, and Satan say I'm one shootout away (Away)
Need to free Yurda, Bully Gang ain't kill shit for Jake
You niggas played when they finally let me touch some pape' (No cap)
I want 'em killed, I need all them niggas out the way (Out the way)
It's a snake inside my grass, fuckin' wit' ATK (ATK)
I'm the one passed out the spoons and put food on the plate (On the plate)
I wanna tell K4, "I'm sorry," I hope it ain't too late (Ain't too late)
I wanna throw Bang Man some money but he stole from me
I gave you money, bought you clothes, and gave you percs for free
I still love you even though yo' rat-ass told on me (Told on me)
She made mistakes, but I know Buban gon' get that lo' for me
Cryin' children, they not fallin', I hear Trey D talkin'
I told Mani that I love her 'cause her love flawless
Jumped in that water like a dolphin, pray the 6 don't cross me
And when I die, put my gun and perkies in my coffin (No cap)
I don't know why I love you, we can talk but I don't trust you
Tryna' call the right play, I'm Mike Tomlin in the huddle
If you broke, go kill a opp, and yo' bag gon' triple-double
My grandma had died from cancer, they pulled the plug, can't watch her suffer
Boy, this life shit get deep, in traffic, ridin' with the reaper (Reaper)
That boy lyin' 'bout a drill, he a Leo to his people
Them crackers need to free Doowop, that boy was shiesty on that 'eepers
I seen the biggest drill rapper tell and sing like Justin Bieber
Get pulled over, we gettin' the needle
You in the streets, just ride wit' yo heater
Out all night wit' the vamps and the creatures
My life a movie, this shit like a sequel
Last thing that fuck nigga seen was me wit' a .223, it's a pleasure to meet ya' (It's a pleasure to meet ya')
You wanna know how to end this war? Then load yo' gun and go kill the y leader (Bwop)
Everywhere I go, I ride wit' a stick (I ride wit' a stick)
Make a nigga get low when I up it and blick (Bwop)
Shootin' this Glock 45 wit' passion
It's comin' out rapid, it come wit' a switch
Since sixth grade, been goin' on hits
Lost my mind, just thinkin' 'bout Mitch (Thinkin' 'bout Mitch)
Body for body, kill them boys one by one, my shorties go hit-for-hit

In these days and times, man, the sun don't shine, the moon don't glow
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The rain don't fall, the wind don't blow
I held my brother tight, screamin', "Please don't go"
And this pain inside my heart, even God don't know
God don't know