

You Don't Know

Freeway

[Female Singing] You don't know

[Freeway - talking] Who..on the grind, uh, so gangsta, don't y
a agree? uh

[Female Singing] You don't know

[Freeway - talking] This just in case y'all dunno how it go dow
n in the hood

Freewezy here to break it down to ya

[Verse 1 - Freeway]

Tryna to survive in the hood everyday

Takes, everything you work with

Everything you got quick

From the cops wyle off the product

Show em what helped a lot but I can't get it

I hugged the block, light an L

Let my man hit it and ran with it

Sell it nixed to the pops

Hate to tell ya if he don't get it from me

Then he gon get it somewhere else

Sometimes I would if I was somewhere else

Me and my man on the corner with two crates

Picture us rollin, somewhere else

Pretendin to be pushin the V's

Then two fiends walked up to me

Brought me back to reality

He want three and he want five

But my packed stash (why) cuz the cops act like I'm Lil' Cease

Crush on me, keep rollin by

Tryna to put the cuffs on my black ass literally

[Chorus - Freeway (Female Singing)]

(You don't know)

How it is in the hood so Freeway bring the hood to your front p
orch

My niggaz duck court pour weed in the woods

Set up shop and move rocks on the front step

(You don't know)

How it is in the ghetto the tech blow hear shots echo

We can't let go, stuck on the block

Stuck in the hood, street niggaz up to no good

[Verse 2 - Freeway]

No rules, no trees just a lot in the push

My ? in the house, read my mouth

Fuck the D's got a pocket to push

Send fleas in the opposite way

Quarter to one guess I stop at the ?

Gimme a grub, count up the profit I made

Rule number one-aca