

Know Better

Icewear Vezzo

(The Cold Cash Collection)

Ayy, move around this bitch, yeah, one-deep (Yeah, one-deep)
A nigga ain't gon' touch a hair on me, one streak (Not a hair on me)
Came up on the 6 on that one street (On the horn)
Trappin' with my back turned, can't a nigga front me (Bitch)
Even when I ain't havin', have my fronts up (Real shit)
Jump out and swing that forty like nunchucks (Bow-bow-bow)
Foreign was plain, then I got it done up (Yeah)
Offset Ruccis, buttons on 'em like a button-up (Like a button-up)
Yeah, wrist froze, need to button up (Woo)
And if a bitch ain't fuckin', then they nothin' up
I'll catch an attitude, get to nuttin' up (For real)
I could hit the club any day and cut the fuck up (And cut the fuck up)
Me and G.T., we the splash bros
Treat your bitch like clothes, I just tag hoes (I just fuck 'em)
This a thousand-dollar shirt, so the tag showin'
Throwin' money at the DJ, I'm an asshole (Hah)
Fuck your CD, I ain't listen to it (Bitch)
Went to church, heard the preacher, but ain't listen to him (I ain't listen to him)
Got the pints in the motherfuckin' kitchen, brewin' (Yeah, yeah, yeah)
Dopehouse like a studio, this the mixing room (What?)

These niggas new to it, and they know we vets (Know we vets)
We been had a hundred, you ain't know me yet (Know me yet)
You keep talkin' 'bout it, but ain't show me yet (Yeah)
These niggas bitin' our style, they owe me checks (Ayy, ayy, ayy)
And what I spent at the jeweler could've froze three necks (Yeah)
My mans ran through her, she gon' blow me next (Blow me next)
Bitch, I hang in the slums where they know me best (Yeah)
And everything that I rap, niggas know these facts

I'm in the sting right now, its just me (Yeah)
Who would've thought I came up? It took one week (It took one week)
Rap about dope, probably never saw a key (Uh-uh)
Airin' all that bark with no bite, you the police
I'm at the 'Set right now, leavin' the Gucci store
Seven-fifty for this polo I won't wear no more
I run through 'bows of the weed, bro got the blow
And in the middle of the summer, we can make it snow
I'm a motherfuckin' hustler, this shit in me
And I ain't leavin out the spot 'til this bitch empty (It's gone)
Nigga, I'll squeeze the fifth 'til this bitch empty (Bow)
Ain't change clothes in a week, but I touched fifty (Ayy, I touched fifty)
Nigga, tryna get rich like that nigga Philthy
I'll take the seal off a pint and pour it in a Simply
I knew I would be straight when them niggas send me
Sent my ass right down the way, I had to get busy

(Ayy, G.T., where you at, nigga? I've been calling all day)
I'm workin', I'm workin', I'm workin', big bro
(I got them niggas with me right now, they waitin' for the whole play right now, nigga)
Straight up
(Hit me back, nigga)
Alright, yeah

(Let's get it)

Ayy, at the store on the drive by the light, grab a Sprite
Got a four, how your jewelry real? it don't flash at night
You a ho, I'm a pro, even your bitches know
I got stripes but want more, bitch, we ballin', check the score

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