

Yeah I Know

Jae Millz

Yeah I know, yeah I know
Yeah I know, yeah I know
Yeah I know, yeah I know
I ain't s'posed to be balling like this
I ain't s'posed to be stunting like this
I ain't s'posed to be living like this

I heard 'em say Millz ain't eatin'
Just weighed my bank account, the scale don't believe him
Old school Harlem hustlers say I'm Guy Fisher
I'm burning through this money, call that fried chicken
Yeah I know, yeah I know, sucka niggas scared I blow
But they girlfriends looking for me, Batman signal, here I go
Yeah I know, yeah I know, my crew ain't the hottest
Them niggas killing shit, we just [?] my watches
Fuck outta here (Fuck outta here), nigga, bow down
You never heard defeat? Well how it sound now?
Yeah I know, yeah I know, next year gon' be your year
Well just do me a favor, wait until your year
Let me shine, nigga, old time nigga
You done got yours, let me get mine, nigga
I'm smoking good, I'm looking good, my girl looking badder
We both in the same car, but you in that old body, so who looking better?
Bank rolls, bank rolls, all I want is bank rolls
Bank rolls, till my safe can't close
Smoking on that stank, like my swisha filled with damp clothes
I'm talking shit and killin' shit
They hating hard, now they feelin' it
Nigga

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She ain't s'posed to jump in my coupe
She ain't s'posed to be lovin' my crew
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Yeah I know, yeah I know, I got kush and yeah I blow
Back on deck and yeah I po', Givenchys I need a pair of those
I ain't 'posed to be hot, act like I ain't 'posed to get guap
Spit talk have you [?], like I ain't 'posed to be shot
I got a good connect and he be fronting work, winter fiends when the summer
work
Three pistols only one will work, be official till I'm under Earth
Niggas rattin when they under oath, tell the judge everything they know
Like yeah I know who got shot, when it happened, why they did it, I can poin
t 'em out
Niggas robbing when it come to droughts, I don't want your bitch, I just wan
t her mouth

Hit his head ain't no runnin' round, make the block dance from that drummer
sound
Yeah I know they gon' hate this, yeah they know I'm gon' take this
Yeah I hustle just to pay rent, in the trap with PO10NT on the playlist
Eat a bitch up like a steak dish, foreign, you don't wanna race this
Too much white around, I can't be racist, ain't 'bout dollars it never could
make sense
They ain't seen Harlem like this in a long time, since fiends [?] long lines
East side kinda dark but I'm gon' shine, just make sure you keep the slick t
alk online
And I don't know nothing 'bout nothing so don't even ask me
My project bitch so classy, but my downtown bitch get nasty
Yeah I know they not gay, trying to put these bitches in a headlock
They ain't fuck with me when I was [?], you see that red dot? That's a head
shot!
Bow!

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