

What I Know

King Iso

I was tired of the rocks
Tired of the block
Like fuck a 9-5 blood it was five before I clocked
Mom took me in, took a wire for the cops
Took a red flag and a blue rag and tied it in a knot
Admired the life of a killers when I was lying in a cot
Then I became one, don't care if you think I'm lying or I'm not
Black magic rituals you crying to the gods
Then I'm a drive them to the ward and set fire to your pops
I'm the dopest nigga movin, you bout to now conform
Put your mouth on your pistol, bow to me, now you're gone
Anarchistic alchemy balcony I'll be on
Break down your bone marrow like mountains to powder form
I'm a mutherfucking gangsta, don't believe it? come see
Make a murder look legit, put my son in the front seat
Blood peep, they don't want me to bang but it must be
Succeeded in the game, with no help, it was just me

Smoking drinkin liquor pushing 'caine
Trying to get this money fuck the fame
My nigga this is what I know
Riding with the city with the flame
All my niggas represent the game
Homie this is what I know

Funny how I rap, but a lot of my thoughts go unspoken
Between binge drinking blunt rollin'
I'm on of the ones that chose to focus on fun and gun tottin
Always lying to myself like:
"I'm going to sober up" and "I'm done smoking"
I vividely remember overdosing
Poppin' close to 70 pills and vomiting so much I felt feel my lungs close in
Thinking am I dead? Or is the blood flowing?
Hoes playing tricks on me like a liar that's compulsive
It's truly sick the way I perfected the world
Doing it big music shit possessing [?]
I'm so disgusted I could crush 90% of this industry, producing myself, with
low budget
I'm living proof that all you know-it-all's know nothing
Seen too many niggas on the edge like "let me hold somethin"
Get it then fallin off with nothing to land on, that's why I'm so hands on w
ith the fam

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Taught myself how to slang trees
Really I should thank breeze
Slang yola, bang on em
Thank jahova I make beats
Been in the streets fighting no M-Bison, no Zangief
Dead homies ghost within the prison that's a Safe keep
Maybe was the reali-t made he? that made he devlish mind that became me?

Its dark and hell is hot, how the flames be
I can't see
Can't preach about what you ain't breath, it ain't G
Phase 3 crazy, like jay z rumors
Lately, my brain bleeds, like wait, 3 tumors
My AK squeeze in HD to make these losers
Smaller than babies, like wait he's, a late b-loomer boi
Rheumatoid Arthritis when I bang my shit
Give a fuck if they bang my shit
Quick to bust on you bitches, you can't stop this
Give a fuck about you niggas if your brain's not sick

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