

I Don't Know

Krept & Konan

Why you still fucking with them hood niggas
When you know at home you got a good nigga?
And I just don't know, don't know
And I just don't know, don't know, why
Why you still fucking with them hood niggas
When you know at home you got a good nigga
And I just don't know, don't know
And I just don't know, don't know
Why you would give it all away for just 15 minutes of fame
Why would you try to start a fire, I can't dodge, I don't know
And I just don't know, don't know why
And I just don't know, don't know why
And I just don't know

I need a back rub, bring you back stage
Make you back it up til your back broke
You back home, make your back go
Put it back in, bring it back slow
Do it bareback for the back stroke
That means kick back while I back Patron
When I back it out, bring you back around
Can't back your talk, you be backing down
And I'm back
Said the good niggas too boring
I might fly you out when I'm touring
Bring you back home in the morning
Used to be a good girl but she changed on me
You know that same story, yeah, that same story
Yeah you love him, he hates you, so you leave him
Then he proves he deserves you, you forgive him
Cause you love him, you take him back and you let it slide
He gets comfy and hurts you for a second time
Now your heart's broken, you're saying that you hate men
So to forget about him, you partying with your main friends
You need good guys but keep pushing them all away
Cause you angry now, you think men are all the same
I swear

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Started off with a follow, preening on the low key
Liking all your pictures, side eye emoji
DM's turned to Whatsapp, Whatsapp to Facetime
(My hands on your waistline, cause I ain't tryna waste time)
And her boyfriend don't condone it, but I love her when she roll it

She tells me all their problems, but I'm bad news and she knows it
And her friends keep on warning her and she know the wrap
But it's too late cause she caught up, you know the type
Said he's busy but you know it's lies, two ticks but there's no reply
Loves him but he wants me to have a argument and she phones me crying
All that Rose she's drinking ain't making it better
If she waited for me to settle down, she'd be waiting forever
She knows this, she don't say but she hates that I met her
But every time we make love she always says that I'm better
Why's it always them bad girls that are good kissers?
Probably why I keep on fucking with these hood bitches

Fucking with them hood bitches
Yeah, fucking with them hood bitches
(They don't know about me, they don't know about me)
Fucking with them hood bitches
(They don't know about me, they don't know about me)
Fucking all them hood bitches
(They don't know about me, they don't know about me)
Fucking all them hood bitches