

You Don't Know

Lil Boosie

If ya don't know know ya know (know know know) x2

I was raised in the jungle where dem killas swang vines
And if a nigga got a problem
Add it up its my nine
I was exposed to these killas out here doin they crimes
So all I know is load the clip up
And go smoke me a dime
And its some dirty cops out here
So I guess I can pay time
Throw down a couple racks and roll rite back to my place
Aint no need for no court its just another cold case
But when my nigga got locked up it was a slap in da face
I just hope I don't get caught up
And go and ketch me a case
I'll have yo baby momma cryin
Like she was sprayed wit some mace

And I got dat berry kush
Come and get you a taste
25 for a gram
Come and spend you some bills
And light it up
And lean back it aint nothing but thrills
I don't fuck wit da rocks but I fuck wit da glocks
Hit ya up and leave you sinkin
Like you feel of a dock
Man these pussys pointing fingers
Like a muthaphukin clock
But when I let off dat choppa
I make they fucken heart stop
So you pussys cool wit me
If you don't tic or toc