

She Know

Lil Keed

Ahaha (DY Krazy), woah
Rrrt, rrrt, rrah, rrah
Rrrt, rrrt, rrah, rrah
Slatt, slatt, let's go

Your mans'll crash, your partner'll crash, your ho gettin' smashed, hell yea
h
Yeah, yeah, I'm so ahead of these niggas, no Matilda
Yeah, I know the Maybach extended, yeah, them sticks in there
Yeah, I know these niggas be hating on me, I made it off welfare
Stop trippin', StickBaby, he flip it and leave in death
At Jeffreys, I spend it, no pinching, check my apparel
I know y'all boys wanna be like me
And she know I beat that pussy like Ali

Yeah, she know, she know
She know (She know), she know (Yeah)
Yeah, she know (Yeah, she know), she know (She know)
She know (She know), she know

That I'm gonna get racks (Yeah)
But I'm coming right back (Yeah, yeah)
We make love in the morning time
Pretty shit, she be moaning out (Oh)
Let me know if you're slime or not (Slatt)
Plenty times I was down and out (Down and out)
Came back 'round with my pockets on knots (Pockets on knots)
'Ventador and I'm dropping the top (Dropping the top)
I went up, I ain't planning on stopping
The haters gon' hate 'cause they doing they job
Turnin' up, then I'm breaking the knob (The knob)
Keep it G, I ain't fuckin' with y'all (Fuckin' with y'all)
I jumped right in that water, didn't know how to swim
Fucked around and I turned to a shark
This shit, life, it was made to be hard
I thank God that I beat all the odds
I done told my lil' hitter don't crash
If you do 'em nasty, keep on your mask
Could've flipped 'em, I gave 'em a pass
Let 'em trip, then we doubling back (Doubling back)
Look at me, I'm ahead of my class
I live in my bag, I'm showin' my ass
Fully loaded, it gotta be fast (Fast)
Hit the gas, get away from my past, yeah

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I'm poppin' my shit, you know what it is
Ain't nothin' but blue hundreds, you know how I do it

In the Hellcat, it came with a shooter
It came equipped, it came with a fully
You holding that gun, but when it go down
Y'all niggas don't even pull it
YSL so slimy
We set you up, you know what it took
Just know we playin' for keeps
4 Pockets Full, you better not reach
Hundreds shot emptied
Your block get smoked like guava leaf
Don't know who to trust, they all leach
They the same ones tryna preach to me
Yeah, my daughter so good, she gon' have a milli'
With a Richard Mille
Stop actin' gangster, know you're telling
Girl, stop acting like you love me
When you told me the other day you don't even trust me

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