

Don't Ya Know

Lil Twist

Don't you think, high as pilots
Bitches sloppy, pussy poppin'
Streets is watchin' and I'm on the corner
Like Malcolm Brogdon

I hold the pistol, straight at your noggin'
Twizzy get the knockin'
And knock the coins straight out your brains
Then take them out your pockets

Who fuckin' with me? Not you, nigga, you or you
I been bulletproof since middle school
In orange Dior tennis shoes, huh
I been a fool and anywhere I stepped, I bent the rules

My dick long, but keep shit short like interludes
You keep it silent, I keep it solid
Since 10, I had big problems
Since '09, Benz drivin'

I tried that, bein' kind and then damn near quit grindin'
And now it's fuck your bitch
She hold my dick, make her spit-shine it
Her rent due and it's still climbin'

So I'ma make it rain, I throw some change
Change your bitch climate
And she gon' throw that ass, I catch it fast
Like an umpire, the Don Dada

Her ass fat but in the face, she look like "Zondaya"
Zendaya, the moon rock make me feel higher
I'm gettin' loaded by the load
Feel like the wash and dryer

My eyes low as the Relli tires
Like Seth Rogen meets Seth Meyers
I got a grip on these hoes, it's like the shed pliers
Don't let the feds try us

Louis V Supreme, Nike Tech, red trousers
A young red Bowser
I keep the chrome on my lap
But no web browser