

What You Know

MoneySign Suede

What you know 'bout this life, 'bout a strap?
Like "What you know about the scale, 'bout a sack?"
Remember: I ain't have shit in my pants
What you know 'bout this life, 'bout my past?

Too many bands in my hands
I wear the fat pants
Tell that bitch, "Where my lap dance?"
Make a movie 'bout me balling and call it "Last Dance"
Make 'em run, run a hole in his track pants

Too much on my mind need a pill for the beat
Niggas don't want no smoke, niggas don't want to beef
Little nigga. Big guap in my jeans
No cap. This is what you see in your dreams

OK. I just popped another bean
Got Balenci on the jeans
30 mags sticking out like his powers getting me
I love Fendi, I'm a double-F fiend

Catch him sleep. He gon' have a wet dream
Got the bars on lock. Please, come arrest me
Bad bitch, come sex me
I'm the wave
Drive by on jet skis

OK. Loud Mr. Been-Done-That
Me and Chike. We ain't into all that cap
Licks and robbing
We're into all of that
Yeah. Alright
Here's a pad to your bag

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Oh, you ain't know. I'm about to get up on your ass
Quick smoke, big puff when I drag
I got rich 'cause I don't worry about the cash
But I been about a bag

And I'll give the nigga the blues like it's jazz
Thick bitch got me feeling on her wrist
Hella petty
Oh, get a nigga mad
Suede swerving off that drank. Don't crash

See me. I ain't never really had it easy
I'm locked up in a cell 24/7 thinking
My bitch always mad. Say, "I'm always busy."
They say I'm a star, but I still keep glizzies
They say I need to chill. I take the wrong path
You don't know shit about my life
I had a rough past

Too much on my mind
Right now, I need a Xan
20-17, I was riding in a van

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