

## 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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