

# You Don't Know

Ms Banks

Aim for your head I don't hit and miss  
Bitch I been popping since Bigga Fish  
Got it twisted cah I look nice and shit  
But you don't know who you're fuckin with  
Gotta good heart was a bad child  
Coming from the jungle so I act wild  
I got your number but I ain't dialed  
Pepper dem I don't do mild

Been done road do street  
Now I get paid just to speak  
Any time I fall too deep  
Always end up back on my feet  
Always analyze don't speak  
Rise to da top shits steep  
Face and wrist on fleek  
Got your nigga acting like a creep

They say I'm top tier they say Banks is a elite  
He ate me out I sent him back to the streets  
Don't want wit it me dem lil hoes can't compete  
Chat behind my back when they see me don't speak

Always got it with me we don't fight fair  
I'll turn your dream into a nightmare  
A bitch like me quite rare  
You don't want it with me bitch don't get no ideas

Face beat white toes hair neat  
On smoke even though I skin teet  
Most solid in da team concrete  
You been shleep but your nigga wanna jeet  
Wasssup

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On smoke even though I skin teet  
Most solid in da team concrete  
You been shleep but your nigga wanna jeet

I was getting busy in Lasgidi  
Came a long way from Norwich with bare nitties  
I don't wanna look like you no 1 fiddy  
My tax already high Imma need me like 2 milli

Don't double cross me like Dusse  
I'll lift your wig like a toupee  
Henny got me feeling woozy  
Don't fuck with niggas that be talking loosely

I like em 6 foot 6 pack and 6 figures  
Hit it from the back money make me come quicker  
Make him say woi like that nigga d-digga  
Yeah you got army but my teams way bigger

Put in work like there's 3 of me  
Could be the 3rd letter, still ain't seeing me  
Good pussy energy

Tryna be my enemy nigga you ain't ending me

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Let's get shit straight I ain't talking bout a plank  
15 years I was rolling widda nank  
In da blocks man these bitches always mentioning my name  
How comes I never see you bitches in the bank  
And all you bitches on some shit  
Like do you really want war or wanna rub on my clit  
Which one is it? It ain't really hard to admit  
Like you hate me but deep down you think I'm lit  
It's up and it's stuck so fuck with me  
Doing up arenas yeah I was touring with Nicki  
Bitches growing wings but this shit can get sticky  
Imma workaholic but I still get busy

Killin 'em all don't wanna mend  
I ain't your bitch I ain't your friend  
If you ain't dead better pretend  
Kill 'em again  
Kill 'em again  
Kill 'em again

I was at da Brits with Little Mix  
Different kettle of fish  
Got it twisted cos I look nice and shit  
But you don't know who you fucking with

Don't make me affi' talk to my counselor  
Imma put my hands on 'er make me affi' cancel 'er  
Don't intercept don't interject  
If da beat ain't done I ain't finish yet