

I Know

Philthy Rich

I know, I know these niggas want me dead
I know, I know these bitches want my bread

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I know, I know these niggas want me dead
I know I'm still livin' in the past
Predictin' me off my last, I'm steady chasin' this cash, Lord
I know, I know, I know, I know (I know)
I know, I know, I know, I know (I know)
I know it's still things I gotta change
Stay humble, remain the same, still prayin' for better days

Hard to stay humble havin' all this money (Yeah)
Got too much to lose, can't let 'em take it from me (Never)
Bitch say she love me, but she stealin' from me (Bitch)
I can only blame myself 'cause she ain't used to nothin' (Philth)
Everything can be replaced except the time I wasted
All the designer in the world, but you'll still be basic
When I was up against that time, you ain't help me face it
Now all the Rollies bust down with the diamond faces (Bust down)
Trips to Cabos and Cancún (Passport fillin')
His and hers sinks in the bathroom (That's right)
The bitch really think I'll be back soon (I bet she do)
I'm livin' my best life, it was past due

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I know I gotta keep my mind focused
Real killers move in silence, not a word spoken
Spent eleven hundred for these Balmain
That lil' piece around your neck look like a broad chain
You need to step it up
Philthy pulled up to the hood, he stood up in the Wraith
Foreign car for the spot, watch me facilitate
Sucka shit goin' on, I can't participate
Finesse her out that bag, you took her on a dinner date
I'm still humble in the hood, givin' to the kids
I swear revenge is a must, R.I.P. to Higgs
It's not a secret that these niggas want me out the way
If you owe me, gotta pay me, can't negotiate

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Dan Graves said he gon' kill me over his white bitch
I checked 20 out her, then cut her off like a light switch
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They hella broke, can't even put no money on my head
But I'm back up in the game, and they hate it, it's a shame
Man, that K done hit his brain, man, my shooters is insane
They hate that I was gone for hella years and still relevant
How much money in my pockets, you would think I got a settlement
I ain't a punk, this 40 in my hand, fuck the trunk
Vacuum sealin' the P's, the trap house smellin' like skunks
They don't know that I've been catchin' niggas slippin' in the East
I'm on IG watchin' your funeral, rest in peace, nigga

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