

# You Ain't Know

Ramirez

Smoking dope, smoking dope

It's the, it's the, it's the, it's the, it's the, it's the Criminal Manne

Smoking dope, smoking dope

It's the, it's the, it's the, it's the, it's the, it's the Criminal Manne

Shoot that pussy with that Uzi clip, straight from the hip

Flipped this whole shit over

Take his fucking life into the crib

It's a Mossberg pump, send his sweet soul

Knocking down yo' fucking block like I was King Kong

Devil in me got an easy job, to kill and rob

Got some manner on my chest, so it's time I mob

Bitch, I'm cut-throat, you can tell I got no soul

Steppin' up out about the fucking gates of hell and leave them body froze

2-11, 1-8-7, killing angels up in heaven

Bringing that blood straight to the reverend

Burning church upon the beverage

Creepy-creepy, slow on my tippy-toes

Freaky-freaky hoes want it in they bootyhole

Demons stalking on your squad

Where is your Glock? Bitch, you's a fraud

I know you saw, tighten up before my pistol cock

Sauce, you got no sauce

You talkin' shit but I can promise you that you can't fuck with the fuckin' boss

You ain't know that I'm a hitter in the bush

You ain't know that I'm a killer and a crook

You ain't know I got your name inside my book

You ain't know I leave your pussy ass shook

You ain't know that I'm a hitter in the bush

You ain't know that I'm a killer and a crook

You ain't know I got your name inside my book

You ain't know I leave your pussy ass shook

Smoking dope, smoking dope

It's the, it's the, it's the, it's the, it's the, it's the Criminal Manne

Smoking dope, smoking dope

It's the, it's the, it's the, it's the, it's the, it's the Criminal Manne