

## 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  
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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  
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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

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