

Don't Know Wut U Heard

Stitches

Don't know what you heard, I'm sippin' daily
Don't know what you heard, my nigga, pay me
And it's one-hundred, one-hundred
If you real, one-hundred, one-hundred

What you know about Kash? What you know about them racks?
What you know about pain? What you know about the trap?
Million dollar vision
Councils in my revue, I pay 'em no attention
I was raised by a dope boy, bricks up in the kitchen
Ten years later, there's still bricks up in my kitchen
I can't blame him for his life, kept a stainless
Never eyes up in the projects with my goonies
[?] ten stacks a day, hey

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Came up in the trenches with my killers and my dealers
Watch your girl around me cause Str8 Kash, yeah, he will steal her
I'm a psycho, I'm a maniac, dirty stacks is for the pay
Ten stacks is on your head, give you five, he takes your leg
Man, that's a dirty deal
Forty colors on my waist, bitch, I'm dressed to kill
And I don't gotta pay 'em, they do it for the thrill
I been drivin' Maserati's way before I got a deal

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All these motherfuckin' fake rappers talkin' 'bout y'all sold cocaine, motherfucker, you sold flower, you fake as hell, this that Brick Bible, motherfucker!