

# You Don't Know

Too \$hort

Bet you don't know what's goin' on (bet you don't know what's goin' on)  
You don't know what I do  
Bet you don't know what's goin' on (bet you don't know what's goin' on)  
You don't know what I do

You got fifty thousand followers, now you a influencer  
Bragging 'bout a bitch, but I been doin' her  
You ain't funny, fake comedian  
You large on the 'Gram, in real life you a medium  
Not a psychic, you a psycho  
You say your pockets so fat, they need lipo  
I say it's not true, you can't be like me  
I do this shit for real without IG  
You takin' pictures with guns and drugs, flashin' money  
Like a dumb-ass thug, be intelligent, why you still fakin'?  
You talkin' shit, we see your location  
You doin' street shit on the internet  
In real life, now you really in some shit  
What you gon' do, act innocent? You lil' bitch (lil' bitch)

Bet you don't know what's goin' on (bet you don't know what's goin' on)  
(Be careful with that phone, man)  
You don't know what I do  
(Fuck around and get hurt)  
Bet you don't know what's goin' on (bet you don't know what's goin' on)  
You don't know what I do

You fucked up your lips, your tits, and your butt  
Stop doin' that shit, enough is enough  
You not just hurtin' yourself, that shit is hurtin' me  
'Cause you was so pretty before them surgeries  
Now you givin' advice like you sittin' on a panel  
But you got no challenge, it's a YouTube channel  
And all them freaky-ass flicks you take  
Pussy hella wack, bitch, you hella fake  
You say I'm too old, I don't know how it works  
Get butt naked, get a million followers  
No, I'm not dumb, get your money, but I don't want none  
I think you look funny with that crazy-ass hair and them weird-lookin' lips  
Postin' pics on the 'Gram, but not with your kids  
But they gon' grow up to see them photos one day  
Is that you, mama? That's what they gon' say  
Is that you, mama?

(Bitch, you don't know what's goin' on)  
Seen your mama naked  
(You don't know what I do)  
She on my Instagram  
I follow your mama, bruh  
(Bitch, you don't know what's goin' on)  
Yeah, your mama, go  
Finna DM her, man  
(You don't know what I do)

She's a social-media prostitute  
DM for bookings and she fuckin' too  
And if you hit her and you choose her

You got a smartphone, but you a dumb user  
She got a new nigga, he know I hit it first  
And she gon' always be a ho in the metaverse  
Delete everything, now it's all right  
But I got your videos on my hard drive

You can't say shit, you do the most  
It's your first time here? How you the host?  
That ain't your car in your post  
So lost in the dark, you lookin' like a ghost  
Why you doin' that? You gotta get yours  
You wanna fly private jets with the rich folks cruisin' on a yacht  
Bitch, that's a boat, you still at the dock  
That shit can barely float

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You don't know what I do  
Bet you don't know what's goin' on  
Bet you don't know what's goin' on  
You don't know what I do

Bet you don't know what's goin' on  
Bet you don't know what's really goin' on out here in these streets, mane  
What's goin' on in your life, what's goin' on around you right now?  
Open your eyes  
Better learn, man, it's real out here  
Bet you don't know what's goin' on  
You don't know what I do