

You Know I

Veeze

We're not against rap, we're not against rappers (Yeah)
No, my bad, I ain't even mean to say that (Greatest rapper alive man, on the
mic, man, mic check)
But we are against those thugs
New phone
Yeah
Gang, gang
Yeah (Yeah)

Runnin' out ain't no option
Goin' broke ain't even in my thought process
Sub that ho, I got a whole roster
Let go of my swag like an Eggo waffle
Lil' nigga stashin' the baby bottle
Got all this shit, didn't pray about it (Nah)
No haircut, but the ladies love it (Nah)
Do shit, no deal, got the labels salty (Nigga)
Still gun tucked, don't stare that hard
Lil' nigga, it's a new sheriff around
Hit the bank, get a bag like Set It Off
Boy, girl, got gas like Chevron
Controllin' the bitch like an analog
I'm shakin' these bitches like Allen I. (Shakin' these bitches)
I ain't datin', these bitches get carry-out (Yeah)
Back to street, the bitch chew me and spit me out
Could've took the whole world, I ain't even try
Girl, ganger my name, but don't wear it out
If you ain't got a million dollars, then you can be quiet (Shh)
Offer one point five, they better keep bribin'
"Why you ain't drop yet?" Man, being honest
I'm in the crib with the pints, nigga, detoxin'
Stop worryin' 'bout me, get a pee pot
I'm double C shoppin', bitch look like Kylie (I swear to God)

You know I dress like video, 'fit, I ain't care about it (You know I)
Break my heart, rappin' 'bout trap, he ain't pack no heroin
Head in my lap, got her fuckin' up her lip gloss
Man, I got Techs, I'm embarrassed what the shit cost (Yeah)
Niggas ain't me, they just make a lot of diss songs
Bitch want a pic with the 7 Mile Chris Brown
You know I get fresh as hell, I ain't even gotta go out
I know I 'posed to save hip-hop, but I ain't really got time
You know I—
Ayy, girl, you know I—

Yeah, you know I dog 'em, love 'em, fuck 'em, leave 'em, boy, I don't fuckin'
' need 'em
Check out my denim, ain't seen 'em, boy, I'm ahead of season
New hundreds in that Goyeezy make married bitches cheaters
I know fed agents gon' see me, I got on bright Moncleezy (Frirt, frirt, frirt)
I smoke Bubba, ain't no sticks and stems (Yeah)
Probably 'cause he study all my songs, we sound similar (Probably 'cause he
study)
Allergic to these broke-ass niggas, sippin' syrup like Benadryl
Fetty Percs, it got him fightin' demons, he ain't did a kill (I swear to God
)
She is not a bad bitch, every pic, she call an editor

I am not no trick, I put a gold digger in the back of hearse
Said she wanted a sex tape with the kid, she gotta neck me first
Say I did her worser than her ex, but bitch, my last name Worst, you dig? (Y
ou ain't heard?)

Yeah, you know I-

Yeah, what you say, Reef?

You know I-

I need to get on there

You know I dress like video, 'fit, I ain't care about it

Break my heart, rappin' 'bout trap, he ain't pack no heroin

Yeah