

You Know Me

WC

I roll my good up, in my Khakis
Throw my hood up
Keep it O.G. - You know it man
I got the hood with me, I got the hood with me
Fuck these bitches, get this money, got my bang out
Keep it on me, you know it man
I got the hood with me, I got the hood with me

Dub-Cuda, Lick Hitter, get robbing over here
Were the Headbangers like the Hit Squad
All Chrome with the raw flow, shake up the audience
Like Mike Vick walking in the Dog Show
Like giraffe dicks standing tall over y'all
Hanging with killers like suspenders on overalls
Cracking bottles, swinging and aiming hollows
With niggaz in solitary confinement to the game Macho
Clack clock, nigga keep my shit cocked
Don't fuck with me y'all, I'm in the zone like a zip lock
Stay G'd up, out to get my green up
Blue Chevy paint, bagging money like a Brink Truck
Guaranteed at least, slanging sticks like Shina E
Bad bitch on my side, ass like Alicia Keys
Feel the breeze, Dub retired, Nicky please
On the 110 with my dickies to my knees

Breath of fresh air, yes yes, it's Maylay nigga
Big Swing, and I came with the Connect Gang members
And uhh.. it ain't bright if we ain't light
They ain't shit nigga, he ain't tight
You got it fucked up
It's all or nothing, be brawling and busting
Til they put me in the coffin of the car and I'm cuffed in
And to my next opponent, don't even rest a moment
I'm so West! (Hell Yes!) with no extras on it
L.A. Dodgers, AK Choppers
And the kids hit the graves way before they mamas (That's a shame!)
So I get the hat, yeah, you can bet ya that
Capital CA man; and check the Tat
Recognized by the realist niggaz, give it up
Whether they be Crip or Blood, and the one the women love
Angelino for sheezo
Respected by niggaz that run from green coats and don't testify

Now I'm an old nigga on the Porch, way too big
It's a shame how this nigga, influenced them kids
Got them out there hustling, and doing their shit
And he don't do shit but sit and scratch on his dick
And it's not good that the hood is under a spell
It's wonder why this nigga, ain't under the jail
Why they treat this motherfucker like the wizard of Oz
Cause I know what's happening like Re-run and Rog
I'm a captain, yep the head nigga in charge
Pull Air Force One, up out the garage
I'm the Grand Puba, You're part of lodge
You mortals better pay, respect to the Gods

You can cuss more, I'm Mount Rushmore
Now you can sell more, You still Al Gore
Nigga I'm the president, you're just a resident
In my Gangster world, and you're late with the fucking rent!

Pay your tithe nigga!