

I Know

YG

I know, I know

I know, I'm off the four, yeah, I know
I know, I'm movin' real slow
I know, I got your hoe
I know, I'm off the four and I'm slow
I know that Rollie rose gold
I know I got your hoe

I had to go back to my city one time
Tell 'em hatin' niggas that I made it, on God
Oh shit, I got a couple million in the bank
Oh shit, I'm trippin' and I ain't got fuckin' a thing
All my niggas kept grindin' on this side
All my niggas got the bread and we down to ride
Oh, 400, what the fuck it do?
I done got a couple bands
I ain't got to wear designer
But I still keep a burner, Timmy Turner (grrrt)
All these bitches, yeah, they trippin' cause I'm on
They don't wanna show me love but it's cool
On God, I've been on the same shit all my life
On God, I've been on the same shit all my life

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I know, back then they ain't want me, Mike Jones
Now I'm hot, they all on me, Mike Jones
Fuck him up, he lost all the way, Mike Jones
I know, got drunk with your hoe
I don't want her, keep ya hoe
"YG, what you gon' do with that dope?"
Take all my niggas to my show
You should know how it 'bout to go when I come through
Hunnid deep, if I don't like you I'm a confront you
Pull up like Pac, middle finger out the sunroof
Pull up like Biggie in your city, what you gon' do?
If niggas wanna play, we could play
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I did it without Dre, I did it without Jay, I did it without Ye
What the fuck could y'all say?

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I put your bitch in Givenchy
I make your bitch call me "papi"
Fuck her on top of the 'Rari

Get that bitch actin' so naughty
I put your bitch in Céline
I put your bitch on the team
I hit your bitch in the backseat
I make your bitch Snapchat me, that pussy

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I know, I know I'm comin' through strong
She chose us, man, chose us
I'm 'bout to [?]
I know, I know I'm comin' through strong
Nigga, get your bag up, get your swag up
Major swag alert, major bag alert, nigga
400!
MoneyMakinMitch, what's happenin' though?