

# 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, Tiimmy 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?