

I Kno

Ace Hood

I know you ain't never met a nigga like me
And you probly never will, I put that on my OG
And I know none these other niggas seen the shit I seen
They don't hustle like I hustle, get the shit by any means
And I know all them bitches with me do be hella bad
Hit the mall then blow a stash, call it blowing money fast
I know (they hatin')
I know (and they may watin')
For me to fall off
That will be never dog

From the bottom to the top I came a long way
Used to sip on quarter juices, now it's Rosay
Now that marrow sittin' wider than some Colgate
Baby momma trippin, she do shit the wrong way
Fuck it, gave my lawyer fifty for the court case
Whatcha know 'bout makin' money at a fast pace?
Yea I know the feds steady watching niggas
My younguns play with guns like some matching figures
Bet I know how to make this money a triple flipper
Only breaking bread with the realest niggas
Wake up in the morning, greet a bad bitch
Fuck 'er once and then I'm focused where the cash is
Lacing my Gucci's, had to grab ten
I gotta stay safe, bring the Mach 10
And I know they want me dead and gone
Paranoid, I keep that pistol in my carry-on

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They told me where you getting money? ', boy them niggas hate
Stacking paper, 23, I'm thinking real estate
On the ship or what I'm driving, we don't renovate
Get money, my niggas, stock in the real estate
Call me by my government when I be at the bank
Talking figures, nigga half a million Ben Franks
Heard them niggas counting mad at some bitch place
Long as my pistol on me I go to your bitch place
Think I really give a fuck 'bout all you pussy niggas
Counting paper, screaming 'Fuck! all of you pussy niggas'
I swear I'm ballin' to my last breath
Brand new prezie on me, call that fucker sudden death
I tell my bitch to keep on sucking till there's nothing left
That shit girl, I just made her admit to grand theft
Yea, and I know they want me dead and gone
Paranoid, I keep that chopper in my carry-on

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