I Know a Guy

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How long have you been taking Heroin?
Well I...
Speak up!
About... two years
What about before then?
I smoked marijuana for a while
How long?
Four or five months, I guess
How did you get started on this?
I don't know... A friend of mine- he started me
Where'd you get it?
I know a guy
I'm the guy he talkin' about when he say, he know a guy
Sellin' that there Qaddafi, that eleven five
The jump out boys can't stop me; they don't know how I look
I don't touch nothing, rubber gloves when I cook
Listening to the scanner in the trap
Not from Radio Shack but an iPhone app
Turnin' my money over and gettin' it like I'm 'posed to
My boxers is my holster I'll shoot you in the neck
Where a bullet-proof can't protect
Good chance if I pull it
'Cause I got armor piercing bullets
Flipping houses and buying property in my white boy name
You got a lot of shit to lose, I got a lot to gain
My uncle saved a sister life when they was in the Jone
Somebody tried to stab her with a turkey bone
He know I want out the game, he know I'm trying to get Ghost
He know I don't want the fame; I don't rap, I don't play sports
(None of it)
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I know a guy Where'd you get it? I know a quy He don't wear a suit and tie But he tied into some guys that be wearing those suits and ties He plug like a bachelor with the connect; with the supplies He thug but come off like a square, but nigga he a rydah He an old dude, with an old soul and a young thought Hood famous for cooking dope in industrial pots Ain't trippin' on the line, like that ain't what he 'bout He done got it You renting from the nigga that own that house A dope crew mixed with some of that new mulla Tucked off in the suburbs Soccer moms and cougars Him and his lady mainy with the ignorance Open you up if you tried to hop the fence S Corporations and LOC's Properties, businesses, entities Donations, fundraisers, celebrities Put some bread on the head of a enemy... beeatch Where'd you get it? I know a guy Where'd you get it? I know a guy

Where'd you get it? I know a guy I'm that guy I'm that guy I'm that guy I'm that guy I see everything; I eat a whole lotta carrots I don't repeat what I heard, like a motherfucking parrot I might look like a nerd but I'll embarrass you Stomp you out I'll step on you with Giuseppe shoe Papered up like a shredder Got tools, no Black & Decker Bitches be all the time, be on my line I tell her I'm old They tell me I'm in my prime This world is cold, it's smirkish and ferocious A lot of these people snakes or either roaches It's too many players and not enough coaches Some of these suckers don't even know what a coach is Where'd you get it? I know a guy Where'd you get it? Where'd you get it? Where'd you get it?

Where'd you get it?