

You Don't Know (For Fuck's Sake)

Ed Sheeran

For fuck's sake

Living the life of a student
Yeah, I begin on a high
Losing my mind
And they say that I've been winning for time
Never been to a gun fight, never needed a knife
But then I make the cut whenever delivering the lines
Sit on the side, with a rhyme pad
With a tin in my sights
Sipping a lemon and lime Corona only with my best friends
Cause I paid in my pride
Giving the time to write rhymes
But I find truth at a quarter to five
Eh

It's kinda like I took a train
To the left side of my brain, oh, mayne
Toddle some mud, under my door
You know I'm stepping in my own lane
All of these speakers sitting behind me
But what psychology, psychologically insane
Part of me wanna get down, down, down
Making you go low, inside

You don't know, if you don't know by now
You better tell him 'bout it
What you gonna tell him bout it?
Yeah, yeaaaaah

Ten toes to the dirt
Pencil to the paper
God has a favour for your thirst
Drink-drink ya pint bye-bye
To this bullshit praise allah
To the wheels I'm a ridah
Steering your prada
Only closed in my ada-di-das
I'm a fetus in my boom sake nana
Daddy's home, on the mic, hey papa

Back with my bang yo, straight loop on my pedal no band though
But every single one of my fans know that
Every damn show, I'm taking their ears on a journey
Like I'm flying overseas with Van Gogh
Livin' so sweet without Gretel and Hansel
Critics hate the lyrics cause they think I've been tangoed
Find me wearing old clothes rocking a Kangol
I'm riding round with Yelawolf in your daddy's Lambo

Hello me, how ya been?
You got a mullet again like when you was 10
You're probably sipping sweet tee's, you still huh?
And your piggy bank is full of change
Fact, what you used to steal from
You been playing fools, like a steel drum
Pulling out early, and they still come

Eating from the game, when you know the meal's done
Yelawolf is kicking back at these pilgrims
Hold up baby, sit still son
Woah, this old rock, it heals been rolled
Still shocking when I see 'em go
Bananas and they hammer the [?]

I'm not the average half wit
After this hour gets out of this
60 seconds I'm going in any directions
And chasing this jack with a shot of Budweiser and water
It's probably the better idea you move the direction in
Fact its a part of me to be the loser of cannons
Blowing his fucking mics like the winds
I caught this cardigan
Hooligans, hooligans, hooligans
But really who's a friend?
Jump in this little fire jump right back in the pool again
Know I be new again
A student of you my friend
Marshall Mathers, I'm tossing rappers up at my crew of 10
Minus 4, minus war
You don't want it
Shady records I'm already better, fuck it, doggonnit

Dog don't gotta lead
Dog's already home
Jack, dog I'm a beast, I'm a wolf
Bring your dogs back
A melody man in a melancholic mellow yellow can
Shhh, tell him how we gonna sell 'em man

Been working hard all week
(So if you wonder if we earned it, well its not a probably)
So won't you bring that back to me
(And holla when you hear it like all the screams of a halloween)
I got blisters on my feet
(To walk in night with you is not the shoes to be borrowing)
So won't you bring that back to me
(Cause all the sole of my pin is what all the sorrow brings)

If you don't know, if you don't know, no, no, no
If you don't know, if you don't know, no, no, no
If you don't know, if you don't know, no, no, no
If you don't know, if you don't know, no, no, no