

## Lord Knows

K Koke

This the story of a street life  
This is what the streets like  
When it gets dark, and the guns bark  
Police are enemy they want our  
Cocaina pura, filhos duma puta  
Still I rise through the fire  
My desire to get higher is higher  
Than these snitches and these liars  
Lord Knows

Street life, live that, ain't no denying it  
We get dough then flip that, fire sticks  
Get low and sticks clap, rider shit  
No lying kid, know who you're riding with  
If Don gets caught, and then turns into a lying snitch  
If I get caught, the lord knows I'm denying it  
The lord knows I'm a lying shit  
Like "Nah judge, it weren't me, I didn't ride on him"  
And if that don't work, I'mma ride my ting  
I'mma ride my bird, like I was cycling  
Fight through the fire, like a fireman  
Let the ting light, and leave him hearing sirens  
And that's all because he tried the ting  
Like Koke's known, let me try and get stripes from him  
Pussy boy, want to test the eye  
Get shot and want to testify

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The lord knows that I'm suffering  
I reach for the sky, like I wish I could cuddle him  
I pray to stop hustling, but I can't until my Mummy stop struggling  
Life had me running risks  
Fight with a gun, no fists  
Product of my block, so just know who you're fucking with  
Been running around these blocks, ever since I was a fucking kid  
And I let it pop... I'm certified in my fucking bits  
I've heard the lies, you dickheads keep chatting shit  
The burner lights, you dickheads ain't clapping sticks  
We murder guys, if they try to turn their back on bridge  
Early night, catch him while he's with his bitch  
From the most hated ends in North West  
Remorseless, bang guns, be cautious  
The rawest, concrete blocks of Stonebridge  
Might be knocked down but we still have to hold this

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