

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 cuma 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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