

# Know Bout Me

Nappy Roots

Chops on the track  
Yeahhh

A. Leon Craft, South Pole cold (Cold)  
Up my damn flow, like a lit gas stove (Stove)  
Tk-tk-tk-tk-tk-foohh (Foohh)  
Damn Clutch, my bad, I'm bout to burn down the booth (Booth)  
Bentley brand new (New)  
Haters are too (Too)  
Awol roof, ride an hour later, coo (Coo)  
Space-ship for two, she got a mass of Basker boots (Boots)  
We drank so much Patrone, I had to turn down the Goose (Goose)  
I'm from another land (Hey)  
Highly in demand, though (Hey)  
Louisville Slugger (Hey), real candy on sedan though (Hey, hey, hey)  
Country like a banjo  
Shawty I'm just sayin, though  
A. Leon the shit, you gon be more than seein a candle (Hey)  
Microphone commando (Hey)  
Ballin, I got handles (Hey)  
Cross over shawty school and hip-hop band notes (Hey)  
Brotherhood Decatur, hater ways never clash  
Outer-space, super fast  
I'm a A. Leon Craaaft

When them country boys come out, at night  
Space-ships go up, in flight  
Nothing your eyes, have seen  
What do you know, bout me  
Yeah, what you know about me  
Uhh, yeah, what you know about me  
Uhh, yeah, what you know about me  
With my top down blowin on top pedigree, yeah

Yeah, uhh  
I get my Louisville Slugger on  
Shawty thick, lookin good, I'll slug a homer  
CLINK- You're outta here  
Mary buns got nothin on us  
I'm a stick boy, still good on the corners  
Uhh, got a Caddy like a space-ship (Uh)  
And I ain't foolin with you niggas, I'm a racist  
Shawty race this, engine got a face-lift  
I took the 350 out and serve the space kit  
Now we ridin like they do it on the fourth planet  
Y'all talk funny, we don't even understand it  
Like a drive on the sidewalk; Outlandish  
Smack ya granny on the ass, I'm so man-ish  
I'm so candid, make ya say damn it  
I don't get "Wasted", I get so damaged  
Ron Clutch, get the ink, I'm so granded  
A. Leon snap his fingers, we so vanished

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They think they know me, but they got no idea  
Can't even see me, high as I feel  
You know how we be, on some country-fried kill  
I'm from the south side of De Ville, and we all about the real  
Better keep ya eyes peeled, plus behind the wheel  
Better pimp that space-ship with the verti-cal grilles  
Got the big ol' shiny wheels, to tell me how I feel  
I named her Miss Pig and she stay in them high heels  
We swervin through the galaxy in a alternate reality  
You know how the Caddy be, defy the laws of gravity  
We travel at a faster speed to charge up my battery  
Bottle and a bag of weed, now ain't nobody catchin me  
You know how Nappy be, you know how the boys do it  
You know we get straight to it, then we run straight through it  
A. Leon Craft just landed, you know he stay zooted (Cough-cough-cough)  
Off this country-fried backwoods, outer-space music

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This has been a Chops production