

# You Don't Know Bout It

Travis Porter

Tell me what ya know bout dis, tell me what ya know bout dat  
Tell me what ya know bout Phipps, tell me what ya know bout Saks  
These niggas ain't got no check, them boys ain't holdin no sack  
Them niggas don't know bout dis, them boys don't know bout that

Hey...

You don't know bout it Tell me what ya know bout that  
You don't kno nothing Tell me what ya know about that

Young nigga you don't know about this, young nigga you don't know about that  
Spend a couple racks at Saks, do a track get it right back  
Nigga you don't know nothing bout nothing, that gas I put in my blunt  
Smoke a zip, take a sip, pull up, nigga I'm stuntin  
Hop out, looking like money, y'all broke niggas just too funny  
Can't even count up six hundred, that's a shame you a God damn dummy  
Boy you know you ain't holden no stacks, boy you know you ain't holden no st rap  
Boy you know you ain't been in no trap, everybody know Strap

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Exspensive jordans and belts, I get my gucci from Phipps  
Exclusive tires on the whip, they say I'm feelin myself  
I'm all in the vip, I give the waitress a tip  
Then I withdraw a hundred thousand and spend it all on myself  
My bitch is thicker than milk, but they short as my sleeves  
I've got bitches in Africa, I be all over-seas  
Ain't no twenties in my pocket, all I keep is some g's  
I'm a young nigga gettin it boy, who fuckin with Li

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Every car I'm in I'm in the back seat,  
And I just tell them where to go just like a taxi  
And I keep goons if you niggas try attack me,  
And they just pull they pistols out, you niggas run like a track meet  
But I'm always working, you can catch me Phipps plaza splurgin  
So much shit, it filled up the excursion  
Tried to take my bitch, too bad she said she was a virgin  
Meanwhile I'm with yo bitch behind the curtain, what you know bout that

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