

# Ya Betta Know It

Young Buck

Ho, niggas got it fucked up for real  
Supa thug in my bandanna  
Got my face covered  
Watch me roll this quarter ounce blunt,  
And don't waste nothin'  
Bitch I know you hate me  
But you wont say nothin'  
Me and my AK huntin'  
Since you wanna taste somethin'  
I don't pay for shit  
But I will take the hit  
Pull the Benz out  
And pull the pin out  
And make 'em quit  
Don't compare me to them coward niggas  
You been bitchin' with  
Out there swimmin' in that water  
We gon' see how deep it gets  
We don't drive by  
We get out and walk by  
Parties in the street  
Yellow tape, white chalk lines  
Can't afford to let em blow it  
Right now I'm ready for it  
Realist nigga in this rap shit  
Bitch you better know it

I just think you better know it  
You better know it (8x)

26 inches  
A problem, I just bought me  
This should be ridiculous,  
Niggas kill for this versache  
First I hit the lights  
Hit the gas  
Watch me open up my stash  
I reach in, get my strap  
Yeah, then put on my mask  
Got a face full of teardrops  
Still you aint no goon  
Niggas die right here on this block  
This ain't no cartoon  
Put bulletholes all in ya gucci  
Let you pick the spot  
On where to let a nigga  
Shoot ya ass  
Chopper cut ya head  
Hit his leg till it strike out  
Let him think he made it  
Then ya knock his whole life out  
Borrow money bitch  
Go to jail, I'm gettin' right out  
Stop and see my kids  
Then I'm on the next flight out

I just think you better know it

You better know it (17x)