

# You Don't Know (For Fuck's Sake)

## Ed Sheeran & Yelawolf

Living the life of a student  
Yeah I begin on a high  
Losing my mind  
And they say that Ive been winning for time  
Never been to a gun fight, never needed a knife  
But then I make the cut whenever delivering the lines  
Sit on the side, with a rhymepack  
With a tin in my sights  
Sipping a lemon and lime na only with my best friends  
Cause I paid in my pride  
Giving the time to write rhymes  
But I find truth at a quarter to five  
Eh  
Its kinda like I took a train  
To the left side of my brain, oh, main  
Toddle some mud, under my door  
You know Im stepping in my own lane  
All of these speakers sitting behind me  
but what psychology, psychologically insane  
Part of me wanna get down, down, down  
making you go low, inside You dont know, if you dont know by now  
You better tell him bout it  
What you gonna tell him bout it?  
Yeah, yeaaaah  
Ten toes to the dirt  
Pencil to the paper  
God has a favour for your thirst  
Drink-drink ya pint bye-bye  
To this bullshit praise allah  
To the wheels Im a ridah  
Steering your prada  
Only closed in my ada-di-das  
Im a fetus in my boom sake nana  
Daddys home, on the mic, hey papaBack with my bang yo, straight loop on my [?]  
But every single one of my fans know that  
Every damn show, Im taking their ears on a journey  
Like Im flying with Van Gogh  
Livin so sweet without Gretel and Hansel  
Critics hate the lyrics cause they think Ive been tangoed  
Find me wearing old clothes rocking a Kangol  
Im riding round with Yelawolf in your daddys LamboHello me, how ya been?  
You got a mullet again like when you was 10

You're probably sipping sweet teas, you still huh?  
 And your piggy bank is full of change  
 Fact, what you used to steal from  
 You been playing fools, like a steel drum  
 Pulling out early, and they still come  
 Eating from the game, when you know the meals done  
 Yelawolf is kicking back at these pilgrims  
 Hold up baby, sit still son  
 Woah, this old rock, it heals been rolled  
 Still shocking when I see em go  
 bananas and they hammer the [?]Im not the average half wit  
 After this hour gets out of this  
 60 seconds Im going in any directions  
 And chasing this jack with a shot of Budweiser and water  
 Its probably the better idea you move the direction in  
 Fact its a part of me to be the looser of cannons  
 Blowing his fucking mics like the winds [?]  
 Hooligans, hooligans, hooligans  
 But really whos a friend?  
 Jump in this little fire jump right back in the pool again  
 Know I be new again  
 A student of you my friend  
 Watch your manners Im tossing rappers up at my crew of 10  
 Minus 4, minus war  
 You dont want it  
 Shady records Im already better, fuck it, doggonnitDog dont gotta lead  
 Dogs already home  
 Jack, dog Im a beast, Im a wolf  
 Bring your dogs back  
 A melody man in a melancholic mellow yellow can  
 Shhh, tell him how we gonna sell em manBeen working hard all week  
 (So if you wonder if we earned it, well its not a probably)  
 So wont you bring that back to me  
 (And holla when you hear it like all the screams of a halloween)  
 I got blisters on my feet  
 (To walk in night with you is not the shoes to be borrowing)  
 So wont you bring that back to me  
 (Cause all the sole of my pin is what all the sorrow brings)If you dont know, if you dont know,  
 no, no, no  
 If you dont know, if you dont know, no, no, no  
 If you dont know, if you dont know, no, no, no  
 If you dont know, if you dont know, no, no, no  
 Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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