

I Know (feat. Rich Homie Quan)

Yo Gotti

I know I know I know
I know I know I know (What you know Quan?)
You ain't that nigga you say you is (Well how you know though?)
Just know that I know I know I know (Okay!)
Them streets, they fuck with me strong
And them bitches gon fuck just because money long
You know that I know I know I know
Well you know that I know it I know it I know You a fuck nigga and it ain't a secret
I'm so official they can referee it (they know I am)
Black gun, white work, I got jungle fever
28 on the scale, all I drop is ether (Rich Homie)
Get money, break bread, gotta feed your people
Every day like thanksgiving, everybody eating
I put work in the hood, let my homies grind
I do what I do to see my niggas shine
I know what I know and man that's all I know
I take 63 grams and try to make a four
That's a couple ounces if I get it right
Wanna see my homies rich cuz nigga this the life
I know
I know that you ain't that nigga you claim to be
Despite how much money I make this shit ain't changing me
I know I know I know a lot of these niggas, they lame to me
I'm blown, I smoke what I rolled The same nigga that I came in with (Rich Homie baby)
I'm on the west coast in a low rider
4 bitches tryna leave with me
Ain't enough room and I don't know yall
I'm high as fuck, you a low pie
I got a pharmacy ho for them narcotics
Put a potato on it make it shoot silent
Fuck wrong with you? you profiling
I done made a million and I didn't go to college (Fuck you mean)
And all my niggas locked for some work, best believe he goin silent
He don't know nobody, can't trust nobody but yo self
So believe me when I tell you that I know about it
When I asked yo ho about it she said me and Yo Gotti
The realest niggas left and I told that bitch
I wanna see my homies rich forever
I know some secrets, I'll never tell em
I got some birds but I'd never mail em
You in love with Instagram hoes and you ain't never met em
Pocket full of money, boy I know the feeling

I know that niggas hatin' that's why I lost the civic
And the drophead, of the 71 cutlass on 8's
And my wife beater on, with my hat to the back started from the bottom like Drake
But I'm with the same old niggas that I started with
Same young niggas I was robbing with
And if these niggas have a problem with
Got them automatic pistols no revolver shit (Bang!)
And I know niggas sell they soul, go against they guy
Fuck niggas, playin like they real, living in disguise
Homie what you know?

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>