

## I Kno

## Ace Hood

I know you ain't never met a nigga like me  
And you probly never will, I put that on my OG  
And I know none these other niggas seen the shit I seen  
They don't hustle like I hustle, get the shit by any means  
And I know all them bitches with me do be hella bad  
Hit the mall then blow a stash, call it blowing money fast  
I know (they hatin')  
I know (and they may watin')  
For me to fall off  
That will be never dog

From the bottom to the top I came a long way  
Used to sip on quarter juices, now it's Rosay  
Now that marrow sittin' wider than some Colgate  
Baby momma trippin, she do shit the wrong way  
Fuck it, gave my lawyer fifty for the court case  
Whatcha know 'bout makin' money at a fast pace?  
Yea I know the feds steady watching niggas  
My younguns play with guns like some matching figures  
Bet I know how to make this money a triple flipper  
Only breaking bread with the realest niggas  
Wake up in the morning, greet a bad bitch  
Fuck 'er once and then I'm focused where the cash is  
Lacing my Gucci's, had to grab ten  
I gotta stay safe, bring the Mach 10  
And I know they want me dead and gone  
Paranoid, I keep that pistol in my carry-on

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They told me where you getting money? ', boy them niggas hate  
Stacking paper, 23, I'm thinking real estate  
On the ship or what I'm driving, we don't renovate  
Get money, my niggas, stock in the real estate  
Call me by my government when I be at the bank  
Talking figures, nigga half a million Ben Franks  
Heard them niggas counting mad at some bitch place  
Long as my pistol on me I go to your bitch place  
Think I really give a fuck 'bout all you pussy niggas  
Counting paper, screaming 'Fuck! all of you pussy niggas'  
I swear I'm ballin' to my last breath  
Brand new prezie on me, call that fucker sudden death  
I tell my bitch to keep on sucking till there's nothing left  
That shit girl, I just made her admit to grand theft  
Yea, and I know they want me dead and gone  
Paranoid, I keep that chopper in my carry-on

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