

I Know

Styles P

Heroin addicts, arms got needles in it
Jails is packed, niggas is getting diesel in it
Streets is wild, niggas is all evil in it
A M16 to kill the people in it
Cocaine currency is calculated
A lot of wolves, but only the real alphas make it
If it's war then the blood gon' flow
I might tell you some shit, but not all I know

I know the coke game, I know the dope game
I know the shooters, the jack boy, the whole game
I know the fast cars, I know the fast hoes
I know the niggas that hustle to get fast dough

Summer time, fly niggas will pull the whips out
Stepping out the penthouse, the kush from the zips out
It's usually Black Label if I'm dipped out
Hit the strip, make sure and get shit made out
Dior, drinking Pinot Noir
About to open up the Carter to play Nino before
Yeah I've seen it before, niggas will kill you with the nina for raw
Mama singing Tina Turner, trying to smile 'cause we poor
Me, I'm with the Beamer with boys that make noise
The noise is real but we down to a fake joy
Ask me while I'm smoking the tan in St Croix
Trying to move around the world while dealing the girl and the boy
Pink diamonds, like pink panther
Never ask the question that the missing link answers
Cuban link, big knots, and thick dancers
This the fast life, sick like cancer

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Riding out again I said fuck 'em all
Shoot a nigga first, watch the sucker fall
Yeah, I move squares but I love to ball
I'm on the sixth foul in this game nigga, fuck a call
Lot of cops on the block, try to duck them all
Lot of gunshots, nigga, better duck 'em all
Lot of models in this party here for sucking off
Lot of rich niggas really trying to fuck them all
Broke niggas mad, stuck on the wall
They don't live this life, they don't really love to ball
You ask me, I say fuck them both
45 with the grip that's rubber close
Keep my enemies and my brother close
You ain't high the first time, fuck it, take another dose
And there will never be another Ghost
I'm my brother's keeper, fuck around and get your brother smoked

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