

W.C. "You Know Me"

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[Chorus]

I roll my good up, In my Khakies
Throw my hood up, keep it OG
You know me man, I got the hood with me,
I got the hood with me.
But these bitches get this money,
Got my thang up, keep it on me, you know me man.
I got the hood with me, I got the hood with me.

[Verse 1 - WC]

Dub-Cuda, lick, kid or get robbed
And over here we the headbangers like the jet squad
All raw with the raw flow, shake up the audience
like Mike Vick barking in the dog show,
Like Jauron Dick standin tall over y'all
Hangin with killers like suspenders on overalls
Crackin bottles, swangin and (?) hallows
For niggas (?) to the game, macho
Clack clack, nigga I keep my shit cocked
Don't fuck with me all, i'm in your zone like a ziplock
Stay G'ed up, out to get my green up.
Blue Chevy, cap back and money like a brick truck.
(?)
Bad bitch on my side, ass like Alicia Keys
Feel the breeze (?)
(?) with my Dickies to my knees

[Chorus]

[Verse 2 - Young Maylay]

Breath the fresh air, yes, yeah it's Maylay nigga
Big swang and I came with the Connect Gang
members, and uhh
It ain't bright if we ain't light he ain't the shit nigga he
ain't tight,
You got it fucked up.

It's all or nothin', we ball or bustin',
Till they put me in the coffin or the car I'm cuffed in.
And to my next opponent, don't even rest a moment
I'm so West! (Hell Yeah!) But no extra's on it.
LA Dodgers, AK Choppers

And the kids at the Grace waitin' for they mommas
So I rep the hat, yeah you can bet ya that
Capital CA man, and check the tat
Recognise by the realist niggers give it up
Weather they be Crip or Blood, and the one the women
love.
Angelino for shizzle respected by
Niggas who rob in green coats and don't testify

[Chorus]

[Verse 3 - Ice Cube]

I'm an old nigga on the porch, way to big
It's a shame how this nigga influenced them kids.
Got 'em out there hustlin' and doin' the shit.
And he don't do shit instead of scratch on his bid
And it's not good that the hood is under the scale
It's a wonder why this nigga ain't under the jail,
While they treat this motherfucker like the (?)
Cause I know what's happening like we're running
rodge
I'm a captain left ahead nigga in charge,
pull Air Force One, up out the garage,
I'm the grand (?), you're part of lodge.
You mortals better pay, respect to the God.
You can cuss more, I'm out rush more,
Now you can sell more, You're still Al Gore
Nigga I'm the president, you're just the resident,
In my gangsta world, and you late with the fucking
rent!

[Chorus]

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