

# Webbie "I Know"

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**(feat. Young Dro)**

*[Speaking:]*

Say mel and t mayne  
I'm a make a nigga feel on this

*[Pre-rap:]*

Top and bottom never walk in my neighborhood  
(south baton rouge)  
The candy lady out of business cause they take her  
goods  
Play with me it's guaranteed, oooooohhh, I'm a lay ya  
down  
Gotta watch my back across my tracks god know I know  
these clowns

*[Chorus:]*

God know I know  
I feel like can't nobody f\*\*k with me  
God got my back so  
Lil boosie keep his mind at ease  
And god kno I kno  
That somebody gon hate on me  
But god kno I'm thug so  
U kno lil boosie go and get skeet

*[Verse 1:]*

Now god know my situation, he know what I be facin  
He know I'm so impatient when it come to money makin  
From school, to the blocks, from the tool, to the rocks  
For the lil nigga with that glock ridin aroun d in  
somethin hot  
Now it's bout time we hit our knees and tell god truth  
Can't stop the way we livin just help us make it through  
When I die take me through, up to heaven up with you  
Gotta holla at my daddy and my nigga griles to  
And god kno  
And god know I'm thug life, u f\*\*kin right  
So if nigga play with me of the op I gotta get him right  
And god got my back so, when I act wow  
I'm comin home safely through the back do  
The murder rate is sky high, nigga holla ride or die

These youngin sling that iron it ain't no mo takin pride  
So put yo fist up in yo pockets and them bullets in the  
chamber  
Cause niggas slingin iron like the lone ranger  
Mayne it's murder murder kill kill on the corner where  
the marijuana followed by the bill  
Some niggas cut by delja, some niggas cut by chill,  
some niggas eat them delpids and some  
niggas eat them pills  
Gotta get it how I live in the southside  
I'm thuggin with my cow hide  
I'm fresh when I come outside  
You talk shit got hog tied  
God know I know these niggas  
Don't make me show these niggas  
Pray for these niggas keep me away from these niggas  
And I

*[Chorus]*

*[Verse 2:]*

God kno all the killas  
He done walked with all them niggas  
He done talked with all them niggas  
Before they went sparked them trigger  
He ain't tear ya up in church, but god pretty eyes done  
covered up some dirt  
Plus he kept a thug alert  
For these bitch ass niggas, these haters these rapists

These niggas in the swamp swear to god they  
alligators  
Me an my niggas paper chasers (shit) we ain't stuntin  
We do wat we gotta do, to get that money  
And god kno my past  
I'm itchin to kill, gimme a reason I will  
I'll end up grippin a steal  
And god kno my temper  
My temper like a bubble  
You bust it you in trouble  
Only god kno, it's hard yo, I'll lay up in ya yard wow  
I'll camouflage myself with my camouflage cargo  
The street ain't promised to us niggas in that dirty  
south  
Thas why I'm ridin with that nine I'm tryin make it out  
And it's hard to live, I'm a community where ain't no  
f\*\*kin unity  
They always say I'm dead they try to ruin me  
So boosie be on other shit  
Like jew-el-r-is and poppin chris  
And mac on u a model bitch

Had a hoe that swallow dick  
Since 12 I saw alot of shit god kno I kno  
Witness a man get straight sprayed right in front of the  
store  
So I get a blunt and I roll it, hit the block actin a donkey  
Killin my own people, servin my own uncles  
And I

*[Chorus]*

*[prayer]*

Our father who art in heaven  
Hollow be thy name  
Thou kingdom come  
Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven

*[Verse 3:]*

But we stay reppin  
But we stay they got beasts up in my section  
I was raised by some thugs, got rich off the d  
80 grams took my nigga, I'm missin ya petey  
God kno I need to send my niggas some pictures this  
And som change to keep nigga fresj kicks on his feet  
And god kno he raised me  
When donkey went jonsin  
Bronson kept me wide open  
And that's a fact  
But I kno they gon hate tho  
Cause I got blocks and raps and blocks of work so u  
can call me lego  
It's consequences, jumpin fences  
Cause the narcs tryin lynch us and they missin us by  
inches  
The judge the one who sentence make a nigga out a  
menace  
Commisary low so we take a nigga tennis  
A black eye is just like a scratch where I was raised  
Niggas handle they business if they ever felt played  
The beasts is crooked, the preacher crooked  
Saw my teacher at the strip club, damn, the teachers  
crooked

*[Chorus]*

*[talking:]*

Now if don't nobody now  
God kno  
Nigga u a hood rat  
God kno  
A nigga try to bring you down  
He right on side u

God kno  
Nigga tryin steal yo girl u had fears  
God kno

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