

## **Tool F/ Maynard**

### **"I Don't Know What"**

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[Krayzie: repeat 4x]

This is how we do it, when we do it...

[Chorus]

Doesn't it feel good to see us makin money?  
Feel good like everyday's sunny  
Feel good see us takin off?  
Doesn't it feel good to see us ball?  
And they can't take it from us at all  
And if you agree that we don't fall sing "la da di da da  
di da di da di da"

[Verse 1: Krayzie]

Back at'cha, it's the thug with the most droppin more  
Thuggish Ruggish on ya  
Krayzie keepin it flaming, so indeed it's fire for ya  
Water, don't need none let it burn  
Let it be known that it's my turn, let 'em turn  
Be concerned with these words I got  
Whatever they sayin about the Line, we better kill 'em  
'Cause I got up and I got mine don't mean I'm trippin  
Really left niggaz behind to handle business  
They don't understand I'm in it to win it  
Thug out with a crowd full of criminals and killers  
So pump your fists if ya feel it, hear me  
We in it to keep it the realest  
With my remige, Thugline team, coming to kill  
something  
Close to 30 million sold and still thuggin, still strugglin  
Wassup with Bone? Gotta keep it real, so I tell them I  
don't know  
Can't think no more excuses when niggaz don't show  
We came up from poor, and I'm not going back to poor,  
no!

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Krayzie]

For The Love Of \$, I keep it funky  
Just thuggin back down in the ghetto  
Sleep in the PJ's they let me so I love 'em back

By keepin it real, givin 'em shit that they can feel, like  
hustlin need more than a mil  
Like how to make it on these streets and not be killed  
'â, ð before you get grown  
Let a nigga go on cuz he chose to live his life wrong  
All I know is life is already short  
And you can bring your non-exsistance closer if you  
want  
Trust me, you don't nigga, live on, get'cha thug on  
(thug on)  
Make you some cheese, get some weed and go get  
your buzz on  
But must of all you gotta stay sucka-free, them bustas  
out ya mix  
That go for anything you do and they go all to jail, I  
don't trip  
I share a hater to the side, devil ass nigga  
Always fuckin up my vibe, that's right now, nigga  
You done meet Krayzie Bone, you ain't meet  
Leatherface  
And I don't think you wanna though, no!

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Krayzie]

My nigga, cover your ears and fuck what you heard  
(heard)  
'Cause it's about they bullshit they be talkin, why?  
Niggaz in my business like they my bitches, got me hot  
(so hot, hot, hot, hot)  
Run up, touch me, get burned, nigga  
Said they saw me at the Source out on the floor,  
dropped (what?)  
Chickenhead bitch from Miami said we was runnin  
when the war popped  
Hoe stop, you don't know none nigga rollin with me  
What shut you puff? My niggaz hold on the B  
For most of them niggaz they want peace when we  
meet  
Like we ain't be hearin what they be saying on the  
streets  
So we gotta bring the heat  
Speak if you want, but keep it to a mumble  
Speak louder than a whisper, oh and we gonna get'cha  
Y'all Don't Know Me, ain't that what I told 'em?  
Hope they knowin these pistols real's that we toat, jokin  
Naw nigga, we for real in the field  
Believe what you want, but you suckas know the deal

[Chorus]

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