

Young Noble f/ Nutt-So

"Don't Know"

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(Young Noble) Noble Justice... For the future Yeah ---
This Outlaw Lifestyle Aye yo... I live life like a young
nigga born in corruption God made me famous for my
pain and suffering Or maybe that aint even the case
You gotta watch -- what you wish for dawg It might blow
up in ya face Feeling like Young Nobe' in a race Life is
like rolling the Ace And I don't even like showing my
face Cause muthafuckas get the wrong impression I
ain't a rapper dawg This just how I make my living It
ain't no telling where I'm supposed to be If Makaveli
hadn't chosen me To til Outlaw royalty The game won't
spoil me I keep dirt in my nails And won't knock you if
you work at the Shell At least a muthafucka got a job
That's ya problem there Knockin' the next man for tryna
get theirs You betta try to get yours Cause time is hard
And don't ask about the Lawz Cause we grinding hard
Come on... (Chorus) We don't -- know which way to go
When ya ask 'em Don't nobody seem to know Either the
right or you down the wrong road But I don't eat, don't
sleep, don't We don't -- know which way to go When ya
ask 'em Don't nobody seem to know Either the right or
you down the wrong road But I don't eat, don't sleep,
don't We don't know (Young Noble) I thought you
niggaz said you want chips (ya life is ya own) I ain't
tryna bump fa' shit I'm tryna stack it for my grand kids
Handle ya biz And get it how it come And seeing is
believing Yall blind as fuck Til some niggaz in ya living
room tyin' ya up For a couple of bucks You been oweing
for months Let it pile up It all coming down at once On
ya shoulders while you standing up Add it up That
probably mean you gon' fall dawg All my niggaz tatted
up They call us the OUTLAWZ And that means we the
family by any means I ratha' sell CD's then work at
Micky D's I can't knock that I love a Big Mac And
everybody don't know how to rap So if you got a little
hustle Or got a little talent You better get it cracking
Don't be scared of the challenge Come on... (Chorus)
(Nutt-So) Picture my life (ya life is ya own) Droppin' to
my toes Ran to the curb Sniffin' coke thru my nose Hell
naw Can't go out like that Before I do Run up in the
bank and hit the big sack But on the other hand I'm still

stuck in the streets Murder -- hustle -- fa' bread so my
girls could eat Ain't no soul finna stand in my way From
this money -- or for this 'Fore-Fore slug nose tucked in
my waist This fast lane got me driven to the, Point of
nervousness Got me drawin' down pistols on innocent
nurses It's pure ghetto And my reaction is blast fully On
the nearest muthafucka standing close in the Hoody
I'm paranoid But the money is flowing steady Coppin'
anything I dream Pushin' this shit heavy I was stackin'
til I was crackin' a ceiling With loot -- and proof And now
a nigga crackin' the roof It's my thang (Chorus) Ya life
is ya own...

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