

Bad Boy's Da Band

"They Know"

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Yeah, this beat here was created in the Hamptons
And dropped in Manhattan, Bad Boy's the label
Time Shock, Dofat's the man
Wit Chopper from Miami to New Orleans

Chopper City's the nigga, Freddy P
Who want war wit 'em? Take a fall wit 'em
Get your back against the wall wit 'em
Chopper City let 'em know!

Man I believe in gettin' rich or die tryin'
Niggaz is [Incomprehensible] and I'm a warrior like
ninja stroll
It ain't nothin', I can show you how to pimp a ho
And if you want it, you can get it nigga, friend of foe

I keeps the mac Milli low
Itchy for somethin' to crack so I can snap like whatchu
grillin' fo'?
Shit, I keeps it gutter man, you know how I do's it
I strike a kite that's my definition of stickin' and movin'

What you know about shoot outs for half an hour?
If you don't, you niggaz is jive and act as cowards
You 'bouta witness City reach till it's massive power
Boss man, I can get you niggaz wacked in showers

I'm well known for what I do, but fiends call me Captain
Powder
If you want it you can call on Chopper
Fetti is somethin' that ya boy desire
I keep the metal thing-a-mijiggy the color is copper

I keeps it gangsta
You can ask my niggaz 'cause they know, they know
I'ma hustler that 'bout them pesos, pesos
If you wit me then let them keys blow, keys blow
Throw 'em up and let ya nuts hang low now

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I love the haters 'cause I feed of they energy
I'm in the same business as the muthafucker
On the roof who shot Kennedy waitin' for sinners and
They see the glory and pain
You know the story 'bout the boy with a name

He did things like kill people and stole Kane
The hood got three lanes, life, death, or entertain
Now sellin's the life in that box is the D-word
In that house by the lake wit the yacht is the Keyword

Fuck it, if he work and she work Da Band
We work on P.D.'s nerves
Man we probably gon' clash when he hear these words
But fuck it, I love that nigga, he the reason we hurr

If it wasn't for him, I'd be livin' to see dirt
Now Lil F.P. and me, we see curves
Bend 'em fuck it the windows is tinted, so we splurge
Wit niggaz that treat me like Jerry and do Steve's work

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All I do is chill and blind hoe wit a sparkling grill
Smoke, stroke grind and count dough by the mill's
That's real, I ride the wheels till' they fall off
Sittin' still wit a sawed-off ready to blow a arm off

Oh, Lord, you don't want no problems wit dude
I'm out that Band, so you now the boy-band news
I bruise ya crew then ride out then head to the hideout
I stay wit them nines out to clear the whole block out

Now they say, "Fred you need to chill"
I been a Bad Boy way before Martin of Will
I'm somewhere parked on a hill on the south side of
Germany
That's what the game has earned me supportin' my
skills

And them girls like Freddy, you need to stop
How I came through like Griffin and made Cleveland
hot
How they get up on the floor and make it breathe and
stop
like Q-Tip, get in her ear and I bet she get in my drop

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We them south side riders
C'mon, c'mon, look out
Huh? Now what cha say Freddy Peezay
C'mon, c'mon, look out, watch out
C'mon, c'mon, watch out, c'mon, c'mon
Get down, get down, c'mon, look out

I like that shit, yeah, boi!
I'm tellin' you whoa, I'm tellin', aight
Aight, I ain't gon' talk

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