

## **Big Bad Voodoo Daddy**

### **"Thought You Knew"**

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Verse 1: PS

Never gave a fuck and I still don't  
So save your lectures, I'ma gangbang for the rest of  
my life  
A young BG deranged in the brain  
The youngest motherfucker on the chain gang  
Yeah I still slang my thangs like a G  
Really can I make your ass rest in peace?  
No need to waste my energy squabbin  
Quick to pull the trigger, put your ass in a coffin  
Never been a baller but I trap many ballin  
Homies y'know I don't give a fuck, I was starvin  
You better hide your daughter cos I'm out to get laid  
with dick  
and have her sprung on this black ass nigga  
Straight up out the gutter, have her stealin from her  
daddy and her mother  
Sellin rocks to the scandalous ass clockers  
Ready to meet my snaps, yeah I'm cool like that  
and I never gave a fuck about a stupid ass hoodrat

Chorus:

Bitches ridin on my bit  
Niggas hit me up and shit  
But I'm from the Eastside  
Where the niggas do or die  
Representin like a dream  
Cos Circle's deep I thought you knew

Verse 2: Billy Boy

Uh, uh, uh  
As I crack dice from one hood to the next  
Doin credit card schemes and cashin hot cheques  
I got a 9 for any nigga that come runnin up  
Keepin motherfuckers on the duck  
You can give a this or that sling, the yea or the tracks  
but when your chick starts choking ya, you gots ta  
break me off

I sweat ya like Keith until ya give me my ends  
If a nickel bag is sold in the park I want in  
In the middle of the night when the spot's not hot  
you can find Billy Boy rollin down your block  
Hittin switches cos your bitch is gettin paid, cos that's  
my way  
and all the hoes still wanna fuck (You know we do)  
I bleed like the next man but when the gat is in my hand  
You can bet my monkey ass is comin out on top  
LA hustlers can't live without money  
So before I make sense I gots ta make a knot  
cos I can't fuck without my hoes  
And I can't hit no switch without the 6-4  
Everybody wanna fuck a nigga like me  
but I won't be gettin back in the CPT

Chorus:

Niggas tryin to give me stuff  
Billy Boy don't give a fuck  
First I warn you with my rhyme  
then I'll fuck you with my 9  
Don't give your plees cos I don't bang  
But I'm down to fully slang  
40 Thevz end down your crew  
cos Circle's deep I thought you knew

Verse 3: Coolio

I fold a rapper like a dollar just to hear his punk ass  
holler  
Walk into his hood and grab his homies by the collar  
Stock em all up like a pack of punk bitches  
Now I got his whole crew wearin heels and doin dishes  
You don't wanna see me out the motherfuckin front  
Don't you take this shit for granted just cos niggas call  
me Cool  
R-E-S-P-E-C-T  
C-O-O-L-I-O G  
M to the A, A to the D  
A Circle full of niggas that you don't wanna see  
You ain't nuttin but a pistol that's fuckin with a missile  
I chew your ass like gristle til the ref blows the whistle  
Sing a song of six packs, a pocket full of snaps  
Ain't no punks in my motherfuckin pack  
See I use to be broke now I blow indo smoke  
First you diss my city then you choke  
\*cough\*

Chorus:

C-O-M-P-T-O-N

Punk motherfuckers get two to the chin  
I don't give a fuck what'cha got or who you know  
Step to the Maadness, your ass gotta go  
Ain't a damn thing changed but only the year  
East Coast, West Coast get the \*?c'reer?\*You don't wanna see my crew  
Cos Circle's deep I thought you knew

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