

Guerilla Maab

"Let it be Known"

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[Hook - 2x]

Why, you hating on me
Let it be known, you better respect the game
(and we ain't never gon change)

[Dougie D]

First of all let's set this straight, about Trae and Dougie
D
3D2 we mobbing on bitches, get the funk across not
speak
A lot of motherfuckers talk down, up in a safe place but
they ain't nothing
I been in the game for too god damn long, to walk out
of here without nothing
Seems to be that y'all just don't understand, all the
bullshit we been through
Don't get no love from the radio stations, cause the
down South just don't fit through
Bite the mic like Big Poke' and a pitbull, y'all don't
wanna see the chopper get a chest fool
Fuck around with the flows, y'all coked out
motherfuckers holla bout man ooh
Put my heart and soul in this shit, can't get stopped by
no hating ass bitch
Fuck I ain't finna sugercoat shit, you mark mayn niggaz
only suck dick
Far as I'm concerned you hoes'll get drove, we some
down South niggaz that'll fuck boys up
We bout it bout it and all about dollas, and ain't nobody
finna slow us up
I let it be known scream it like I mean it, fuck how you
take it or see it
I'm a thoed off lyrical genius, weed in my left hand
right on my penis
Why it be crunk everytime that I rhyme, motherfucker
better respect my mind
Respect it trust it and believe it, however you want it to
go down

[Hook - 2x]

[Trae]

I gotta let it be known, fuck keeping it in
I gotta get it, up off of my chest
Ery'body saying they real they knowing they be fake
Keep playing with me, you bout to get your fate
We ain't got no niggaz, we ain't got no friends
They don't wanna come check us, we ain't have no
ends
So we ain't got no time to be blend in
Fuck you and all y'all, and I'll say it again
I ain't really, wanna be doing it like this
But a lot of you niggaz, steady be acting like hoes
And half of the niggaz, that we thought was down
wanna plex
You better go get your gun, bitch
You niggaz don't wanna box, you ain't got no hands
And you dick ass hoes, better go get your man
And the radio stations, don't want us to stand
I wonder why boys, don't come to Ridgevan
Coming up out the glock, with a glock cocked
So we down to bust, and ain't shit gon change
Yeah we got mixed up, in the midst of smoke
But see Trae and Dougie D, gon remain the same
And now we 3D2, and certified to wreck
And we down South vets, and five to checks
If you know like I know, you better slow your roll
Cause we certified thugs, certified to plex
And we ain't playing no mo', we gon take the game
I got a hellified team, nigga fuck the fame
And we hooked up with Rak', back in '96
Now everything we doing, be platinum hits
I'm running everything, from the left to right
And nigga we too raw, to be playing games
We the Guerilla Maab 3D2
Gon make you hoe ass niggaz, respect the game

[Hook - 2x]

[Trae & Dougie D]

Respect it trust it believe it, we mean it when we scream
it
We letting it be known, we mashing for everything we
ain't tripping - 8x

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