Henry Mancini "U Ain't Know'n"

Visit "U Ain't Know'n" on MotoLyrics.com

[Daz]

These motherfuckers ain't knowin...

These motherfuckers ain't knowin...

These motherfuckers ain't knowin...

These motherfuckers ain't knowin...

All I ever dream is to be rich, to live and enjoy this shit Three houses and four cars before the A26 Livin the life I made, and learnt trades to stay payed In any occasion in these scamless days It was the street life, that make me do these with the thangs

Blowin niggaz shit out, for that, rock cocaine I can't explain it, got to contain it, the gang status Of being the roughest, the toughest, and the baddest for the capture

Livin lavish, a heart this cold, hearted down to a savage

A greedy motherfucker out to have it Can I be wicked and do the things that I gotta do? In pursuit of things I do with my crew

[Tray Deee]

Daz - ya gotsta ride for ya side just to be recognized
Ain't no busters up amongst us, straight do or die
Put my life on the line, on the grind for mine
Doin crime, doin time for these nickels and dimes
On a mission, takin from riches, shakin the snitches
Layin niggaz down when I handle my business
Motherfuckers know to lay it low when I'm on the hunt
Cuz for my chips niggaz get licked just like blunts
Terrorize in disguise to surprise that ass
Gang-bangin ass criminal, don't mind to blast
For my set to just a check a motherfucker on GP
To make it known, it's on, and you niggaz can't see me

[Chorus: Daz]
You ain't knowin...
What can go on in the streets
Niggaz hustlin, competin for power everyday in the streets

These motherfuckers ain't knowin...
And you could die from a stray bullet, if you ain't lookin on any niggaz, rest in peace
You motherfuckers ain't knowin...
Dealin with niggaz that are corrupt, when thinkin a nigga 'posed to die at they feet
You motherfuckers ain't knowin...
And you could die from a stray bullet, if you ain't lookin on any niggaz, rest in peace

[Daz]

I'm paranoid cuz the cops, got me, under surveillance A motherfucker got jealous, and D tried to tell him So what do? We groove to a location that's new Get to servin up niggaz and the rest of they crew Rollin to Anaheim, rollin in my Riveira I take a look in my rearview cuz the cops be tailin Bust a left in the alley and let the cops went by And continue my day, feelin high as a rise Stop by my homie Tray Deee house to pick up the gang (Boo-Yaa!!) One sucker died in the Time's front page Cuz the boys in the hood are always hard Ya come talkin the trash and we'll pull ya card So you motherfuckers better stay the fuck off my block If ya mind ya business, no one gets shot

[Tray Deee]

Ya getcha wig split comin with that bullshit Fuck with the gang and we bang, get yo hood licked (yeah!)

Through from that city where it's strictly all killas and G's

Keepin heat, known to creep, out to peel 'em for cheese Ain't no passes, just the fastest to get they shit out Or lucky to duck, when the slugs get spit out You know what's happenin so don't be actin like it's fiction

Cuz I'ma catch you slippin and put you in that position And I ain't missin, I'm liftin everything I'm hittin Hold the court in the street, cuz I ain't waitin for the sentence

Catch me on the freeway, smashin while the beat play Quick to let the heat spray, doin it the G way

[Chorus]

[repeat "Hey, hey, hey, hey.." in background]

[talking]

That's what I'm seein Y'all niggaz want some of this? Huh? Do you know we killin niggaz pah?
Get the fuck out the way! (You ain't knowin...)
Hahaha, Dat Nigga Daz and Tray Deee the Beast..
Doin it like this, all day everyday..
So if y'all sucka-ass niggaz want some of this...
Y'all know where to find us... or we'll find you
One on one - fifty on fifty; it don't matter..
Nigga....

Visit <u>Henry Mancini</u> page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

MotoLyrics.com | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.