

Acid Drinkers

"Betcha Don't Know"

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Author: davpaul@dove.net.au

Intro/Chorus: (x2)

Betcha don't know what's goin on
If you don't know, we're gonna show you, oooohhhh

It's on now, New Year, pop the pain
Sun blaze thru the grey cloud, stop the rain
Shear shirts by Chanel, baby, feel the breeze
Drop top, me and shorty, while she be at my knees
Let the wind blow, low fade, peep the glow
Know my style from the foul days, keep it low
Got new plans, worldwide, livin the life
Any chick I make wife gon' shiver tonight
Know the game, it's ups and downs learnin the ropes
26 years of age, just learnin to cope
Came a long way but still got so far to go
So by now, I guess you know, talk to me

Chorus (x2)

What if we all had minds alike? Thought the same
Only few was taught to get this, divorce the game
Visualized as a young cat, saw the dream
Get large, shit hard, and assorted CREAM
So many came that I saw and went wise on my ways
Made livin for me more intense, divided my days
Weekends, party nights, raffled the stakes
Love sophisticated women, those that rather you wait
Tipped it off from the finest juice to 90 proof
Rocked it all, from designer suits to climbin boots
All in the summertime, workin the courts
Lookin mommy wit them thick legs, hurtin them shorts
So many ladies in the world today searchin for mates
Got these non-players perpin for dates, hold up
Give me love if you've got it in ya, hot as Virginia
Hot enough for me to slide this up in ya

Chorus (x2)

Got the solar, Nat King Cole in his prime
So behold that, shoes unfold in each rhyme
Move accordin like the Chosen Ones roamin the Earth
Gettin head until I'm dead, decompose in the dirt
Play the same spot, bitch cast, lost it all
Rollin dice and G you're better, now you forced to ball
Havin fun at the main event, toastin cups
Quarter pieces tryin to get yours roastin up
Play the game if you got toys to match your words
You a vet, throw your net, nigga, catch some birds
Only a few left, still sincere, spread love
Thank God, it's a heaven above, talk to me

Chorus to fade

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