

J.R. Writer**"What You Know About Crack"**

Visit "[What You Know About Crack](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Saga

Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey
What you know about crack
What you know about crack
What you know about crack, hey

Hook

J.R. Writer:

Dont you know I keep a key in the V, duck The D's, get
my clout back
At the house trap, chop 'em up and bring 'em out pack
What you know about crack
What you know about crack
What you know about crack
I know all about crack
I'll show you how to bubble from a pebble to a rock
Put the metal in your sock and it settle at the top nigga
What you know about crack
What you know about crack
What you know about crack
I know all about crack

Verse 1

J.R Writer:

See me in your hood, know I'm good
Shit I keep the Glock
Wish a nigga would be wood with their Caesar Chops
(Hey)
Cuz we don't speak alot (Hey)
Fuck if he G or not (Hey)
Soon as I squeeze a shot (Hey)
He'll have to see a doc (Hey)
I'm on another level (Yessir)
Man just give me my props (Yessir)
Fuck how much money you get, you'll never be as hot
(Yessir)
And that's forever true (Whoa)
My bling is F-in' blue (Whoa)
I'll pop up at your shows and just upset your crew
(Whoa)
Who you think you robbin' (Whoa)

I'll bring dem Heaklers through (Whoa)
You couldn't take this cold off my neck with Theraflu
(Whoa)
Cuz see I bring 'em out (Out)
You got an ignint mouth (What)
I'll put one in your brain, let's see what you been
thinkin' 'bout

Hook

Verse 2

Juelz Santana:

I be up in the mornin' in the kitchen doin' dirty work
Pots, pans, dishes, boxers on and a dirty shirt
All my bitches drink so they know how to work-w-work
But B better hit me on my Nextel chirpy-chirp
And I'll be there in a jiffy
Wit' a bag fulla Jiffy
I aint talkin' 'bout peanut butter either brother (Uh-Uh)
Who you know get that roll rock key that's pure
The same color as Clorox Bleach (White)
Who you know can take 4, 5 Gs
Open up the sunroof, throw it out, let it breeze (Me)
Plus you know I keep a thing-thang sittin'
Stuff for more stuffin' than a turkey on Thanksgiving
And I'm T-R-U to the G-A-M-E 'til the wheels fall off, gas
on empty (Oh)
I do it bigger than (Oh)
You and your niggaz can (Oh)
I know about crack
What you know about that (Ay)

Hook

Visit [J.R. Writer](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.