

Jon Secada**"I Know You Seen Us"**

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[Hook: Kaos]

I can make you rich up
Of ya wildest dreams
The hol' nina, choppin niggas
Necks off like NU teams
Now that he in this, he's the meanest
Suckin pro teena's on my penis
Come on baby I know you seen us

[Verse 1: Kemo]

Pacin back and forth, lookin out my peephole
And chasin to the porch, man where did that jeep go?
Man where did my peeps go? 3, 4
Niggas off in the bushes all in the mount to get my c-
notes
All of em out to get lil' Kemo
But if they touch me, I'm comin back to get my shit like
reef-o
Bully them hood cats like Deebo
spit darts, rip apart ya amphrum structure, when I
touch ya
Diamond clustas, Trey in custas
Princess cut berries like treasures, so heads I had to
severe
Nigga it's whateva whateva, the way you die I choose
Channel 5 eye witness news, die when ya snooze
At the bottom, of the river, I deliver below zero
temperature
Make ya shiver, make ya quiver, like a dope fiend
Pro teena's comin up out my penis, fill up arenas
Hang niggas like clothes straight out the cleaners
Accumulatin felony misdemeanors, I know you seen
us....

[Kemo - talking]

That's how its goin down can you dig it?
Ay Kaos, let these muthafuckas know where we
Comin from derty

[Hook]

[Verse 2: Kemo]

SUCK DICK BITCH!

I'm from that Hol' nina type like rings on swoll fingas
Make Bond like James in Goldfinger
Smokin that shit that's so green-a
Saint souls, no hoes like Soul singas
Young niggas hella from the ghetto
Playin niggas out like a cello, talkin ya bitch out of
stilettos
Neva let go of my hood dreams
Constantly findin myself involved in these hood
schemes
Went from servin hood fiends
(Ay derty that probably was a good thing)
Niggas with burnas don't concern ya, well I'ma make ya
quick learners
Takin that drama to a bitch Kerna
Straight from pound then to a big sternum
Greedy for green, that's why shit turn us
And you gon learn from being soft spoken
We keep the law broken, I hear heart I bust yo jaw open
And Kurt Warner support Oakland, eyes open
Focus on you lil' tricks that fly them hoes in

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Kemo]

I, pick up a pen and pad
Pull up a chair and scribble shit to make you niggas
mad
I fin'lly had it up to herre wit bitches
Problem is figurin which is, the right bitches
The bitch without three 6's
Goin against my mother's best wishes
Y'all niggas tryin to wash mine but ya sink is full of dirty
dishes
Knockin me down from tryin to get my riches
You claim to be my homie yet you roll them ove-y oldie
figures
Brain like a 40 Clover as I pick it
I'm comin up blank, when I think nigga in figures
I didn't die man, but still I'm capsizin
In the river, feel the water pressure swell up my liver
Try not to swallow nigga, hah ain't nuttin but air in
esophagus
I do it to collide in my guts, to reach the top of the
Mississippi, pack my Pabala, who wit me?
Niggas we went from them blocks back down to 50's
Wearin jeans too big to fit me
Soon as I think I'm too big for the city, they'll send them
feds to come and get me

I can make it simple right now, gun to my temple and
"Pow"
That'd be the end of me, but I don't wanna get my
enemy's the satisfaction
That's the only thing that keep me from blastin my spot
up off the map and
That's why I'm rappin, I tell ya if it wasn't for this shit
My own be moanin and shit, cuz I'd be gone in a ditch
Alone in this bitch, we'd quit the microphone in this
bitch
Soon as I hear my lic I'm gon be ownin this shit.....

[Talking: 1- Kemo 2- Kaos 3- Buck Bam Sham]

1- Fuck these niggas dogg
2- Ay ay hit the track man
Cut the track off
1- Fuck these bitch ass niggas dogg
I'm tellin you dogg!
2- It's all to the goody nigga
1- They can't fuck wit us derty!
3- What nigga
2- Niggas just don't know that's why
It's Da Hol' 9
1- DA HOL' 9 NIGGA!
3-Bi-atch!
2- NEXT TRACK DICK-FACE!

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