

Lil Boosie

"I Know"

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[Speaking:]

Say mel and t mayne
I'm a make a nigga feel on this

[Pre-rap:]

Top and bottom never walk in my neighborhood
(south baton rouge)
The candy lady out of business cause they take her
goods
Play with me it's guaranteed, oooooohhh, I'm a lay ya
down
Gotta watch my back across my tracks god know I know
these clowns

[Chorus:]

God know I know
I feel like can't nobody fuck with me
God got my back so
Lil boosie keep his mind at ease
And god kno I kno
That somebody gon hate on me
But god kno I'm thug so
U kno lil boosie go and get skeet

[Verse 1:]

Now god know my situation, he know what I be facin
He know I'm so impatient when it come to money makin
From school, to the blocks, from the tool, to the rocks
For the lil nigga with that glock ridin around in
somethin hot
Now it's bout time we hit our knees and tell god truth
Can't stop the way we livin just help us make it through
When I die take me through, up to heaven up with you
Gotta holla at my daddy and my nigga griles to
And god kno
And god know I'm thug life, u fuckin right
So if nigga play with me of the op I gotta get him right
And god got my back so, when I act wow
I'm comin home safely through the back do
The murder rate is sky high, nigga holla ride or die
These youngin sling that iron it ain't no mo takin pride
So put yo fist up in yo pockets and them bullets in the

chamber
Cause niggas slingin iron like the lone ranger
Mayne it's murder murder kill kill on the corner where
the marijuana followed by the bill
Some niggas cut by delja, some niggas cut by chill,
some niggas eat them delpids and some niggas eat
them pills
Gotta get it how I live in the southside
I'm thuggin with my cow hide
I'm fresh when I come outside
You talk shit got hog tied
God know I know these niggas
Don't make me show these niggas
Pray for these niggas keep me away from these niggas
And I

[Chorus]

[Verse 2:]

God kno all the killas
He done walked with all them niggas
He done talked with all them niggas
Before they went sparked them trigger
He ain't tear ya up in church, but god pretty eyes done
covered up some dirt
Plus he kept a thug alert
For these bitch ass niggas, these haters these rapists
These niggas in the swamp swear to god they
alligators
Me an my niggas paper chasers (shit) we ain't stuntin
We do wat we gotta do, to get that money
And god kno my past
I'm itchin to kill, gimme a reason I will
I'll end up grippin a steal
And god kno my temper
My temper like a bubble
You bust it you in trouble
Only god kno, it's hard yo, I'll lay up in ya yard wow
I'll camouflaje myself with my camouflaje cargo
The street ain't promised to us niggas in that dirty
south
Thas why I'm ridin with that nine I'm tryin make it out
And it's hard to live, I'm a community where ain't no
fuckin unity
They always say I'm dead they try to ruin me
So boosie be on other shit
Like jew-el-r-is and poppin chris
And mac on u a model bitch
Had a hoe that swallow dick
Since 12 I saw alot of shit god kno I kno
Witness a man get straight sprayed right in front of the

store
So I get a blunt and I roll it, hit the block actin a donkey
Killin my own people, servin my own uncles
And I

[Chorus]

{prayer}
Our father who art in heaven
Hollow be thy name
Thou kingdom come
Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven

[Verse 3:]

But we stay reppin
But we stay they got beasts up in my section
I was raised by some thugs, got rich off the d
80 grams took my nigga, I'm missin ya petey
God kno I need to send my niggas some pictures this
And som change to keep nigga fresj kicks on his feet
And god kno he raised me
When donkey went jonsin
Bronson kept me wide open
And that's a fact
But I kno they gon hate tho
Cause I got blocks and raps and blocks of work so u
can call me lego
It's consequences, jumpin fences
Cause the narcs tryin lynch us and they missin us by
inches
The judge the one who sentence make a nigga out a
menace
Commisary low so we take a nigga tennis
A black eye is just like a scratch where I was raised
Niggas handle they business if they ever felt played
The beasts is crooked, the preacher crooked
Saw my teacher at the strip club, damn, the teachers
crooked

[Chorus]

[talking:]
Now if don't nobody now
God kno
Nigga u a hood rat
God kno
A nigga try to bring you down
He right on side u
God kno
Nigga tryin steal yo girl u had fears
God kno

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