

Lil' Wyte

"I Know You Strapped"

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Know what I'm sayin'?
This mothafucking song dedicated
To them weak ass bitches that follow me in the club
On that weed, that white, that liquor, the whole xanax
bars
That X whatever the fuck they on
You know what I'm sayin'?

They think 'cause they drunk and they crunk
And they got a unit in the trunk
That they just some hard mothafuckers
You know what I'm sayin'?

But really they's the weak bitches
You know what I'm sayin'?
You fall up in V.I.P. that's the real killas sittin' in the back
(HCP)
Waitin' on yo mothafuckin' ass
You know what I'm sayin'? Bitch

Smoke a blunt, get drunk, hit a line of that funk
Now you fallin' up in the spot and you thinkin' that you
crunk
You ain't crunk, yous a punk and I'ma show you that
tonight
All it takes is one killer to step and we can start a fight

In the middle of the club, bitch wasup we can do this
shit
Security ain't gonna jump in the way because they
scared of this
Implantin' this into ya brain so you know the next time
you cross the line
Again it's standin' full of sin when you fuck wit the boss

Biggest, badest, roughest mothafucker, but ya still a
bitch
I'm comin' in crunker than the others for the fuck of it
Liquor bottles hit ya harder than some syrup when ya
slum
Have ya shakin', fakin', body achin' by the time I'm
done

Legally this isn't right but ask me if I give a shit
Peacefully I'll read your rights and have you beggin'
me to quit
Hit ya weed and liquor or whatever else it takes to jump
Just remember, just 'cause you fucked up it doesn't
mean your crunk

I know you strapped but you cowards like to play hard
And knowin' that you don't wanna catch a murder
charge
See butsters like to get full of that weed and liquor
snort a line
In ya mind now yous a killer

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Damn man goddamn Paul, man you might have
To slow this mothafucker down a little bit man
I'm on that syrup man, I'm high and I'm drunk man
You need to slow down

I'm not scared of you just 'cause you came in actin' a
damn fool
Runnin' lip talkin' shit, bet you wouldn't without ya tool
Now ya hard very hard ballin' down the boulevard
Pissy pants doin' ya dance, I'm behind ya in a faster car

Weak as water so is yo mama, father and ya faculty
Quickly sauder up yo lips so you can't trip or speak of
me
Watch me creep up from the back wit gats and pick you
off by ones
Had to repaint the walls wit ya while ya smokin' on ya
blunt

Hate to be the one to show you that drugs kill and that's
a fact
But I love that I am the one who put the bullet in your
back
Next time when you step to the plate come back and
just let it rip
Stead of bitchin' out I thought you crunk, you ran back
to ya whip

Holy ghost is up in ya when you see me you fade away

Makin' fun of all you cowards powered by a pack of bay
Hopefully one day you'll find out in the end you just a
bitch
Until then just keep on drinkin' smokin' snortin' up
some shit

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