

## Lovher

### "You Know What I'm About"

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[Big L]

When I cruise through the ghetto I drive slow  
I'm quick to buck a duck and I don't give a fuck about  
five-oh  
A hardcore, life, a chose to tecs therefore  
I live raw and went to war with the law  
My only picture was a mugshot, slugs for thugs got plot  
Hot and swell for selling hops on the drug spot  
G's were clocked, fat knots were in the sock  
And cops who tried to stop shop got knocked when I  
popped a glock  
She was ran right for me and my man Mike  
Cause I choose to use a gun don't mean that I can't  
fight  
Cause we can put the guns down and go one round  
With the hands my man, I ain't the one to get done,  
clown  
I can adverse my style, cause I'm versatile  
Quick to burst a child, I'm living worse than foul  
I pack two tecs in case your crew flex  
I wet up the set in a second and yell "Who's next?"  
To feel the wrath of a psychopath, shoots it up like  
Shaft  
Turn your staff into a bloodbath then laugh  
You'll get smashed like a deli snack, you're softer than  
Jel & Jack  
I attack in black with a gat and a skully hat  
On 139 street, Malcom X Boulevard  
It's full of hard brothers that's thick and quick to pull a  
card  
I tell effects when a beef start  
Listen here sweetheart, the Big L is street smart  
I fucked up send they crews up, make 'em get a juice  
up  
For those who refuse, I squeeze the uz and light them  
fools up  
I had beef with this nigga named Randolph  
Now he's in a casket, dressed up with his hands  
crossed  
A beatdown from L, that's what all pranksters get  
Like I'll gank a vic, I'm on some real gangster shit

I'm never fucking with no handicapped or cripple  
bitches  
Look at my style real close and you'll see triple 6's  
Crimes I committed, I'm a villian, admit it  
I'm the type to murder you and tell your moms I'm the  
kid who did it  
Peace and love is something that I don't rhyme about  
Fuck what you heard, you know what I'm about

Knocking niggas off, knocking niggas out  
Knocking niggas off, knocking niggas out  
Knocking niggas off, knocking niggas out  
Knocking niggas off, you know what I'm about (Repeat  
2x)

[Lord Finesse]

It's the man with the plush flow  
Some niggas don't like me, but I don't give a fuck,  
though  
Cause I'm in command y'all  
I'm smacking niggas up like Puerto Ricans play  
handball  
I ain't the funny type  
To joke around, I gotta get my motherfucking money  
right  
Cause I got the right game  
Definitely the wrong man to invite to a dice game  
I'm rolling numbers with no practice  
I'm snatching up dough like the motherfuckers owe  
taxes  
Cause I got strategy  
I'm rolling headcrack trips and making all the brothers  
mad at me  
Word, I'm taxing shit  
I'm shitting on niggas like I just had a laxitive  
Trying to earn props? I ain't the one to see  
You clowns'll fuck around and get played like the drum  
machine  
You gotta find a better way  
I'll pull your card, your file, shit, plus your resume  
Cause I don't play, clown  
I gotta get mine, that's why my face stay frown  
I don't smile, don't try to pull my file  
I lay your ass like towel, you know my motherfucking  
style  
So just slow down cause y'all can't throw down  
Y'all can't accept that a nigga's making dough now  
And I'm living better, troop  
And I'm making more noise than a fucking heavy metal  
group  
I'm a cool man, a brother with a smooth plan

That's why I'm seeing more papers than a news stand  
So peep it, don't try to run around or speak it  
Point blank, I keep my whereabouts secret  
While niggas are packing steel, acting ill  
I'm on the DL with a female and I'm stacking bills  
How I'm living? Everything is well  
Cause a nigga like me, well I'm ringing bells  
Without doubt I got clout  
Yo fuck that shit, yo you know what I'm about

Knocking niggas off, knocking niggas out  
Knocking niggas off, knocking niggas out  
Knocking niggas off, knocking niggas out  
Knocking niggas off, you know what I'm about (Repeat  
2x)

[Big L]  
Word, you definite know what I'm about  
Go get your steel and guard you grill, you bitch-ass  
niggas  
I ain't having it for '92, niggas, word 'em up

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