

# T.i. "What You Know (Remix)"

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(feat. Juelz Santana, Papoose)

[Chorus: t.i.]

Aye... aye... aye... aye... aye

What you know about that?

What you know about that?

What you know about that?

Aye...

Don't u no I got key by the three

When I chirp shawty chirp back

Lois nap sack

Where they holdin' all the work at

What you know about that?

What you know about that?

What you know about that?

I know all about that

Loaded 44s on the low where the cheese at?

Fresh off the jet to the jets where the g's at?

What you know about that?

What you know about that?

Hey what you know about that

Hey I know all about that

[Verse 1: t.i.]

See me in ya city sittin pretty no I'm shining dawg

Ridin' wid a couple latin brawds and a china doll

Aye...

And u no how we ball

Aye...

Ridin in shiny cars

Aye...

Walk in designer malls

Aye...

Buy everything we saw

U no about me dawg

Dnt tlk about me dawg

N if u doubt me dawg

U betta out me dawg

I'm thrown off slightley bro

Dnt wanna fight me bro  
I'm fast as lightning bro  
Ya betta use ya nike's bro  
No u dnt like me cause  
Yo bitch most likely does  
She see me on dem dubs  
Infront of everyclub  
I be on dro I'm buzzed  
Give every hoe a hug  
Niggaz dnt show me much  
Cause u dnt no me cuz

[Chorus: Juelz Santana]

Key in the v duck the ds get my clout back  
At the house trap  
Chop em up n bring out packed

What you no about crack?  
What you no about crack?  
What you no about crack?  
I know all no about crack

I show u how to bubble  
From a pebal to a rock  
Put the metal in ya sock  
N then settle at the top  
Nigga

What you no about crack?  
What you no about crack?  
What you no about crack?  
I know all no about crack

[verse 2: juelz santana]

I be in da mornin  
In da kitchen  
Doin dirty work  
Pots, pans, dishes, boxes  
On n da dirty shirt  
All my bitches drink  
So dey no how to work n work  
Want me better hit me  
On my next town  
??????  
N I'll be der in a jiffy  
Wid a bag full of jiffy  
I aint tkin bout peanut butter either brother  
Who u no get dat raw rock key  
Dats pure same colour as clourox bleach  
Who u no can take 4/5 g's  
Open up da sunroof

Throw it out let it breeze (me)  
Plus u no I keep the thick things  
Sittin' stuff wid more stuffin  
In da turkey on thanksgivin'  
N I'm t.r.u to da g.a.m.e  
Till the wheels fall off gas on empty  
I do it bigger dan  
U n ya niggaz can  
I no about crack  
What u no about crack?

[Chorus: Papoose]  
Don't u no I keep most magazine  
N da best videos  
Gotta worldwide buzz  
Da whole city knows

What u no about pap?  
What u no about pap?  
What u no about pap?

Pull a gun out on me  
Imma say lets die  
Use a snitch  
I seen u testify  
No u aint, u aint a g who rep this 'sty  
Lil nigga use a p-u-s-s-y  
U pussy

[Verse 3: Papoose]  
Eh yo wots poppin poppin  
Crackin crackin he yappin yap him  
Nuttin happened happened  
Got ya raches so cock it back  
Der known as hammer tone  
He aint lettin his hammer off  
Dey was on dat side of the street deep  
I ran across like who wanna floss  
Man dem niggaz was scared to talk  
Five boroughs of death in the flesh  
I am new york  
Gotta brand new hammer  
Ask me how much that hammer cost  
Imma tell u I done it man of course  
It's summin like I put my raches to the statue of liberty  
head  
Cos I killed the city  
Then I ressurected the dead  
Dis da ressurextion  
Met wid a better preference instead  
Havin sex wid weapons

Slept wid mr smith and west ina bed  
Cos all dem lil niggaz no  
My blueprint works  
Dat y dey follow it  
Listen lil two cent jerks  
U wanna borrow it  
Here, u can use this turn  
If u dnt bring it back when u blow  
Ull get merked  
So many pussys in da industry  
Man I'm gettin hornier  
I'm gettin nicer  
These niggaz gettin cornier  
When da time right  
Imma back down all of ya  
He aint a real gangsta  
He a weekend warrior  
I got dem sick to they stomach  
Slumped wid nazier  
Show money wid all of ya  
I aint a hater but I'm startin to hate u  
Y u tellin me wot dey do  
U makin me think u wanna be rollin wid they crew  
When niggaz ask them who get busy they dnt say u  
When they break bread together they aint gon pay u  
Get out of this game fool  
U shoulda been a teacher  
Cos u be promotin more niggaz in grade school  
F dat all dem niggaz need to be left back  
If it aint thugga thugga thugga  
I don't respect that

What u know about pap?  
What u know about pap?  
What u know about pap?  
Hey man I'm in dem

[Outro: T.I.]  
Key by the three  
When I chirp shawty chirp back  
Lois nap sack  
Where they holdin' all the work at

What you know about that?  
What you know about that?  
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