

The High Kings

"Shoulda Known"

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[Hook]

One love
You can let it out
You can let it out
You can let it out, cuz
Shoulda known, shoulda known
Shoulda known, shoulda known

[Verse 1]

Bino. I'm so for real-o
Green like I'm cee lo
Hangin' out with kilo... kish
Smokin' on that keisha
I'mma need that visa
I'm working on everything that I'm touching man
I'm bussin' two white russians drinking themselves
But it's still ain't nothing yo
It's east side if you can't tell
North decatur and glendale
So fuck y'all, all y'all, if y'all don't like me... good
Put that on my partner man, I wish a nigga would
I say we ain't playing man I hope that's understood
I'm in my zone though
Fucking round with that 4-0
Eating my mamas salmon but skipping on the risotto
Girl said that she need the follow
Tweet her and she'll do any
Man, I'm trying to stay off
Readin' em makes me angry
On the back on the tour bus
Recording the two of us
Stacks at the apple store
Man this ballin' is new to us
Trying to make amends
Bailing on all my friends
Nigga went to the clubs
And a beat to gucci instead
Man I'm feelin' right
My nigga fam yelling "don't stop"
Half my crew is always faded on some lowtop
Stopped drinking for the most part

My only vices all our pictures on my laptop
Screaming at me saying "I ain't what you really want"

Christina's parents baby all I make is millions
We got the shows, we got the paper, but I want respect
So tell the haters we ain't quitting yet
Let 'em know

[Hook]

[Verse 2]

One love, the thing that hasn't changed
My parents lost their job
It's so cold in the a
Now that I'm 1%, I send most of it home
I want to stunt but she need to pay off her student
loans
And everybody saying, "get it while you hitting man
We want them harder beats, that 808 you slipping
man"
Dude is so stupid popping anything they hand me
In that parking lot pimping and politicking in miami
In that home of the d where they sell that cake batter
Heard a voice in the back, came from all the fake
rappers
That I shitted on, shitted on
Shitted on, shitted on
Rap your soul, dude, let the mike blaze
Show 'em a-town, east side, all day
I put it on, I put it on
I put it on, I put it on
Life is somethin' imax
Film is at a climax
I ain't even started
Was it stupid I departed?
Man, probably, but now we do the things we always
wanted
Be proud of me, cause I am undoubtedly a force to be
reckoned with
Please somebody cum laude me
Graduated, anticipated the hatred and doubted me
Not a prodigy, just a hard worker from the dean's list
But most these rappers doin' so-so like a seamstress
Jesus

[Hook]

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