

Mike Gordon**"Know What I'm Sayin'"**

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[Chorus]

Represent yo hood,
Represent yo block,
Represent yo spot.
"Know what I'm saying?"
Represent ya ward,
Represent ya town because it's goin down.
"Know what I'm talkin bout?"

[Bun B]

When you seee me with my gun on,
Its a be a one on,
You know what type of shit Big Bun on.
Some of that six figure shit,
That live and die by the trigger shit,
That H-Town, P.A. Texas trill ass nigga shit.
Wanna fuck with me get a bigger clique,
Move yay get a bigger brick,
Wanna fuck my gal get a bigger dick.
So do me a favor (favor),
Recognize that you a hater,
That couldn't see me if i was ya neighbor.
Yeah Mike Jones and Swishahouse,
Finna meet me at yo sista house,
Tell het have that doja and them swishas out.
Nigga we gon set up shop in here,
Let bottles pop in here,
And watch these bad ass bitches bop in here.
Shit middlle fingaz up (and haters down),
We about that drama,
So if you don't want it bitch don't bring us up.
Man and we gonna be grindin,
Nigga huggin this block,
Till they free KS and let my brother off lock.

[Chorus]

[Mike Jones]

I sip on purple barre,
Ride around town in my candy car,
Diamonds shine like a star.

I love to grip that wood grain,
Love to talk that texas slang,
I spend change like it ain't no thang nigga.
Because down south we be tippin on fo's,
In the parking lot pimpin these hoes,
Its M.O.B. on every hoe nigga.
Down in H-Town we grippin on grain,
Flippin on swangs sippin that drank,
Causin pain in the turnin lane nigga.
(Holla at me) 281-330-8004
Hit Mike Jones up on the low (Yeah)
I said 281-330-8004
Hit Mike Jones up on the low (Yeah)

[Chorus]

[Lil Keke]

They betta stop playin,
Because we might slain,
Somebody start prayin man.
I'm bout to get it hot,
Before i blow the spot,
Give me some henn and rocks fool.
I'm bout to let it go,
I'm talkin killa blow,
You watch yo chick you check ya bitch.
You niggas know it's on,
We pushin plenty chrome,
This the Don me and Bun.
I fuck with Mike Jones,
Broke niggas stay at home,
We off the hook like Cokka Book.
Big Texas where it's at,
Ya'll betta holla back,
We packin gats and smokin sacks.
Pimpin these young hoes,
And my bank roll sits swoll,
Got me tippin on fo fo's nigga.
I'm bout to smash up,
Ya'll niggas given up,
You roll a square and po a cup.

[Chorus]

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