

## J-Bar

### "What You Know"

Visit "[What You Know](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

#### Verse 1 (Soulja Boy)

I'm Easily rippin defensively grippin my pistol ya  
niggaz play tough but don't want it um poppin and  
cocking  
and locking game 2 zones for the free so um off of the  
chain.  
Double o see murder murder um urgess to kick in yo  
door wit da mafuckin pistols  
Um comin to get you we bustin no issue white wall on  
rims da same color of tissue.  
No kissing be me missing yo funeral dissing me daz  
a mistake so better not try it um startin a riot too  
fly like a pilot took off da jet without breakin no sweat.  
Niggaz be fakin and steady be hatin I'm breakin dey  
jaws just like we do laws and we triple da digits just  
like we inches da money keep comin and so do the  
bitches,  
and so do the snitches and riches and glitches.  
Just like its game I'm too hot like a flame and sayin  
no names cuz u kno u are. Bustin no fussin we spotted  
yo car. Cruising no losing and rolling dat better dope.  
400ms got from Interscope better do right cuz I'm  
colder  
dan coolio rippin dis up while I'm up in da studio.  
Moving so heavily slidin so steadily crew stackin  
figures  
u kno its a bet and the money is money let me  
dummies  
be dummies I'm stackin da bread to the day that I'm  
dead. They swear dat they robbin me bruh aint no  
stoppin  
me hustle philosophy got me dis guap.  
Sod money gang bringin da heavy flame put dat on  
GOD dat we stayin on top.

#### Chorus (JBar)

What cha what cha know  
Bout my flow and my icy icy gold  
28s on swole  
Music loud as it can go

What cha what cha know  
Bout my shine and my struggle and my grind  
I work hard to get mine  
Man Respect a nigga grind

Verse 2 (Soulja Boy)

Rippin and spittin and cruisin dis beat.  
Talkin that shit and get knocked off yo feet.  
Sod money gang staying too deep.  
Gettin no sleep, making a creep.  
Doubt vendetta my crew stackin cheddar  
My click gettin better we changin da weather.  
Pedal to medal and ashes to dust 2 4 glocks in pot  
when I hop in da truck. Niggaz is hatin me but dat  
aint phasing me money money gotta get it.  
But it no stopping it and glock and um cocking it gettin  
hot by da minute.  
Soulja boy tell em I'm all about cheddar folk icy  
new chevy same color as antelope.  
I'm sick as a bitch and I'm holding da antidote.  
Gucci bandana man gucci bandana folk.  
Rushing and busting still flippin and dippin I'm still  
on a mission to stack up a bill.  
Money make problems aint none gonna solve em but  
breakin  
dis bread and payin bills.  
Spitting da truth vocalizing it truthly 6 in da truck  
but I'm still gone pack two with me killing deez tracks  
and doin it ruthlessly aint about money aint got shit  
to do with me. Doing it fluently doing it real.  
Keeping it true it real. Breaking off game cuz daz  
how I feel 18 now holding 18mill.  
Killing deez trax and still counting stax all still  
dress in black hataz still talkin smack.  
Soulja boy tellem yea soulja boy get em on top world  
don't know how to act.

Chorus (JBar)

What cha what cha know  
Bout my flow and my icy icy gold  
28s on swole  
Music loud as it can go  
What cha what cha know  
Bout my shine and my struggle and my grind  
I work hard to get mine  
Man Respect a nigga grind

