

## Nipsey Hussle

### "They Know"

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Can't stop this money marathon but they gone try  
regardless  
When you go as hard as hustle they gone pay you  
homage  
Add my jewelry up 100.000 dollars plus I got the pink  
slips to that foreign shit that I be drivin  
Built my road to riches off of lack of options  
Out the trunk of my blue cutlass with my back to  
slauson  
Now my cars fresh off the lot and hoes got low millage  
Flyin out getting paid ten thousand a show I'm in  
2 a with my seat back at my window up  
Thinking bout dem funny niggas that done switched it  
up  
We made some plans, most of em' stuck  
Tell me one good reason I should give a fuck

[Hook:]

They know, still cleaning up on the road  
Livin fast n Sip slow  
Spending cash and get mo  
They know, keep a gun everywhere I go  
Ridin round gettin doe  
Livin fast Sip slow  
They know, still cleaning up on the road  
Livin fast Sip slow  
Keep a gun everywhere I go  
They know, still ridin round gettin doe  
Livin fast sip slow  
Gun everywhere I go, they know

Tattoos on my face tattoos on my neck  
Pistols in my stash one button make those eject  
Niggas hate... No Effect  
Can't get close enough to touch so Hoes throw me sex  
Posted, don't sleep cause I won't slip  
Won't lose cause I won't quit  
Life is hard yeah no shit  
But I'm a real nigga so I don't bitch  
That go for my whole clique self made I don't owe shit  
Only ride to my own shit

I'm so fly I'm oh shit I mean so fly I don't know shit  
My offense ain't got no kinks I don't touch guns I got no  
prints  
And I'm so fly and I got no tints ridin round witout no  
rims  
Why 'cause I did that in like 06, but they know this,

[Hook]

Yeah that's right, that's right  
Nigga don't grind, nigga don't eat  
That's life, that's life  
See I was on the road but I'm back right  
T.M.C is that right who show s bookin who tracks right  
Yeah every nigga out here act like  
But just a few of us live that life  
You know first class And got racks right yeah  
But we just stickin' to the facts right  
Rich before rap got [?] right  
Lost everything and got back right  
Yeah so let's sip slow to this fast life,  
We gone do the same thang today  
That we passed out from last night  
But it's cool cause my stacks right  
If I'm in the club then it's packed tight  
People lie, but my stats right in my last life I was a  
flashlight  
Naw, I'm just sayin I'm that bright don't even make  
sense like a black light  
How I can't put the city on my back  
No nigga cosign I guess I'm just that tight  
It's a marathon run a lap life my young nigga homie got  
that flight  
And niggas ain't tryin to fight fast right  
And black sand got the mac right but they know

[Hook]

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