

Sir Michael Rocks

"You Know What"

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She follow me, callin' me, all of me, all on my dick dick
dick dick
Countin' my money and thinkin' now how did I get with
this bitch
Maybe it's cuz I'm a general, rollin a swisher in all of my
interviews
Maybe it's cuz of the clicquot, they bouta come for me
amigo
I'm ringin' a vibe and I'm tryna get right but that's
steady keep thinkin' to pass
God forgive me I'm chasin' the cash
The end of the road when you run out of gas
Yo money thin, could proly fit it in a paperclip
Back overseas I know that nigga you was stationed with
He said you wouldn't squeeze a tittie in a breast war
Smoking reefer leaves out of my bag until my chest
sore
Iceberg vest I'm sniffin' molly of a chest drawer
Your money coming next year, like the beamer x4
Grant me the serenity to deal with haters
Do me a favor and never try to do me no favors
I'm gettin major and my homie uncle plays along
Coke blazin' Ramon, blow straight to the dome

(We toe up) Off molly and a pint of lean
Walk into the party off of hella b's
(So pour up) That criss or that clicquot, 6 cellphones
bought me 3 hoes
(So roll up) Some purple that O key
The kush guy personally know me
(You know what) We wake up in the riches
And go to sleep fuckin' niggas bitches

It's 2 girls at the same time, asses like the same size
They not from the same place but they both got the
same jog
They kick with the clique, same whip it's different paint
jobs
And lord have mercy on them, amen - nigga praise
God
I'm stumblin' out the Benz, hella bent, thumbin' through

that check
Showed up with that ouchie in my hand, show that you respect
What I'm tryna speak cuz real power is the people
In the chapel or cathedral, smokin' packets of the lethal
And I'm fuckin' with them phones and it's practically illegal
I've been crackin' credit cards fast as you can crack your window
Uh, I'm feelin' like I'm on the dose when I meditate
Put 2 arms up in this ho, it's like the letter H
The crib got a couple of levels like a wedding cake
My old hoes trippin' on me cuz I'm in a better place
But I ain't trippin', no, that petty shit reciprocal
The difference 'tween niggas who be gettin it and gettin low

(We toe' up) Off molly and a pint of lean
Walk into the party off of hella b'z
(So pour up) That criss or that clicquot, 6 cellphones bought me 3 hoes
(So roll up) Some car boy that hold key
The kush guy personally know me
(You know what) We wake up in the riches
And go to sleep fuckin' niggas bitches

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