

Paris

"You Know My Name"

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About this scratch, I blast, pass the mask, we mash
Careenin' though these back streets, gats gleam in my
lap
A shame it came to this, aimin' 'cause them niggas
don't listen
The sweat is glistenin', I grimace, 'bout to service these
sentences
On the trigger, I know them niggas, soon as we start
And get the clip to spittin', counterfeits'll shit in they
drawers
Don't really want none, but somethin' got them niggas
mistaken
Thinkin' that music make 'em safe, I cross 'em out with
a K
Now renegades, disperse, attitudes get worse
You'll see these niggas on the news if I burst and get
'em first
Servin' all these nut swallowin' followers in they mouth
Spittin' clips in they Impalas, Inshallah and we out
What we about, is justice and freedom, fuck the rest
Black women more than asses and breast
I test any nigga disagreein', pee on wannaGs,
remember me?
P-Dog, motherfucka I'm raw, follow my lead
Now fuck 'em if they famous, we ventilate they
craniums
Entertainers know they places, if they fake then we
aimin
I pray and blaze, comin' fully raised, obey
I'm on that Che, make these niggas behave, now what
you sayin'?

You Know My Name (P-Dog)

Motherfucka we raw, who claimin' Mob Boss without no
balls, them niggas soft

You Know My Name (P-Dog)

I'm blitzin' niggas with hits, they counterfeits but they
still talk shit without a clip

You Know My Name (P-Dog)

We see them bustas and rush 'em with no discussion,
let the battle cry sound, we puts it down

You Know My Name (P-Dog)

Ain't nothin' funny at all, I'd rather blast, put these
niggas in casts, fuck all ay'all

Since we servin' I'm puttin' brothers on alert
Put the first nigga trippin' in dirt, don't leave 'em hurt
Way too heinous, we show 'em our demeanor is
meanest
Who wanna see us when I pop? The soldier shit don't
stop, fuck any cop
You know how we do, so glad to meet you
If you haven't heard, I'm raisin' the curb, hopin' you see
through
These plastic-ass Nittis, Corleones and Locs
Leave these niggas lookin' shitty, Noriegas is jokes
Now call your folks, and let 'em know
Paris wreckin' any nigga imitatin' these crackas upon
they records
See me check 'em, these bitches rather switch then
fight
While niggas civil rights dwindle Kristal is what they
into
But I refrain, they petty as change, complain
Niggas playahatin' but ain't knowin' the game
I shame cowards like a scarlet letter, I'm much better
Leave these niggas chasin' chedda impaired, I think
they scared
Step into my lair, careers crushed, while my 2-strike
niggas test nuts
I'm thumbin' through my Murderdog, niggas all look
like clones
Same clothes, same fake-ass pose, you know my
motherfuckin' name

(P-Dog)

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It's plain to see, you can't change me, 'cause I'ma be a
soldier for life (4x)

