

2nd South Carolina String Band "You Know Me"

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Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh

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Somethin' serious, shorty, you know wat it is?

I know you, shorty, you know me

And you know I can't leave these streets

'Cause I mean it's in my veins, shorty

Wish I could stay but for now just pray for me

I know you, shorty, you know me

So hard for me to leave these blocks

Got my head tied in a knot always runnin' from the
cops

Prayin' that I don't get caught

You know I push it to the limit

Sun up, sun down, baby, I got to get it

Gotta get it, I gotta get it

You know I push it to the limit

Sun up, sun down, baby, I got to get it

Gotta get it, I gotta get it

Baby girl, you know my situation

I know sometime you get impatient

I be on tha grind, you be at tha house

Probably think I'm at another broad house

Shorty, I'm gettin' money
More than I've ever seen
True Religion jeans, I know you like those
That's why I buy 'em for ya, smile for me
You can't believe them, hatin' bitches
They be lyin' on me, keep a nine on me
You know they plottin' on me
You just keep that pussy tight, I'm comin' home early
I gotta get it, get it
I can't leave the streets
I didn't choose tha hustle, tha hustle chose me
I know you, shorty, you know me
And you know I can't leave these streets
'Cause I mean it's in my veins, shorty
Wish I could stay but for now just pray for me
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Pray for me pray for me

Streets keep callin'

The block keep on watchin'

You're my shorty, hopin' you stay down

Be with me win or lose

Girl, my heart is always with you

Don't get confused

Just hold me down

I promise that we'll make it through

I'm gettin' money 24/7, life as a hustler

They wanna throw away the key and lock a nigga up

I remember when they put me in handcuffs

I look you in tha eye, shawty, what you cryin' for?

I'll be out in the morning, baby, post bail

Get your hair done

'Cause I'm comin' straight over there

I trust her with tha money, shorty so real

I put them diamonds on her, just to show I care

You stuck with a nigga in and out of jail

I know you love me, baby, I put you through hell

I gotta get it, get it

I can't leave the streets

I didn't choose tha hustle, tha hustle chose me

I know you, shorty, you know me

And you know I can't leave these streets

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