

Agneta Fältskog**"I'm Known"**

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[Verse One]

Laid up with this skinny chick, Balley's with the Henny
mix
My man Bond sent me flicks, claimed he ain't seen me
since
96, since he blew trial for them 3 attempts
Street events, Feds on the sweet, but you see me tense
Chill a lot, niggaz wanna know if I'm real or not, kill or
not
If I'm holdin't what kind of steel I got
False alarms, tatoos all across my arms
Bail bonds, a while back almost lost my moms
Check that, taking this paper you can bet that
No set backs, shittin' on niggaz wit out the Exlax
Ice showin', Polo sweats all whit glowin'
Blunted, Suzuki 600, twelfth Riech's blowin'
Headline niggas, Fed time niggas, crime niggas
Street worth 9 figures
It's a war now, hard to the core for sure now
Raw style, four fours to your door now
Doe chasin', in the race niggas slow pacin'
Temptation, send a bitch to blow your face in
Plans rollin', handsome nigga's hands golden
Stand chosen, pockets on my pants swollen
Pleed the Fifth, real niggas don't need to riff
Automatic shit, for fakin' that's what you faggots get

[Verse Two]

Out of 30 men, know 20 that's worthy men
10 is friends, the other 10'd probably turn me in
Phone tapped, born in Brooklyn, hold my own gat
Unknown traps keep jail niggas goin' back
Time tickin', young shorty mind flippin'
Blind addiction turn a killer from a fine Christian
Streets ruined from sneaky shit niggas keep doin'
Snakes, that's why I hand shake & keep movin'
World supremest, cook Coke like a chemist
But it's finished, a little jail time helped me replenish
Thank God, almost bagged a rape charge in '86
That's what I get fuckin' a crazy bitch
Rough life, stab wounds, cuts, & bites

Is dice, I guess I was blessed to touch mics
?Borciase? my words spreads across tribes
Who live? Made for the system up in your ride

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