

2 Black Studs Lyrics by King Missile

"You Don't Know"

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[Intro]

[Female Singing] You don't know

[Freeway - talking] Whoo..on the grind, uh, so gangsta,
don't ya agree? uh

[Female Singing] You don't know

[Freeway - talking] This just in case y'all dunno how it
go down in the hood

Freewezy here to break it down to ya

[Verse 1 - Freeway]

Tryna to survive in the hood everyday

Takes, everything you work with

Everything you got quick

From the cops wyle off the product

Show em what helped alot but I can't get it

I hugged the block, light an L

Let my man hit it and ran with it

Sell it nixed to the pops

Hate to tell ya if he don't get it from me

Then he gon get it somewhere else

Sometimes I would if I was somewhere else

Me and my man on the corner with two crates

Picture us rollin, somewhere else

Pretendin to be pushin the V's

Then two fiends walked up to me

Brought me back to reality

He want three and he want five

But my packed stash (why) cuz the cops act like I'm Lil'

Cease

Crush on me, keep rollin by

Tryna to put the cuffs on my black ass literally

[Chorus - Freeway] + (Female Singing)

(You don't know)

How it is in the hood so Freeway bring the hood to your
front porch

My niggaz duck court pour weed in the woods

Set up shop and move rocks on the front step

(You don't know)

How it is in the ghetto the tech blow hear shots echo
We can't let go, stuck on the block
Stuck in the hood, street niggaz up to no good

[Verse 2 - Freeway]

No rules, no trees just alot in the push
My ? in the house, read my mouth
Fuck the D's got a pocket to push
Send fleas in the opposite way
Quarter to one guess I stop at the ?
Gimme a grub, count up the profit I made
Rule number one
Sell your first stack and cop you a gun
We hear gun shots, we hardly amazed
My man Willie Mays and Santana live on the run
What does it mean? not goin back
Not gettin caged, strong with a gat
Prepare for the raid
Listen Mothers, bodies still underaged
You better talk to your sons
Send em on a straight line from the lines
And move straight to the pen
Sleep with a blade, husky niggaz touchin they chin
Get bailed, get out and then they at it again
All for the love of the pay

[Chorus - Freeway] + (Female Singing)

(You don't know)
How it is in the hood so Freeway bring the hood to your
front porch
My niggaz duck court pour weed in the woods
Set up shop and move rocks on the front step
(You don't know)
How it is in the ghetto the tech blow hear shots echo
We can't let go, stuck on the block
Stuck in the hood, street niggaz up to no good

[Verse 3 - O. Sparks]

Every since I don't stop waist side
Sparks had the ambition to ride
O. Town play games but I need this chain
Got me deep in the game
To the point, yea couldn't get no rest, no sleep
All I did was hug the block
And shake the police while they shakin the bag
At age 18, like half a brick, crack got half the street
Most of my always call me "Snoop"
Cause I couldn't cook this shit then
So I brought all my worst stylin fiends
Runnin back to the kid like "Sparks man, you sold me
some bullshit"

But I kept on pumpin cause the block kept on jumpin
I'm not stoppin, I was told the sky's the limit
Plus I'm tryna to push the roads
And park the ??????
And let you know what exactly takes places in the
ghetto
When techs blow
When the cops circle, I know the bells like ?
Run fast with that .38 special

[Chorus - Freeway] + (Female Singing)
(You don't know)
How it is in the hood so Freeway bring the hood to your
front porch
My niggaz duck court pour weed in the woods
Set up shop and sell rocks on the front step
(You don't know)
How it is in the ghetto the tech blow hear shots echo
We can't let go, stuck on the block
Stuck in the hood, street niggaz up to no good
(You don't know)

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