

## **Jim Crow**

### **"I Know, You Know"**

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Now here's a little story I got to tell

'bout them three muthafuckas from ATL

Cutty Cartel, Shawty Pimp, and Mr. Mo

Jim Crow make them hoes drop they close to the floor

Chorus [Mr. Mo and Polow(Shawty Pimp)] x2

You know that hoe you know that hoe

I know that hoe I know that hoe

You know that hoe

We know the same ass lame ass hoe

[Polow]

Well let me tell yall bout this girl I met at mall

She had a caramel skin stood bout six feet tall

Her eyes were brown hair natural no weave

I wanted to do her so I pursued her call ????

I said excuse me baby goddamn what's your name

She said Alottavagina I just flew in from Spain

I said what's going down she said I'm downtown

I got a room at the Embassy plus a fifth of Crown

Now this I can't resist temptation got me gone

Just like the rest of the bottle now I'm ready to bone

Oh I don't make it gone nobody that I frapp

Now if I ever need assistance hit that nigga Flap

Now back to Alotta shawty I knew I got her

Cause when I went up in her deep she was screaming  
papa

I made her touch herself then made her lick her finger

Her brain numb got her sprung just like Jerry Springer

You know this hoe

Chorus

[Cutty Cartel]

I think it's Lacey she just moved in from Ontario

Her and her partners was at the Hefa 'bout a week ago

Me and Mr. Mo wanted Hen dog straight

Open face in her mouth wonder what she about

She decided to speak ask my name and shit

Playboy bunny ain't this funny

Oh this hoe is so thick

That cutty buddy tight jeans with the bra to match

Telling me she wanted me to fuck her straight from the  
back

Slap that ass grab her hair she just don't care

Flip her over beat them guts now she gasping for air

Grabbed a towel cleaned herself we burned down a  
dub

And it will be the same thang next week at the club

You know this hoe

Chorus

[Mr. Mo]

I saw this fine young slimie  
Said to myself I hope she user friendly  
Since I got a buzz off the Golden Grain  
It ain't no thang we can run a train  
I'm Mr. Mo I play these ladies like a card game  
I see you 50 and raise you two hoes  
Church girls strip they dress clothes behind closed  
doors  
But when the door roll up ??? the plot thickens  
Snatch your paper while you slipping better watch  
chicken  
They try to play you like you dumb but I'm a step ahead  
I beat a Puerto Rican drum ??????  
They get friendly after three blunts over Remy  
After I poke I send them home without a penny  
Now stupid is what stupid does  
You shoulda known what it was traded your love for sex  
Now you love the sex  
I shake hoes strip em down like Meiko  
They can't say no  
Nigga you know that hoe  
Chorus  
[Polow]  
Stop let me tell you 'bout this girl that I knock  
Come to find she get around like Pac  
Good thang that I wore my sock

My rubber my peanut cover  
My boy say this nigga cut her  
Now shit thick as peanut butter  
Cause I'm starting to think I love her  
Maybe the head went to my head  
Maybe my pimping flaw  
Cause ???? ain't supposed to go on emotional see saw  
Hit the mall we ball we play  
When I called your dawg she say  
You gone you ain't home probably out on a date  
She hate  
I know you there I hear you in the background  
But I don't care no more I don' cut you up and back  
down  
??? back in town we spending time again  
I asked you bout my homeboy partner [Oh he's just a  
friend]  
Then you got on the bed and gave me some head and  
everythang  
And what I thought was love was nut it left when I came  
Oh yes she had some game  
She stood 'bout six four [Oh you talking 'bout her?]  
I ain't gon' say her name but yall know this hoe  
Chorus x2

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