

## Armand Van Heldon

### "Nigga Couldn't Know"

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[Lil' Wayne]

Big Tymers, nigga (Big Tymers, nigga)  
I got that work, nigga (I got that work, nigga)  
Look, look, listen:

This is where them niggas die fast  
Sell bricks and buy bags  
They dodge class to hit the block and go find cash  
If you try to pass - take my advice: drive fast  
'Cause, my man, ain't no escapin' when shots blast  
You wonder why the cops keep circlin'  
Niggas murderin'  
I ain't never saw 'em before  
Tonight we twurkin' 'em  
Niggas wearin' masks like glasses  
Niggas got on tank tops and a pair of Reebok classics  
Pants to my knees 'cause the glock make it slouch  
I can't talk right now - I got three rocks in my mouth  
And, wodie, when we enter-- niggas freeze up like it's  
winter  
And if a nigga whisper, pistols eat him up for dinner  
Seventeen representer - you don't like it, do somethin'  
And I'll bet you'll see a nigga outside 'bout two-  
somethin'  
And we like to dress in all black up in my residence  
Ain't got on no suits 'cause we ain't tryin' to be  
presidents

(Hook - 2x [Lil' Wayne + Baby])  
[Wayne] Nigga, we done moved more coke  
[Baby] than a nigga could know  
[Wayne] More money, more cars  
[Baby] than a nigga could show  
[Wayne] And more ice - cheap price  
[Baby] than a nigga could score  
[Wayne] And hit blocks with glocks  
Make 'em get on the floor

[Baby]  
Nigga wakin' up to alley cats and rats  
Project bitches that tote gats

Niggas kickin' the dope, but the crack done smack  
back  
Lil' niggas runnin' through the hallways  
While other niggas playin' ball - made a court in the  
driveway  
Things ain't the same where I use to play  
It's guns and broads  
New cars, neighborhood superstars  
And hoes smokin' cigars  
Lil' ones sittin' on the car  
Watchin' the bus hollerin',  
"Them people comin'!" when that blue car pull up  
I'm tired of catchin' cuts, and bendin' corners  
I got that work - got youngsters on all four corners  
You got the quarters, and you got them halves  
I got the quarter ki's, and Fresh got the slabs  
Ten a ki is the price if you want a brick  
And if you don't know that, nigga - tax the bitch

(Hook - 2x [Lil' Wayne + Baby])  
[Wayne] Nigga, we done moved more coke  
[Baby] than a nigga could know  
[Wayne] More money, more cars  
[Baby] than a nigga could show  
[Wayne] And more ice - cheap price  
[Baby] than a nigga could score  
[Wayne] We hit blocks with glocks  
Make 'em get on the floor  
[Baby] For sure, wodie

[Mannie Fresh]  
It's the return of the click-clackin'  
Downtown pistol packin'  
Y'all remember me from back in the '89 era  
When killers use to wear mascara  
And run through the court causin' terror  
Random riot gunshots  
Government-issued glocks  
That's bakin' soda added with that odor - now you got  
clatch pots  
Niggas went from (?) to frozen cups  
To catchin' cuts, to big ole nuts  
Shorty, I been on missions  
Jackin' niggas for Balley competitions  
Stickin' guns in bustas' backs  
Everybody, come out your Polos and your Zodiacs  
But that was back in the days  
See, niggas done changed they ways  
Went from snug-nose-38's to hand grenades  
Now it's a must that niggas bust back when they get  
cussed at

Or fussed at  
Nine-millimeters, glocks, pumps, riot guns, niggas can  
trust that

(Hook - 4x [Lil' Wayne + Baby])  
[Wayne] Nigga, we done sold more coke  
[Baby] than a nigga could know  
[Wayne] More money, more cars  
[Baby] than a nigga could show  
[Wayne] More ice - cheap price  
[Baby] than a nigga could score  
[Wayne] We hit blocks with glocks  
Make 'em get on the floor  
[Baby] For sure, lil' one

[Wayne] What!

[Baby {talking}]  
Y'all got to understand  
We got this shit on lock, wodie  
If you ain't makin' money you ain't doin' what you  
suppose to  
I understand niggas kickin' in doors for twenty-inch  
momo's  
Whatever it take, lil' daddy  
And it don't matter  
If I get caught up in a struggle, I got to take mines  
If you get caught up, you better believe it..  
that that iron gon' get your mind right, dog  
We hustlin' for sure, fa  
Bling-blingin' without a doubt  
Like new cars, and pretty broads  
And neighborhood superstars  
Money  
Bitches  
Rags to riches

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