

Madd Rapper

"They Just Dont Know"

Visit "[They Just Dont Know](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

What the fucks up? Q.U. nigga

Chorus (D-Dot)

Yo, they just don't know, they just don't know

we do or die for the dough, whether friend or foe

from Queens to BK to Uptown we flow

Yo, they just don't know, they just don't know

Verse 1: Nature

Yo, pins and needles, needles and pins

peoples and friends

plain clothes D's on the bench

I figure niggas is with me or either against

I'm speakin' sense to the derilics

intelligent, get ya'll broken up quick if ya delicate

smokin' better shit than the average do

I travel to Two Fifth and Madison Avenue

that'll do, I'm gettin' high with a rat or two

so whats next?

if she don't have an attitude? rough sex

I seen some sects throw it up, some get robbed

they show love just to those on their side

some rely on their instincts

young and deadly delinquents

it goes beyond me, so whats it gon' be?

why would niggas call it drama if it don't involve heat?

that nigga Robby and Dotty too

before they starve me I'd rather wild out and be in ICU.

Chorus 2x

Verse 2: Black Rob

All these novice niggas

nowadays I don't even notice niggas

why Black? too many bogus niggas

I represent that clique that you wit' since you was
younger

the one with gun wounds in our armor

since rich days my shit sprays, ya'll gon' pay

fuck bein' nice for too long I kept my niggas at Bay

now I'm right up on that ass

red light up on that ass

murder, then I'm'a catch a flight up on that ass

no more playin', ya'll know the routine, the resume

catch atleast two to your spleen, but hey

the other Ten's for your other Mens

shit I'm'a go hard, I'm thinkin' kill ya'll and cop another
Benz

my shit tight like mouths on BK kids

the gutter still lives in BR won't nothin' give

and of course it the one that talks shit

the one that chalks shit then comes back around the way and reinforce

shit

Ya'll niggas lost it and can't face up

so we bought mad C4 to blow the place up

fuckin' with Black you fuckin' with cake

fuckin' with Madd you fuckin' with Nate

either way it's all great.

Chorus 2x

Verse 3: D-Dot

I write verse after verse until I perfect it

I'm sick with it kid, infected

come inside the paint and get your shit rejected

feelin' just a little mad and disrespected

bring your best 16's, 24's, 32's

all soloists, duo's and three man crews

it's simple math, me minus you

T minus two, one, blast off

hit the L twice then pass off

snatch your bitch then jacked your whip and dashed off

you got too comfortable kid, you asked for it

you just like your bitch, in your jeep, shoes off, feet all up on your

dash board

you're jackin' off, slackin' off

my Four-Four bust and you backin' off

I told you Man

game on the line, I'm the go-to Man
shit never changed, don't let me hold two grand
don't make this ugly
I need cash, I don't care if you love me
took the wrong road maybe 'cause Moms didn't hug
me
and Pops bounced
found out dough is what counts
it's all about the Benjamins baby in large amounts
when it comes to bricks I flip like acrobats
when it comes to hits I spit like Platinum plaques
crazy cat, no need to ask who's track is that
'cause ya'll are real life haters, I just act like that.

Chorus 4x

Visit [Madd Rapper](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.