

## Andreas Johnson

### "All I Know"

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[Intro: Cee-Lo]

It's 6 O'clock, it's volume 1  
Yeah, Greg Street's mixtape

[Verse One: Boondox]

Uh uh  
I came up in the hood infested with teenage hustlers  
Street grinders, paper chasin scrapin busters  
By keepin dust up noses and caine homes; pipes and  
cans  
So they want they ride candy painted just like the man  
That Veta tryin not to bite his hand  
But they need em to keep em life from they stand  
Every night praying for praying go as far as the ceiling  
Got me feel like I'm (cursed) from this heart that I'm  
dealing  
And all this liquor hoeing brother and goose-neckin  
That I do but I don't want to got me losing blessings  
GOD said he'll take the next two steps if I take the first  
(I did)  
But in it to pick and sellin the spur  
From under my feet, lost faith and jump in the street  
Back to serve a rocks dying to the chrome in the heat  
And running with G's that take it to the block with 'em  
Tellin me along with my greens up like pot nickel

[Chorus: Cee-Lo]

Well, all I know  
That I'd been down this road before  
It ain't the first time, won't be the last  
I gotta slow down cause I'm living too fast  
It's time to admit I need some help  
Still living with my momma, can't feed myself  
Life ain't about who straight, who real, who fake, and  
who gay  
It's about who pray

[Verse Two: Cee-Lo]

You can clock my consistent and endless  
Efforts up uplift me  
Trees and branches catch draft

When I'm choppin down a path-  
To walk down, actually don't even know how talk sound  
I'm trying to stop the next step they drawing the chalk  
round  
Matter-of-factly, I'll stand alone with no entourage to  
back me  
GOD is my every existence; exhalation, exactly  
I'll pimp prophets so profounding labels don't like  
contract me  
I'm one of a kind; they gotta find a satellite to contact  
me  
Let us bow, I thank the Almighty GOD for right now  
For the strictor, smile through the tribulation and trial  
For sparing me when the devil was daring me  
And scaring me, synonymous for preparing me  
And to my family- the Dungeon Family  
And ya'll family-- we all family  
And to me health and home and my son Kingston  
My tongue is my gun, revolutions already begun  
(Whaa)

[Chorus: Cee-Lo]

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[Verse Three: Kalage]

All I know is charge cards, cars, and clothes  
Maan, it's all for sure  
And could go and when it's gone- (you alone)  
Runnin up yo cell phone callin GOD for hope  
And who to say that day ain't all awful close  
And if you ballin playa, it's only because GOD's your  
coach  
And it don't bout the lies you hold, laws you broke  
Thangs ya drink, dank and cigars you smoke  
HE gonna forgive and that's you; now don't get me  
wrong  
I like LL, but GOD da G.O.A.T'  
HE da greatest of all time, if I'm lying I'm blind  
Can I get a Amen (Amen brother)  
But we got to stop, we got to stop doin dirt  
Coming to Church with a devil tucked in your purse  
Sittin some leather from Atlanta, came up finish the  
prayer

Worried about sister mom's and hair  
All along worried bout what sister mom gonna wear  
This ya boy or should they ride the martyr there  
It don't matter at least that's the moral there  
In Sunday service with a Bible lie defer the South  
But GOD bless her, we here to thank GOD (hmmmm  
ahhh)  
And that's the step inside Holy Church thinkin  
I said step inside his Holy Church thinkin  
We all God's Property, and not just Kirk Franklin

[Chorus: Cee-Lo]

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[T.I. and studio engineers interlude convo]

[Verse Four: T.I.]

Open my eyes, see the sunrise  
Talkin about memories of G's got my tongue tied  
Put out some Henn for my friend, why the good die?  
But til the end, I'm in the wind where the slug fly  
Pray for my sins, I hope I find Heaven close to me  
Try to be godly but these haters provokin me  
Pull the shotty want them dead is what my heart say  
My hard head make me learn shit the hard way  
Dodging the fedz ain't the easy way to live, care  
But nigga do it everyday to make a meal stack  
Your phone tapped, under surveillance, secretly  
indicted  
Being watched daily, livin shady just to drive a  
Merdede  
And fucking ladies, who making babies used against  
you  
Gettin the ??? be the main nigga you be a friend too  
How can begin to explain the pain  
Can you stay in the rain  
Used to be a simple thing, but the game done changed  
Now slanging caine is a lifestyle  
Risking your freedom just to ball for a short while  
Gettin buckwild on the street up on Westside  
Downtown Atlanta, while we ride some of the best die  
From cocking hammers of these Tec-9s and .45s  
Excuse my grammar; but it's fucked up how time fly

It seem like yesterday we play until our days was nights  
And yesterday, I just put flowers at his gravesite and  
that ain't right

[Outro: Kalage]

All I know

Is I'd been down this road before

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