

Young Noble

"Don't Know"

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[Young Noble:]

Noble Justice...

For the future

Yeah - This Outlaw Lifestyle

Aye yo...

I live life like a young nigga born in corruption

God made me famous for my pain and suffering

Or maybe that ain't even the case

You gotta watch - what you wish for dawg

It might blow up in ya face

Feeling like Young Nobe' in a race

Life is like rolling the Ace

And I don't even like showing my face

Cause muthafuckas get the wrong impression

I ain't a rapper dawg

This just how I make my living

It ain't no telling where I'm supposed to be

If Makaveli hadn't chosen me

To til Outlaw royalty

The game won't spoil me

I keep dirt in my nails

And won't knock you if you work at the Shell

At least a muthafucka got a job

That's ya problem there

Knockin' the next man for tryna get theirs

You betta try to get yours

Cause time is hard

And don't ask about the Lawz

Cause we grinding hard

Come on...

[Chorus:]

We don't - know which way to go

When ya ask 'em

Don't nobody seem to know

Either the right or you down the wrong road

But I don't eat, don't sleep, don't

We don't - know which way to go

When ya ask 'em

Don't nobody seem to know

Either the right or you down the wrong road
But I don't eat, don't sleep, don't
We don't know

[Young Noble:]

I thought you niggaz said you want chips
(Ya life is ya own)
I ain't tryna bump fa' shit
I'm tryna stack it for my grand kids
Handle ya biz
And get it how it come
And seeing is believing
Ya'll blind as fuck
Til some niggaz in ya living room tyin' ya up

For a couple of bucks
You been oweing for months
Let it pile up
It all coming down at once
On ya shoulders while you standing up
Add it up
That probably mean you gon' fall dawg
All my niggaz tatted up
They call us the OUTLAWZ
And that means we the family by any means
I ratha' sell CD's then work at Micky D's
I can't knock that
I love a Big Mac
And everybody don't know how to rap
So if you got a little hustle
Or got a little talent
You better get it cracking
Don't be scared of the challenge
Come on...

[Chorus]

[Nutt-So:]

Picture my life
(Ya life is ya own)
Droppin' to my toes
Ran to the curb
Sniffin' coke thru my nose
Hell naw
Can't go out like that
Before I do
Run up in the bank and hit the big sack
But on the other hand
I'm still stuck in the streets
Murder - hustle - fa' bread so my girls could eat
Ain't no soul finna stand in my way

From this money - or for this
'Fore-Fore slug nose tucked in my waist
This fast lane got me driven to the,
Point of nervousness
Got me drawin' down pistols on innocent nurses
It's pure ghetto
And my reaction is blast fully
On the nearest muthafucka standing close in the
Hoody
I'm paranoid
But the money is flowing steady
Coppin' anything I dream
Pushin' this shit heavy
I was stackin' til I was crackin' a ceiling
With loot - and proof
And now a nigga crackin' the roof
It's my thang

[Chorus]

Ya life is ya own...

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