

## **Fredro Starr F/ Sunshine**

### **"Niggas Know"**

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[Darkim]

Motherfuckas don't know

I snatch the heart in 'em and pardon 'em  
Try to stop my shine, while I'm sparklin'  
Hold the solar gallant ain't the polar ginko bola  
Survive three stabs to the shoulder, get carried  
Now they bustin shots at my charriot  
Supreme ultimate, love the way they say my name  
when I'm strokin it  
Fatal strikes rollin with the likes  
Legendary, treat the microphone like it's comisary  
Street military, Warface lookin' scary  
Precarious, love fat ass, but it's various  
Approach me, only my words could play me closely  
Intercontinentally doves, I'm makin love to 'em,  
mentally above  
Brought the right, some might say  
I came to rock a chamber, banger, Killa Bee stinger  
Rap star ajar and an R&B singer

Ya ice grillin, but you still ain't killin mics  
Lurkin in my eye, motherfuckers ya be feelin like  
Fuck drinkin, fuck short term thinkin  
Fuck bug niggas trying to floss with their drink and  
I be the iceberg that left ya whole ship thinkin  
The black God, see a rap star in the makin  
Prepare for me, I carefully approach the situation  
Stay humble while I'm rumblin with Satan  
I street relate, got playas hatin  
The manner of a king, breed, catch or freeze nigga,  
Killa Bee Sting  
They lost the round they wrist, and everything is crisp  
Rappin for beef, I made a list  
Blew the death kiss, the legend that truth became a  
myth  
I calculate, watchin ya friends evaporate in the mystery  
Thinkin that God's a mystery  
Killer bomb threats, blowin this shit outta the content  
My category, mission my words is self explanatory  
Real live hustla, 6'2" and kinda muscular

Justice is served on the first violation  
Fuck the example, make a statement

Dwellin in Hell, but maintain a state of harmony  
Thinkin I hear somebody callin me  
Stranger, countin my days, resist the manger  
Swift change makin my heart react to danger  
But state the con tight, one false move I switch to crime  
life  
Roll with the armory, talkin with heat  
The streets a part of me  
To measure, my styles been hard time for ever  
React to my contact a hardcore felon  
From Manarose to Wesley, 11 years without tellin  
My life for the Black Seven  
and we all give our love to the Black Seven  
Harmony hold the niggas that slept, I check the folder  
Niggas Know me, rather me walk name lonely  
The money, and the fame, and the bitches niggas  
show me

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