

2 Pistols "All I Know"

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[Chorus]

Woho, all I know is fast money and homicide
I see no way so I grind
Tell me what you would do if your life was just like mine
You would have found another way
But yeah you say we aren't the same, but why, why?
Started at the bottom, no I ain't got no worries
Gucci, Findi, Prada, that's all my bitch wearing
I'm industry, you in the street, ain't no comparing
My rolex got your bitch wet cause she keep on staring
I'm swagging on these bitches, stunting on these
niggas

For all of part time, I'm pouring out the liquor
My brother locked down, and I can't go visit
Convicted, felon, so al I can do is sent pictures
Hit the club and ball, me and my girls is dolls
We do it for real no fake instagram pics niggas like
y'all

White diamonds no flaw, Lamborghini, no top
I'm riding with a, china doll, and she ain't on no draws

[Chorus]

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But yeah you say we aren't the same, but why, why?
You just gonna sit there and lie, act like this tough guy
Knowing you apple crumb pie, sat in the window cool
And you headshots to see us run by
Say mama they all get shooting, when I was at war, yet
such a young guy

Too young to even be boozing, but every night I held
my cup high
And slung the everything move
I was just like design my projects, get inside that letter
box

Head inside that staircase, crack inside them yellow
tops

The cops inside our bizness, sometimes they chilled
and let us rock
Sometimes they on that picture, running through mud
to try to get us knocked

What do you know about gemstar, sitting the slice in
the dice
Weighting up shit then wipe, and all of the crumbs from
all that triton
Going outside and risking everything, they coming
upstairs and writing
I survived from luck of god, or maybe I'm lucky god
just likely
[Chorus]
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Tell me what you would do if your life was just like mine
You would have found another way
But yeah you say we aren't the same, but why, why?
I came from the colder, long marijuana
Platinum plaques off this rap shit, and now I'm shitting
commas
Death before the sona, middle finger to your honor
Only god can judge me, head first in these streets
Body bag d peets, it's blood money, your bitch was
sliding in the new v
Shawty where does the fish? Told her call me 2 piece
She smiled and blew me a kiss
I'm balling bitch I'm balling, turn the lights off to see
my wrist
Young boss in the city, my heart cold, no feelings
My money running like emmy, my money running like
fog
My money running Chris Johnson, or something like
Frank Gal
100 birds, 100 words, either way, I sell dope
Mad Max, niggas on the bad batch
Montana coke boys know we got the Anthrax
Coup white, shawty mean, long hair, ass fat
Dope boys, coke boys, hottest out
Put that on your last stat
Every shot clear block, that's fact
Hit it then I slit it then I pass that
Fly and take cab back, balling new Ferrari with the
glass back
Everything you fighting for, we had that
2 shots, fast nap
Shots are like my youthem, 2 doors, coup them
Bad bitches loot them, talk birds, we move them
Get the purp I'm used to, get the smoke I'm cali
Coke boys we styling, bad bitches smiling
[Chorus]
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