

Travis Porter

"You Don't Know Bout It"

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[Pre-Hook:]

Tell me what ya know bout dis, tell me what ya know
bout dat
Tell me what ya know bout Phipps, tell me what ya know
bout Saks
These niggas ain't got no check, them boys ain't holdin
no sack
Them niggas don't know bout dis, them boys don't
know bout that

[Hook:]

Hey...
You don't know bout it [x3]
Tell me what ya know bout that
You don't know nothing [x3]
Tell me what ya know about that

[Verse 1: Strap]

Young nigga you don't know about this, young nigga
you don't know about that
Spend a couple racks at Saks, do a track get it right
back
Nigga you don't know nothing bout nothing, that gas I
put in my blunt
Smoke a zip, take a sip, pull up, nigga I'm stuntin
Hop out, looking like money, y'all broke niggas just too
funny
Can't even count up six hundred, that's a shame you a
God damn dummy
Boy you know you ain't holden no stacks, boy you know
you ain't holden no strap
Boy you know you ain't been in no trap, everybody
know Strap

[Pre-Hook:]

Tell me what ya know bout dis, tell me what ya know
bout dat
Tell me what ya know bout Phipps, tell me what ya know
bout Saks
These niggas ain't got no check, them boys ain't holdin
no sack

Them niggas don't know bout dis, them boys don't
know bout that

[Hook:]

Hey...

You don't know bout it [x3]

Tell me what ya know bout that

You don't know nothing [x3]

Tell me what ya know about that

[Verse 2: Ali]

Expensive jordans and belts, I get my gucci from
Phipps

Exclusive tires on the whip, they say I'm feelin myself

I'm all in the vip, I give the waitress a tip

Then I withdraw a hundred thousand and spend it all
on myself

My bitch is thicker than milk, but they short as my
sleeves

I've got bitches in Africa, I be all over-seas

Ain't no twenties in my pocket, all I keep is some g's

I'm a young nigga gettin it boy, who fuckin with Li

[Pre-Hook:]

Tell me what ya know bout dis, tell me what ya know
bout dat

Tell me what ya know bout Phipps, tell me what ya know
bout Saks

These niggas ain't got no check, them boys ain't holdin
no sack

Them niggas don't know bout dis, them boys don't
know bout that

[Hook:]

Hey...

You don't know bout it [x3]

Tell me what ya know bout that

You don't know nothing [x3]

Tell me what ya know about that

[Verse 3: Quez]

Every car I'm in I'm in the back seat,

And I just tell them where to go just like a taxi

And I keep goons if you niggas try attack me,

And they just pull they pistols out, you niggas run like a
track meet

But I'm always working, you can catch me Phipps plaza
splurgin

So much shit, it filled up the excursion

Tried to take my bitch, too bad she said she was a
virgin

Meanwhile I'm with yo bitch behind the curtain, what
you know bout that

[Pre-Hook:]

Tell me what ya know bout dis, tell me what ya know
bout dat

Tell me what ya know bout Phipps, tell me what ya know
bout Saks

These niggas ain't got no check, them boys ain't holdin
no sack

Them niggas don't know bout dis, them boys don't
know bout that

[Hook:]

Hey...

You don't know bout it [x3]

Tell me what ya know bout that

You don't kno nothing [x3]

Tell me what ya know about that

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