

Opio

"For Those Who Don't Know"

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[Opio]

I told 'em - they wouldn't listen!

I told 'em - I tried to tell 'em

I told 'em - they wouldn't listen!

I told 'em - I tried to tell 'em

Yo, I'm deep in the cosmos, almost light years
But I'm right here, never by queers, it's all old
Dwellin in the chairs of the balcony, shoutin these
vo-cals, so loud, they blow out the whole crowd
Thousand weak minds try to come my way
Only talkin sodomy and gunplay, I'm like a sun ray
Rhymes pure energy, aligns with energy
And some say the chemistry is like the death penalty
It's me, unfair, cause you trapped and snared
in a system designed to collapse you player (look over
there)
Mathematicians and astrophysicists
try to calculate my position, I'm on a mission for
collision
'til all skyscrapers on the earth quake
Shifting continental plates with my mental straight
(great)
I'm a natural, fuckin up your high
like a bad capsule or sniffin ya with crushed glass (oh
no)
The hole in

[Chorus]

the ozone layer gettin thinner

The world is movin faster, everything is quicker - they
wouldn't listen!

I won't slip or fall 'til I hit the hall of fame

Or die in vain, they can't stop the strain

I tried to tell 'em - it was all the same 'til the coppers
came

Even coppers sayin they cain't stop us mayne

I told 'em - they wouldn't listen!

I told 'em - I tried to tell 'em

[Opio]

Bitches hate me; callin me a egomaniac
But women love me; admire how my brain reacts
and adapts to, each situation
Scenarios I'm facin, those lariats and chains
could not restrain, the way I slice through the air
like a kingfish, or a bullet when you squeeze triggers
from the heater sizzler, in the grasp of an insecure
man
He'll end up with blood on his hands
Get on the stand start snitchin the intricate details
Cause in jail he's the same as a female!
I tell chicks - YO, send me a e-mail
Just because I'm worldwide, don't blow up my NexTel
Sex sells, so without a video with all them silly hoes
I wonder would he go gold or get ten sales?
Me, I see about thirty thousand
They still be bumpin my shit in urban housing
Now, multiply that by five
You'll see I'm not greedy, rapper survival
So I'm libel to pat your pockets if you don't got my
dough
Show promoters like Frasier and Niles
Suckers, manic-depressives, don't try it
We don't need a silencer or a side door
Get stole on and stomped right there on the floor
Hardcore, or hard wood, or linoleum, or carpet
Don't start it, we throwin 'em
Wet 'em up with petroleum then bounce rock skate
to the Waldorf Astoria, with chitlins from Georgia
That want a late night orgy and more euphoria - I told
'em

[Chorus]

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