

PJ**"People Wanna Know"**Visit "[People Wanna Know](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[PJ]

People wanna know, how much do' I got
Bopping hoes on my dick, cause the clothes I rock
If I blow a few G's, it ain't nothing to me
You broke ass niggaz, bet not start fucking with me
I keep a stash put away, I just look like this
You ain't never in your life, seen a crook like this
You niggaz get your money right, 'fore you try to go to
war
Find a safe place to stay, and bulletproof your car
On my way to the bank, bout to cash this check
Talking down on my name, will get your t-shirt wet
Yo I roll with outlaws, we don't play by the rules
One shot from this pump, will knock you out of your
shoes
Think I'm playing bitch try me, put a price on your head
Hoe you can't kill me, bitch I'm already dead
You heard what I said, money over bullshit
You pull a pistol on me, bitch you better pull quick
My team wreck the scene, on swangas and 4's
I'm thinking Maybach Benz, when I stunt on these hoes
Yo I'm popping my collar, all about the dollar
Fucking over cops, in a super-sport Impala
Pits and Rotweilers, be protecting my crib
I ain't selfish with my cash, if you need I give
If you fall off your game, get your ass up nigga
All you hating ass hoes, get your cash up nigga
Blowing dro po'ing fo's, on the stage doing shows
In the motel room, spitting game to these hoes
Act tough get clapped up, get your bitch ass wrapped
up
Slugs from this Mac 10, will eat your fucking back up
Like A.I., I can hold my own
Grip tight sideways, how I hold my chrome
Yo my click running shit, cause these niggaz ain't
ready
You can catch me counting feddy, strapped heavy in
my Chevy nigga

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