

# Chamillionaire, U Already Know

Boys in the hood 'bout making that pay  
Stay underground (on the grind) every day all day  
They don't say much but they mean what they say  
What they mind on the money and the game don't play

(Paul Wall)

When the base going down better protect ya neck  
Boys steady dripping when they gone off the wet, cuz  
Ya better swallow ya project  
They have you scared to throw up ya hood on ya own set, cuz  
I'm talking bout those boys running from cops  
They don't run they mouth, they too busy running they block  
Ya better be fast thinking u can run from a glock  
Snap, crackle, pop soon as u run up u get dropped  
I know boys with out guns that'll still come jack you  
Have you running from your car before they even attack you  
If you scared you better not show it at all  
Put a mug upon ya face like u ready to brawl  
I know boys that's unemployed still working that work, patna (partner)  
Curiosity will get boys hurt  
You didn't see nothing, u didn't hear nothing, u don't know nothing  
Spill ya beans they ready to blow something

(Chorus)

Oh no  
When the lights off on the block

Don't go  
Boys on the corner with glocks  
Don't go  
When ya hear shots in the parking lot  
Don't go  
It's about to go down  
U ALREADY KNOW  
(2X)

(Chamillionaire)

It's Koopa  
Listen, here lizard, lizard, lizard  
Say ya cocking and popping it  
Say that ya glock a get  
Unloaded leaving wet and suck in wash it get  
Some nigga loading eject bullets like floppy disc  
Some niggas talk like they will but they the opposite  
Thugs and thieve with a dozen keys  
Serve quarterpounders that don't come with cheese  
Hustles breath with love with g's  
And know they telling lies when they see the judge and plead  
You honor it wasn't me he get lock  
And as soon as ya boy get hot  
He start right where he stopped  
Can't go on the block with a knot in ya sock and don't glock  
Without making by way to getting got or get shot  
Oh no  
If ya scared to represent ya ghetto  
Then don't throw  
Up ya hood at all u ain't raw  
Its going' show  
We don't recognize real heated right  
Just a little advice for the niggas living that life

(Chorus)

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U ALREADY KNOW  
(2X)

(Paul Wall)  
I eat n sleep n shit n pour gin  
My block be hotter than some muthafuckin pork skins  
Ignore twin cause I be having attitudes  
Ain't no such thing as gratitude on my avenue  
Attitude adjustment we all need  
I pray to lord two inch starters will in me  
Come from the heart that's why boys are feeling me  
I den whipped up soft and brought back some orgies  
This is for my niggas in the jail, my niggas on probation  
Knowing if they violate what kind of time they face  
Hustling anyway minimum wage ain't nathin  
You want cash right now, huh, fuck being patient  
Live life every day like it's yo last day  
Smoke some weed; dump your problems in the ashtray  
On Sunday shine yo glass like cascade  
Fuck moving slow, hop in the fast lane

(Chorus)  
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