

# Dot Da Genius, Talk About Me (ft. Kid Cudi, Denz

What the fuck do these people know about me? (mhm)  
Everybody on the block talk about me (mhm)  
Way back in the day, you used to doubt me (what?)  
Now that you see I'm on, you wanna out me (mhm)  
What the fuck do these people know about me? (mhm)  
Everybody on the block talk about me (mhm)  
Way back in the day, you used to doubt me (what?)  
Now that you see I'm on, you wanna out me  
Got your, got your boy feelin' like I'm Fat Gucci (brr)  
Feds wanna do me, hoes, hoes wanna sue me (yuh)  
If you get some money better bring it back to me (yeah)  
Everybody on the web actin' like they knew me (woo)  
Never was a new me (nah), I'm just rockin' new shit  
Dress like I serve a eight ball, no pool stick  
And my record clean, so I never do shit  
Denzel an animal, yeah, I'm on my Zuu shit  
Flu shit, never could fly  
Dress like a chicken that's ready to fry  
Curry The Killer, the nigga be I  
Take you for a ride  
Cop a black on black hovercraft that float  
Or I pull up in a Phantom like Kids See Ghosts, uh (yeah)  
What the fuck do these people know about me? (mhm)  
Everybody on the block talk about me (mhm)  
Way back in the day, you used to doubt me (what?)  
Now that you see I'm on, you wanna out me (mhm)  
What the fuck do these people know about me? (mhm)  
Everybody on the block talk about me (mhm)  
Way back in the day, you used to doubt me (what?)  
Now that you see I'm on, you wanna out me  
Women catchin' feelings, say they wanna have my children (uh-huh)  
Poppin' for the weekend and I'm bouncin' off the ceilin'  
In the tree got me down under play with the madness friend  
Got 'em, get 'em off the, I'm too faded, faded often (yeah)  
Realest niggas, yeah, see it, let me hear it  
Been the illest, ask Dennis  
We been on that bitch and with it, hey-hey  
Automatic (hey), nigga don't want no static  
Tried to tell him it was tragic  
Got that niggas in a panic and it (yuh)  
Too cold, two fold, watch me lean  
I'm too focused, yo, I keep a new goal, I'm livin' dreams  
Type of negro that'll go in rage mode, the evil creeps  
The Devil cannot hold a middle finger how it be (yeah)  
What the fuck do these people know about me? (mhm)  
Everybody on the block talk about me (mhm)  
Way back in the day, you used to doubt me (what?)  
Now that you see I'm on, you wanna out me (mhm)  
What the fuck do these people know about me? (mhm)  
Everybody on the block talk about me (mhm)  
Way back in the day, you used to doubt me (what?)  
Now that you see I'm on, you wanna out me  
Tell me, what the fuck do people know about the bros?  
Bunch of pie flippin' niggas, they don't work at Dominos  
Take a slice out a nigga, delivery, not DiGiorno  
Dinner before the sundown, then I was out the front door  
Then I'm saggin' Girbaud, then I'm back in my mode  
Bet a motherfuckin' black got my back  
Anybody want a TEC? No  
Let's go when the night get lit and the lights get low  
When the light get shit but I might just go  
'Cause I might just shift into crisis mode  
Slight glitch, but I'm 'bout to explode  
I'ma just go to where nobody knows me

I'm in a Ghost, mm, maybe the Rolls  
Heard I was givin' up smoke, but double the dose (double the dose)  
I'm an adult, standin' on ten of my toes, stumble the roach  
I don't be doin' the most, but if you know you know  
But what the fuck you know?  
Everybody on the block talk about me (Dot Da Genius, baby)  
Now that you see I'm on, you wanna out me