

# Lil' Scrappy ft. Bohagon, You Ain't Know

[Chorus:]

You aint know  
You aint know  
You aint know  
You aint know

Imma go and hit ya bitch first (you aint know)  
After that then go in her purse (you aint know)  
Dog her out if the pussy is the worst (you aint know)  
Know all the niggas with the fuckin work (you aint know)  
Holla at ya boy if you want the purp (you aint know)  
Talk shit then ya get ya ass murked (you aint know)  
Showin out gone get ya feelings hurt (you aint know)  
And Im to real to have my name in da dirt (you aint know)

[Verse 1:]

Whats up nigga is u lame wit no name  
Cryin on my phone cause you aint got no brain  
It aint my fault cause yo brain cant explain  
Da and missles the pain that you get from the cain  
I went thru da sunshine and da rain but I had to maintain  
Walkin bus to a plane  
They knocked me out but I still feel da same  
Can anybody help me, Can you feel my pain  
Speeding down da highway  
Truck an impress  
Got da tool on my seat, and da vest on my chest  
Im da 05 chain ya aint stuck in da rain  
Im so fine, no lie, shorty just gave me da brain  
Im too real, I give dap to errbody  
And I dont give a fuck Ill slap errbody,  
And you dont like me,  
And I dont like you  
You go around and fuck my bitch  
And Imma fuck yours too

[CHOURS]

[Verse 2:]

I keep it poppin aint no stopping  
Pistols poppin heads dropping niggas  
Dats mad at me cause they fuckin wind is floppin  
Im da topic wheels choppin  
Haters watchin  
Niggas poppin dem thangs dat a leave ya damn head rockin  
I dont recommend dat you dont pay attention  
Until maturally you in the fetal position  
Scrappy be getting money  
Yeah I know you was wishing  
Sayin a nigga aint real, you was bullshitting  
I was born as a militant midget  
I got guns and funds and a nigga can get it  
I got da cain, bet ya 15 digits  
I got that hard nite-quil, if you need a fixin  
I bombard em straight charge em  
My boys shoot towards any cop and squad em  
No leg no arm I kick rocks you lame  
Lyrics so sick you form a voice spear round ya dame

[CHORUS]

[Verse 3:]

Now off top im Bohagon  
Im a fool dont flex  
Understand what Im sayin  
I keep da tool on deck  
Gotta couple bad bitches  
Gotta few girls dat take me state to state  
And help me make da cake  
Im layin low now I gotta coke date to make

Might cost a couple grand  
I keep dat shit in my hand  
It might go wrong  
I keep dat shit in da plan  
So when shit fuck up I know dat shit in advance  
Niggas wanna play wit it thank its a game and  
Come at me sideways  
Thank im a lame like I aint got real shit running thru my veins  
Like I want pull that real thang and bust those veins  
You see me im da same  
Gotta lot more change, a lot more bitches  
Given alot more brain  
Da king of da country shit  
Dats my thang Im Bohagon motherfucka dats my name (you aint know)