

Lil Scrappy, You Ain't Know

(feat. Bohagon)

[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)