

Bizzy Bone, They Don't Know

Hahaha, aight rock your shit homie (c'mon)

[Chorus 2X: Bizzy Bone]

Ooh, I guess they don't know (know)

I'm finna call up David and we marchin on them bitches to the South Pole

So what they wanna do with us? I'm finna get'cha get'cha

Huh, finna get'cha get'cha get'cha (get'cha)

[Bizzy Bone]

Lord, crush they numbers daddies eyes can see

I know Jesus carry me, he ever need me I'm there verily

Love the Virgin Mary, Mexican food, without the children

With a child shall lead to mommy, daddy love me I'm children

Bless the world if it's possible, I cry on my knees

Praise the Lord, God almighty the creator of all lightning

Ass booty and titans, you know that we been clashin in the brainwaves

Rattlin tryna stop what we got

Lord a stone cold producer, bad to the bone, I ain't no sell out

Betta leave him alone, I'll clear this bitch out

Shut the fuck up out of the dust and quickly shake that stick

Fuck the lust, do you wonder it's non-physical (physical)

[Chorus]

[Bizzy Bone]

Deep in the mind where they question me, what do you wanna know?

I don't know nothing, but I heard that legend tellin me take it slow

I said, feelin the body within the body, oh what a blessin

and what a breath, you betta go get 'em; better go plant those seeds

Deeper, or holdin the microphone, close to the spirit

Clearly I hear that jealousy, somehow I don't fear it

And I don't blame nothin, surround as we're surrounded and trapped

Call up the police that's bullshit, it's pulpit in fact

Until we mack, in the battlefield with the beat like that

Baby we serious, I'm not curious, tell 'em to watch that

Those ideologies, remember thou shalt not kill, and isn't it bloody enough?

Fuck it, we are the soldiers in the rucket rough

[Chorus]

[Bizzy Bone]

Call up my uncle let me cop that fuckin Mary J

We been out here grindin steadily climbin each and every day

Motherfucker don't test me come and arrest me, show me how we play

Figure with the spirit, fight you back like I was anime

Quick to have a baby sick as fuck and jump right on the stage

Comin up out that limo pockets swollen payin attention to everything I say

Open up the mind with a prayer, as I worship the Lord Jesus

The Dragon Slayer say verily, verily I'm reborn

Tarnished and torn, burnin up and I'm feelin scorned

It's gettin warm, I'm finna go turn it up, huh, end of story

Prophets and saints so harken with baby Michael's up in the buildin

Jesus Christ is yo' pavilion, I'm a thug, I'm in the buildin

[Chorus - repeat 2X]