

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)