

Not Told (feat. Knowledge Pirate & KA)

Roc Marciano

[Hook]

I'm in that all black booth
See how I be leaning like I'm on that dope
Certified grinding nigga wore that coat
Knock your ass over like poor black folk
Back up the cope like quick a hose
Take notes play the stove, lames are disposed
Straight 8 o's banging your clothes
Train hoes the game's to be sold not told
Learn life lessons late night fright leopards
Polo down like Tyson Bedford
Flow is nice the blow is right like Robert Redford
But little homie this is just textbook
Flesh is cook bust my gun like them kids in red hook
Keep you jumping like Russel Redsbroke
They can't be better put
We live fast got a left foot
Push 7's out a metal book
The metal get whooped
You fine and scheling it in the hood
I sat and had a sip at the gentlemen club
Intelligent writers pockets got elephantitus
Come with choppers like helicopter pilots
I drive a 5 life sided pop iron
Tryin' to make a hole for you like lime and
Design the trans are high and I'm disguised in
Cardi as white things my eyes had
Take advice from wise men where ends
Rhymes with deep you might wanna dive in and swim
You feel the pain and the music
My ways are polluted big chains hang stupid
It's how we do shit
You already know how we play nigga

[Hook]

I'm in that all black booth
See how I be leaning like I'm on that dope
Certified grinding nigga wore that coat
Knock your ass over like poor black folk
Back up the cope like quick a hose

Take notes play the stove, lames are disposed
Straight 8 o's banging your clothes
Train hoes the game's to be sold not told Before the night part life started
Don't be on it at 4 in the morning
Get extra sketched in that white chalk
It's raining and storming the water's quite dark
King pins killers turning for it thinking they might walk
No playing no planking have you walking the plank
Now you fool for them sharks in the tank
From a hood where we sharpening our shanks
King pins get stripped of their ranks
They watching chain plus the pinky ring
Come through customs from a couple things
6 15 claim with custom rims
M 16 with a couple clips
Most burn pumps with a pistol grip
Silencers, infrared all official shit
A few main cannons off of my pirate ship
Married to Mariah Carry as I hug the strip
Some now with the rolex strapped around the wrist
Blowing cannabis I navigate I want you first
Born to blow miles straight from off the dealership
We pour liquor in remembrance[Hook]
I'm in that all black booth
See how I be leaning like I'm on that dope
Certified grinding nigga wore that coat
Knock your ass over like poor black folk
Back up the cope like quick a hose
Take notes play the stove, lames are disposed
Straight 8 o's banging your clothes
Train hoes the game's to be sold not told You ain't have a clue
You niggers had to see it had to do
Just to have some weed to take at you
Need to make a stew,
The need to feed leader fatal brew
And the streets need deep naze crew
They lied to prop that's what the haters do
The gaze and the trays and evade gage is blue
We gonna touch the custies wave 'em too
Rug in the public covered our neighbors too
Our haters grew and not necessarily sending them home with confidence
Temporarily went it all in consequences
Fuck man know I'm speaking for the fire word
That decying my fans pour preachers to the choir
We in the dirt, reaching with desire

That's why we slang the word see before we buy it
Cook it up keep it on frying
Pump enough bass to make the speakers burst
So we can all retire
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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