Know Bout Me

Vybz Kartel

[Intro]Chops on the track
Yeahhh
[Verse 1 - A. Leon Craft]A. Leon Craft, South Pole cold (Cold)
Up my damn flow, like a lit gas stove (Stove)
Tk-tk-tk-tk-tk-tk-foohh (Foohh)
Damn Clutch, my bad, I'm bout to burn down the booth (Booth)
Bentley brand new (New)
Haters are too (Too)
Awol roof, ride an hour later, coo (Coo)
Space-ship for two, she got a mass of Basker boots (Boots)
We drank so much Patrone, I had to turn down the Goose (Goose)
I'm from another land (Hey)
Highly in demand, though (Hey)
Louisville Slugger (Hey), real candy on sedan though (Hey, hey, hey)
Country like a banjo
Shawty I'm just sayin, though
A. Leon the shit, you gon be more than seein a candle (Hey)
Microphone commando (Hey)
Ballin, I got handles (Hey)
Cross over shawty school and hip-hop band notes (Hey)
Brothership Decatur, hater ways never clash
Outer-space, super fast
I'm a A. Leon Craaaft
[Hook]When them country boys come out, at night
Space-ships go up, in flight
Nothing your eyes, have seen
What do you know, bout me
Yeah, what you know about me
Uhh, yeah, what you know about me
Uhh, yeah, what you know about me
With my top down blowin on top pedigree, yeah
[Verse 2]Yeah, uhh
I get my Louisville Slugger on
Shawty thick, lookin good, I'll slug a homer
CLINK- You're outta here
Mary buns got nothin on us
I'm a stick boy, still good on the corners
Uhh, got a Caddy like a space-ship (Uh)
And I ain't foolin with you niggas, I'm a racist

Shawty race this, engine got a face-lift
I took the 350 out and serve the space kit

Now we ridin like they do it on the fourth planet
Y'all talk funny, we don't even understand it
Like a drive on the sidewalk; Outlandish
Smack ya granny on the ass, I'm so man-ish
I'm so candid, make ya say damn it
I don't get "Wasted", I get so damaged
Ron Clutch, get the ink, I'm so granded
A. Leon snap his fingers, we so vanished
[Hook]When them country boys come out, at night
Space-ships go up, in flight
Nothing your eyes, have seen
What do you know, bout me
Yeah, what you know about me
Uhh, yeah, what you know about me
Uhh, yeah, what you know about me
With my top down blowin on top pedigree, yeah
[Verse 3]They think they know me, but they got no idea
Can't even see me, high as I feel
You know how we be, on some country-fried kill
I'm from the south side of De Ville, and we all about the real
Better keep ya eyes peeled, plus behind the wheel
Better pimp that space-ship with the verti-cal grilles
Got the big ol' shiny wheels, to tell me how I feel
I named her Miss Pig and she stay in them high heels
We swervin through the galaxy in a alternate reality
You know how the Caddy be, defy the laws of gravity
We travel at a faster speed to charge up my battery
Bottle and a bag of weed, now ain't nobody catchin me
You know how Nappy be, you know how the boys do it
You know we get straight to it, then we run straight through it
A. Leon Craft just landed, you know he stay zooted (Cough-cough-cough)
Off this country-fried backwoods, outer-space music
[Hook]When them country boys come out, at night
Space-ships go up, in flight
Nothing your eyes, have seen
What do you know, bout me
Yeah, what you know about me
Uhh, yeah, what you know about me
Uhh, yeah, what you know about me
With my top down blowin on top pedigree, yeah
[Outro]This has been a Chops production

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/