

Nigga Couldn't Know (Feat. Lil Wayne)

Big Tymers

Big Tymers, nigga

(Big Tymers, nigga)

I got that work, nigga

(I got that work, nigga)

Look, look, listenThis is where them niggas die fast, sell bricks and buy bags

They dodge class to hit the block and go find cash

If you try to pass, take my advice, drive fast

'Cuz, my man, ain't no escapin' when shots blast

You wonder why the cops keep circlin', niggas murderin'

I ain't never saw 'em before, tonight we twurkin' 'em

Niggas wearin' masks like glasses

Niggas got on tank tops and a pair of Reebok classics

Pants to my knees 'cuz the glock make it slouchI can't talk right now, I got three rocks in my mouth

And, wodie, when we enter, niggas freeze up like it's winter

And if a nigga whisper, pistols eat him up for dinner

Seventeen representer, you don't like it, do somethin'

And I'll bet you'll see a nigga outside 'bout two-somethin'

And we like to dress in all black up in my residence

Ain't got on no suits 'cuz we ain't tryin' to be presidentsNigga, we done moved more coke

Than a nigga could know

More money, more cars

Than a nigga could show

And more ice, cheap price

Than a nigga could score

And hit blocks with glocks

Make 'em get on the floorNigga, we done moved more coke

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Make 'em get on the floorNigga wakin' up to alley cats and rats

Project bitches that tote gats

Niggas kickin' the dope, but the crack done smack back

Lil' niggas runnin' through the hallways

While other niggas playin' ball, made a court in the driveway

Things ain't the same where I use to play

It's guns and broads, new cars

Neighborhood superstars and hoes smokin' cigars
Lil' ones sittin' on the car watchin' the bus hollerin'"Them people comin" when that blue car pull up
I'm tired of catchin' cuts, and bendar' corners
I got that work, got youngsters on all four corners
You got the quarters, and you got them halves
I got the quarter ki's, and Fresh got the slabs
Ten a ki is the price if you want a brick
And if you don't know that, nigga, tax the bitchNigga, we done moved more coke
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For sure, wodieIt's the return of the click-clackin', downtown pistol packin'
Y'all remember me from back in the '89 era
When killers use to wear mascara
And run through the court causin' terror
Random riot gunshots, government-issued glocks
That's bakin' soda added with that odor, now you got clatch potsNiggas went from [unverified] to frozen cups
To catchin' cuts, to big ole nuts
Shorty, I been on missions
Jackin' niggas for Balley competitions
Stickin' guns in bustas' backs
Everybody, come out your Polos and your ZodiacsBut that was back in the days
See, niggas done changed they ways
Went from snug-nose-38's to hand grenades
Now it's a must that niggas bust back
When they get cussed at or fussed at
Nine-millimeters, glocks, pumps, riot guns, niggas can trust thatNigga, we done sold more coke
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For sure, lil' oneWhat?Y'all got to understand, we got this shit on lock, wodie

If you ain't makin' money you ain't doin' what you suppose to

I understand niggas kickin' in doors for twenty-inch momo's

Whatever it take, lil' daddy and it don't matter

If I get caught up in a struggle, I got to take minesIf you get caught up, you better believe it

that that iron gon' get your mind right, dog

We hustlin' for sure, fa, bling-blingin' without a doubt

Like new cars, and pretty broads

And neighborhood superstars

Money, bitches, rags to riches

Songwriters

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