

# 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, listen This 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 slouch I 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 presidents Nigga, 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 floor Nigga, 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 floor Nigga 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 bendin' 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 bitch  
Nigga, 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  
We hit blocks with glocks  
Make 'em get on the floor  
For sure, wodie  
Nigga, 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  
We hit blocks with glocks  
Make 'em get on the floor  
For sure, wodie  
It'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 clutch pots  
Niggas 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 Zodiacs  
But 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 that  
Nigga, we done sold more coke  
Than a nigga could know  
More money, more cars  
Than a nigga could show  
More ice, cheap price  
Than a nigga could score  
We hit blocks with glocks

Make 'em get on the floor  
For sure, lil' oneNigga, we done sold more coke  
Than a nigga could know  
More money, more cars  
Than a nigga could show  
More ice, cheap price  
Than a nigga could score  
We hit blocks with glocks  
Make 'em get on the floor  
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We hit blocks with glocks  
Make 'em get on the floor  
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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