

# Lord Knows (feat. Joey Bada\$\$)

## G Herbo

Yo Metro don't trust you, I'm gon' shoot you  
Metro Boomin want some more niggaI got some problems only Lord knows  
Came up from the bottom off my own road  
Yesterday I bought myself my own Rolls  
It had diamonds in the bezel with the rose gold  
Can't ask me for nothin', can't ask me for nothin'  
Can't ask me for nothin'  
'Cause you don't help me with nothin'  
Can't ask me for nothin', can't ask me for nothin'  
Can't ask me for nothin'All I know is this hustlin'  
All I know is this strugglin'  
All I know, I can't trust him  
If you ain't with me then fuck 'em  
You ain't game then fuck 'em  
You ain't see me then fuck 'em  
If you ain't need me to fuck her  
You ain't got no business here  
This shit mine now, finna win this year  
Ain't no timeout, gotta kill this here  
Better watch my mouth when you enter here  
Uh, and we don't show no feelings here  
It's a whole bunch young niggas lit in here, yeah  
Off the rip hide your bitch in here  
'Cause a rich nigga bout to put some shit in the air  
Bitch we the boydem, bitch we the boydem  
You know we smokin' that doison, that fuckin' doison  
Metro Boomin on the track man, it's fuckin' golden  
Every time I'm up to bat man, I hit a home run  
Herb what you told 'em?  
And everybody round me holdin', passin' drugs out  
Everybody round me rollin' and we thugged out  
Now order up 100 Rosies if you from the struggle  
Hold up your fuckin' Rollie and order up a doubleI got some problems only Lord knows  
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Can't ask me for nothin', can't ask me for nothin'  
Can't ask me for nothin' Got some problems only Lord knows  
Sometimes I need a break but I got more shows  
I was fucked on that my Rollie gold  
Get an AP when my Rollie old  
I was 18 when I hit the road  
Fuck around and hit 800 hoes  
It's me, Joey, and Metro Boomin  
Me, Joey, and Metro boolin'  
Bitches be buckin' me all on my back  
And these Balmain jeans makin' me bougie  
Bitch I only fuck with exclusives  
Keep on callin' my phone, you a nuisance  
You ain't cutting the check fuck your two cents  
Why you hate ese? Nigga, I knew sense  
Ridin' down Pico I'm smokin' and cruisin'  
Niggas be bluffin', they losin'  
Your ho low, she just suckin' no condoms  
She came with a Fanta watch me, pour the juice in  
Studio full of backwoods, we boofin'  
Drugs on us, we dealing and using  
Guns on us you stealin' we shootin'  
Lord knows that I didn't wanna use it  
50 bands, 100 bands all I understand  
All that Alexander McQueen got another pair  
All that Alexander McQueen all I wanna wear

And my homies keep askin' for cups of the lean, I don't wanna share I got some problems only Lord knows  
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Can't ask me for nothin'  
'Cause you don't help me with nothin'  
Can't ask me for nothin', can't ask me for nothin'  
Can't ask me for nothin'

#### Songwriters

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