Ya Betta Know It

Haystak, Young Buck

Ho, niggas got it fucked up for real
Supa thug in my bandanna
got my face covered
watch me roll this quarter ounce blunt,
and don't waste nothin'
bitch i know you hate me
but you wont say nothin'
me and my AK huntin'
since you wanna take somethin'
I don't pay for shit
but i will take the hit
pull the Benz out
and pull the pin out
and make 'em quit
don't compare me to them coward niggas
you been beefin' with
out there swimmin' in that water
we gon' see how deep it gets
we don't drive by
we get out and walk by
bodies in the street
yellow tape, white chalk lines
came to far to let em blow it
right now i'm ready for it
realist nigga in this rap shit
bitch you better know itI just think you better know it
you better know it (x8)26 inches
A problem, i just bought me
This should be ridiculous,
niggas kill for this versache
first i hit the lights
hit the gas
watch me open up my stash
i reach in, get my strap
yeah, then put on my mask
got a face full of teardrops
still you aint no goon
niggas die right here on this block
this ain't no cartoon

put bulletholes all in ya gucci
let you pick the spot
on where to let a nigga
shoot ya ass
Chopper cut ya head
hit his leg till it strike out
let him think he made it
then ya knock his whole life out
Bond money bitch
go to jail, i'm gettin' right out
stop and see my kids
then i'm on the next flight outI just think you better know it
you better know it (x17)

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