They Know

Da Band

[Fred] Yeah. This beat here was created in the Hamptons
[Chop] Uughhh!
[Fred] And dropped in Manhattan
[Background:] Hey-o, Hey-o
[Chop] Bad Boy's the label
[Fred] Time Shock
[Chop] Dofat's the man
[Fred] Wit Chopper from Miami to New Orleans
[Chop] Chopper City's the nigga (whoo!)
[Fred] Freddy P
[Chop] Who want war wit em'?
(Uh-huh, Uh-huh)
[Chop] Take a fall wit em'
(Uh-huh, Uh-huh)
Back against the wall wit em
(Uh-huh, Uh-huh)
[Fred] Chopper City let 'em know!

[Chopper]
I believe in gettin rich or die tryin
Niggaz is (?) and I'm a warrior like ninja stroll
It ain't nothin, I can show you how to pimp a ho
And if you want it, you can get it nigga - friend of foe
I keeps the mac milli low
Itchy for nothin to crack so I can snap like "what chu grillin fo'?"
Shit, I keeps it gutter man, you know how I do's it
I strike a kite that's my definition of stickin and movin
What you know about shoot outs for half an hour?
If you don't, you niggaz is jive and act as cowards
You bouta witness City reach till' it's massive power
Boss man. I can get you niggaz wacked in showers
I'm well known for what I do, but fiends call me Captain Powder
If you want it you can call on Chopper
[Whispers] Choppa! Fetti is somethin that ya boy desire
I keep the metal thing-a-mijiggy the color is copper

[Chorus: Chopper w/ Fred in the background]
I keeps it gangsta - you can ask my niggaz cause they know (They know)
[Fred] Yeah

I'ma hustler that bout them pesos (pesos)
[Fred] c'mon
If you wit me then let them keys blow (keys blow)
[Fred] Don't be afraid. Don't be afraid
Throw 'em up and let ya nuts hang low now..
I keeps it gangsta - you can ask my niggaz cause they know (They know)
[Fred] Holla
I'ma hustler that bout them pesos (pesos)
[Fred] Holla
If you wit me then let them keys blow (keys blow)
[Fred] Holla
Throw 'em up and let ya nuts hang low Now..

[Fred]
I love the haters cause I feed of they energy
I'm in the same business as the muthafucker on the roof who shot Kennedy
Waitin for sinners and
They see the glory and pain
You know the story bout the boy with a name
He did things like kill people and stole Kane
The hood got three lanes, Life, Death, or entertain
Now sellin's the life. In that box is the D-word
In that house by the lake wit the yacht is the Keyword
Fuck it, if he work and she work Da Band
We work on P.D.'s nerves
Man we probly gon clash when he hear these words
But fuck it, I love that nigga, he the reason we hurr
If it wasn't for him, I'd be livin to see dirt
Now lil F.P. and me, we see curves
Bend 'em - fuck it the windows is tinted, so we splurge
Wit niggaz that treat me like Jerry and do Steve's work

[Chorus]

[Chopper]
All I do is chill and blind hoe wit a sparkling grill
Stroke, smoke, grind and count dough by the mill's
That's real. I ride the wheels till' they fall off
Sittin still wit a sawed-off ready to blow a arm off
Oh, Lord! You don't want no problems wit dude
I'm out that Band, so you now the boy-band news
I bruise ya crew then ride out then head to the hideout
I stay wit them nines out to clear the whole block out [Gunshot]

[Fred]

Now they say "Fred you need to chill"
I been a BadBoy way before Martin of Will
I'm somewhere parked on a hill on the southside of Germany
That's what the game has earned me supportin my skills
And them girls like "Freddy, you need to stop"
How I came through like Griffin and made Cleveland hot
How they get up on the floor and make it "Breathe and Stop"
like Q-Tip - get in her ear and I bet she get in my drop

[Chorus]

[Chop] We them southside riders
[Fred] c'mon, c'mon, Look out
[Chop] Huh? Now what cha say Freddy Peezay
[Chop] We them southside riders
[Fred] c'mon, c'mon, Look out
[Chop] Huh?
[Fred] c'mon, c'mon, Look out
[Chop] Huh?
[Fred] c'mon, c'mon, Look out
[Chop] Huh?
[Fred] Get down! Get down, c'mon

[Chopper]
I like that shit! Yeah, Boi!
I'm tellin you whoa, I'm tellin- aight, I ain't gon talk

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