

# I'm Known

AZ

Laid up with this skinny chick, Balley's with the Henny mix  
My man Bond sent me flicks, claimed he ain't seen me since '96  
Since he blew trial for them 3 attempts  
Street events, Feds on the sweet, but you see me tense Chill a lot, niggaz wanna know if I'm real or not, kill or  
not  
If I'm holdin' it what kind of steel I got  
False alarms, tattoos all across my arms  
Bail bonds, a while back almost lost my moms Check that, taking this paper you can bet that  
No set backs, shittin' on niggaz wit out the Exlax  
Ice showin', Polo sweats all whit glowin'  
Blunted, Suzuki 600, twelfth Riech's blowin' Headline niggas, Fed time niggas  
Crime niggas street worth 9 figures It's a war now, hard to the core for sure now  
Raw style, four fours to your door now  
Doe chasin', in the race niggas slow pacin'  
Temptation, send a bitch to blow your face in Plans rollin', handsome nigga's hands golden  
Stand chosen, pockets on my pants swollen  
Plead the Fifth, real niggas don't need to riff  
Automatic shit, for fakin' that's what you fagots get Out of thirty men, know twenty that's worthy men  
Ten is friends, the other ten'd probably turn me in  
Phone tapped, born in Brooklyn, hold my own gat  
Unknown traps keep jail niggas goin' back Time tickin', young shorty mind flippin'  
Blind addiction turn a killer from a fine Christian  
Streets ruined from sneaky shit niggas keep doin'  
Snakes, that's why I hand shake and keep movin' World supremest, cook Coke like a chemist  
But it's finished, a little jail time helped me replenish  
Thank God, almost bagged a rape charge in '86  
That's what I get fuckin' a crazy bitch Rough life, stab wounds, cuts, and bites  
Is dice, I guess I was blessed to touch mics  
Borciase, my words spreads across tribes  
Who live? Made for the system up in your ride

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>