

Know Bout Me

Nappy Roots

[Intro]Chops on the track

Yeahhh

[Verse 1 - A. Leon Craft]A. Leon Craft, South Pole cold (Cold)

Up my damn flow, like a lit gas stove (Stove)

Tk-tk-tk-tk-tk-fooohh (Fooohh)

Damn Clutch, my bad, I'm bout to burn down the booth (Booth)

Bentley brand new (New)

Haters are too (Too)

Awol roof, ride an hour later, coo (Coo)

Space-ship for two, she got a mass of Basker boots (Boots)

We drank so much Patrone, I had to turn down the Goose (Goose)

I'm from another land (Hey)

Highly in demand, though (Hey)

Louisville Slugger (Hey), real candy on sedan though (Hey, hey, hey)

Country like a banjo

Shawty I'm just sayin, though

A. Leon the shit, you gon be more than seein a candle (Hey)

Microphone commando (Hey)

Ballin, I got handles (Hey)

Cross over shawty school and hip-hop band notes (Hey)

Brotherhood Decatur, hater ways never clash

Outer-space, super fast

I'm a A. Leon Craaaft

[Hook]When them country boys come out, at night

Space-ships go up, in flight

Nothing your eyes, have seen

What do you know, bout me

Yeah, what you know about me

Uhh, yeah, what you know about me

Uhh, yeah, what you know about me

With my top down blowin on top pedigree, yeah

[Verse 2]Yeah, uhh

I get my Louisville Slugger on

Shawty thick, lookin good, I'll slug a homer

CLINK- You're outta here

Mary buns got nothin on us

I'm a stick boy, still good on the corners

Uhh, got a Caddy like a space-ship (Uh)

And I ain't foolin with you niggas, I'm a racist

Shawty race this, engine got a face-lift
I took the 350 out and serve the space kit

Now we ridin like they do it on the fourth planet
Y'all talk funny, we don't even understand it
Like a drive on the sidewalk; Outlandish
Smack ya granny on the ass, I'm so man-ish
I'm so candid, make ya say damn it
I don't get "Wasted", I get so damaged
Ron Clutch, get the ink, I'm so granded
A. Leon snap his fingers, we so vanished

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Uhh, yeah, what you know about me

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With my top down blowin on top pedigree, yeah

[Verse 3]They think they know me, but they got no idea

Can't even see me, high as I feel

You know how we be, on some country-fried kill

I'm from the south side of De Ville, and we all about the real

Better keep ya eyes peeled, plus behind the wheel

Better pimp that space-ship with the verti-cal grilles

Got the big ol' shiny wheels, to tell me how I feel

I named her Miss Pig and she stay in them high heels

We swervin through the galaxy in a alternate reality

You know how the Caddy be, defy the laws of gravity

We travel at a faster speed to charge up my battery

Bottle and a bag of weed, now ain't nobody catchin me

You know how Nappy be, you know how the boys do it

You know we get straight to it, then we run straight through it

A. Leon Craft just landed, you know he stay zooted (Cough-cough-cough)

Off this country-fried backwoods, outer-space music

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Uhh, yeah, what you know about me

Uhh, yeah, what you know about me

With my top down blowin on top pedigree, yeah

[Outro]This has been a Chops production

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