

What You Know (feat. Jbar)

Soulja Boy

Verse 1 (Soulja Boy)

Im Easily rippin defensively grippin my pistol ya niggaz play tough but dont want it um poppin and cocking and locking game 2 zones for the free so um off of the chain.

Double o see murder murder um urgess to kick in yo door wit da mafuckin pistols

Um comin to get you we bustin no issue white wall on rims da same color of tissue. No kissing be me missing yo funeral dissing me daz a mistake so better not try it um startin a riot too fly like a pilot took off da jet without breakin no sweat.

Niggaz be fakin and steady be hatin Im breakin dey jaws just like we do laws and we triple da digits just like we inches da money keep comin and so do the bitches,

and so do the snitches and riches and glitches. Just like its game Im too hot like a flame and sayin no names cuz u kno u are. Bustin no fussin we spotted yo car. Cruising no losing and rolling dat better dope. 400ms got from

Interscope better do right cuz Im colder dan coolio rippin dis up while Im up in da studio. Moving so heavily slidin so steadily crew stackin figures u kno its a bet and the money is money let me dummies be dummies Im stackin da bread to the day that Im dead. They swear dat they robbin me bruh aint no stoppin me hustle philosophy got me dis guap. Sod money gang bringin da heavy flame put dat on GOD dat we stayin on

top.Chorus (JBar)What cha what cha know

Bout my flow and my icy icy gold

28s on swole

Music loud as it can go

What cha what cha know

Bout my shine and my struggle and my grind

I work hard to get mine

Man Respect a nigga grindVerse 2 (Soulja Boy)Rippin and spittin and cruisin dis beat.

Talkin that shit and get knocked off yo feet.

Sod money gang staying too deep.

Gettin no sleep, making a creep.

Doube vendetta my crew stackin cheddar

My click gettin better we changin da weather. Pedal to medal and ashes to dust 2 4 glocks in pot when I hop in da truck. Niggaz is hatin me but dat aint phasing me money money gottta get it.

But it no stopping it and glock and um cocking it gettin hot by da minute.

Soulja boy tell em Im all about cheddar folk icey new chevy same color as antelope. Im sick as a bitch and Im holding da antidote. Gucci bandana man gucci bandana folk.

Rushing and busting still flippin and dippin Im still on a mission to stack up a bill.

Money make problems aint none gonna solve em but breakin dis bread and payin bills. Spitting da truth vocalizing it truthly 6 in da truck but Im still gone pack two with me killing deez tracks and doin it ruthlessly aint about money aint got shit to do with me. Doing it fluently doing it real. Keeping it true it real. Breaking off game cuz daz how I feel 18 now holding 18mill.

Killing deez trax and still counting stax all still dress in black hataz still talkin smack. Soulja boy tellem yea soulja boy get em on top world dont know how to act.Chorus (JBar)

What cha what cha know
Bout my flow and my icy icy gold
28s on swole
Music loud as it can go
What cha what cha know
Bout my shine and my struggle and my grind
I work hard to get mine
Man Respect a nigga grind

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>