

Nigga Couldn't Know

Big Tymers

Big Tymers, nigga
(Big Tymers, nigga)
I got that work, nigga
(I got that work, nigga)
Look, look, listen
This is where them niggas die fast, sell bricks and buy bags
They dodge class to hit the block and go find cash
If you try to pass, take my advice, drive fast
'Cuz, my man, ain't no escapin' when shots blast
You wonder why the cops keep circlin', niggas murderin'
I ain't never saw 'em before, tonight we twurkin' 'em
Niggas wearin' masks like glasses
Niggas got on tank tops and a pair of Reebok classics
Pants to my knees 'cuz the glock make it slouch
I can't talk right now, I got three rocks in my mouth
And, wodie, when we enter, niggas freeze up like it's winter
And if a nigga whisper, pistols eat him up for dinner
Seventeen representer, you don't like it, do somethin'
And I'll bet you'll see a nigga outside 'bout two-somethin'
And we like to dress in all black up in my residence
Ain't got on no suits 'cuz we ain't tryin' to be presidents
Nigga, we done moved more coke
Than a nigga could know
More money, more cars
Than a nigga could show
And more ice, cheap price
Than a nigga could score
And hit blocks with glocks
Make 'em get on the floor
Nigga, we done moved more coke
Than a nigga could know
More money, more cars
Than a nigga could show
And more ice, cheap price
Than a nigga could score
And hit blocks with glocks
Make 'em get on the floor
Nigga wakin' up to alley cats and rats
Project bitches that tote gats

Niggas kickin' the dope, but the crack done smack back
Lil' niggas runnin' through the hallways
While other niggas playin' ball, made a court in the driveway
Things ain't the same where I use to play
It's guns and broads, new cars
Neighborhood superstars and hoes smokin' cigars
Lil' ones sittin' on the car watchin' the bus hollerin'
"Them people comin" when that blue car pull up
I'm tired of catchin' cuts, and bendin' corners
I got that work, got youngsters on all four corners
You got the quarters, and you got them halves
I got the quarter ki's, and Fresh got the slabs
Ten a ki is the price if you want a brick
And if you don't know that, nigga, tax the bitch
Nigga, we done moved more coke
Than a nigga could know
More money, more cars
Than a nigga could show
And more ice, cheap price
Than a nigga could score
We hit blocks with glocks
Make 'em get on the floor
For sure, wodie
Nigga, we done moved more coke
Than a nigga could know
More money, more cars
Than a nigga could show
And more ice, cheap price
Than a nigga could score
We hit blocks with glocks
Make 'em get on the floor
For sure, wodie
It's the return of the click-clackin', downtown pistol packin'
Y'all remember me from back in the '89 era
When killers use to wear mascara
And run through the court causin' terror
Random riot gunshots, government-issued glocks
That's bakin' soda added with that odor, now you got clatch pots
Niggas went from [unverified] to frozen cups
To catchin' cuts, to big ole nuts
Shorty, I been on missions
Jackin' niggas for Balley competitions
Stickin' guns in bustas' backs
Everybody, come out your Polos and your Zodiacs
But that was back in the days

See, niggas done changed they ways
Went from snug-nose-38's to hand grenades
Now it's a must that niggas bust back
When they get cussed at or fussed at
Nine-millimeters, glocks, pumps, riot guns, niggas can trust that
Nigga, we done sold more coke
Than a nigga could know
More money, more cars
Than a nigga could show
More ice, cheap price
Than a nigga could score
We hit blocks with glocks
Make 'em get on the floor
For sure, lil' one
Nigga, we done sold more coke
Than a nigga could know
More money, more cars
Than a nigga could show
More ice, cheap price
Than a nigga could score
We hit blocks with glocks
Make 'em get on the floor
For sure, lil' one
Nigga, we done sold more coke
Than a nigga could know
More money, more cars
Than a nigga could show
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We hit blocks with glocks
Make 'em get on the floor
For sure, lil' one
Nigga, we done sold more coke
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We hit blocks with glocks
Make 'em get on the floor
For sure, lil' one
What?

Y'all got to understand, we got this shit on lock, wodie
If you ain't makin' money you ain't doin' what you suppose to
I understand niggas kickin' in doors for twenty-inch momo's

Whatever it take, lil' daddy and it don't matter
If I get caught up in a struggle, I got to take mines
If you get caught up, you better believe it
that that iron gon' get your mind right, dog
We hustlin' for sure, fa, bling-blingin' without a doubt
Like new cars, and pretty broads
And neighborhood superstars
Money, bitches, rags to riches

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