

# I Know You Strapped

Lil' Wyte

Know what I'm sayin'?  
This mothafucking song dedicated  
To them weak ass bitches that follow me in the club  
On that weed, that white, that liquor, the whole xanax bars  
That X whatever the fuck they on  
You know what I'm sayin'?  
They think 'cause they drunk and they crunk  
And they got a unit in the trunk  
That they just some hard mothafuckers  
You know what I'm sayin'?  
But really they's the weak bitches  
You know what I'm sayin'?  
You fall up in V.I.P. that's the real killas sittin' in the back  
(HCP)  
Waitin' on yo mothafuckin' ass  
You know what I'm sayin'? Bitch  
Smoke a blunt, get drunk, hit a line of that funk  
Now you fallin' up in the spot and you thinkin' that you crunk  
You ain't crunk, yous a punk and I'ma show you that tonight  
All it takes is one killer to step and we can start a fight  
In the middle of the club, bitch wasup we can do this shit  
Security ain't gonna jump in the way because they scared of this  
Implantin' this into ya brain so you know the next time you cross the line  
Again it's standin' full of sin when you fuck wit the boss  
Biggest, badest, roughest mothafucker, but ya still a bitch  
I'm comin' in crunker than the others for the fuck of it  
Liquor bottles hit ya harder than some syrup when ya slum  
Have ya shakin', fakin', body achin' by the time I'm done  
Legally this isn't right but ask me if I give a shit  
Peacefully I'll read your rights and have you beggin' me to quit  
Hit ya weed and liquor or whatever else it takes to jump  
Just remember, just 'cause you fucked up it doesn't mean your crunk  
I know you strapped but you cowards like to play hard  
And knowin' that you don't wanna catch a murder charge  
See butsters like to get full of that weed and liquor snort a line  
In ya mind now yous a killer  
I know you strapped but you cowards like to play hard  
And knowin' that you don't wanna catch a murder charge

See butsters like to get full of that weed and liquor snort a line  
In ya mind now yous a killer  
Damn man goddamn Paul, man you might have  
To slow this mothafucker down a little bit man  
I'm on that syrup man, I'm high and I'm drunk man  
You need to slow down  
I'm not scared of you just 'cause you came in actin' a damn fool  
Runnin' lip talkin' shit, bet you wouldn't without ya tool  
Now ya hard very hard ballin' down the boulevard  
Pissy pants doin' ya dance, I'm behind ya in a faster car  
Weak as water so is yo mama, father and ya faculty  
Quickly sauder up yo lips so you can't trip or speak of me  
Watch me creep up from the back wit gats and pick you off by ones  
Had to repaint the walls wit ya while ya smokin' on ya blunt  
Hate to be the one to show you that drugs kill and that's a fact  
But I love that I am the one who put the bullet in your back  
Next time when you step to the plate come back and just let it rip  
Stead of bitchin' out I thought you crunk, you ran back to ya whip  
Holy ghost is up in ya when you see me you fade away  
Makin' fun of all you cowards powered by a pack of bay  
Hopefully one day you'll find out in the end you just a bitch  
Until then just keep on drinkin' smokin' snortin' up some shit  
I know you strapped but you cowards like to play hard  
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