

Tell Me What I Don't Know

Danny Brown

Street smart, Ph.D
Dropped out for a slanging degree
9 on me, keep the devils off me
'Cause we was living in hell, couldn't afford property
Lil nigga gettin' frontin' from OGs
Oz of reggie bagged up in the Pelle
In a school hallways on a burnout celly
Leaving out of class early, caught a sale for 20
How long will it last?
Never ending race, chasin' cash
One lane going wrong way 'til I crash
Teacher find my sack, going nowhere fast
Tell me what I don't know
Last night homie got killed at the liquor store
Shot my nigga on the way to get a Swisher
Breaking down the weed when the call got received
We was so ambitious
All we really wanted was new Jordans and some bitches
Flashing bankrolls in the club taking pictures
Thinking we was grown men, really lil' niggas
Jumping dope fiends that's owing us for credit
Taking turns catching sales things copacetic
Slice your tomato if you owe us for the lettuce
Running through the sack of D sorta like Jerome Bettis
Naive to the outcome
Cuz hit the block, hit the stash and they found some
Lock us all up for a bag and some pistols
Now we in the county writing letters I miss you
Tell me what I don't know
Hook raid came through kickin' down the front door
Now we facin' judge, got us sitting at the court
Gave us all probation now we smokin' Newports
Tell me what I don't know
Hook raid came through kickin' down the front door
Now we facin' judge, got us sitting at the court
Gave us all probation now we smokin' Newports
Tell me what I don't know
And we was so gung ho
Wet a nigga up like he forgot his poncho
On the block all day chasin' that cilantro
Hook raid kickin' on the front door
Shit is like a cycle
You get out, I go in, this is not the life for us

Shit is like a cycle
You get out, I go in, this is not the life for us
Tell me what I don't know
Last night homie got killed at the liquor store
Shot my nigga on the way to get a Swisher
Breaking down the weed when the call got received
Tell me what I don't know
Hook raid came through kickin' down the front door
Now we facin' judge, got us sitting at the court
Gave us all probation now we smoke Newports
Tell me what I don't know

Songwriters

Daniel Sewell, Paul Michael Williams White
Published by

Lyrics © WARP MUSIC LIMITED
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>