

Lettin' Them Know

Kirko Bangz

Lettin them boyz know that the south is much too real and down 4x

Kirko:

24's on my ride bad bitch up inside
5 percent in my tint peanut butter attire
comin down with that tre' (lean) nigga no you cant try it
and nigga no you cant sip if none of you niggas aint buy it
i hold my h-town up out the window and throw it up to the sky
my pinky ring and my watch blingin they recognizin my shine
a young nigga so trill reppin that eastside
im comin down and im swangin hard so you bitches know what im bout
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Paul Wall:

no top paper plates im glasshouse on chrome
2 real with 2 cups in a 2 seater gettin dome
im far away from them clones
i-290 im gone
got them lil faces that old money my paper seem to be grown
this bad bitch wanna bone
i met her in san anton
then i put her on i-10 made her walk you know what my mind is on
my grind is on my shine glowin pourin up my styrofoam
if you broke and lazy and talkin down please stay up off my phone
and stay up off my nuts you hoes wasnt here when i was alone
i smash the broad in the parkin lot she aint never been in my home
i called the chick by the wrong name but thats my bad i was stoned
im showin skill my cup filled im Texas trill and im way too gone
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