

They Don't Know

Bizzy Bone

Hahaha, aight rock your shit homie (c'mon)
[Chorus 2X: Bizzy Bone]Ooh, I guess they don't know (know)
I'm finna call up David and we marchin on them bitches to the South Pole
So what they wanna do with us? I'm finna get'cha get'cha
Huh, finna get'cha get'cha get'cha (get'cha)
[Bizzy Bone]Lord, crush they numbers daddies eyes can see
I know Jesus carry me, he ever need me I'm there verily
Love the Virgin Mary, Mexican food, without the children
With a child shall lead to mommy, daddy love me I'm children
Bless the world if it's possible, I cry on my knees
Praise the Lord, God almighty the creator of all lightning
Ass booty and titans, you know that we been clashin in the brainwaves
Rattlin tryna stop what we got
Lord a stone cold producer, bad to the bone, I ain't no sell out
Betta leave him alone, I'll clear this bitch out
Shut the fuck up out of the dust and quickly shake that stick
Fuck the lust, do you wonder it's non-physical (physical)
[Chorus][Bizzy Bone]Deep in the mind where they question me, what do you wanna know?
I don't know nothing, but I heard that legend tellin me take it slow

I said, feelin the body within the body, oh what a blessin
and what a breath, you betta go get 'em; better go plant those seeds
Deeper, or holdin the microphone, close to the spirit
Clearly I hear that jealousy, somehow I don't fear it
And I don't blame nothin, surround as we're surrounded and trapped
Call up the police that's bullshit, it's pulpit in fact
Until we mack, in the battlefield with the beat like that
Baby we serious, I'm not curious, tell 'em to watch that
Those ideologies, remember thou shalt not kill, and isn't it bloody enough?
Fuck it, we are the soldiers in the rucket rough
[Chorus][Bizzy Bone]Call up my uncle let me cop that fuckin Mary J
We been out here grindin steadily climbin each and every day
Motherfucker don't test me come and arrest me, show me how we play
Figure with the spirit, fight you back like I was anime
Quick to have a baby sick as fuck and jump right on the stage
Comin up out that limo pockets swollen payin attention to everything I say
Open up the mind with a prayer, as I worship the Lord Jesus
The Dragon Slayer say verily, verily I'm reborn
Tarnished and torn, burnin up and I'm feelin scorned

It's gettin warm, I'm finna go turn it up, huh, end of story
Prophets and saints so harken with baby Michael's up in the buildin
Jesus Christ is yo' pavilion, I'm a thug, I'm in the buildin
[Chorus - repeat 2X]

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