

I Heard (feat. Dae Dae)

Kap G

Yeah, ah, yeah

Yeah, uh, uh, yeah I heard they was talkin' shit about me, yeah, fuck 'em though

I ain't really pressed, I got shooters everywhere I know

You know they can't stop it, you know we gon' pop shit

Couple racks in my pocket, you know they can't stop it, yeah

I can't even lie, man, yeah, I been broke before

Buy my bitch some Gucci, open toe and she emotional

You know they can't stop it, you know we some bosses

Lay the bricks like some houses, we came up from the losses

Yo, what you know 'bout struggles? Yeah

What you know 'bout hustle? Yeah

Big boss like Russel, yeah

Bust it down, no shuttle, yeah

First I got off my mama couch

Then I went bought my mom a house

Then I went to your daughter house

Kill that pussy like slaughter house, yeah

I done been through so much shit, don't know how to lose

I just might go and meet the plug up in Honolulu

First I got that check, they be talkin' out they neck

Swear I got play like chess 'cause I'ma win with no regrets, yeah

Quit all that cappin', we ain't havin' it, man

Shout out to trouble, who reppin' it, man

I got shooters who gon' splatter your brain

Got a bitch from who be, who be servin' the wings

Yeah, I got Royce with me

Yeah, Royce, Royce with me

Yeah, I buy more Fendi

Yeah, all these foreigns with me

I heard they was talkin' shit about me, yeah, fuck 'em though

I ain't really pressed, I got shooters everywhere I know

You know they can't stop it, you know we gon' pop shit

Couple racks in my pocket, you know they can't stop it, yeah

I can't even lie, man, yeah, I been broke before

Buy my bitch some Gucci, open toe and she emotional

You know they can't stop it, you know we some bosses

Lay the bricks like some houses, we came up from the losses Know I took a couple losses

Trappin' hard in apartments

Got the game from the OGs

Couple lame niggas showed me
Got to keep them same niggas round me
A couple chains, not too much bling
They ain't down with this Cuban links
No way I'm lyin', you can Google me
Might be fine but what you gon' do for me?
You might be a dime but you slackin' 3
Hard times back in '03
My last time I had to pack and leave
Still grindin', me and Kap G
You gon' shine, just keep on pushin'
Caught 'em by surprise with this one
Hope when I die, I be real one
Got to multiply when you get it
Look in his eyes so you can feel me
I know you gon' ride with the king
I know you gon' slide with the stick
You know I was a proper king
Know I was a doctor with them bricks
You know I had to ask 'em on them streets
Had to pack it, watch 'em holdin' me
Glock is on me 'cause I heard they was talkin' shit about me, yeah, fuck 'em though
I ain't really pressed, I got shooters everywhere I know
You know they can't stop it, you know we gon' pop shit
Couple racks in my pocket, you know they can't stop it, yeah
I can't even lie, man, yeah, I been broke before
Buy my bitch some Gucci, open toe and she emotional
You know they can't stop it, you know we some bosses
Lay the bricks like some houses, we came up from the losses
Talkin' shit, fuck 'em though
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>