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'? BitchSmoke 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 fightIn 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 bossBiggest, 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 doneLegally 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 crunkI 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 killerI 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 killerDamn 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 downI'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 carWeak 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 bluntHate 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 whipHoly 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 shitI 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 killerI know you strapped but you cowards like to play hard
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