

# I Know (feat. Rich Homie Quan)

Yo Gotti

I know I know I know  
I know I know I know (What you know Quan?)  
You ain't that nigga you say you is (Well how you know though?)  
Just know that I know I know I know (Okay!)  
Them streets, they fuck with me strong  
And them bitches gon fuck just because money long  
You know that I know I know I know  
Well you know that I know it I know it I know You a fuck nigga and it ain't a secret  
I'm so official they can referee it (they know I am)  
Black gun, white work, I got jungle fever  
28 on the scale, all I drop is ether (Rich Homie)  
Get money, break bread, gotta feed your people  
Every day like thanksgiving, everybody eating  
I put work in the hood, let my homies grind  
I do what I do to see my niggas shine  
I know what I know and man that's all I know  
I take 63 grams and try to make a four  
That's a couple ounces if I get it right  
Wanna see my homies rich cuz nigga this the life  
I know  
I know that you ain't that nigga you claim to be  
Despite how much money I make this shit ain't changing me  
I know I know I know a lot of these niggas, they lame to me  
I'm blown, I smoke what I rolled The same nigga that I came in with (Rich Homie baby)  
I'm on the west coast in a low rider  
4 bitches tryna leave with me  
Ain't enough room and I don't know yall  
I'm high as fuck, you a low pie  
I got a pharmacy ho for them narcotics  
Put a potato on it make it shoot silent  
Fuck wrong with you? you profiling  
I done made a million and I didn't go to college (Fuck you mean)  
And all my niggas locked for some work, best believe he goin silent  
He don't know nobody, can't trust nobody but yo self  
So believe me when I tell you that I know about it  
When I asked yo ho about it she said me and Yo Gotti  
The realest niggas left and I told that bitch  
I wanna see my homies rich forever  
I know some secrets, I'll never tell em  
I got some birds but I'd never mail em  
You in love with Instagram hoes and you ain't never met em  
Pocket full of money, boy I know the feeling

I know that niggas hatin' that's why I lost the civic  
And the drophead, of the 71 cutlass on 8's  
And my wife beater on, with my hat to the back started from the bottom like Drake  
But I'm with the same old niggas that I started with  
Same young niggas I was robbing with  
And if these niggas have a problem with  
Got them automatic pistols no revolver shit (Bang!)  
And I know niggas sell they soul, go against they guy  
Fuck niggas, playin like they real, living in disguise  
Homie what you know?

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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