

Let'em Know (feat. Steakknife & D. Jones)

Rehab

Hey you guys
Hey you guys Chic-a chic-a dobe dobe dobe dobe
All the children went to heaven
Won't be back 'til ten after eleven
Are you ready (ready)
Are you ready (ready) First there was the weed sack, coppin' and chillin'
Then came the cocaine, robbin' and stealin' (stealin')
I said I dropped more pounds than maternity wards
And got the gold chain from the gudda awards Yup!
We like that trunk knockin'
Roll by them ladies jockin'
We blazin up the bad
We got them baggies in our pockets
Y'all know we drinkin somethin'
We know your thinkin somethin'
Makin your windows rattle
Turn the corner hear me comin'
[Hook] Let'em know that you ain't nothing to be messed with
Bring the fire every time get that money don't quit
Grind off shine off make it happen
Get it get it
Lives large come hard If you gonna spit it, spit it
(Repeat hook)
I rocked the living room the first day I started walkin'
Was rhymin spittin flames the first day I started talkin'
Had the class and the teacher bouncin in kindergarten
Then I slapped her on her ass she said I beg your pardon
I said get get get get get it girl
One of these days I'm gonna rock the world
Just give me a crayon and give me an A on
Everything I do with a ground to play on We're on a whole nother, no love for under covers
I had you suckered since I busted out my father's rubber
Give me ball caps and sneakers, fresh in some jeans and t-shirt
Still got them children dance, lookin' like they havin' seizures [Hook]
Kiss my acrobat my soda crack my B-u-t-t-y booty whack
Yo ma', yo pa, yo gritty granny with her hose in a panty
And a big behind like Frankenstein rock the beat down Sesame Street
It's your turn know let's get it on
Rock that thing 'til the break of dawn
Ya-ha-hi ya-ha-yi Ya-ha-hi ya-ha-yi
Ya-ha-hi ya-ha-yi Ya-ha-hi ya-ha-yi
Ya-ha-hi ya-ha-yi Ya-ha-hi ya-ha-yi

Ya-ha-hi ya-ha-yi
[Hook]

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>