

Betta Kno It

Doe B

I'm a yung nigga gettin' money (betta kno it)
Bank roll full of all the hundid (betta kno it)
Watch cost a car, I ain't frontin' (betta kno it)
I'mma walk like a star, that's a nothin' (betta kno it)
Brand new Yama with the honeys (betta kno it)
That nigga J talking marijuana (betta kno it)
Sparkles on the bottle, keep it coming (betta kno it)
Blow a hundid thousand, ain't nothin' (betta kno it)
I'm a dead man walkin'

Cause I keep a lot of dead presidents on me
I ain't rich, homie, but I'm gettin' rich, homie
It's hand on me, AMG kid, homie
Your wilf should have been foreign
Your bitch ain't shud, should have been foreign
She like girls, I like girls, we got a lot in common
She only fock wid me cause I get a lot of money

But if you got it, ain't trick me
Lil' nigga, I got it, I ain't trippin'
One show, get it back, thirty minutes
Do a show, blow the rest, thirty minutes
Fuck 'em wid the big Buddha wholes
In the strip club, throwing money to her clothes
Pure link, wear my collar, I'm a big dawg
Nigga, Wizzy Lucianos, what the fucl are those?

I'mma take a trip at the Mexico
Tell Pablo I'm off on sellin' dough
I'mma pour (???) can't catch a cold
And I'm iced up like an eskimo
Real diamonds on my reeza, look!
Did this type of shit and did yo' bitch too
Thousand dollar frame D cutter, yeah!
And if he do the same he a hunter too
I'm a yung nigga gettin' money (betta kno it)
Bank roll full of all the hundid (betta kno it)
Watch cost a car, I ain't frontin' (betta kno it)
I'mma walk, and a star, that's a number (betta kno it)
Brand new Yama with the honeys (betta kno it)
That nigga J talking marijuana (betta kno it)
Sparkles on the bottle, keep it coming (betta kno it)
Blow a hundid thousand, ain't nothin' (betta kno it)
I'mma yung nigga with a check
I'mma yung nigga with respect

A heart can't leave a pussy wet
Shoot this bitch up like the rent
For 0's in his back like an outtie
Whole brick on your head, that's a bounty
My nigga won't spend a night in the county
Keep a fine low like Jenny Copry
Self made nigga, no coats on
Fit the racks on the AP, no doubt
Ain; t front a baby, don't goes right
Cause the plod blow the rags like an old lyme
Get the fucking wid the yellow like a legga, nigga
The Nelson Mangella, I ain't bassin' nigga

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