

# Know What I'm Doin' (feat. Rick Ross & T-Pain)

## Birdman & Lil Wayne

Know What I'm Doin' (feat.  
Rick Ross, T-Pain) [- T-Pain - 2X] Yeah (I got the shoes wit' the matchin' fit check)  
Yeah (I got them jewels lookin' phat around my neck)  
Yeah (Take a picture) Click click (Take a picture) click click (Check me out!) Yeah I know what  
I'm doin' Started wit' a nick then I seen a hundred bricks  
Started on a corner now a nigga 106 Heroin ain't quiet nah you can't quiet mine  
I got the whole dirty south in line buyin' mine  
You know I gotta shine you just bezzle yours  
I Fifty-carat mine I'm fuckin' several whores  
When you hear the (brrrr) you know I got the sack'  
Cause when I hit the (brrrr) he always got the packs  
M-I-Yayo I'm gettin' cake hoe  
If you don't love Cash Money you can stay broke  
Fifty on the chain twenty for the piece  
A grand for the bitch the whip is not a lease  
You know I'm stuntin' hard Phantom in the front yard  
Put Ross on the front just to front hard  
Cash Money money comin' on freight liners  
Cash Money got me buyin' these great diamonds [- T-Pain - 2X] We got the swine wit' the suede  
on top  
The money keep a-comin' nigga peep the droptops  
The white keep cookin' and the beige raw rock  
And we flip the whole bird mama cookin' out the pots  
Keep the tool in my hand 'cause we get it 'round the clock  
Untangle few knots but we still flood the blocks  
Them niggas poppin' shit but they know we stay cocked  
And if they ever play wit' me I'm gettin' another tear drop 250 on the grill spent the same on the  
watch  
Them hoes see us winnin' so you know they gon' flock  
I bought another island wit' them foreign head lights  
I scored a hundred birds and they flew the same night  
Them laws keep a-watchin' so we shinin' so bright  
Got the tags on the windows and them brand new bikes  
Big Money Heavyweight nigga that's my life  
Neighborhood superstars got the candy on the whips and the bike nigga [- T-Pain - 2X] Started  
wit' some hubbers 12 years old  
Man I swear to God I was 12 years old  
My mama didn't know and Stunna ain't know 'bout it'  
Til the day I got shot they found some money in my pocket  
Yeah...

I know a nigga named Big Rufus that'll break ya off  
Them niggas runnin' up the terminal we takin' off  
They say that money turn a model bitch into a dog  
And I got a couple Eva Pigfords in my backyard  
Nigga I mack hard bitch I'm a bad boy  
Fuck a security guard I turn 'em into track stars  
You know my name baby that's Weezy Fuckin' Baby  
And if that nigga hatin' on ya then fuck him baby  
I tell 'em fuck 'em girl 18 inch windows in my crib you'll see the whole world  
Bitch what you tryna do?  
I haven't spent a check yet off The Carter 2 I am that fuckin' dude now who the fuck are you?[-  
T-Pain - 2X]

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>