

You Know

Montana of 300 & Talley Of 300

[Hook: Montana of 300]

You know the bad bitches want me
You know you pussy boys don't want beef
You know I keep the forty on me
Yeah you know about me, yeah bitch you know about me
You know the bad bitches want me
You know you pussy boys don't want beef
You know I keep the forty on me
Yeah you know about me, yeah bitch you know about me

[Verse 1: Montana of 300]

Rapgod on my fly shit, I feel like a pilot
Karate kid, bandana and some nice kicks
Keep that tool on my nuts, I ain't talking vice grips
Check out my hip, say hi to my side kick
Your bitch all on my dick, she like who you side with
Told the bitch, I'm FGE and that is who I ride with
Married to that money, no I don't need no side bitch
I don't twitter beef, I just [gun sound], moment of silence
Moved weight like a dolly, with itchy beside me
Shout out my mommy cause that's who designed me
I'm praying for her, while she beam up the Scotty
This rap shit and talking to god is my hobby
Yeah I know he got me, you know I got bodies
You get out your body, you gonna get bodied
And you know the shotty got kick like karate
No acting I call that bitch Mr. Miyagi
So fuck nigga try me, get wet like tsunamis
A thorn in your ass, boy I'm wilder than Donnie
And shout out to Talley, been rocking with Broski since day one
I feel like we Chucky and Tommy
Yeah that's my nigga like Apollo and Rocky
These label can't buy me and can't make a copy
Flow colder than Hockey, the greatest like Ali
I'm coming, I came from the dirt like a zombie
SQUAD

[Hook: Montana of 300]

You know the bad bitches want me
You know you pussy boys don't want beef

You know I get the forty on me
Yeah you know about me, yeah bitch you know about me
You know the bad bitches want me
You know you pussy boys don't want beef
You know I get the forty on me
Yeah you know about me, yeah bitch you know about me

[Verse 2: Talley of 300]

Fill up his ass, possess a lil bitch too much swag for these hoes
Pluto Nash, [?] pimping and working I'm bagging these hoes
Like grocery lines, but they don't get a dime in minimal time
No game, I'm scoring, niggas mad cause they just sit on the line
Talking bout nothing, I come to the checks, we just cuttin' and back to that money
No joke but you niggas is funny
Hate that we shine 'til it's the opposite of sunny
You don't wanna stand in that rain, [ahead to the hell?]
Lord only knows but won't tell
No need for bail cause I never see the cell
Beef you don't want it, better sleep on it
Where's my wake in the morning
I serve you a rest of your head, feed you this leg
Breakfast in bed, DOA, not left for dead
Fuck para meds, not just a pat in your head
It's just like a cramp in your leg
If you not prepared then, lord bless the dead
You know what the deal is bih
And you know that we drillin' shit
End what you thought and fuck what ya heard
Pussy nigga hear this clip
And your bitch wanna feel this dick
She know I ain't with the feeling shit
She know I'm a dog, know I burry bone
She gon' let me dig this ditch

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