

Lyrics: I Know It By Rich Gang

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(I know it)
What you know Quan?
(I know it)
Say what?
(I know it)
Hey!
Walked in with a new bitch
Tell me got a nigga mad but I know it
Fucked a baby mama on the first time know it
Got mad, I could see it in his eyes, I know it
Fucked his baby mama on the floor
He lucky I even used a condom
Wait, I even hit her in front of your children
Stupid nigga! I'm lying
Bitch got mad cause I bought a Louis V
Spent all this money on myself
Where were you when I needed help?
Nowhere to be found
But shawty a rebound, praying that she meet him
I'm draped up, Louis V's on my ear, so
I can't hear what you saying right now
My weed too loud and I know it (what?)
I can't hear what you saying right now
Louis V earmuffs and I know it (woo!)
I ain't going to a funeral
But a nigga dead fresh, hell yeah I know it (Rich Homie!)
Love to fuck another nigga's bitch, make him mad
I don't give a damn, nigga I know it
Whole lot of money on me, I know it
Lot of niggas hating on me, I know it
Quan fucking her too, yeah I know it
And you can't tell me shit bout me, I know it
I done ran through the bitches, nigga I know it
Handful of bitches, fuck em, outdoors
I'm the man nigga, yeah, I know it
Yeah, I know it
Walked in with all my niggas, fuck nigga got mad and I know it

Green light ho, better know she going
And you ain't got to tell me, nigga I know it
The freshest nigga in this motherfucker, right now, yeah
I don't like tellin hoes no, I wait tell her, yeah
I do what I can, make her say yeah
I can't help that I'm a motherfucking player
Money stacked up so high Himalayas
Imma leave it weighing on a scale
Everybody in my ear, therefore
I know a bitch with about six children
Baby bottle full, no titty
20 chains on, no Tity
F your baby mama, no Fendi
Stay at home, baby girl if you timid
Do my thang on the stage
I ain't going broke, naw baby I ain't Eddie Griffen
(too much money right now)
I'm a shooting star baby girl go ahead and make your wishes
When the kids in town, tell em never ever use daddy's dishes
Imma catch a nigga bitch and make her do the sixty nine
If y'all can't see it, boy you must be blind
I know it
I know it
I know, I know
I know it
I know it
I know, I know, I know
I know it, I know it
I know it
I know, I know
I know it
3 words, Rich Homie Baby

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