

# Who Knew

## Lil Dicky

I like to play it cool like I'm not that  
On the low, who'd assume that I got that  
I don't know, but the dude with the tall frappe  
Looking all aloof being all that  
Even Babe Ruth wouldn't call that  
I don't even sweat it though  
They been hesitant as if my credit low  
And shit'll hit them quicker than an edible  
I'm 'bout to run for Senate ho, you ain't even centerfold  
Been on top of cheese, I ain't talking 'bout oregano  
I'm talking 'bout your cheddar homie, revel in that  
I'll hit a college and I'm fucked, like I'm pledging a frat  
They 'bout to silhouette my nuts on American flags  
Estoy contento, muy estupendo  
Better hearse word to rent-a-car, Dicky Tony K  
Y'all the Le Batard speaking to you lames, that's a seminar  
I'm straight like a pleasant bar, ain't nobody ready for my repertoire  
I wasn't getting credit like a debit card  
But never mind, had to give them time to adapt  
I'm kind of like a rap rendition of a fry in a wrap  
Just try it as that  
You rappers Rebel Wilson's vagina, you stank!  
I take it back, I don't know that ho  
And bro they used to  
Look around the boy, wouldn't raised they head  
Now they looking at the boy like the main event  
He don't even got a rap sheet, looking like a mathlete  
How the fuck is he the one that come in with the crack  
We like "Who knew, who knew?"  
Used to look at me like "who you, who you?"  
Now they look at me like "Who knew, who knew?"  
Now it's Dicky with this, who knew, who knew?  
Now they look at me like  
I am hip hop's Heisenberg  
Young boy got dough for a quiet nerd  
I am rap game, Walter White  
You might get killed thinking that he all polite  
Buzz around the city, coming out of Philly  
I'm about to get a milli, being me that's word to milli  
I'm looking super silly, but cooking like at Chili's  
You look at me like "Really?" but I look at you like "Who that?"  
Oh you new here, I'm the bomb  
Ok I'm LeBron, ok I'm the one  
Ok all that shit confusing that's a quandry

What you call a pussy with a movement, that's a Ghandi  
 I'm tryna get better but science preventing  
 Because I'm undeniably clever, the highest of levels  
 I'm high in a sweater but rhyming like I'm lying in pepper  
 Don't mind the endeavor, I bet I do better than veterans  
 Cheddaring, let him on Letterman  
 Get him on L and I'm on, boy  
 I think I need a therapist the way I get in my dome  
 Doing D like they was Syracuse, when they  
 up in they zone  
 Used to load it on chrome, now I really ball  
 Living like a fucking letter man, never mailing the  
 song  
 Though the dime flow rubbing combos in Tom's shoes  
 With blonde hoes getting Peyton like the Broncos  
 I'm on ho, vanilla looking but the rest of y'all  
 the John Does  
 It's pretty odd bro, cause they used to  
 Look around the boy, wouldn't raised they head  
 Now they looking at the boy like the main event  
 He don't even got a rap sheet, looking like a  
 mathlete  
 How the fuck is he the one that come in with the crack  
 We like "Who knew, who knew?"  
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 Now they look at me like  
 I am hip hop's Heisenberg  
 Young boy got dough for a quiet nerd  
 I am rap game, Walter White  
 You might get killed thinking that he all polite  
 Get up off my dick, ho  
 That's an unassuming dick, though  
 Get up off my dick, ho  
 That's an unassuming dick, though  
 ("Who knew, who knew?"  
 Used to look at me like "Who you, who you?"  
 Get up off my dick, ho  
 That's an unassuming dick, though  
 (Now they look at me like "Who knew, who knew?"  
 Now it's Dicky with this, who knew, who knew?)  
 Get up off my dick, ho  
 That's an unassuming dick, though

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>