

# You Ain't Know

## Birdman & Lil Wayne

Yeah, I got a lot of loot and I ain't lookin' for a lady  
And you could never pay me I'm from uptown baby  
I wake up in the mornin', take a piss and wash my hands  
Take a knee and thank the Man, then get back to the money You ain't know, I gotta go  
Oh, where you goin'? I gotta get back to the money  
You ain't know, I gotta go  
Oh, where you goin'? I gotta get back to the money, to the money Nigga I ain't got a money  
printer  
So for this paper chase I'm out runnin' sprinters  
Yes, the last two cash money members  
Shout out to the new cash money members Baby and Slim still point guard and center  
So much money on my mind it's all I remember  
And I just bought a gun with a extender  
And that bitch hold me up like suspenders  
Cut like a blender sharper than a bitch  
They got so many pussy niggaz I can make a list  
Niggaz wonder why I stress that I am the best  
'Cause even bobble heads tell me yes, ha Put it on the hood, I'm Hollygrove to death  
I'm already good, I'm workin' on my left  
A jungle on my wrist, a circus on my neck  
Don't forget the baby no, don't forget the F You ain't know, I gotta go  
Oh, where you goin'? I gotta get back to the money  
You ain't know, I gotta go  
Oh, where you goin'? I gotta get back to the money You ain't know, I gotta go  
Oh, where you goin'? I gotta get back to the money  
You ain't know, I gotta go  
Oh, where you goin'? I gotta get back to the money, to the money  
Brush the platinum, grab the straps, homie make it happen  
Comin' through my neighborhood with 4's on the caddy  
Limo tints out the pound and uptown crackin'  
Red bandanna duckin' feds and the money stackin' Rest in peace to Miss Gladys like everyday  
We on the grind for the shine and we gon' get paid  
Spent a mill' on the wheels custom with the navi'  
Two of the same whips we doin' it big livin' lavish This is a Scott storch and I'm a hot torch  
And gettin' money is my sport  
And understand the rap game is my court  
So I shall walk and come forth like a rock port Or some sort of matchin' slippers or yacht shoes  
See I don't cruise control I control the cruise  
Yes, I gets throat on a boat  
And I vow to never fall like soap on a rope and I got a lot of loot and I ain't lookin' for a lady  
And you can never pay me I'm from uptown baby  
I wake up in the mornin' take a piss and wash my hands

Take a knee and thank the Man then get back to the money  
You ain't know, I gotta go  
Oh, where you goin'? I gotta get back to the money  
You ain't know, I gotta go  
Oh, where you goin'? I gotta get back to the money  
You ain't know, I gotta go  
Oh, where you goin'? I gotta get back to the money, to the money  
Fresh with the hustle so we  
bounce back on them suckers  
Blowin' big, doin' gigs, got it ran in hundreds  
They reppin', layin' here we stuntin'  
On the grind all the time homie gettin' money  
3rd Ward soldier, 13th gangsta  
17th hustler known top ranker  
Money go getter, them clowns can't figure  
Poppin' at the mouth like this cutter won't split 'em  
Know how to survive hustlin' stayin' fly  
My whole hood cried when my lil' brother died  
Know I had to ride, never let it slide  
It's just the G in me and I'ma get it 'til I die daddy  
You ain't know, I gotta go  
Oh, where you goin'? I gotta get back to the money  
You ain't know, I gotta go  
Oh, where you goin'? I gotta get back to the money  
You ain't know, I gotta go  
Oh, where you goin'? I gotta get back to the money  
You ain't know, I gotta go  
Oh, where you goin'? I gotta get back to the money, to the money  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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