

# I Heard (feat. Dae Dae)

Kap G

Yeah, ah, yeah  
Yeah, uh, uh, yeah I heard they was talkin' shit about me, yeah, fuck 'em though  
I ain't really pressed, I got shooters everywhere I know  
You know they can't stop it, you know we gon' pop shit  
Couple racks in my pocket, you know they can't stop it, yeah  
I can't even lie, man, yeah, I been broke before  
Buy my bitch some Gucci, open toe and she emotional  
You know they can't stop it, you know we some bosses  
Lay the bricks like some houses, we came up from the losses  
Yo, what you know 'bout struggles? Yeah  
What you know 'bout hustle? Yeah  
Big boss like Russel, yeah  
Bust it down, no shuttle, yeah  
First I got off my mama couch  
Then I went bought my mom a house  
Then I went to your daughter house  
Kill that pussy like slaughter house, yeah  
I done been through so much shit, don't know how to lose  
I just might go and meet the plug up in Honolulu  
First I got that check, they be talkin' out they neck  
Swear I got play like chess 'cause I'ma win with no regrets, yeah  
Quit all that cappin', we ain't havin' it, man  
Shout out to trouble, who reppin' it, man  
I got shooters who gon' splatter your brain  
Got a bitch from who be, who be servin' the wings  
Yeah, I got Royce with me  
Yeah, Royce, Royce with me  
Yeah, I buy more Fendi  
Yeah, all these foreigners with me  
I heard they was talkin' shit about me, yeah, fuck 'em though  
I ain't really pressed, I got shooters everywhere I know  
You know they can't stop it, you know we gon' pop shit  
Couple racks in my pocket, you know they can't stop it, yeah  
I can't even lie, man, yeah, I been broke before  
Buy my bitch some Gucci, open toe and she emotional  
You know they can't stop it, you know we some bosses  
Lay the bricks like some houses, we came up from the losses Know I took a couple losses  
Trappin' hard in apartments  
Got the game from the OGs  
Couple lame niggas showed me  
Got to keep them same niggas round me  
A couple chains, not too much bling

They ain't down with this Cuban links  
No way I'm lyin', you can Google me  
Might be fine but what you gon' do for me?  
You might be a dime but you slackin' 3  
Hard times back in '03  
My last time I had to pack and leave  
Still grindin', me and Kap G  
You gon' shine, just keep on pushin'  
Caught 'em by surprise with this one  
Hope when I die, I be real one  
Got to multiply when you get it  
Look in his eyes so you can feel me  
I know you gon' ride with the king  
I know you gon' slide with the stick  
You know I was a proper king  
Know I was a doctor with them bricks  
You know I had to ask 'em on them streets  
Had to pack it, watch 'em holdin' me  
Glock is on me 'cause I heard they was talkin' shit about me, yeah, fuck 'em though  
I ain't really pressed, I got shooters everywhere I know  
You know they can't stop it, you know we gon' pop shit  
Couple racks in my pocket, you know they can't stop it, yeah  
I can't even lie, man, yeah, I been broke before  
Buy my bitch some Gucci, open toe and she emotional  
You know they can't stop it, you know we some bosses  
Lay the bricks like some houses, we came up from the losses Talkin' shit, fuck 'em though  
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