

If They Knew (feat. K. Michelle)

Rick Ross

This is so all bad, nothin' good can come from this
Sweet but sad, I don't know love ruins a relationship
It will never last but it feels so good, guess I gotta deal with it
This is so all bad, this is so all bad
Got me messin' 'round with you
You got me messin' 'round with you
Out here messin' 'round with you
What you gon' say? What you gon' do?
Baby if they knew?
I'm a G, she say the pain runs deep
But she can't run from me
I'm in these streets with the killers, thugs, and drug dealers
100 mil' plus, in trucks with no ceilings
Fuck who don't feel it, I'm feelin' like I'm the realest
Biggest boss in the business and really that's to infinite
What we doin' wrong but it feels right
Can't discuss what we did the whole night
Won't be the last time, on my cash line
Duffel bags so accountant is the past time
And for the last time, I'm not a bad guy
I just like what I like, now shorty act right
Small waist, red weaves
Black car, keep it flyer than them Red Wings
Nightmares, day dreams
She the one, listen how she say things
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What you gon' say? What you gon' do?
Baby if they knew? She in love with the life, champagne and all the light
Chanel sneakers and scarves, I want you to be my wife
We can run around the world and tuck with no fear
G4, G5, whole team here
Call ourselves friends, but we holdin' hands
Got alot of questions, am I a controllin' man?
I run the streets but I'm well known in Japan
As a G, a boss, the money coming fast
She from a lovin' home, I'm from a troubled home

One bedroom, didn't have a telephone
Now I'm on the corner, time to get my hustle on
Women recognize, and now I got a couple of 'em
Speedin' in the Beemer then I got a Range
She not a side chick, she all in my lane
She a quiet chick, may let her see some things
I'm catchin' feelin's for her, she take away the pain
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from this

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What you gon' say? What you gon' do?
Baby if they knew? Life amazin', wake up in new places
Big faces stuffed in suitcases
Played the hand I was dealt, few aces
Now the bedroom suite is too spacious
Niggas wanna kill me but I put 'em on pause
Broke motherfuckers better bow to the boss
I'm gettin' high, I'm above the law
Gettin' down and dirty, makin' love to her
Please believe in niggas that's still schemin'
But the ghost that floats the 4 Seasons
To love me baby is too easy
But what I need you to do is just believe me
She got the Range Rover, I was cool with it
Been the land, cruisin' girl I went to school in it
Green Goyard bag, it got the tool in it
Everytime we fuck I act a fool in it
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