

Won't Understand

Jackboy

Pipe that shit up, TNT
D-Mac on the fuckin' track I'll tell you bout my life
But you'll probably woun't understand We was scared to leave the house
Without our pipes even tho we don't fear no man
And a problem we ain't tryna fight
Tryna put you in the scene
Send you where we sent your man
Fuck doing your dead ass friend
Fuck you and your dead ass partners
Toat' in brooms like Harry Potter
Can't ??? money did ain't pay no dollar
Money stuck in the name of love
Money stuck in the puddle of blood
Chopper started jumping head to moon walking like MJ would
Ain't nuthin' changed I'm in my lamb
With the stick jumpin' out the hood
Ain't nothin' change if I'm with the fame (I wish a nigga would)
Mama taught me don't play with my food
Thanking mama I over stood
Get ready on that beat and I ain't tell I got food
Pretty nigga gon' claim that beat
Well Jackboy claim no play
I don't need no Kryptonite, big .40 knock off superman cape
Me and ??? superman fake
Go cap put his ass, put his ass to the face
Talk about gunning in a broad day In the field moves ??? LJ
Stick with the ???
What a fuck Jack 9 need a rollie
Fuck dat get his ass for the loot
Dropping heat doing night in the booth
Chop spit like ??? zoo
When it hit night on the parole
Get sick fuck around with ???
Talking with the hoes, put on your moves
Put a new bitch on the news
Stop when you ???
Stop on your hand with our shoes
With two of us it get surgical
The pretty candy is lyrical
Fuck nigga make this lyrical
Go with the drum it's a musical
Go make his go 'Aye he go'

I can make his lineup look dummy tho
I'll tell you bout my life
But you'll probably woun't understand
We was scared to leave the house
Without our pipes even tho we don't fear no man
And a problem we ain't tryna fight tryna put you in the scene
Send you where we sent your man
Fuck doing your dead ass friend
Fuck you and your dead ass partners
Toat' in brooms like Harry Potter
Can't ??? money did ain't pay no dollar
Money stuck in the name of love
Money stuck in the puddle of blood
Chopper started jumping head to moon walking like MJ would
Ain't nothin' changed I'm in my lamb
With the stick jumpin' out the hood
Ain't nothin' change if I'm with the fame (I wish a nigga would)
Mama taught me don't play with my food
Thanking mama I over stood
Get ready on that beat and I ain't tell I got food I'll tell you bout my life
But you'll probably woun't understand
Ain't nothing change if I'm with the fame
I wish a nigga would I'll tell you bout my life
But you'll probably woun't understand
We was scared to leave the house
Without our pipes even tho we don't fear no man
And a problem we ain't tryna fight tryna put you in the scene
Send you where we sent your man
Fuck doing your dead ass friend
Fuck you and your dead ass partners
Toat' in brooms like Harry Potter
Can't ??? money did ain't pay no dollar
Money stuck in the name of love
Money stuck in the puddle of blood
Chopper started jumping head to moon walking like MJ would
Ain't nothin' changed I'm in my lamb
With the stick jumpin' out the hood
Ain't nothin' change if I'm with the fame (I wish a nigga would)
Mama taught me don't play with my food
Thanking mama I over stood
Get ready on that beat and I ain't tell I got food

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>