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 HeisenbergYoung boy got dough for a quiet nerdI am rap game, Walter WhiteYou 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 domeDoing D like they was Syracuse, when they up in they zone
Used to load it on chrome, now I really ballLiving like a fucking letter man, never mailing the songThough the dime flow rubbing combos in Tom's shoes
With blonde hoes getting Peyton like the BroncosI'm on ho, vanilla looking but the rest of y'all the John Does
It's pretty odd bro, cause they used toLook around the boy, wouldn't raised they head
Now they looking at the boy like the main eventHe 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 HeisenbergYoung boy got dough for a quiet nerd
I am rap game, Walter White
You might get killed thinking that he all politeGet 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
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