

# You Don't Know Me

Black Rob

You have never seen my face before  
You don't know me, oh, no  
You will never see my face again  
You don't know me, oh, no

You've never seen the gloves of an Uptown thug  
You say I move drugs 'cuz my shit is unplugged  
Everywhere I go, results hound our love  
Black unbless them like the heavens up above  
Catch me in the new wave cab with ten bags and Etro  
The shit you growin' is H2O  
Got beef so I'm taking it slow, making it grow  
Right now my main concern is making it blow  
Guns and ammo, man, yo, you got's to understand, yo

I'm not the one that hit them with the banjo  
Here y'all is, bringing my fingerprints  
Up in them cameras and shit like I fucked a singing bitch out  
Ask her if she seen my face  
Right, look, I was out of town getting cake  
With Moore and Little Shake  
Wasn't even out here in New York State  
Trying to play me like a goat, like my name was Scape  
Now you mad, son

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Called a nigga sleepin', outside creepin'  
We out in Mexico, for a fun-filled weekend  
At least I thought I was, they had the whole place barred  
Still thinkin' I sold drugs, ice 'em up, kick the door in, I find Satan  
From up top, bullets soaring, but I fake 'em  
I'm hard to hit, Spanish speaking chick that constantly  
And Mafia connections, chopping niggas, it's hard to get

Hit me with the 411, and the gun  
Envelope, and transfered funds from Big Pun  
Conversation, job well done  
This shit is lifestyle now, shit, I do it all for fun  
Rippin' the frames, got at least 20 different names  
Know at least 20 different games with different lames  
Not to mention liftin' Lane's credit cards and passports  
Slayin' and flat on asphalt, still, y'all don't know

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I'm in the cell now, it's hell now, all stuffy  
Seven numbers, told Harve to call Puffy  
Say they got his man locked down in sick town  
Gotta get him out, not now but right now  
Catch him when they shift him when they open the yard  
Hurry up, before these six rounds smokin' the guard  
On the humble, I'ma just lay up for y'all to come through  
Create a diversion, me, I start a rumble

Holdin' me, they ain't even take my flip  
Got on Simmy's, they ain't even take my shit  
Got my jewels, lend 'em right, them a be fools  
On the sneak out, the peek out, had two left shoes  
I'ma freak 'em, through the front gate, on administrations  
Only a dust of dust, the wind, still north facin'  
Straight up out a crystal face, like I'm Jason  
Only a dust of dust, the wind, still north facin', you late

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