

You Don't Know

Seasick Steve

When you see me walking down the street
And you think you got me wrapped up neat
I know you don't get it
I see you don't get it
You don't know shit

Well your prejudice and your blind
So opinionated out of time
So smug there you sit
Oh yeah there you sit
But you don't know shit

S-H-I-T
S-H- You don't know
S-H-I-T
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S-H-I-T
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You don't know shit