

Total F/ Missy Elliott, Timbaland

"I Know You"

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[Boots] E, look man look
[E-Roc] Yeah wassup man
[B] It's that cop man, the one that sent my potna to the hospital
Hey pull over, come on
[E] Coup let's with this hamhock motherfucker, there we go
[B] Hey pig, yeah, remember me?

Verse One: Boots

I know you motherfucker, know where you live
You're the cop that knocked in my partner Greg
Wiggins' ribs
And it wasn't in a trip cause he's not a dealer or a pimp
But now he walks with a permanent limp
And pig you make my gut crimp cause my whole family got knocked
Walcy Hawkins and her son's up in double-rock
And it don't stop to the funky beat
Till my people get together and kick you pigs off the street
I grit my teeth why can't I be like Rodney with a camcorder?
Seems we need one every time you get a court order
Or pull me over in order to check identification
I'm in the back of your car with a bruise or laceration
You're in the hood and it's one more disaster
We know you're here to protect and serve the master
Next time you roll through push the gas a little faster
I'll turn your blue suit purple, bastard
Cause

Chorus x2

I know you motherfucker
(Everywhere I turn)
I know you motherfucker
(Everywhere I turn)
I know you motherfucker
(Everywhere I turn I'm assuming the position)

Verse Two: E-Roc

I know you motherfucker, footprints in my door
On my back, on my head, through my house and once
more
You called my mother a hoe, you threw my brother in a
headlock
You did this to about six thousands on the block
Say you try to stop the rock so it makes me perspire
Hmm...but you work with a supplier
So I inquire what's your role in my elimination?
Ain't got a choir so it sure ain't one of salvation
But if I sung you a song it'd be of damnation
Cause all they do is let me sing in this damn nation
Hey hey hey, hey hey hey, how many kids have you
killed today?
Pig, now I realize our relation
Your occupation is to keep me in occupation
How many brothers have you left in a cast?
How many graves have you made in the past?
Useless! Not my task to even ask
But you'd better cease before I put a cap in your ass
Cause I know you

Chorus x2

(Now let me tell ya'll this little little story
This little piggy once came to Oaktown
See, cause this little piggy had a gun
This little piggy's gun was smoking
Cause this little piggy shot my son
This little piggy went wee wee wee all the way to hell!
Cause we stomped a mudhole in his ass, ha ha ha

Verse Three: Boots

I know you motherfucker, my face prints in your
knuckles
Hit my head back to the rear and I can hear my knees
buckle
And you chuckle...as the blow blurred my vision
You make a game trying to tame me for colonialism
The stars and bars are all you need to make a perfect
prison
No chains or fences here so you can make me think I've
risen
I'm given rations on the first and fifteenth
Just so I won't be out organizing in the street
And so I'm beaten in the court with charges trumped,
see
My eyes is swollen and my nose looks like Humpty's

But I'm not laughing cause I'll take a bath in this one
The judge is looking at me like he wants to have me
hung
I never swung, I got the dung kicked out my ass
Like O.P.D. was using me for Beat The Nigger class

(Step one, put the handcuffs on
Step two, say something like "Nigger you'll never
learn"
Step three, throw 'em on the ground
Step four, kick 'em of course)

But there's an error in your reign of terror and the end
is near
We ain't non-violent no more so get your riot gear
Stand in fear and guard your rear as we gather round
And fuck you up so much, they'll have to fuck you down
Assuming the position that you'll have to wear a bullet-
proof vest
On your vest, I suggest you change your address
Cause we know you

(x2)

We know you motherfucker
(Everywhere I turn)
We know you motherfucker
(Everywhere I turn)
We know you motherfucker
(Everywhere I turn I'm assuming the position)

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