

## **Crooked I f/ Eastwood, Eddie Griffin**

### **"I Thought You Knew"**

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[Intro: Crooked & E.G.]

Hell mothafuckin yeah!

E.G.

I bet you didnt know

I thought you knew

Yeah I bet you didnt know

Yeah, Tell 'em though

What You Thought you knew about me?

[Verse 1 - Crooked I]

Niggaz think they know me, see me in traffic

Yeah I'm Mr. Rapper,

But I'm Mr. Jacker, Mr. Youngpistolpacker

One shot should lack ya

Frag to your physical and crack ya

I shoot faster than a Toronto Raptor

And please dont judge me from the ra-di-o

Try to play me like I'm CBS, I'm HBO

I'm crazy yo, Rated R with the crazy flow

I hear the same shit every place he go

"Man Crooked only rap about money,

only rap about guns, only rap about sluts"

wrap your mouth around some nuts

We from Tha Row we dont say our shit clean

So fuck you A&R's, we carry AR-15's

You gotta reach the pages thats beneath the covers

I got a foul mouth but I respect peoples mothers

And I dont need yo punk ass police to judge us

All we need is for the streets to love us

But I bet you didnt know

[Hook]

What, What, What, What, What, What, What

Thought they knew about me

What, What, What, What, What, What, What

Thought they knew about me

[Verse 2 - Eastwood]

Me and my life, through these wicked streets

The hard times made a nigga clock his G's

From Cali to Overseas

I'm a beast, the beat chopper  
East, the heat luncher  
with an intellect my frame to cock and let it pop ya  
Can't stop the unstoppable  
Competition impossible  
I'm leavin you weanie niggaz flatline in the hospital  
Situation critical, that he say, she say  
Or get that ass done in an alley we say  
I'm a Boss Baller, On Tha Row, A Shot Caller  
E.G., Crooked I and the Wood, we slick talkers  
Uncle Curtis got some bad hoes  
And Uncle Bucky got some bad dope,  
let's put it in a mix and smoke  
The E-A-S-T-W-O-O-D  
So why they hate me, it's crazy  
Cause I came from a dysfunctional family  
My life deserves a grammy  
Coward niggaz kick rocks  
for taht ass get popped  
stomped out and dropped  
So what you thought nigga?

[Hook 2]

But you really don't  
You really don't know about me (Oh yeah, yeah)  
But you really don't  
You really don't know about me

[Verse 3 - E.G.]

You thought you knew, what you knew  
But you dont know me homie  
You thought you seen, what you saw  
But you can't see me homie  
The Fed's watchin my words  
Cause they dont like what they heard  
A black man with some knowledge  
But they got nothin on me  
I dropped the sack a long time ago  
And pit up the mic  
So got some game from uncle Bucky,  
And now I'm tight  
On the streets to the stage  
you dont know about me  
I did the same pimp game  
And now I'm readin bout it  
From the streets of KC to the CPT  
Shook up the hood and hollywood  
and now I'm on TV  
You can't see a nigga like E.G.  
I'm here to set your bitch asses free  
Here till i got it deep

Get On your knees and say please, please, please  
Like James Brown  
Even stanks in your mothafuckin draws  
Gone with jiggle on my balls  
And walk heads down the hall

[Hook]

What, What, What, What, What, What, What  
Thought they knew about me  
What, What, What, What, What, What, What  
Thought they knew about me

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