

50 Cent

"I Don't Know (Featuring Prodigy, Spider Loc, Lloyd Banks & Ma\$e)"

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[Intro: 50 Cent]

It's 50, It's the Unit, that means it's money, ha ha

[Chorus: 50 Cent]

Nah nigga I don't know, I don't know who got you
I don't know who stabbed you, I don't know who shot
you
I don't know who cut you, I don't know who robbed you
But you think I know cause you know how my squad do

[Verse 1: 50 Cent]

Nowadays niggaz snitchin so much in the street
You gotta talk to them like they the police
Nah, I don't know nothin 'bout poppin the heat
I don't know nothin 'bout settlin no beef in the streets
Nah, I don't know nothin 'bout baggin the grams
I ain't never had no spot or went hand to hand
Me, I don't know nothin 'bout takin the stand
I ain't never got a nigga ass stuck in the can
Nah, I don't know nothin 'bout dro or hash
Coke, dope, ex, dust or crystal meth
Nah, I'm just tryin to rap to get me some cash
Keep the Hip Hop Police off my ass

[Chorus: Prodigy]

Nah nigga I don't know, I don't know who got you
I don't know who stabbed you, I don't know who shot
you
I don't know who cut you, I don't know who robbed you
But you think I know cause you know how my squad do

[Verse 2: Prodigy]

Aiyyo, that's my word on the stack of bibles
I don't know who did it I don't know who responsible
All I know who spittin all I know who givin
Me all this cash, just to put down twelve to get in yo' ass
Listen, keep it far away from me
I ain't got time for sittin in the penitentiary
All I know is I'm rich, all I know is that G-Unit work
When the album drop they go bezerk
Mad video play, crazy radio spins

Number one all the time, our reign never ends
Don't point the finger at us cause somebody's shit
hangin
That had a beef with us, plus we don't know nathin

[Chorus: Spider Loc]

Nah nigga I don't know, I don't know who got you
I don't know who stabbed you, I don't know who shot
you
I don't know who cut you, I don't know who robbed you
But you think I know cause you know how my squad do

[Verse 3: Spider Loc]

I don't know nothin 'bout jumpin out splittin homeboy
head
But for real that's fucked up they say that homeboy
dead
I can't even think, who 'gon want him dead
Have no idea what type of gun they done him with
You see I hear no evil and I see no evil
Ain't tryin to talk to or hear from or see those people
And I ain't had them little homies burn up no regal
I've been tryin to do this music thang and just go legal
I don't know why my name in your female's phone
But you really startin to sound like a females homes
Don't know why they told you that we sell stones
We on the internet tryin to get our Email on

[Chorus: Lloyd Banks]

Nah nigga I don't know, I don't know who got you
I don't know who stabbed you, I don't know who shot
you
I don't know who cut you, I don't know who robbed you
But you think I know cause you know how my squad do

[Verse 4: Lloyd Banks]

Nah nigga I don't know who sent them young boys
through
To air the strip, shit just be happenin out the blue
I don't be around here, I ain't hip to the news
I don't know why that man clutchin on that shit when
you move
I don't know why that other rapper got stripped for his
jewels
You know how easy it is to get shit confused
I wasn't even in New York, I was just in the cruise
Somewhere way out in the islands with your bitch in the
cruise
Oops my bitch in the cruise, dudes get hit when they
snooze
Lose they hit from the Uz, Uz all over the street

I don't know why they said what's up I don't know who's
in that jeep
He talk about me all day but I ain't losin no sleep

[Chorus: Ma\$e]

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I don't know who stabbed you, I don't know who shot
you
I don't know who cut you, I don't know who robbed you
But you think I know cause you know how my squad do

[Verse 5: Ma\$e]

I don't know why my charm 'bout as big as your palm
And why the diamond chain I wear as 'bout as long as
your arm
You tell me, how many diamonds in my bezel
There's one for every time I had to grind up in the
ghetto
I could show you how to do it, you tired of ridin Buicks
I don't know why niggaz rap for years and can't make
hotter music
Even when, I don't do it chicks release body fluid
Body drop, shotty pop, and niggaz wanna tie me to it
I don't know why Loon and Fabby won't just say I'm they
daddy
Why these Harlem CB4 niggaz just keep comin at me
Got as many beefs as 50 and a nigga go to church
Could you imagine if my hands was on work,
I don't know

[Chorus: 50 Cent]

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