

## **Tony Yayo f/ 50 Cent, Lloyd Banks, Young Buck**

### **"I Know You Don't Love Me"**

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[Intro/Chorus: 50 Cent]

Yeah.. I know you don't love me, I know you don't love me

You ain't the same when Jay-Z's around  
I know you don't love me, I know you don't love me  
You scream and holler when Eminem's in town  
I know you don't love me, I know you don't love me  
Snoop put me up on how the hoes get down  
I know you like Nelly, like Kelly, Ludacris  
Try to run game on me you punk bitch  
I know you don't love me

[Tony Yayo]

Gators and ostrich, you know we in power  
You could see my outfit on the Discovery Channel  
I'm a stunner, my bitches train like robots  
They sniff coke, deep throat, and they hold out glocks  
It's the brick-copper, the L-sharper  
645 NASCAR driver that's known to spit lava  
I'm in Cancun, with a model in the bedroom  
Her pussy tight like an airplane bathroom  
Talk out your mouth piece, baby pah  
The baby A-R will make it hot like South Beach  
I move like, Bin Laden armed with them hammers  
in that new Jag wagon, with James Bond vagrant  
Medina all - red; mira give me - head  
Bad bitch, look like Eva Mendes  
I'm a gangsta, general, comrade nigga  
Drug money, blood money in a brown bag nigga

[Chorus: 50 Cent]

I know you don't love me, I know you don't love me  
You ain't the same whenever Banks around  
I know you don't love me, I know you don't love me  
You scream and holler whenever Usher's in town  
I know you don't love me, I know you don't love me  
See Dre put me up on how the hoes get down  
I know you like Buck and that Dirty South shit  
Try to run game on me you punk bitch  
I know you don't love me

[Young Buck]

I'm in the candy-painted Range, Cardier frame  
Six-by-nines playin so I can hear e'ry thang  
Heavy on the gas homie, hoggin up two lanes  
The navigation got me to where I'm gon' be stayin  
The trunk full of somethin that can get a nigga life  
So my seatbelt's on, and I'm stoppin at the light  
I done been to Queens before but not behind the wheel  
I'm a country nigga, ain't this many buildings where I  
live  
But the business gotta be handled so where this  
coward at?  
We leave a couple niggaz layin, bet them bitches holla  
back  
Ever since Yayo been home it's been on  
Smackin niggaz up, employers is gettin sent home  
(yeah!)  
On this battlefield, you know, it's kill or be killed  
Leavin niggaz with bulletholes and hospital bills  
This is how it is homie, La Costa Nostra  
I won't stop 'til I'm on a "Wanted" poster,  
motherfuckers

[Chorus: 50 Cent]

I know you don't love me, I know you don't love me  
You ain't the same when Lil' Jon's around  
I know you don't love me, I know you don't love me  
You scream and holler when Slim Thug's in town  
I know you don't love me, I know you don't love me  
Yeah Em put me up on how the hoes get down  
I ain't got time for a groupie ass bitch  
Try to run game and they ain't about shit  
I know you don't love me

[Lloyd Banks]

Uh-uh, yeah  
You should thank the Lord if the ray gon' getcha  
Cause the sawed-off'll microwave a nigga like, Adolf  
Hitler  
Fuck pressure, I enter the ring calm  
I'm nicer than them Japanese niggaz in ping-pong  
Look at my ring don, lease a 100 K for bling on  
Smokin the same buddha as the courtroom shooter  
I got the mind of a genius; the rag-white Jag  
Backhand like Venus's, jab while zappin ya bitch  
I'm makin her knees knock in the lab  
Let off, and send her to the weed spot in the cab  
And I don't hate all music, I just hate y'all's  
And I hear you when you whisper, got the ear of Ray  
Charles  
I'm ahead of my class fucker

And I only serve a bitch once so they treat my dick like  
the Last Supper  
Niggaz callin out my name in vain  
When someone jab to the jaw they be the claim to fame

[Chorus/Outro: 50 Cent]

I know you don't love me, I know you don't love me  
You ain't the same whenever Banks around  
I know you don't love me, I know you don't love me  
You scream and holler whenever Usher's in town  
I know you don't love me, I know you don't love me  
See Dre put me up on how the hoes get down  
I know you like Buck and that Dirty South shit  
Try to run game on me you punk bitch  
I know you don't love me, I know you don't love me...

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