

## **The Biggie Sound**

### **"I Don't Know Officer"**

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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

[verse1 - 50 Cent]

Nowadays niggaz snitchin' so much in the street  
But 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 sellin' 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 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

[verse2 - 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 theb 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 somebody's hangin  
They 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

[verse3 - 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 E-mail 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

[verse4 - 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 woth your bitch in  
the cruise  
Who's 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 - Mase]

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

[verse5 - Mase]

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 everytime 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 they solve them 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 - Biggie Sound]

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

[verse6 - Biggie Sound]

Nah, I don't know who stabbed you  
Get down nigga! 'Cause are you in the sight of my crew  
Clickity, damn, I'm freakin' in my Chrysler 300-C  
What the fuck! I can't see the police on my street  
Nah, I don't know who stole his Audi TT  
But I know who has a fondness in his bitch  
Rubber gloves, black hat, gray glock  
I'm listenin' to the rhymes J. Glock on my block  
I'm like Bumblebee, firin' in his head  
Hittin' your ligaments, nigga believe you're dead  
Pullin' the trigger, causin' smoke, I'm right here  
Nah, nigga I don't know  
Shakin' his body I steal his dough

[chorus - Jim Rampage]

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

[verse7 - Jim Rampage]  
Rhymin' with the gang of evil  
I don't know who fuck you  
I'm fuckin' PO and hittin' niggoos  
I tend to be deadly, I tend to be lethal  
Enchantin' bitches in the town, a crazy video now  
Bread with egg, 4 bottles of Henne and one fo'-fo'  
pow!  
I know who won this fuckin' game  
After "Get Rich" you weren't the same man  
Flyin' by the sky like Starscream  
T.B.S. & G-Unit! Fuck all the niggas on his team  
My money ain't over! Check it! T.B.S. Generals and G-  
Unit soldiers  
Scrollin' the paper, my bullets will shreddin' his  
shoulders  
Yeah!

[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  
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