

T.i. "T.I. - You Dont Know Me(dirty)"

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I'ma tell y'all sucka niggaz somethin'
First of all nigga, look'a here dawg

You mighta seen me in the streets but nigga, you don't
know me
When you holla when you speak, remember you don't
know me
Save all the hatin' and the poppin', nigga you don't
know me
Quit tellin' niggaz you my partna, nigga you don't know
me

Don't be a groupie, keep it movin', nigga you don't
know me
Hey, I ain't trippin' pimp, the truth is really, you don't
know me
Yeah, you know they call me T.I., but you don't know me
You'll be hatin' and I see why, 'cuz you don't know me

I think it's time I made a song for niggaz who don't
know me
I graduated out the streets, I'ma real O.G
I been trappin', shootin' pistols since I stood four feet
So all you niggaz actin' bad, you gon' have to show me

You gon make me bring this Chevy to a real slow creep
My niggaz hangin' out the window, mouth fulla gold
teeth
When the guns start poppin' wonder when it's gone
cease
Choppa hit you in the side and create a slow leak

We can end the speculation 'cuz today we gon see
What's the future of a pussy, nigga hatin' on me
I give a fuck about the Fed's investigation on me
I don't care that they at my shows and they waitin' on
me

I'ma keep on flossin', poppin' long as Toomp is on the
beat
Tell police's I ain't stoppin', I'ma keep it in the streets
Contrary to yo' beliefs, I'm as real as you can be

Fuck yo' thoughts and yo' feelings, nigga you don't know me

You mighta seen me in the streets but nigga, you don't know me

When you holla when you speak, remember you don't know me

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Quit tellin' niggaz you my partna, nigga you don't know me

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Yeah, you know they call me T.I., but you don't know me

You'll be hatin' and I see why, 'cuz you don't know me

Ay, once again let me remind you nigga, you don't know me

So don't be walkin' up and askin' whus tha deal on a key

I don't know if you wearin' wires, you could be the police

If I was slingin' blow you couldn't get a O.Z

See me and the P.\$.C. fallin' through at a show deep
Police holdin' up the door, 'cuz they know we tote heat
I just wanna ride wit' C, blow dro' in the Fleet
Or with playin' 'bout a dozen different bitches in a week

I just wanna chill wit' Kuntry and his daddy Freddie G
Ballin' out at anytime, at any store we spend a G
Wanna ball in the Bahamas, courtesy of K.T
MacBoney gotta mill, as well as Dolla D.P

A.K. house on the hill, right next to J. Get'

Every week meet there for lunch, restaurant and eat free

Get Inda paid, lil' Greg and B

That's the only shot we got at gettin' Cap back on the streets

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You see a nigga hatin' on a G, ask 'em, what it's gon be
Whachu lookin' at? Pussy nigga, you don't know me
At the club or in the streets, or wherever we should
meet
It's choppas choppin', pistols poppin', nigga you don't
know me

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