

**T.i.****"T.I. - You Dont Know Me"**Visit "[T.I. - You Dont Know Me](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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

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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 slangin' 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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