

Armatrading Joan

"You Don't Know Me"

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1- [Joe Hooker]

You have never seen my face before

You don't know me

Oh, no

You will never see my face again

You don't know me

Oh, no

[Black Rob]

You've never seen the gloves of an Uptown thug

You say I move drugs, cuz my shit is unplugged

Everywhere I go, results hound our love

Black unbless them like the heavens up above

Catch me in the new wave cab with ten bags and Etro

The shit you growin' is H2O

Got beef so I'm taking it slow, making it grow

Right now my main concern is making it blow

Guns and ammo, man, yo, you gots to understand, yo

I'm not the one that hit them with the banjo

Here y'all is, bringing my fingerprints

Up in them cameras and shit like I fucked a singing
bitch out

Ask her if she seen my face

Right: Look- I was out of town getting cake with Moore
and Little Shake

Wasn't even out here in New York State

Trying to play me like a goat, like my name was Scape

Now you mad, son

Repeat 1

Called a nigga sleepin', outside creepin'

We out in Mexico, for a fun-filled weekend

At least I thought I was, they had the whole place
barred

Still thinkin' I sold drugs, ice 'em up

Kick the door in, I find Satan

>From up top, bullets soaring, but I fake 'em

I'm hard to hit, Spanish speaking chick that constantly

And Mafia connections, chopping niggas, it's hard to
get

Hit me with the 411, and the gun
Envelope, and transfered funds from Big Pun
Conversation, job well done
This shit is lifestyle now, shit, I do it all for fun
Rippin' the frames, got at least 20 different names
Know at least 20 different games with different lames
Not to mention liftin' Lane's credit cards and passports
Slayin' and flat on asphalt, still
Y'all don't know

Repeat 1
Repeat 1

I'm in the cell now, it's hell now, all stuffy
Seven numbers, told Harve to call Puffy
Say they got his man locked down in sick town
Gotta get him out, not now but right now
Catch him when they shift him when they open the yard
Hurry up, before these six rounds smokin' the guard
On the humble, I'ma just lay up for y'all to come
through
Create a diversion; me, I start a rumble
Holdin' me, they ain't even take my flip
Got on Simmy's, they ain't even take my shit
Got my jewels, lend 'em right, them a be fools
On the sneak out, the peek out, had two left shoes
I'ma freak 'em, through the front gate, on
administrations
Only a dust of dust, the wind, still north facin'
Straight up out a crystal face, like I'm Jason
Only a dust of dust, the wind, still north facin'
You late

Repeat 1 to fade

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