

C-Note f/ Big Mello, Vickta Black**"Do You Know Me"**

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[Hook - 2x]

Motherfucker, do you know me
Screaming my name up in vein, well nigga show me
I'm blowing out brains, I'm the same nigga you owe me
I'm bringing the pain they shit change, do you know me
do you know me

[C-Note]

I'm that same young nigga, beating down your block
I'm that same young nigga, running up in your spot
I'm that same young nigga, slanging ki's and rocks
I'm the same motherfucker, that be ducking from the
cops
Bitches in the beauty shop, screaming we fuck
But the only way we fuck, if I get my dick sucked
Playgirl I ain't coming down, hard in you boo
But some of these niggaz, is bitches too
I seen him last week, with his fake Versacci
Lying to these hoes, saying he down with Botany
He said he booked shows, for that Puff and that Mase
And then he wrote the hit song, "Diamonds Up N' Yo
Face"
Word on the street, is that I owed him money
And I ain't never even seen him, now ain't that funny
Spreading rumors, that the diamonds in my mouth was
fake
That I ain't never freestyled, on a Screwed Up tape
When I catch you in the streets, I won't be squashing
the beef
I'll be trying to be putting slugs, all up in your teeth
One shot with a glock, take him off his feet
Playboy, I'ma put that on my Clover leaf

[Hook - 2x]

[Big Mello]

Empty wagons, make a bunch of noise
Off balance ass niggaz, drugs stoked y'all boys
Be bumping that shit, real G's make moves
We X hoes out the game, and make a get away smooth
Applied hits hit hicks, knocking dents in your click

Stick dick to your bitch, and she won't say shit
You hoe ass niggaz don't know, Big Mello or C-Note
Cause fool we connected, you's a stain with toast
Turning foes to ghosts, sipping fo's on the low
Late night frank those, fucking hoes fa sho
Shutting do's on lows, that'll pose the stilo
Southside collabo, from the P to the Clov'
Steady moving them thangs, you shooting shots on the
plane
When the work touch down, putting Jane to the brain
Fuck all y'all niggaz, that wrote your shit
Ol' broke ass niggaz, can't see our click motherfuckers

[Hook - 2x]

[Vickta Black]

You don't know me
Why you keep talking that shit, talking that shit
It's Vickta Black, motherfucker
And it's, no other
Yeah, true ass brother
Slab, motherfucker
Rolling fly, getting high
Super fly, type of guy
Me and C-Note, just bleeding the block
Who that talking bout, we can't be stopped
Third Coast ballers, true shot callers
Breaking off, you no class ballers
Hard to tip, the motherfucking bomb
Yeah nig', we got it going on
Now who that talking bout, stealing my throne
You can't stop us, you can't stop us

[Hook - 2x]

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