

## Sticky Fingaz "I Don't Know - Fredro Starr"

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(featuring Fredro Starr)

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

I don't know what I wanna do with you  
I don't know what I wanna do without you  
I don't know what I'm gonna do about you, you, you,  
you

Let's go, Starsky and Hutch man  
Fire and Stick  
Light ya blunts up, light ya blunts up  
Yo, yo

[Fredro Starr]

I'm 'bout to hit the club  
I don't know, on which truck I'm drivin tonight  
It's like, I don't know, on which ho I'm fuckin tonight  
But yo, I don't know, where should I take her  
To the edge water cliffs or back to Southside Jamaica  
Bitches be like, I don't know, where they get they  
clothes from  
Industry like, I don't know, where they get they flows  
from  
Niggaz be like, I don't know, where they get they dough  
from  
Posin up in the clubs with guns or wrist frozen  
I don't know, nothin when the cops come, I act dumb  
I don't know, what weed officer? What gats, huh?  
I don't know, shit I told the judge, this is love my nigga,  
this is negative love  
Sticky my cous' said

[Sticky Fingaz]

I don't know, how the hell I got home last night  
I don't know, how I blew twenty g's in one night  
I don't know, but all I remember's two hos from Virginia  
out cold like December  
Neighbors be like, I don't know, how could they afford  
that crib they in  
I don't know, what these boys do for a livin, shoot  
I don't know, but it must be drugs cause they have wild  
parties and they dress like thugs

Ask myself but, I don't know, why I flooded the watch,  
flooded the chain  
I don't know, why I copped the Benz at a hundred and  
change  
I don't know, why I'm stuck in my ways  
And took back the new Hummer when I seen the new  
Range  
They all say

[Chorus]

[Sticky Fingaz]

Yo, where the money at? I don't know  
What? You better tell me where the safe at, I don't know  
Don't say that one more time, I ain't playin that, I don't  
know  
Ugh, that's the last straw, cocked back the four, put his  
brains on the wall  
I'm in the club and, I don't know, if these little groupies  
is givin it up  
I don't know, should I try to spit game to her friend or  
just her?  
I don't know, what the hell I told her  
Though I took her home by the morn', ended up with  
both of them

[Fredro Starr]

A'yo it musta been God yo cause, I don't know  
How we made it out of them projects  
I don't know, should I cop the Benz Coupe or the drop  
Lex  
I don't know, should I do it out of spite, twenty niggaz  
on the bikes, doin  
wheelies to the lights  
Hos was like, I don't know, I guess they from New York  
the way that they talk  
I don't know, I guess she from L.A. the way that she  
walk  
I don't know, on where you wanna chill  
Put your ass on the back and we could slide through  
the hill  
Baby it's real, I don't know, on what you fools thinkin  
you musta forgot  
I don't know, why your bitches call me fire, cause a  
nigga hot  
I don't know, I gutted to Medina, look butter in the  
Beema, chicks love me in the fever  
Kids is like yo

[Chorus]

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