

Sticky Fingaz "I Don't Know"

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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

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

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 South side 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?
I don't know, shit I told the judge, this is love my nigga
This is negative love, Sticky my cousin' said

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

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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
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

Ayyo, 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

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