

## **Dorman Harold**

### **"If You Don't Know"**

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[Verse 1: Lil 1/2 Dead]

I gots game like Monopoly  
Ain't no nigga stoppin' me  
From doin' what I gotta do, so fuck you and you too  
Your whole crew is weak, so peep  
Sit back for a second, let this real nigga speak  
Tweak off the shit that I say is true  
And like my girl Brat, I'm gonna give it to you  
Through, the heartaches and tears and pain  
I would never ever change I'd always stay the same  
I aim to be the shit when I spits my verse  
I gets my point across, that's why you hear me curse  
First, the turf where I dwell it's on  
Niggaz be slippin' straight catchin' two to the dome  
The zone, that I'm in is oh so bad  
We dropped some dope albums and we started a fad  
Oh, if you ain't know where I'm from  
We be flowin'  
And this is dedicated to the one's who ain't knowin

[Lil' 1/2 Dead: Hook]

Who's them niggaz wit the cavvy shit  
Its that nigga half dead and the hostile click  
Who's them niggaz with the cavvy flow  
It's them long beach niggaz if you didn't know

Who's them niggaz droppin' cavvy shit  
Its that nigga half dead and the hostile click  
Who's them niggaz with the cavvy flow  
It's them long beach niggaz if you didn't know

[Verse 2: Quick Ta Mac]

A nigga feelin' good on that up and up  
Cuz a nigga's not fuckin' up like before  
(Makin' money) Makin' more  
Doin' tours around the state  
As I regulate and penetrate  
Those in the crowd who drove miles  
(To see Hostyle)  
And Lil Hd blows up the spot  
Groupie hoes jock and jealous muthafuckas try to plot

People be wildin' but I be hostylin'  
Tryin' to keep my muthafuckin' income steady pilin'  
(By doin' what?) By bustin' all these doggy ass raps  
On these doggy ass tracks  
Gettin' paid by ASCAP  
I'm stayin' true  
Nigga I ain't bellin' wit that nigga Big Frank Stank  
Makin' more hits than Hank  
Damn! It's that nigga Sam on the loose  
I'm comin' through like Ice Cube  
Walkin' in my black boots  
Oops! My style is stainless  
I'm flippin' shit like Reglagainus  
That nigga Quick Ta Mac crept up up on yo anus

[Lil' 1/2 Dead: Hook]

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[Lil' 1/2 Dead: Insert]

Yeah eastside riders in this mutha  
Total Track in this muthafucka  
For the ninety-see-i-yi-yi-zix, biatch..

[Verse 3: Chaos]

Now ain't this a trip, Quick Ta Mac  
We got niggaz who hate us  
And hoes all up on our sac (Why's that?)  
Cuz it's a whole lot of jealousy and envy  
Behind my back they enemies  
But in my face they friends of me  
(Damn, is that how it be?)  
Yup that's why we gettin' jocked by them hoes  
We used to clown back in '93  
(Groupies) Is what we call 'em  
They only want the ballin'  
And they shake the spot fast  
When your paper's pilin' farther  
So nigga pick up your ends  
And hop up off your bitch  
And stop spendin' all your money  
On the hoes wit the contact lens  
You better come to your senses  
And keep your dollas and yo cent-ses

In your pockets where they go  
And never trust no hoe  
Cuz if you slip then they'll dip  
In your money clip  
Talk behind your back  
And spread some rumors 'bout some funny shit  
So take heed to the shit we be flowin'  
And this is dedicated to the ones who ain't knowin'

[Hook ã—2]

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