

## Free Murda

### "I Don't Know"

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[Chorus: ?]

I don't know, exactly I want  
But if you ask, I'll say it's nothing  
Cuz I need it...  
The family, that is what you did for me  
It's the most beautifullest thing  
And girl, I need it...

[Free Murda]

Girl, you see Free, cruising down Myrtle  
Cutie with a booty, Murda want to Earth to you  
Duty color Gucci, down to the first two  
Get groovy in a kuffi, ma, don't want to hurt you  
I want fire, I demand that purple  
To make me get higher than the pants on Urkel  
We listen to Mariah, play Kells when I work you  
You heard my Oscar Meyer ring bells like church do  
Watch I crash 'em, but not raw doggy dog  
Pull out the Magnum, it gon' be a forty-four  
Yo, I'm high as shit, toss up that Remy, ma  
I hope you ride stick, ain't talking your rented car  
Tired of my chips, going to the titty bar  
I'd rather you in my whip, blowing through the city, ma  
I'm like uh, give it to me shorty  
Ain't nice like Santa, give it to me naughty

[Chorus]

[Free Murda]

Trying to take you to that Montecarlo  
Mavado, tell me that it's time to depart, yo  
Out of N.Y., mami vene  
Qui, it's me, mami can I  
Rub on your skin like lotion, I'm open  
Like a store in the morning, I'm home and  
Right in my 36-36  
E.V.'s is where the dirty miss, I need you  
Raw and please you, I hope that it's lethal  
Like me higher than a math sign, I hope we equal  
Towards paparazzi, a 'killa cam' like Rico  
Know I'm tryin' to get 'paid in full' off people

Like me, it's in the game, ma  
On you like Tai Chi, even bought you a ring, ma  
I don't sing, ma, but I rap  
Your hips is like Busta, I make it clap

[Chorus]

[Free Murda]

I wanna call you when I want to, see you when I need  
you  
Ain't no other dude could treat you like Free do  
Girl I'm cool, even gave you keys to  
The AMG, come, hang with me  
And we can smoke that la-la-la-la, like Jay-Z  
I want me a ride or die, lady  
Something like E-V-E, whoe'll hide the A.V.  
In her purse, she ain't tired or lazy  
Damn, you so fine, we can do dinner and sip on fine  
wine  
I don't swing, girl, get that out your mind, a flat  
waistline  
Let me hit that from behind, my style genuine  
I'm a Brooklyn baby, bump and grind, have your hair  
Looking crazy, I do that on the regular  
Her milkshake make the boys wanna go to bed with her  
Said alot of things that I wish I never said to her

[Chorus 2X]

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