

Jefferson Paul

"You Don't Know Me"

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[Chorus: Sweetleaf (Remedy)]

You don't know me (you don't know me)
And you never will (never will, never will)
All you want (what you want?)
Is a dollar bill (dollar bill, dollar bill)

[Remedy]

So what, we smoke blunts together
Maybe shot guns, together
So what, we might've once run together
Sold a few pounds, so what, we might've once been
down
Or maybe even cool right now
So what, we from the same block and sold the same
rocks
We love Biggie, we both love Pac
So what, we from the same hood, and up to no good
I suggest ya'll knock on wood
Wanna smile in my face, then go talkin' that trash
At the end of the day, yo, I still got cash
I got money to burn, to see what's real, and who's fake
Yo I'm very well learned, know a man from a snake
Enemies are friends, and friends become enemies
These are just a few of my guaranteed remedies
You can trust me about as far as you can throw me
For the record, S.M.D., you don't know me

[Chorus]

[Remedy]

What up sweetheart? You wanna taste my dart
And at the end of the day, maybe steal ya heart
Nah, don't say nothin', girl, play your part
And where the finish line, you don't know from the start
Yo, don't think about marryin', or baby you'll be carryin'
I'm not ya average Joe, Moe, Tom, Dick or Harry in
It's bout a buck, or a quick simple fuck
Maybe babies just start talkin' shit outta luck
Maybe one night stand, maybe jump in the van
You don't know me, but ready yet to cheat on ya man
What you don't understand, bitch, you don't know me

And that goes for all of ya'll bitches, you could blow me

[Chorus]

[Remedy]

Congratulations, I heard you got the deal
Take a number and welcome to the game, it's for real
Surprise it's all recoupable, everything they gave you
Nobody said nothin', but the paper wasn't stapled
Sign on the X, maybe buy you a Lex'
Maybe get you some sex, move you out in the jets
You never know what's next, best Protect Ya Necks
Ain't a damn thing changed, show the game respect
Well oiled machines, and money hungry fiends
You can sell your soul and be a part of the team
You're a number in a stack, like a player in his back
If you don't make hits, it's a wrap, it's a wrap...
What kinda sales are you seein'? They don't care about
ya well bein'
Or how's ya crew and how's ya family doin'
Yo, labels look at artists like they just another number
Sell ya dreams and tell you anything, just to take you
under

[Chorus]

[Outro: Remedy]

Ya'll don't know me
Never will

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