Tony Yayo "I Know You Don't Love Me"

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I know you don't love me, I know you don't love me You ain't the same when Jay-Z's around I know you don't love me, I know you don't love me You scream and holler when Eminem's in town

I know you don't love me, I know you don't love me Snoop put me up on how the hoes get down I know you like Nelly, like Kelly, Ludacris Try to run game on me you punk bitch I know you don't love me

Gators and ostrich, you know we in power You could see my outfit on the Discovery Channel I'm a stunner, my bitches train like robots They sniff coke, deep throat, and they hold out glocks

It's the brick-copper, the L-sharper 645 NASCAR driver that's known to spit lava I'm in Cancun, with a model in the bedroom Her pussy tight like an airplane bathroom

Talk out your mouth piece, baby pah
The baby A R will make it hot like South Beach
I move like, Bin Laden armed with them hammers
In that new Jag wagon, with James Bond vagrant

Medina all red, mira give me head Bad bitch, look like Eva Mendes I'm a gangsta, general, comrade nigga Drug money, blood money in a brown bag nigga

I know you don't love me, I know you don't love me You ain't the same whenever Bank's around I know you don't love me, I know you don't love me You scream and holler whenever Usher's in town

I know you don't love me, I know you don't love me See Dre put me up on how the hoes get down I know you like Buck and that Dirty South shit Try to run game on me you punk bitch I know you don't love me I'm in the candy-painted Range, Carder frame Six-by-nines playin' so I can hear e'ry thang Heavy on the gas homie, hoggin' up two lanes The navigation got me to where I'm gon' be stayin'

The trunk full of somethin' that can get a nigga life
So my seat belt's on, and I'm stoppin' at the light
I done been to Queens before but not behind the wheel
I'm a country nigga, ain't this many buildings where I
live

But the business gotta be handled so where this coward at?

We leave a couple niggaz layin', bet them bitches holla back

Ever since Yayo been home it's been on Smackin' niggaz up, employers is gettin' sent home

On this battlefield, you know, it's kill or be killed Leavin' niggaz with bullet holes and hospital bills This is how it is homie, La Cosa Nostra I won't stop 'til I'm on a wanted poster, motherfuckers

I know you don't love me, I know you don't love me You ain't the same when Lil' Jon's around I know you don't love me, I know you don't love me You scream and holler when Slim Thug's in town

I know you don't love me, I know you don't love me Yeah, Em put me up on how the hoes get down I ain't got time for a groupie ass bitch Try to run game and they ain't about shit I know you don't love me

You should thank the Lord if the ray gon' getcha 'Cause the sawed-off'll microwave a nigga like, Adolf Hitler

Fuck pressure, I enter the ring calm I'm nicer than them Japanese niggaz in ping-pong

Look at my ring don, lease a 100 K for bling on Smokin' the same Buddha as the courtroom shooter I got the mind of a genius, the rag-white Jag Backhand like Venus's, jab while zappin' ya bitch

I'm makin' her knees knock in the lab Let off, and send her to the weed spot in the cab And I don't hate all music, I just hate y'alls And I hear you when you whisper, got the ear of Ray Charles I'm ahead of my class fucker And I only serve a bitch once so they treat my dick like the last supper Niggaz callin' out my name in vain When someone jab to the jaw they be the claim to fame

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