You Don't Know Me (Featuring Joe Hooker)

Black Rob

You have never seen my face before
You don't know me, oh, no
You will never see my face again
You don't know me, oh, noYou've never seen the gloves of an Uptown thug
You say I move drugs 'cuz my shit is unplugged
Everywhere I go, results hound our love
Black unbless them like the heavens up above
Catch me in the new wave cab with ten bags and Etro
The shit you growin' is H20
Got beef so I'm taking it slow, making it grow
Right now my main concern is making it blow
Guns and ammo, man, yo, you got's to understand, yoI'm not the one that hit them with the banjo
Here y'all is, bringing my fingerprints
Up in them cameras and shit like I fucked a singing bitch out
Ask her if she seen my face
Right, look, I was out of town getting cake
With Moore and Little Shake
Wasn't even out here in New York State
Trying to play me like a goat, like my name was Scape
Now you mad, sonYou have never seen my face before
You don't know me, oh, no
You will never see my face again
You don't know me, oh, noCalled a nigga sleepin', outside creepin'
We out in Mexico, for a fun-filled weekend
At least I thought I was, they had the whole place barred
Still thinkin' I sold drugs, ice 'em up, kick the door in, I find Satan
From up top, bullets soaring, but I fake 'em
I'm hard to hit, Spanish speaking chick that constantly
And Mafia connections, chopping niggas, it's hard to getHit me with the 411, and the gun
Envelope, and transfered funds from Big Pun
Conversation, job well done
This shit is lifestyle now, shit, I do it all for fun
Rippin' the frames, got at least 20 different names
Know at least 20 different games with different lames
Not to mention liftin' Lane's credit cards and passports
Slayin' and flat on asphalt, still, y'all don't knowYou have never seen my face before
You don't know me, oh, no
You will never see my face again
You don't know me, oh, noYou have never seen my face before

You don't know me, oh, no
You will never see my face again
You don't know me, oh, noI'm in the cell now, it's hell now, all stuffy
Seven numbers, told Harve to call Puffy
Say they got his man locked down in sick town
Gotta get him out, not now but right now
Catch him when they shift him when they open the yard
Hurry up, before these six rounds smokin' the guard
On the humble, I'ma just lay up for y'all to come through
Create a diversion, me, I start a rumbleHoldin' me, they ain't even take my flip
Got on Simmy's, they ain't even take my shit
Got my jewels, lend 'em right, them a be fools
On the sneak out, the peek out, had two left shoes
I'ma freak 'em, through the front gate, on administrations
Only a dust of dust, the wind, still north facin'
Straight up out a crystal face, like I'm Jason
Only a dust of dust, the wind, still north facin', you lateYou have never seen my face before
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Songwriters
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