You Don't Know

French Films

Yeah, see a lotta finger pointin' goin' on
A lot of judgment gettin' passed
Niggaz don't even know what the fuck their talkin' 'bout
I go by the name of Loon
And I represent this bad boy shit
'Til the motherfuckin' casket drop
Damn right, uh, aiyo, aiyo
Niggaz don't know me, it's time that I give you the first taste
In case niggaz suffer the worst case
Harlem my birthplace, I used to run with niggaz that hurt Mase
I started "Harlem World" in the first place
Niggaz was thirsty, jumped out the window
Indoed the fuck up, it cost they friends yo
'Cause that's how friends go
But niggaz tryna get they ends yo
Forget about the nigga that lent yo
Ask for dollar, now you wanna holla 'cause your ends low
But look at how far your friends go
Killer is doin' it, nigga Loon drop bitches is losin' it
Keep the tool cocked, niggaz is usin' it
Only if it's a must, nigga front, put they dick in the dust
That's what you get, fuck with niggaz like us
Loon that nigga that bust, even though you think that nigga just lust
These chicks, after I hit, I put the bitch on the bus
(Oh, you don't know who the fuck I be?)
Oh, it's the L, double O, N, representin' the NYC
(Any nigga disrespect my G's)
Son a nigga get jacked, nigga get crapped, even dumped in the sea
(Oh, you don't know what the fuck I know?)
When it come to the dough, nigga I'ma pro, when I step to them hoe's
(Oh, you don't know what the fuck I do?)
To a nigga like you thinkin' your crew gon' do somethin' to Loon
I'm glad Puff let me get to my gat
'Cause now I'm 'bout to give 'em my pack
Get in the 'Lac, sit in the back
Ride around with my shit in my lap
The first nigga react, the first nigga act, nigga get clapped
I don't get down with you niggaz like that
So all that yikkety yak, a nigga front, gun clickety clack

Make it hard for you niggaz that rap
'Cause when you gotta pick up the slack
Pick up a pack or pick up a plaque
You ain't think my flow could pick up like that
The way I stick to a track, the impeller gettin' hit with a bat
One swing'll bring your shit to your lap
And make you shit in your slacks
Your body shape forever zip and your trapped

Let me tell you about the difference in rap
And the difference is street, niggaz that creep
Bust your shit with the heat
If I find out a nigga soft and he sweet
I'm knockin' 'em off their feet
Snatchin' his bitch and ridin' off with his jeep
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Uh, yeah, aiyo you frontin' like you seen stacks
Deep down, you's a clown and you don't need to feed back
Hey, yo, y'all niggaz need to ease back
Now how you come with your guns and your ones
And your sons like you squeeze gats
Niggaz don't believe that, and them bitches don't believe that
That's why you ride with your seat back
Niggaz don't like you, they probably put a bullet right through
Ya motherfuckin' chest with they rifle, niggaz livin' trifle
And last year 'round this time, we did it to a nigga just like you
Lean like the Eiffel, scream on you like your wife do
Gleam on you like the ice do, I might seem like a nice dude
Even though niggaz know, got a nigga eighteen that'll knife you
Split nigga ass crack, picture we waitin' on ass cap
When you could get it like the last cat, rat a tat, tat
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