

You Don't Know Me (Produced By DJ Toomp)

T.I.

You might've seen me in the streets but nigga you don't know me
When you holla, when you speak, remember, you don't know me
Save all that hatin' and that poppin', pimpin'
Quit tellin' people, I'm yo partner, listen, you don't know me
Don't be a groupie keep it movin', nigga, you don't know meHey, I ain't trippin' but the truth is really, you
don't know me
Yeah, you know they call me T.I. but you don't know me
You be hatin' an' I see why 'cause you don't know meI think it's time I made a song for niggas who don't know
me
I graduated out the streets, I'ma real O.G.
I been trappin', shootin' pistols since I stood 4 feet
So, all you niggas actin' bad, you gon' have to show meYou gone make me bring the Chevy to a real slow creep
My niggas hangin' out the window, mouth full of gold teeth
When the guns start poppin', wonder when it's gone cease
Chopper hit you in' the side an' create a slow leakWe been in' the speculation 'cause today we gon' see
What's the future of a pussy nigga hatin' on me
I don't give a fuck about the fed's investigation on me
I don't care that they at my shows and they waitin' on meI'ma keep on flossin', poppin', long as Tomp is on the
beat
Tell polices, I ain't stoppin', I'ma keep it in the streets
Contrary to your beliefs, I'm as real as you can be
Fuck ya thoughts and ya feelings, nigga, you don't know meYou might've seen me in the streets but nigga you
don't know me
When you holla, when you speak, remember, you don't know me
Save all that hatin' and that poppin', pimpin'
Quit tellin' people, I'm yo partner, listen, you don't know me
Don't be a groupie keep it movin', nigga, you don't know meHey, I ain't trippin' but the truth is really, you
don't know me
Yeah, you know they call me T.I. but you don't know me
You be hatin' an' I see why 'cause you don't know meOnce again', let me remind you, nigga, you don't know
me
So, don't be walkin' up and asking, what's the deal on a key
I don't know if you wearing wires, you could be the police
If I was slangin' blow, you couldn't get an O.Z.See me in' the PSC follow through at a show deep
Police holdin' up the door 'cause they know we tot heat
I just wanna rap a seat blowin' dro in' the fleet
Or wit clan by the dozen different bitches in' a weekI just wanna chill wit Kuntry an his daddy, Freddie G
Ballin' out at anytime, at any store an' spill a G
I wanna ball in' the Bahamas courtesy of K.T.

MacBoney gotta mill but it's dolla D.P.A.K. house on the hill right next to JD

Every week, meet at a restaurant for lunch and eat free

Get in' they pay lil' Greg and B

That's the only shot we got at gettin', Cap back on the streets When a sucka hatin' on a G, ask him, what it's
gon' be

What you lookin' at naw, nigga? You don't no me

In' the club, in' the streets or whoever we should meet

At the club or in' the streets or where ever we should meet

It's choppers choppin', pistol poppin', nigga, you don't know me

Songwriters

Aldrin Davis;Clifford HarrisPublished by

TOOMPSTONE PUBLISHING;DOMANI AND YA MAJESTY'S MUSIC Song Discussions is protected by
U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>