They Don't Know Me

C.K. Marion

Told em I would make it for I ever did.
(ever did, ever did, ever did)
I had this game on lock when I was just a kid.
(Just a kidâ€¦)
I was 9 up in the booth, producers getting lit.
I was 9 up in the booth, & I writing hits
Yo I was 9 up in the booth, spitting grown men stories,
flowing poetry, my homies always told.
They gone say they know me.

(Verse 1)
-Did you know? (p)
Developed as an artist by 13.
Two dread lock brothers from The York Queens.
Used to take me to the studio by Burger King.
No bacon on my burger, thatâ€™s a holy thing.
~Something bout the whole thing
felt like bad dream. ~
method acting.â€”â€”
Post dated. still rapping.
I could give a fuck. Audience still clapping. (p)

I can see a hater by reaction. (p)
Try to ride skirt tails, like aladdin.
Niggaâ€™s acting like a bitch, call em jasmine.
I got niggaâ€™s trying to jock my fashion,
~mimicing my flow Flattery straight gassing.
Macking on my hoe & Iâ€™m over here laughing
If you got it, then you paid, & I got a fraction. (uh)
or Did you know?

Told-em-I was musical,
Should-a-been in movies though.
Why-you-in-a-cubical
I am-getting-beaut-i-ful.
For the-press release of my EP.
Iâ€™m pretty enough for the TV.
Iâ€™m savage enough to go steal your bitch.
Have her face down in the pillow case.

When she scream my name,
& start begging for more.
Kick her out the bed make her sleep on the floor.
But fuck that. I can turn a trick; make her run it back.
With the bags back and gwap stacked.
She can count the cash but I donâ€™t trust her math.
And I donâ€™t trust her ass.
Keep my hoes in check I donâ€™t need to smash.
Only do so they know I love em back.

Itâ€™s time for respect,
Anytime Iâ€™m in the streets.
Stop telling me about a fake niggas got heat.
They donâ€™t compare to me. -

I got my goons, but I hold my own.
Iâ€™m not that bitch. Iâ€™m the queen of the throne.
Iâ€™m the mind when alone,
Iâ€™m the dark in the home, no switch.
Iâ€™m the bitch, Iâ€™m not that bitch, in the same sentence.
Iâ€™m running every side. Put a hole in the fence.

Wanna raise; then you gotta rinse, (p)
Iâ€™m the truth, but I still got a grip.
And Iâ€™m still a pimp, I donâ€™t walk with a limp.
I walk in my pumps like a mother fucking boss.
Living for the moment I donâ€™t care what it cost.
I canâ€™t let my name get lost.
CK on stage, Cola in street.
Donâ€™t say my name unless you know me.

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Lyrics Submitted by Nicole Marion

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