

# You Don't Know

## Eminem ft. 50 Cent, Lloyd Banks & Ca\$his

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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To a nigga like you thinkin' your crew gon' do somethin' to Loon  
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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