

You Don't Know Me (feat. Hemi)

Jarren Benton

Fuck these lame niggas in my city
If any nigga got a problem, tell'em come and get me
It's Mr. Benton say "good morning" to the bad guy
I'm enjoyin' every moment, time pass by
Fuck these lame niggas in my city
If any nigga got a problem, tell'em come and get me
It's Mr. Benton say "good morning" to the bad guy
I'm enjoyin' every moment, time pass by
These new rappers too emo
I'm just stackin' bread, I put my bitch inside a mink coat
Told you niggas desert eagle, check your fuckin' ego
These hoes out here tryin to get a ring like Smeagol
I am sicker than Polio niggas fake like Pinocchio
When I'm in that pussy these hoes catching a holy ghost
I would not go for the [?] word to Moskie Moe
[?]
Like a mosquito I'm fly in a tuxedo
It's east side till it's rigamortis
These lame niggas throwin stones at a killers fortress
Think I ain't the illest in the A I blow your brains out
Finna go and bleach her wash these blood stains out
I came a long way from sitting at home to record
I pray my grandmama is alive when I win an award
Revenge of the ninja I'm bending the sword
In the back of your head you ain't ready for war
Don't get it twisted my nigga I ain't just some weirdo
I will fuck you up if you play with my fucking euros
I beg your pardon these niggas they out here starving
Shoot at the niggas feet have him dancing, doing the Carlton
You don't know me like you think you do
You don't know me like you think you do
I have been hated and loved
And I hope this means something
To all the ones who hated I say fuck 'em
This Cali weed got me feeling like a astronaut
I just take a couple tokes and then I pass the pot
I'm praying for happiness I ain't asking a lot
Maybe a lot of bread , head and a glass of ciroc
They put their heaters to your head cause your flashing that watch
Out in a shitty hotel getting ass from a thot
I'm irritated like a Jay with no cash for his rocks
My nigga did a bid the pigs found a stash in his socks

Highschool dropout I'm harassing my pops
Look at me now sucker nigga I'm glad I've done stop
No religion I probably won't die a martyr
I used to ride to MARTA bumbin' midnight marauders
I'm just trying to be better father than the one I had
Money, cars , clothes and hoes - niggas want it bad
She won't let a nigga fuck because she's on the rag
I threw the deuces at the ho and now she's on a cab
Brass knuckle Benton a bully that fucking murders raps
Niggas shining they oldschools with turtle wax
I put this red dot right where your turban at
If it ain't about money I ain't concerned with that
Bitch You don't know me like you think you do
You don't know me like you think you do
I have been hated and loved
And I hope this means something
To all the ones who hated I say fuck 'em Brass Knuckle Benton the bully
Benton the bully that fucking murders raps
Brass Knuckle Benton the bully
Benton the bully that fucking murders raps
Brass Knuckle Benton the bully
Benton the bully that fucking murders raps
Brass Knuckle Benton the bully
Benton the bully that fucking murders raps

Songwriters

CHRISTOPHER JU, JARREN BENTON, ROBERT STRIBLING Published by
Lyrics Â© THE ADMINISTRATION MP, INC.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>