

# Don't Know Nobody

## Capone-N-Noreaga

[Noreaga]

Yo, yo, yo, I'ma have to stand up  
Take game, I got grabbed up  
Asking me questions, interrogating  
The way the hatin, they just remind me of satan  
Keep em motivating, police asking questions about this and this  
I don't know shit, and hell no, I don't know 5 or 6  
I'm confined to a small room  
I celly off to my beeper, thought I had to sue  
And the headache, was the feelings for me and my crew  
To take impostas, impalas and black suits  
Big boys, and LL cues  
I'm thinking like deep cover  
I'm in too deep, like Donny Brasco  
Who could be the asshole  
I make sure the motherfucker don't last long  
Roll to the castle where my niggas be, triggas be  
Blowin they backs out, they felt the misery  
And the decision be, spill coffee  
Who's on the beats I can't be locked up  
They had evidence, make the scenery all dense  
But it's Ok my lawyer will approach the bench  
Chorus:  
I don't know nobody, and I ain't seen shit  
that's the way it is, you try to lock me up  
Put me in cuffs, motherfucker hand in your benz  
Cause I don't know nobody, and I ain't seen shit  
that's the way it is, you try to lock me up  
Put me in cuffs, motherfucker hand in your benz [Capone]  
Pop, they caught me off guard  
I was stuck the beat shit fucked  
I went down to my knees  
And put out the trees  
I sat down on the benches  
He snuck his dog on my five senses  
All I could hear was a walky talky saying "I got em"  
I'm asking the charge, yeah you know he shot em  
We biscuit printed plus your first henes borrowin  
I ain't heard nuff yet, next day daily news read  
Murder suspect, 19, down in Queens  
Day of rainment where he had slim chance to win it

Two asses from bail so they gave glances  
It's Friday, had to lay for the weekend stretch  
First thing, Monday morning, calling for street connects  
Man I forgot the machine they callin for  
Fuck a message all they need is it playin back  
I'm confined a 8 by 12 flat  
With bums niggas who sell crack  
Flippin off the the worldChorus  
[Maze]  
It's like 4 in the morning and the crib sleeping easily  
My dogs got me off feet face me slow down  
I'm like what the fuck the deal  
He's like the shut the fuck up  
We got evidence, we know the deal  
They got tape confessions of your man  
Whiping out your man  
Key witness to the stands  
I should have played yours  
The moving bar to my moms get the news to bar  
Same time Jake taking me out  
Same line gonna try and fake me out  
Sitting in the van pointing face out  
Soon as I hit the plan, the course going close the plan  
Take em out, take em out, before the court day out  
I won't say, but by tomorrow, I'm out  
Nothing to say follow snitch  
Lay low, and hollow him out  
And pones is wilding too  
Niggas like Maze got the same time as you[Musaliny]  
Walking down a half dee, snatch me up  
Little g's no pad  
These niggas gonna cuff me up  
On stayed in the back so he could scuff me up  
Blows from the walky talky, gonna fuck me up  
Asking me about shit I knew, but won't tell  
Just you and Baby D, ain't nobody depending on me  
Saying if I won't talk, I'll wait in the cell  
They got evidence to leave me in jail  
There's no time for this shit  
Just sign the statement  
If you snitching, you won't have to say shit  
Reverse pyschology, he trying to lie to me  
He try to pin me for murder  
And a string of robberies  
Plus you a ex-con send me to the book

Cause press on  
Cash and bonds, they won't last very long  
I know they frontin, they got nothing on me  
I ain't saying shit, why these niggas saying something

Songwriters

SANTIAGO, VICTOR/HOLLEY, KIAM/HALL, ROBERT A./ALLEN, MICHAEL J./ABDULLAH,

MUSAPublished by

Lyrics Â© Warner/Chappell Music, Inc. Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents  
pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>