

I Know You Don't Love Me

Tony Yayo

I know you don't love me, I know you don't love me
You ain't the same when Jay-Z's around
I know you don't love me, I know you don't love me
You scream and holler when Eminem's in town I know you don't love me, I know you don't love me
Snoop put me up on how the hoes get down
I know you like Nelly, like Kelly, Ludacris
Try to run game on me you punk bitch
I know you don't love me Gators and ostrich, you know we in power
You could see my outfit on the Discovery Channel
I'm a stunner, my bitches train like robots
They sniff coke, deep throat, and they hold out glocks It's the brick-copper, the L-sharper
645 NASCAR driver that's known to spit lava
I'm in Cancun, with a model in the bedroom
Her pussy tight like an airplane bathroom Talk out your mouth piece, baby pah
The baby A R will make it hot like South Beach
I move like, Bin Laden armed with them hammers
In that new Jag wagon, with James Bond vagrant Medina all red, mira give me head
Bad bitch, look like Eva Mendes
I'm a gangsta, general, comrade nigga
Drug money, blood money in a brown bag nigga I know you don't love me, I know you don't love me
You ain't the same whenever Bank's around
I know you don't love me, I know you don't love me
You scream and holler whenever Usher's in town I know you don't love me, I know you don't love me
See Dre put me up on how the hoes get down
I know you like Buck and that Dirty South shit
Try to run game on me you punk bitch
I know you don't love me I'm in the candy-painted Range, Carder frame
Six-by-nines playin' so I can hear e'ry thang
Heavy on the gas homie, hoggin' up two lanes
The navigation got me to where I'm gon' be stayin' The trunk full of somethin' that can get a nigga life
So my seat belt's on, and I'm stoppin' at the light
I done been to Queens before but not behind the wheel
I'm a country nigga, ain't this many buildings where I live But the business gotta be handled so where this
coward at?
We leave a couple niggaz layin', bet them bitches holla back
Ever since Yayo been home it's been on
Smackin' niggaz up, employers is gettin' sent home On this battlefield, you know, it's kill or be killed
Leavin' niggaz with bullet holes and hospital bills
This is how it is homie, La Cosa Nostra

I won't stop 'til I'm on a wanted poster, motherfuckers
I know you don't love me, I know you don't love me
You ain't the same when Lil' Jon's around
I know you don't love me, I know you don't love me
You scream and holler when Slim Thug's in town
I know you don't love me, I know you don't love me
Yeah, Em put me up on how the hoes get down
I ain't got time for a groupie ass bitch
Try to run game and they ain't about shit
I know you don't love me
You should thank the Lord if the ray gon' getcha
'Cause the sawed-off'll microwave a nigga like, Adolf Hitler
Fuck pressure, I enter the ring calm
I'm nicer than them Japanese niggaz in ping-pong
Look at my ring don, lease a 100 K for bling on
Smokin' the same Buddha as the courtroom shooter
I got the mind of a genius, the rag-white Jag
Backhand like Venus's, jab while zappin' ya bitch
I'm makin' her knees knock in the lab
Let off, and send her to the weed spot in the cab
And I don't hate all music, I just hate y'all
And I hear you when you whisper, got the ear of Ray Charles
I'm ahead of my class fucker
And I only serve a bitch once so they treat my dick like the last supper
Niggaz callin' out my name in vain
When someone jab to the jaw they be the claim to fame
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