

# Black Rob, You Don't Know Me

(feat. Joe Hooker)

1-□(Joe Hooker)

□You have never seen my face before

□You don't know me

□Oh, no

□You will never see my face again

□You don't know me

□Oh, no

(Black Rob)

You've never seen the gloves of an Uptown thug

You say I move drugs, cuz my shit is unplugged

Everywhere I go, results hound our love

Black unbless them like the heavens up above

Catch me in the new wave cab with ten bags and Etro

The shit you growin' is H2O

Got beef so I'm taking it slow, making it grow

Right now my main concern is making it blow

Guns and ammo, man, yo, you gots to understand, yo

I'm not the one that hit them with the banjo

Here y'all is, bringing my fingerprints

Up in them cameras and shit like I fucked a singing bitch out

Ask her if she seen my face

Right: Look- I was out of town getting cake with Moore and Little Shake

Wasn't even out here in New York State

Trying to play me like a goat, like my name was Scape

Now you mad, son

Repeat 1

Called a nigga sleepin', outside creepin'

We out in Mexico, for a fun-filled weekend

At least I thought I was, they had the whole place barred

Still thinkin' I sold drugs, ice 'em up

Kick the door in, I find Satan

>From up top, bullets soaring, but I fake 'em

I'm hard to hit, Spanish speaking chick that constantly

And Mafia connections, chopping niggas, it's hard to get

Hit me with the 411, and the gun

Envelope, and transfered funds from Big Pun

Conversation, job well done

This shit is lifestyle now, shit, I do it all for fun

Rippin' the frames, got at least 20 different names

Know at least 20 different games with different lames

Not to mention liftin' Lane's credit cards and passports

Slayin' and flat on asphalt, still

Y'all don't know

Repeat 1

Repeat 1

I'm in the cell now, it's hell now, all stuffy

Seven numbers, told Harve to call Puffy

Say they got his man locked down in sick town

Gotta get him out, not now but right now

Catch him when they shift him when they open the yard

Hurry up, before these six rounds smokin' the guard

On the humble, I'ma just lay up for y'all to come through

Create a diversion; me, I start a rumble

Holdin' me, they ain't even take my flip

Got on Simmy's, they ain't even take my shit

Got my jewels, lend 'em right, them a be fools

On the sneak out, the peek out, had two left shoes

I'ma freak 'em, through the front gate, on administrations  
Only a dust of dust, the wind, still north facin'  
Straight up out a crystal face, like I'm Jason  
Only a dust of dust, the wind, still north facin'  
You late

Repeat 1 to fade