

# Nas, You Don't Know Me

[Verse One: Nas]

Girls I got 'em locked so similar to a prison  
Hear this monster jam, I be callin' it 'GANGSTERISM'  
I murder you for dope, I'm the street distributor  
I'm homicidal, pointin' the pump, scope to shoot you  
Street connects, Mob ties on East and West  
We gouge out your eye balls if you seen too much  
Hopin' out drops wit blings and stuff  
Wit ball players wives, Mercedes 5  
Dangerous lives and haters die rollin' with convicts  
Conscience who tolerate no nonsense  
Fake rappers in doo-rags, get shot-up at their concert  
Your bitch bleed, bitin' her nipples with my chipped tooth  
I drink her blood, like I'm Dracula, mack in the 6-Coupe  
The sky becomes red, heard y'all niggaz work with the feds  
Doesn't matter, blood'll splatter, everybody must dead  
I got urge for self-reinvention, but I'm old-fashioned  
From the corner's with the winos laughin'  
Dealers and five-o blastin'  
Capitalist thoughts like Presidents  
I'm burnin' Bush's, Nas the realest, it's nuttin' to fuck wit

[Chorus: Uncredited Female (Nas)]

You think you know me but I... (Tell 'em Ma)  
..Don't think so (Don't think so)  
It takes a 'lil more than... (What?, what?)  
What do you know about me?  
☐ (See what you don't know me you'll never will)  
☐ (And what you don't know will get yourself killed)  
About me  
☐ (See what you don't know me you'll never will)  
☐ (And what you don't know will get yourself killed)  
You'll never know

[Verse Two: Nas]

I smoke weed like them sixties rebellions, hippies on heroin  
Spliffs inhalin', what I speak strictly for felons  
Dippin' in their 6-4, hittin' the switches  
Or sittin' in their Bentley Azure's, feelin' the riches  
Or just ridin', truck drivin' Impalas, Denali's  
I fuck with those but I lust for silver Ferrari's  
I fuck hoes with the ceilings, have mirrors to watch me  
My bed shaped like a pyramid, feelin' the dry heat  
Spillin' Courvoisi', I'm half slave-master  
Half Apache, half African, much is what I call us Black men  
Lead astray, drugs and cups of alcohol, 'cause back when  
They let us off ships; the soul of man was lost or trapped in  
But every ghetto, every hood, no matter where the town  
It's all haunted, all on top slave burial grounds  
Dead cooks, workers and maids, under this Earth in rage  
Ancient whore houses that explain my sexual ways  
Money and murder: interprets the American dream  
The world loves a gangsta, I found my place in this thing  
Royce's, diamonds and bosses, woman who're gorgeous  
Traitors, killers and enemies, remorseless, we live this

[Chorus: Uncredited Female (Nas)]

[Verse Three: Nas]

Gypsies, preachers, choirs, churches, liquor stores  
The world is full of liars, curses, people rich or poor  
Without God to worship, see we would be more lost  
Gotta believe in somethin', or their would be no laws  
A ghetto child occasionally blunted in Mansions

My cup overflow with Cristal, hundred exotic dancers  
Niggaz is plastic, ass gets jealous and passive  
My pistol blast at; cowards, leechers, and rappers  
Niggaz I fuck with is 'Bravehearts', make G's  
Before rap music to me, was wind blowin' the trees  
Birds chirpin', rain fallin', perfect and free  
But bitches saw my video and think they know me  
These niggaz bad talkin', claimin' they gon' do me  
Stay out my path homey, you fuckin' wit a true G  
Bitch +You Don't Know Me+

[Chorus: Uncredited Female (Nas)]