

# Spooks, They don't now

Yeah come on chumps, y'all ain't girl  
We pretty, we hit hard, we takin' over the world!!

[Chorus]

Reminiesce, we takin' you back to your school days  
Hand us the mic and we flip it fifty million ways  
"They don't know"  
Sloppy with your flows, you bore me at your shows  
Whack clothes and pitiful karaoke demos  
"They don't know"

[???

Aight, you caught me stalkin', studios and stages  
Chasin' the outrageous  
Ecstatic sensations, I'm tragic trapped inside the pages  
Of melodramatic rages to dark to mention  
Over the fact most of these cats lack comprehension  
In other words: They Don't Know  
I see 'em cringin' when Spooks mediate  
To penetrate the next dimension  
Ming rhymin' and singin' it, Spooks climbin' and bringin' it  
This black light'll swallow your shine from diamond ringin' it  
How many times must I remind? The Spooks is killin' shit  
We on some thrillin' shit, nothin' but hits on my disc  
And I am witness to this, lyrical fitness and rip  
You still don't know, so you'll be frantic as we hijack the planet

[Mr. Booka-T]

They Don't Know  
We expose flows like no clothes and blow  
Chest full a holes with (???)  
I spit stormshadow and tomes that's reminiscent of monks  
Blowin' up lungs with C4 laced in bones  
You mentally tour my rhyme book is covered in thorns  
"Some givin' a fuck" Some fuckin' hip hop like porn  
Booka-T testin' mc, a dumb mc, I said who's the best mc  
You said "Young MC"  
Let me guess, you started rockin' hip hop in '88  
"Naw naw man, it was like, it was like 19-" Nigga too late!  
I'm smackin' up cats to back slap crack in my hand  
Bitch blood bouncin' off of your dome and splatter your van

[Chorus]

Remineisce, we takin' you back to your school days  
Hand us the mic and we flip it fifty million ways  
"They don't know"  
Open up your mind and you'll find The Spooks in it  
Experimentally sick, pusin' the limits  
"They don't know" (They don't know!)

[Ming Xia] (sung)

Shoppin' for a deal with persistance  
Initially label heads were like "What is this?"  
It won't get y'all from original to different  
Conceptual hip hop will be resistant  
The pendulum will swing back again  
Pass accept, now follow the trend  
Hard to believe, but easy to pretend  
Revolution (Revolution!) is why we began  
They don't know (They don't know)

[J.D.]

Too many soft niggas stress, try your best to same some hip shit  
Get caught up in these lyrics with me, you get your wig split  
You tired of me? Try me, can't even stand beside me  
I be havin' people you study big up and high five me  
Forty million one thousand nine hundred and sixty two  
I'm irresistable, unpredictable and so is my crew  
Never accidental, everything I do is intentional  
Joe Davis, premeditated, creative and unconventional

A lot of truth seekers are people peepin' for secrets  
Some assembly tryin' to find my Safe House  
And I got beef with everyone of you wannabe's  
Tryin' to infiltrate my company  
You swear you know the business but actually you don't know nothin'  
[Water Water]  
Ah ah ah, ah ah ah ah (Who dat?!)  
It's the killer, ha ha ha (What?!)  
Niggas don't hate me cause I'm fly (Come on!)  
I'm the one bankin' on driveby's (Yeah!)  
I keep pleasure packed in my clever raps  
Once I sever the track, I'ma live inside a cheddar stack  
I don't stutter once my tome shudder  
And I become the bone crusher, I scream on my own mother  
What a pimp, I roll with the gangsta limp  
In the cut, drinkin' wine, eatin' shrimp  
Yeah come on chump, y'all ain't girl  
We pretty, we hit hard, we takin' over the world!  
[Chorus]  
Remineisce, we takin' you back to your school days  
Hand us the mic and we flip it fifty million ways  
"They don't know"  
We can see us niggas, my crew is causin' you fear  
Spooks takin' it there, industry ain't prepared  
"They don't know"