

Tony Yayo, I Know You Don't Love Me (international)

(Intro/Chorus: 50 Cent)

Yeah.. 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

(Tony Yayo)

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

(Chorus: 50 Cent)

I know you don't love me, I know you don't love me
You ain't the same whenever Banks 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

(Young Buck)

I'm in the candy-painted Range, Cardier 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 seatbelt'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 (yeah!)
On this battlefield, you know, it's kill or be killed
Leavin niggaz with bulletholes and hospital bills
This is how it is homie, La Costa Nostra
I won't stop 'til I'm on a "Wanted" poster, motherf**kers

(Chorus: 50 Cent)

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

(Lloyd Banks)

Uh-uh, yeah

You should thank the Lord if the ray gon' getcha
Cause the sawed-off'll microwave a nigga like, Adolf Hitler
F**k 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 f**k