

# Eminem and 50Cent and Cashis&Lloyd Banks, Y

You might've seen me in the streets,  
but nigga you dont know me  
When you holla when you speak,  
remember you dont know me  
Save all that hatin and that poppin pimpin  
Quit tellin people I'm yo partner listen  
you don't know me  
Don't be a groupie keep it movin,  
migga you dont know me  
Hey I aint trippin but the truth is really,  
you dont know me  
Yeah you know they call me T.I.  
but you dont know me  
You be hatin an i see why  
cause you dont know me  
(verse)

I think its time I made a song for niggas who dont know me  
I graduated out the streets, Ima real O.G.  
I been trappin shootin pistols since I stood 4 feet  
So all you niggas actin bad you gone have to show me  
You gone make me bring the Chevy to a real slow creep  
My niggas hangin out the window mouth full of gold teeth  
When the guns start poppin wonder when its gone cease  
Chopper hit you in the side an create a slow leak  
We been in the speculation cause today we gone see  
Whats the future of a pussy nigga hatin on me  
I don't give a fuck about the fed's investigation on me  
I don't care that they at my shows and they waitin on me  
Ima keep on flossin poppin long as Tomp is on the beat  
Tell polices i aint stoppin Ima keep it in the streets  
Contrary to your beliefs I'm as real as you can be  
Fuck ya thoughts and ya feelings nigga you dont know me  
Chorus 1x

(Verse 2)

Once again let me remind you nigga you don't know me  
So dont be walkin up and asking whats the  
I dont know if you wearing wires you could be the police  
If I was slangin blow you couldn't get an O.Z.  
See me in the PSC follow through at a show deep  
Police holdin up the door cause they know we tot heat  
I jus wanna rap a seat blowin dro in the fleet  
Or wit clan by the dozen different bitches in a week  
I jus wanna chill wit Kuntry an his daddy Freddie G  
Ballin out at anytime at any store an spill a G  
I wanna ball in the Bahamas courtesy of K.T.  
MacBoney gotta mill but its dolla D.P.  
A.K. house on the hill right next to JD  
Every week meet at a restaurant for lunch and eat free  
Get in they pay lil Greg and B  
Thats the only shot we got at gettin Cap back on the streets  
(hook)

When a sucka hatin on a G  
ask him what it's gon be  
What you lookin at naw nigga you don't no me  
In the club in the streets or wherever we should meet  
At the club or in the streets  
Or where ever we should meet  
Its choppers choppin pistol poppin  
Nigga you dont know me