

Sticky Fingaz, I Don't Know

(feat. Fredro Starr)

[Chorus: x2]

I don't know what I wanna do with you
I don't know what I wanna do without you
I don't know what I'm gonna do about you, you, you, you

Let's go, Starsky and Hutch man
Fire and Stick
Light ya blunts up, light ya blunts up
Yo, yo

[Fredro Starr]

I'm 'bout to hit the club
I don't know, on which truck I'm drivin tonight
It's like, I don't know, on which ho I'm fuckin tonight
But yo, I don't know, where should I take her
To the edge water cliffs or back to Southside Jamaica
Bitches be like, I don't know, where they get they clothes from
Industry like, I don't know, where they get they flows from
Niggaz be like, I don't know, where they get they dough from
Posin up in the clubs with guns or wrist frozen
I don't know, nothin when the cops come, I act dumb
I don't know, what weed officer? What gats, huh?
I don't know, shit I told the judge, this is love my nigga, this is negative love
Sticky my cous' said

[Sticky Fingaz]

I don't know, how the hell I got home last night
I don't know, how I blew twenty g's in one night
I don't know, but all I remember's two hos from Virginia out cold like December
Neighbors be like, I don't know, how could they afford that crib they in
I don't know, what these boys do for a livin, shoot
I don't know, but it must be drugs cause they have wild parties and they dress like thugs
Ask myself but, I don't know, why I flooded the watch, flooded the chain
I don't know, why I copped the Benz at a hundred and change
I don't know, why I'm stuck in my ways
And took back the new Hummer when I seen the new Range
They all say

[Chorus]

[Sticky Fingaz]

Yo, where the money at? I don't know
What? You better tell me where the safe at, I don't know
Don't say that one more time, I ain't playin that, I don't know
Ugh, that's the last straw, cocked back the four, put his brains on the wall
I'm in the club and, I don't know, if these little groupies is givin it up
I don't know, should I try to spit game to her friend or just her?
I don't know, what the hell I told her
Though I took her home by the morn', ended up with both of them

[Fredro Starr]

A'yo it musta been God yo cause, I don't know
How we made it out of them projects
I don't know, should I cop the Benz Coupe or the drop Lex
I don't know, should I do it out of spite, twenty niggaz on the bikes, doin
wheelies to the lights
Hos was like, I don't know, I guess they from New York the way that they talk
I don't know, I guess she from L.A. the way that she walk
I don't know, on where you wanna chill
Put your ass on the back and we could slide through the hill
Baby it's real, I don't know, on what you fools thinkin you musta forgot
I don't know, why your bitches call me fire, cause a nigga hot

I don't know, I gutted to Medina, look butter in the Beema, chicks love me in the fever
Kids is like yo

[Chorus]