

# T.I., U Don't Know Me&nbsp;

I'mma tell ya'll sucka niggas something  
Who wants to follow me?  
Look here dawg

[Chorus:]

You might see me in the street  
But nigga you don't know me  
When ya holla on the speak  
Remember you don't know me  
Save all the hating and the popping  
nigga you don't know me  
Quit telling niggas you're my partner  
Nigga you don't know me  
Don't be a groupie, keep it moving  
Nigga you don't know me  
Hey I ain't tripping but the truth is  
Really you don't know me  
Ya you know they call me T.I.  
But you don't know me  
You be hating and I see why  
'Cause you don't know me

I think it's time I made a song for niggas who don't know me  
I graduated out the streets, I'mma real OG  
I been trapping shooting pistols since I stood four feet  
So while you nigga's acting bad, you're gonna have to show me  
You're gonna make me bring a Chevy to a real slow creep  
My nigga's hanging out the window, mouth full of gold teeth  
When the gun's start popping, wonder when it's gonna cease  
Cap'll hit you on the side and create a slow leak  
We've been in the speculation 'cause today we're gonna see  
What's the future of a pussy nigga hating on me  
I give a fuck about the feds investigation on me  
I don't care they're at my shows and they're waiting on me  
I'mma keep a flossy popping long as to is on the beat  
Tell police that I ain't stopping I'mma keep it in the streets  
Contrary to your believes, I'm as real as you can be  
Fuck your thoughts and your feelings, nigga you don't know me.

[Chorus]

Hey once again let me remind you nigga you don't know me  
So don't be walking up and asking "what's the deal on a Ki.&quot;  
I don't know if you're wearing wires, you could be the police  
If I was slanging blow you couldn't get an OZ  
See me at the PSC follow through and the show deep  
Police holding up the door, 'cause they know we toat heat  
I just wanna wrap a C, blow a dro in a flee  
Only playing 'bout a dozen different bitches in a week  
I just wanna chill with country and his daddy Freddy G  
Balling out everytime, every stone is but a G  
Wanna ball in the Bahamas courtesy of KT  
Fact I only gotta Mill. as well as a dollar DP  
Ak house on the hill right next to JG  
Every week be there for lunch, busta blunt and eat free  
Get in day paid Lil Craig dead meat  
That's the only shot we got at getting cap back on the streets

[Chorus]

You see a nigga hating on a G  
Ask 'em what's it gonna be  
What are you looking at pussy nigga you don't know me?  
At the club, in the streets

Or wherever we should meet  
It's choppa chopping pistols popping nigga you don't know me [2x]

[Chorus]

Grand Hustlin' Pimp  
Urban Legends Coming Soon  
The wait is over hommie  
PSC Pimping

You don't know me dawg...