

# You Don't Know Me (Featuring Joe Hooker)

## Black Rob

Black Rob F/ Joe er  
Miscellaneous  
You Don't Know Me  
You have never seen my face before  
You don't know me  
Oh, no  
You will never see my face again  
You don't know me  
Oh, no  
You've never seen the gloves of an Uptown thug  
You say I move drugs, cuz my shit is unplugged  
Everywhere I go, results hound our love  
Black unbles them like the heavens up above  
Catch me in the new wave cab with ten bags and Etro  
The shit you growin' is H2O  
Got beef so I'm taking it slow, making it grow  
Right now my main concern is making it blow  
Guns and ammo, man, yo, you gots to understand, yo  
I'm not the one that hit them with the banjo  
Here y'all is, bringing my fingerprints  
Up in them cameras and shit like I fucked a singing bitch out  
Ask her if she seen my face  
Right: Look- I was out of town getting cake with Moore and Little Shake  
Wasn't even out here in New York State  
Trying to play me like a goat, like my name was Scape  
Now you mad, son  
Repeat 1Called a nigga sleepin', outside creepin'  
We out in Mexico, for a fun-filled weekend  
At least I thought I was, they had the whole place barred  
Still thinkin' I sold drugs, ice 'em up  
Kick the door in, I find Satan  
>From up top, bullets soaring, but I fake 'em  
I'm hard to hit, Spanish speaking chick that constantly  
And Mafia connections, chopping niggas, it's hard to get  
Hit me with the 411, and the gun  
Envelope, and transfered funds from Big Pun  
Conversation, job well done  
This shit is lifestyle now, shit, I do it all for fun  
Rippin' the frames, got at least 20 different names  
Know at least 20 different games with different lames  
Not to mention liftin' Lane's credit cards and passports  
Slayin' and flat on asphalt, still

Y'all don't know Repeat 1  
Repeat 1 I'm in the cell now, it's hell now, all stuffy  
Seven numbers, told Harve to call Puffy  
Say they got his man locked down in sick town  
Gotta get him out, not now but right now  
Catch him when they shift him when they open the yard  
Hurry up, before these six rounds smokin' the guard  
On the humble, I'ma just lay up for y'all to come through  
Create a diversion; me, I start a rumble  
Holdin' me, they ain't even take my flip  
Got on Simmy's, they ain't even take my shit  
Got my jewels, lend 'em right, them a be fools  
On the sneak out, the peek out, had two left shoes  
I'ma freak 'em, through the front gate, on administrations  
Only a dust of dust, the wind, still north facin'  
Straight up out a crystal face, like I'm Jason  
Only a dust of dust, the wind, still north facin'  
You late Repeat 1 to fade

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songlyrics.band/>