

# U Don't Know Me (Screwed Version)

## T.I. & Paul Wall

T.I, you don't know me  
I'ma tell y'all sucka ass niggaz somethin'  
First of all nigga  
Look'a hear dawg You mighta seen me in the streets  
But nigga you don't know me  
When you holla when you speak  
Remember you don't know me  
Save all the hatin' and the poppin'  
Nigga you don't know me  
Quit tellin' niggaz you my partna  
Nigga you don't know me  
Don't be a groupie keep it movin'  
Nigga you don't know me  
Hey I ain't trippin' pimpin truth is  
Really you don't know me  
Yeah, you know they call me T.I.  
But you don't know me  
You be hatin' and I see why  
'Cause you don't know me I think it's time I made a song for niggaz who don't know me  
I graduated at the streets, I'ma real OG  
I been trappin', shootin' pistols since I stood four feet  
So all you niggaz actin' bad, you gonna have to show me  
You gonna make me bring this chevy to a real slow creep  
My niggaz hangin' out the window, mouth fulla gold teeth  
When the guns start poppin' wonder when it's gone cease  
Choppa hit you in the side and create a slow leak  
We can end the speculation 'cuz today we gon' see  
What's the future of a pussy nigga hatin' on me  
I give a fuck about the fed's investigation on me  
I don't care that they at my shows and they waitin' on me  
I'ma keep on flossin', poppin' long as toomp is on the beat  
Tell police's I ain't stoppin', I'ma keep it in the streets  
Contrary to yo beliefs, I'm as real as you can be  
Fuck ya thoughts and ya feelings, nigga you don't know me You mighta seen me in the streets  
But nigga you don't know me  
When you holla when you speak  
Remember you don't know me  
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Really you don't know me  
Yeah, you know they call me T.I.  
But you don't know me  
You be hatin' and I see why  
'Cause you don't know meHey once again let me remind you nigga you don't know me  
So don't be walkin' up and askin' what's the deal on a Ki  
I don't know if you wearin wires you could be the police  
If I was slangin' dope you couldn't get an OZ  
See me at the PSC follow thru and tha show deep  
Hommes holdin' up the doe 'cuz they know we toat heat  
I just wanna wrap a C, blow a dro in a flee  
Only playin' 'bout a dozen different bitches in a weekI just wanna chill with country and his  
daddy Freddy G  
Ballin' out everytime, every stone is but a G  
Wanna ball in the Bahamas curtousy at KT  
Fact I only gotta Mill as well as a dolla DP  
Ak house on the hill right next to JG  
Everyweek 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 gettin' cap back on the streetsYou mighta seen me in the streets  
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You be hatin' and I see why  
'Cause you don't know meYou see a nigga hatin' on a G, ask 'em what's it gonna be  
Whatcha lookin' at, pussy nigga you don't know me  
At the club, in the streets or where ever we should meet  
It's choppa choppin' pistols, poppin' nigga you don't know me  
You see a nigga hatin' on a G, ask 'em what's it gonna be  
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Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>