

# You Don't Even Know

Clipse

I can run with you? (Yeah)  
I know you don't know me  
But um, don't you notice, like  
Everyone keeps on looking at us (come on)  
You know why (come on)  
Let me tell you why, Oh!

Seen set, yeah, my team set  
Niggas bleem so hard they say we seem wet  
Safe in the club, never seen me sweat  
Nextel on my right, hand is on my left  
Hot mama freeze, I like what I see  
Is it asking too much for you to talk to me  
Hit the dance floor, share a spark with me  
Oh, grab a booth seat in the dark wit' me  
Oh, you on that tough shit, play hard to get  
Guess you didn't know I ain't the one to fuck wit'  
Came a little harder, until I touched it  
Or be your worst nightmare making you loveless  
See I'm in the faster lane, baby I master game  
Chicks like porno flicks, they all the same  
Tap into they ego, just to own the brain  
Then keep 'em at arms-length and still callin' my name, Terror

You don't even know what you lookin' at  
Real niggas that'll push ya' back  
You ain't got no defense when I scream attack  
I can tell, I can tell  
You don't even know what you lookin' at  
Real niggas that'll push ya' back  
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I can tell, I can tell

I had you locked from the interlude  
Talking 'bout how you hot, now you in the mood  
Pictured you in your friend, y'all in the nude  
Only 'cause I'm sure you know that the Clipse gon' blow like intertubes  
Works for me, got you beggin' for mercy  
Pillow-talk all in my ear like Kermy  
Keep shoving 'cause I'm lovin' the way that you work me  
Been on since I seen your performance in Jersey  
But worthy tricks be not, tips we got  
It's only right to charm, run game, but play me not  
The way we rock, y'all don't know about this  
Come around your block in the rimmed out Six  
Tented out windows cause for poked out lips  
But hatin' on the Clipse get y'all nowhere quick  
My whole clique flossin' our shit like dope dealers  
Five deep bustin' off heat on four wheelers

When the shots go across the room  
Who you gon' call when you lost in doom  
Your second's too late, we react too soon  
Star Trak, Clipse and the Neptunes  
When the shots go across the room  
Who you gon' call when you lost in doom  
Your second's too late, we react too soon

## Star Trak, Clipse and the Neptunes

Haters I suggest y'all quick to get back  
Nine double M, them rounds we spit that  
Cold red fill 'em with lead put 'em to bed  
Bloodshed one in the head, one in the red  
I can tell you hatin' 'cause your face balled up  
Simply because my neck and wrist iced all up  
But y'all should be inspired men and wake y'all up  
And prepared you to look like I won't break y'all up

Haters stand by, wit' yo' hands high  
Got clips for y'all clique ready to fry  
Now you ask why, beggin' for my reply  
Don't talk, save it for the man in the sky  
You just a go-getter, who ain't no better  
Same, no sweater, pocket with no cheddar  
A chromed-out baretta, Ferrari Dioletta  
Wrong move you lose, Clipse comin' to get 'cha

Star Trak [heavy breathing]  
Your heart go [heavy breathing]  
Your heart go [heavy breathing]  
Everybody go [heavy breathing]