

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
You ain't got no defense when I scream attack
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
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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]