

You don't Know Me – paroles

Ooh, na na yeah  
Don't act like you know me, like you know me, na na yeah  
I am not your homie, not your, hoo, na na yeah  
Don't act like you know me, like you know me, na na yeah  
You don't know me

Oh yeah, time is money so don't fuck with mine  
See I'm out with my girls, I'ma have a good time  
Step back with your chit-chat, killin' my vibe

See, I can't get too much of a good thing  
S'why me a dressed up in the finest things  
Well, please hold your tongue, oh, don't say a damn thing  
See your iPhone camera flashin'  
Please step back, it's my style you're crampin'  
"You here for long?" Oh no, I'm just passin'  
"Do you wanna drink?" No, thanks for askin'