

U Don't Know

JAY-Z

Turn my music high, high, high, high-er
You don't know... what you're doing, doing, doing, doing
Sure i do...I'm from the streets where the
Hood could swallow a man, bullets'll follow are followin' me
There's so much coke that you could run the slalom
And cops comb the shit top to bottom
They say that we are prone to violence, but it's home sweet
Where personalities clash and chorme meets chorme
The coke prices up and down like it's wall street homes
But this is worse than the Dow Jones your brains are now blown
All over that brown brome, one slip you are now gone
Welcome to hell where you are welcome to sell
But when them shells come you better return 'em
All scars we earn 'em, all cars we learn 'em like the back of our hand
We watch for cops hoppin out the back of van
Wear a G on my chest, I don't need Dapper Dan
This ain't a sewn outfit homes, homes is about it
Was clappin them flamers before I became famous
For playin me y'all shall forever remain nameless
I am Hov'
Sure I do, I tell you the difference between me and them
They tryin to get they ones, tryin to get them M's
One million, two million, three miliion, four
In just five years, forty million more
You are now lookin at the forty million boy
I'm rapin Def Jam 'til I'm the hundred million man
R., O., C.You don't know. what you're doing, doing, doing, doing
That's where you're wrongI came into this muthafucka a hundred grand strong
Nine to be exact, from grindin G-packs
Put this shit in motion ain't no rewindin me back
Could make 40 off a brick but one rhyme could beat that
And if somebody woulda told 'em that Hov' would sell clothes
Heh, not in this lifetime, wasn't in my right mind
That's another difference that's between me and them
Heh, I smartened up, opened the market up
One million, two million, three million, four
In eighteen months, eighty million more
Now add that number up with the one I said before
You are now lookin at one smart black boy
Momma ain't raised no fool
Put me anywhere on God's green earth, I'll triple my worth
Muthafucka - I.will.not.lose

You don't know. what you're doing, doing, doing, doing
Put somethin on itI sell ice in the winter, i sell fire at hell
I am a hustler baby, I'll sell water to a well
I was born to get cake, move on and switch states
Cop the coupe with the roof go on and switch plates
Was born to dictate, never follow orders
Dickface, get your shit straight, fucka this is Big Jay
I. hahahaha.hahahaYou don't know. what you're doing, doing, doing, doing
. will, not, lose, ever. fucka!

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>