

Jay-Z, Don't You Know

Fresh from London... Paris, Germany...
It's Euro-Jay... International Hov...
Bon Shoir, muhfuckas!... We back...
as if we never left this bitch... on top... it's worldwide...
Still Just Blaze'in this shit up...

(VERSE 1)

Every place I visit, I got land there
How could niggas stand there
Say I sound like them? Hell no
Push wigs back, push Bentley drops that's yellow
Started from the elbow, nigga, from the get-go
No, not the Geico, ain't nothin accidental
Just the facts that I've been through
Perhaps if you was into
Half of the shit I've been through
That'd make your pen move
Your mind would open, your heart would bleed
Instead y'all niggas flow oh so retardedly
You sound retarded to me!
How could you stand there, pants near down to your ass, you wanna spar with me
I'll put you down in the grass, it's the God MC, Young V-I-T-O
Young'n, you are my hijo
My son dula
I clean the cess pool up
Rap stinks
You cats are the sphinx
You cut off your nose to spite your face
Bet you like it that way don'tchya?

(CHORUS)

Don't you know?
When you're defeated, young punk?
Won't you throw
Won't you throw in the towel, stop running your mouth
Don't you know that we know you're just running your mouth
Cause when this shit pops off, we gonna run in your house
Don't you know
When you're defeated, young punk?
Won't you throw?
Won't you throw in the towel? I'm better with vowels
My vocabulary murders the dictionary
Flow switches every 16, shits mean, man

(VERSE 2)

Shit, I'm heavy in the game
I ain't worried bout a thing
Last man standing
Blam-blammin the cannon
48 Hours, it's Reggie Hammond
The colte, Nick Nolte
My demeanor is Humphrey Bogey
Baby, I'm comfy, cozy, my spot is solidified
Roc-a-bye baby, I sing you a lillabye
How ill am I? BK to Philladi-
Delphia! Niggas feelin how real am I
Shit, I carry two taurus, niggas they call me gemini
Though my birthday is one day before December 5
It's S Carter, the archer, I throw darts at ya
Arrows through your apparel, I will dearly depart ya
It's clearly hard for ya, what God has bestowed on me
You nah destroys me nigga; nigga I'm poetry
In four part harmony, it's like Jodeci
Check out my melody, my flow is a felony

Oh, I'm so seventies, I'm in tune with the heavenly
Governing body - Check, check, check out my destiny
I walk leaving four footprints
My hood sense
My book smarts
My faith of the unknown
And a good heart
What's seldom shown is the good part
Like I said
Try to bring em life, but they want dead
You won't listen
Hov is a nice guy, but you don't miss him
That'll piss him off quick, you won't listen

(CHORUS)