

# Jay-Z, U Don't Know (Remix)

(feat. M.O.P.)

I'm not trying to be nosey babe oh no  
I'm not trying to give you no advice  
(Hovie's home)  
I don't plan to be (New addition to the roc) no philosopher  
But I still know this is the life Baby Baby

[Jay-Z]:

You gotta let this one breathe, just  
Just let it breathe for a sec  
Yup, Hovi's home  
Newest edition to the Roc  
M.O.P.  
The Blueprint 2 is on its way  
I know ya hear my footsteps out there...comin'  
Let's go get 'em just

[Lil Fame]

Time to duck, fire  
Duck, fire, duck, fire  
Duck, fire, duck, FIYAAAAAAHHH!

(U Don't know what you're doing, doing, doing, doing)

It's the MOP (Yes)

In a zip-code that's

1, 1, 2, 3, 3

And motherfucker we comin, 100 miles and gunnin

I'm still runnin with cash that's robbed

From the era of exhale 80's and hats back stomp

(SAME GAME!) operation for this industry lockdown

We still tote hammers that go BLOCKOWWWW

Run up if you wanna, believe me dog

These hammers with they owners, fuck ya G up

Have ya with blue 'jamas in a coma, and

Ya family now moan, look, 70 pounds gone

A little fuck, scribbled up with a hospital down on

(WE HOLDIN IT DOWN HOLMES!)keep pushin weak frail bastards

To get over, we prowl with slimmer re-shelled tactics

Jiminy frail bastards, your tracks need tune-ups

No limit, what the fuck, recordin for nig' junior

(The game aint changed)it just got harder

Plus we sponsored by laz' Dame Dash and Mr. S. Carter

Brownsville(yep), we stomp in this bitch all day

Rock with my cock out, face the crowd and piss off stage

[Billy Danze]

Uh, Uh, Uh, I'm from the G side of thangs

Where we ride and bang, where the heat died of flame

That's how we got the name(WARRIORS!)

And better than ya bank, and someone should be tellin 'em

The veterans have came, and we're better in the game

(YOU BETTER MAKE IT RAIN!) "27 grams" my man

It's better than cocaine, now everything will change

In this family we'll rule the world

And you haters can eat a dick up till you hiccup and erm

A decade on the grind, nigga I paid mine

So it's my time to shine and for you can ride the pine

I wont sit back and rap like these dumb ass kids

I been around, I put it down, I aint these young ass kids

(MOP!) The OG's repped and survived around this motherfucka

(FIRST FAMILY!) We kept it live around this motherucka

When it's crunch time, we do it our wizzay  
For shizzle my nigga, learn to grip pistols and BK

[Jay-Z]

WHOOOOOOO!!!!!!

Turn my music high, high, high, high-er  
Mo' fire, mo' problems, more Roc-a-wear attire  
Mo' money, mo' murder now that M.O.P.'s hired  
Mo' murder for the ROC empire, ya'll wont surface  
Ya'll nervous knowin them guns on full service, ready to fire  
One body, two body, three body, four  
Young sittin on paper, I'm above the law  
Young shittin on haters, I aint fuckin with ya'll  
For my Brownsville neighbors, How About Some Hardcore?  
And it just get worser, every time I write my signature in cursive  
Just add another million to these verses  
One million, two million, three million, four  
And the money's really worthless, I'm pissing you off on purpose  
My nephew's situated, and my mama's straight  
So I'm ready for whatever drama should come our way  
And you fuckers rappin to me, so your drama is fake  
Ya'll niggas is noodles, I got more fetti to bake  
Let's get it!