

Jay-Z, U Don't Know (Remix) Feat. M.O.P.

I'm not tryin' to be....lonely babe lord no
I'm not tryin' to give you no advice
I don't plan to be no philosopher
But as you know this isn't right lady, lady

[Jay-]:

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, FIRE

(You don't know what you're doing, doing, doing, doing)

It's the M.O.P. (yes)

1, 1, 2, 3, 3

And mothafucka 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 BLOCOWWW
Run up if you wanna, believe me dawg
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 gown 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 Nick Junior?
(The game ain't changed) It just got harder
Plus we sponsored by laz' Dame Dash and Mr. S. Scott 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 til you hiccup and hurl
A decade on the grind, nigga I paid mine
So it's my time to shine and for you can ride the pine
I won't sit back and rap like these dumb ass kids
I been around, I put it down, I ain't these young ass kids
(M.O.P.) The OG's repped and survived around this motherfucka
(First family) We kept it live around this motherfucka
When it's crunch time, we do it our wi-zzay
For shizzle my nigga, learn to grip pistols and BK

[Jay-Z]:

Whoo

Turn my music high, high, high, higher
Mo' fire, more Roc-a-wear attire
Mo' money, mo' murder now that M.O.P.'s hired
Mo' murder for the Roc empire, ya'll won't 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 ain't fuckin' with ya'll
For my Brownsville neighbors, how about some hardcore?
And it just get worsen, every time I saw 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 niggas rappin' to me, so your drama is fake
You dudes is noodles, I got more ziti to bake
You dudes is cake
I keep two biscuits on the waist
Razorblades under the tongue
I will eat ya face
Appetite for destruction, I am starvin' today
Got a money hungry lawyer that'll ea the case
And that's just food for thought
Don't let it go to waste
Nigga, bite the bullet until you stuffin' ya face
I done forgot more than you ever learned
What you don't know will make your home a permanent earn, nigga

Do you believe in me?
Oh, no
You don't know what you're doing, doing, doing, doing
Do you believe in me?
Oh, no
You don't know what you're doing, doing, doing, doing