

# Juicy J, You Don't Know

The streets is down to ride when it's on (When it's on)  
Talking how you talking, get you gone (Get you gone)  
You don't know my nigga, you don't know (You don't know)  
You don't know my nigga, you don't know (You don't know)  
I been getting money from before (From before)  
Matter of fact, get my money out the floor (Out the floor)  
You don't know my nigga, you don't know (You don't know)  
You don't know my nigga, you don't know (You don't know)

The streets ain't never been hidin, we riding  
Duct tape on a licence plate when we see a nigga sliding  
Choppers in the window when we find him  
It's money to be made when we find him  
Dinner on me at Benihana's  
Just rapping, and I seen three commas  
Fucking bad bitches in they vaginas  
Juicy mane, be honest  
My .45 is harmonic  
Weed, buying more chronic  
My Prada suit is black diamond  
Tired of shitting on niggas, I'm bout to vomit  
Champagne with my omelet  
They say I'm still using ebonics  
But I'm still capping these commas  
Niggas think that they nino  
Juicy man got a ego  
Bet your life in my casino  
My Cuban link is a kilo  
Got a mansion out in the valley, I still keep my heat on  
Too many diamonds and rupees in my chains, looking like hot cheetos

The streets is down to ride when it's on (When it's on)  
Talking how you talking, get you gone (Get you gone)  
You don't know my nigga, you don't know (You don't know)  
You don't know my nigga, you don't know (You don't know)  
I been getting money from before (From before)  
Matter of fact, get my money out the floor (Out the floor)  
You don't know my nigga, you don't know (You don't know)  
You don't know my nigga, you don't know (You don't know)

It ain't no nigga like me  
Who still spending millions from the '90s  
I can spend my own millions just to sign me  
Walking in the white house in a black tee  
Get lost in my time piece, My wrist priced out the Bugatti  
Icing on the cake with the glaze on  
I be at the Oscars with my Jays on  
Watcha saying homes?  
I be in the kitchen with the good shit  
Getting my Bobby Flay on  
Duffel bag in the Ferrari  
Top down, switching foreign lanes on a Friday  
Baddest bitches, erotic. Blowin' light cause I got it  
If my goons knew how to swim they'd be sharks mixed with piranhas  
Fashion shows out in Paris, all my weed is designer  
I don't talk business on the phone  
If the money ain't texting I ain't home  
It's not up to me how your bitch getting home, I fucked her  
She just wanted Juicy on the night that you loved her  
Knock knock, nigga don't you dare  
Niggas in the grass with their choppers in the air

The streets is down to ride when it's on (When it's on)  
Talking how you talking, get you gone (Get you gone)

You don't know my nigga, you don't know (You don't know)  
You don't know my nigga, you don't know (You don't know)  
I been getting money from before (From before)  
Matter of fact, get my money out the floor (Out the floor)  
You don't know my nigga, you don't know (You don't know)  
You don't know my nigga, you don't know (You don't know)

Crack a nigga head with the Ace of Spades  
Worldstar put you on the front page  
Congratulations, you finally made it  
Pussy nigga, you finally famous  
These rap niggas, these rap niggas  
In real life ain't moving shit  
Half the shit just sound good  
You niggas living in a movie clip  
20 years in, you new to this  
I'm a shark nigga, you a tuna fish  
All my cars got smart start  
Damn bitch, I'm stupid rich  
Stupid bitch, that's hella paid  
Promethazine in my lemonade  
Got a private loft in MIA  
No competition I'm in my lane