

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)
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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

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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

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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