

Kanye West, You Know

You know
Oh you know
I just want you to know

Kanye: I just got off the plane Chicago.
Its your boy Kanye West on the beat.
Eh, White Boy!

Chorus: You know
I just want you to know
I just want you to know
(You know)
I just want you to know
This boy here can flow
(You know)
South side up in here
West side up in here
East side up in here
Throw your hands in the air
(You know)
I just want you to know
I just want you to know
(You know)
I just want you to know
This boy here can flow
(You know)
South side up in here
West side up in here
East side up in here
Throw your hands in the air

Kanye: Kanye the best in the game now we got that fact made clear
Kanye West is the name South side up in here
Ya'll niggers stole the show
Ya'll niggers all some clones
Ya'll need to change ya'll tone
Nigger I control the gold
Muthafucker close the door
Light the weed and let the odor blow
Why you keep balling old girl
You ain't been around hoes before?
Why my chain rosy gold?
Why my wrist below zero?
How the hell I know B-Lo?
Why them girls figure no means no?
No means no just as sure as green means go
Green means paper dream team capper
We see ya haters like shorty on the sixes
Ya'll finna see some dead people
Come through your block and egg people
My people ain't scared people
Only fear God, yeah people

Chorus: You know
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I just want you to know
(You know)
I just want you to know
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(You know)
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West side up in here
East side up in here
Throw your hands in the air

White Boy: White Boy back in the mix and I'm in the atmosphere
Caught for presackin the fifth and we got them gats in here
This is not a game (no)
Chris is not a lame (no)
Chi-Town drop the flame (yes!)
White Boy got them thangs
White Boy a hot damn shame
White Boy hot like Mars
Ya'll flow hot like marsh
Ya'll can't stop these bars
White Boy top these charts
White Boy got the ball
Lyrics gon' shock you boy
Chris don't cop them cars
Get a couple foxy broads
Out there shoes, socks, and bra
This is not so hard
Chris gotta Rocky heart
Pimp with the mobster walk
Chris got hostile thoughts
Ya'll better watch it ya'll
Midwest rock you ya'll!

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(You know)
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East side up in here
Throw your hands in the air
(You know)
I just want you to know
I just want you to know
(You know)
I just want you to know
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White Boy: Yeah
Brat prophet
Black gothic
Slash comic
Rats jockin
Fat pockets
Mad hoppin
Crack poppin
Stacks droppin
Can't stop it
Weights knocking
Hate in your face
Watching base
On relate
Gossip facin
I make options
Yeah
Incase I catch a case

gots to pay
Confrontate
Need to break
From this place
Cuz it ain't common (no)
If this ain't the way Kanye
Then its straight colleges
In your veins
Cuz you spent
What you gain
From straight knowledge
I was raised in the street
Praisin my heat
Holdin on my Nextel
Hopin for the next El
Focused on the best sell
Smokin on the fresh El
Posted like Fed Ex mail

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(You know)
I just want you to know
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(You know)
(Ohhh, Ohhh)
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