

Ellis Paul

"U Don't Know"

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[Jay-Z]

You gotta let this one breathe Just
Just let it breathe for a second
"I'm not trying to give you, no advice"
Yup, Hovi's home! The newest addition to The Roc,
M.O.P.
"I don't claim to be"
The Blueprint 2 is on it's way
"Noooooooooooo philosopher"
I know y'all hear my footsteps out there, I'm comin
"But I sure know, this is life"
Let's go get 'em Just!

[Lil' Fame]

Time to dump (FIYAH) dump (FIYAH)
Dump (FIYAH) dump (FIYAH) dump (FIYAAAAAAHHH!)
"You don't know, what you're doing - doing - doing -
doing.."
It's the Mo' P. (YES!!) And the zip code is 1 (1) 2 (3)
THREE, and motherfucker we comin, 100 miles and
gunnin
I'm still runnin with cats that rob
From the era of XL 80's and hatchback Saabs
(SAME GAME!) Operation for this "Industry Lockdown"
We still tote hammers that go BLAK-OWW, run up if you
wanna
Believe me dawg, these hammers with they owners
Fuck ya G up, have ya with blue Pampers in a coma,
and
Your family now moan, look, 70 pounds gone
A little fuck, shriveled up, with a hospital gown on
(WE HOLDIN IT DOWN HOLMES!) Keep pushin we fell
bastards
To get over, we prowl with slippery shell tactics
Jiminy frail bastards, your tracks need tune-ups
Lil' niglette! What the fuck you recordin, "My Nig' Jr.?"
(THE GAME AIN'T CHANGED!) It just got harder
Plus we sponsored by Laze, Dame Dash and Mr. S dot
Carter
Brownsville (YEP!) We stomp through 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 (OHH) where we ride and bang

With a heat dat'll flame, that's how we got the name (WARRIORS!) Embedded in ya brains

And someone should be tellin 'em the veterans have came

And we're better in the game, YOU BET I'LL MAKE IT RAIN

("27 a gram") My man, it's better than cocaine

Now everything will change and this Family will rule the world

And you haters can eat a dick up till you hiccup and earl!

A decade on the grind, nigga I paid mine

So it's my time to shine and for you to 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 (M.O.P.) The O.G.'s repped and survived around this motherfucker

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

When it's crunch time, we do it our wizzay

For shizzle my nigga, learn to grip pistols in B.K.

[Jay-Z]

WOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!

Turn my music high, high, high, high-er

MO' fire, more Roc-a-wear attire

MO' money, MO' murder now that M.O.P.'s hired

MO' further for the Roc Empire, y'all won't serve us

Y'ALL nervous, know 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 y'all

For my Brownsville neighbors, "How About Some Hardcore?"

And it just get worser, every time I sign 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 pissin you off on purpose

My nephew's situated, and my mom is straight

So I'm ready for whatever drama should come my way

And you niggaz 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
Razor blades under the tongue, I will eat your face
Appetite for destruction, I am starvin today
Got a money hungry lawyer that'll eat 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, ha
I done forgot more than you ever learned
What you don't know will make your home a permanent
urn, nigga!

"Do you believe it!!"

"You don't know, what you're doing - doing - doing -
doing.."

"Do you believe it!!"

"You don't know, what you're doing - doing - doing -
doing.."

"Do you believe it!!"

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