

# Kanye West

## "You Don't Know"

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(feat. Chris Martin of Coldplay)

[CHORUS:]

Go ahead'n roll it up and pass it around...  
Cuz there's been a lot of bullshit going down  
A lot of soldiers they ain't make it through this year  
So let's just celebrate that we still here and  
Whooooa, never leave me alone  
Tell 'em holla atcha boy  
Cuz I'll be coming home  
I'll be coming home  
Never leave me alone  
Tell 'em holla atcha boy  
Cuz I'll be coming home  
I'll be coming

My homie called me like, "What up, man?"  
Not from Florida, but what up, fam?  
There's been a whole lot of hating again  
And if they hating on me, damn, what up then?  
I met this girl when I was three years old  
And what I love most, she had so much soul  
She said "Excuse me little homie, I know you don't  
know me  
But uh, my name is Windy, and yo, I like to blow trees"  
and  
From that point I never blow her off  
Come from out of town, I like to show her off  
They like to act tough, she like to toe 'em off  
And make 'em straighten up they hat cuz she know  
they soft  
And when I grew up, she taught me how to go  
downtown  
And in the nighttime, her face lit up, so astounding  
I told her, in my heart is where she'll always be  
She never mess with entertainers cuz they always leave  
She said it feels like they walk and go from me  
Knew I was gang affiliated, got on tv, and told on me  
I guess that's why last winter she got so cold on me  
She said "'Ye, keep makin' that platinum and gold for  
me"  
But if you really cared for her

Then you wouldn't've never hit the airport, and  
followed your dreams  
Sometimes I still talk to her  
But when I talk to her, it always seems like she talk  
about me  
She said, "You left your kids, and they just like you  
They wanna rap and make soul beats just like you  
But they just not you, and I just got through  
Talkin' 'bout what he tryin'a do, just not new"  
Now everybody go the game figured out all wrong  
I guess you never know what you got til it's gone  
I guess that's why I'm here and I can't come back home  
And guess when I heard that, when I was back home  
In the interview I'm representing you, making you  
proud  
Shoot for the stars, so when you fall you land on a  
cloud  
Jumpin in crowds, sparkin' lighters, wave 'em around  
If you don't know by now, I'm talkin' 'bout Chi-town

[CHORUS: with variations]

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