

## Manau

### "You Know"

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[Kanye West - talking]

I just got off the plane Chicago  
It's ya boy Kanye West on the beat  
Ay White Boy

[Hook x2]

I just want you to know, I just want you to know  
I just want you to know, this boy here finna' blow  
Southside up in here, Westside up in here  
Eastside up in here, throw your hands in the air

[Kanye West]

Kanye the best in the game, now we got that, that thing  
clear

Kanye West is the name, Southside up in here  
Y'all niggaz stole the soul, y'all niggaz all some clones  
Y'all need to change y'all tone, nigga I control the gold  
Motherfucker close the do', light the weed and let the  
douja blow

Why you keep bawlin' though girl, you ain't been  
around niggaz before?

Why my chain rosey gold, why my wrist below zero  
How the hell I know B-Lo, why them girls tell you no  
means no

No means no just as sure as green means go, green  
means paper

Dream team, caper we see haters like shorty on the  
'Sixth Sense'

Y'all finna' see some dead people, come through ya  
block and air people

My people ain't scared people, only FIG-I-AIR people

[Hook x1]

[White Boy]

White Boy back in the mix, and I'm in the atmosphere  
Crunkin' for stackin' the fifth, and we got them gats in  
here

This is not a game, Cris is not a lame  
Chi-town drop the flame, White Boy got them thangs  
White Boy a hot damn shame, White Boy hot like mars

Y'all flow hot like March, y'all can't stop these bars  
White Boy drop these charts, White Boy got the ball  
Lyrics gon' shock you all, Cris gon' cop them cars  
Get a couple foxy broads, out they shoes socks and bra  
This is not so hard, Cris got a rocky heart  
Pimp wit' a monster walk, Cris got hostile thoughts  
Y'all better watch it dawg, me and West rock you dawg

[Hook 2x]

[White Boy]

Rap profit, plat gothic, slash convict raps jock it, phat  
Pockets mac, hopin' crack, poppin' stacks  
Droppin' cakes, stoppin' wakes, knockin' hate  
And you fakes, watchin' base, on relate  
Gossip fakes and I make, opt-Yeah  
In case I catch a case gots to pay, confrentrate  
Need ya way, from this place, cause it ain't common  
(nope)  
If this ain't the way, Kan-ye, then it's straight  
Colleges, in ya veins cause you spit what you came  
from  
Straight knowledge, I was raised in the street  
Praised in my heat, holdin' on my Nextel  
Hopin' for the next cell, focused on the best cell  
Smokin' on a fresh L, posted like FedEx mail

[Hook 2x]

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