

## Nas

# "You Wouldn't Understand"

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Yeah, Harlem, Bronx, Brooklyn

Let's make a bet, I know the reason you ain't make it  
yet  
You say you set, but you ain't see the tedious  
ingredients  
That go inside of a rider, you hiding from problems  
and  
You never knew how to make dollars  
You couldn't make orders at a drive-through  
McDonald's  
I was fly at the Apollo with black Jason, '89 with a bottle  
Niggas jealous of Jason, dark green seven forty, no tint  
Rollie on wrist, gleaming he rock the baldy  
Used to ride with him to Brooklyn, louis, and hallsey  
Cop chocolate thai, Vernon style and burn it down  
My nigga hype in the federal joint, verdict out  
20 years getting money in the dirty south  
That's alleged, you see my nigga's a stand up dude  
So I'm yelling free my nigga  
My nephew godfather Malik, he jammed up too  
For what his hands usually call for, but he ain't do it

Who you are ain't in the recipe to what I am  
Cause where I'm from, man, what I see you wouldn't  
understand  
Where I been and what I do  
No matter how you try you never can  
Cause where I'm from, what I see you wouldn't  
understand  
Where I been, where I been

You ever been on the other end of a robber's revolver?  
Not me, call me Lucky Nas Casalana  
Or been shot in the medulla oblongata and survived  
And praise God with a bullet I never collided  
Some did and they lived, I salute the gods  
Moet spilling, splashed by mistake on my Timb boots  
for y'all  
N.Y. nigga, Adidas, jogging suit  
Shelltoes, slim, fly nigga  
Hudson River, rent a boat, t-shirt with a dinner coat

And vintage Fila like I'm the ghost of Domencio  
On any day getting thrown in a tinted vehicle  
Like a old BK gangsta, but I'm the CEO  
Of Nasty Nas Enterprises, mastermind, made men  
My success symbolizes loyalty, great friends  
Dedication, hard work, routine builds character  
In a world full of snakes, rats and scavengers  
Never make choices out of desperation, I think through  
it  
Break through walls like Pink Floyd  
And drink fluids of all kind of alcohol, y'all  
Vineyards in France, yachts out in Cannes

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Now holla at a millionaire  
Rollie, Hublot and Audemar, deciding which one to  
wear  
Who to screw, what to drive, 550 with the cream guts  
inside  
Or the Super Sport Range truck is fly  
Diamond ring on my knuckles like fire, bitch  
Gat's on us, I don't really trust these guys  
Spend a couple bucks a night on bottles on cuties  
If she beautiful, the lustful type, I'll hit it and bust inside  
Fuck it, I'mma die one day, they gon' probably make  
that day a holiday  
Until then, let's go on a shopping spree  
Speaking for my real niggas, only OGs  
Certified who kill niggas when put in that seat  
But tonight we on chill, nigga, chill mode  
Spill more Spades, listen to Jeezy and Hov, some Rozay  
It's like we always on the grind with no brakes  
So tonight we gon' act like we on vacation with this on  
rotation

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True B nigga, yeah  
For my hood niggas, yeah, yeah  
To my man Eric B, what up? Yeah  
The whole city, I see you  
To my man Big Slate in the fed joint  
My man Spunk, free my niggas  
All my niggas, yeah  
Club Vernon, I see you  
I see you, yeah  
And Baltum, I see you

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