

White Boy "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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