MotoLyrics.com

MotoLyrics

Biggest, regularly updated and free lyrics database

Jay-Z F/ M.O.P. "U Don't Know"

Visit "<u>U Don't Know</u>" on MotoLyrics.com

[lay-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 "Noooooooo 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 (FIYAAAAAAAHHH!) "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]

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 lust 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!!"

Visit Jay-Z F/M.O.P. page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

MotoLyrics.com | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.