

Jay-Z, U Don't Know (Remix)

(feat. M.O.P.)

I'm not trying to be nosey babe oh no
I'm not trying to give you no advice
(Hovie's home)
I don't plan to be (New addition to the roc) no philosopher
But I still know this is the life Baby Baby

[Jay-Z]:
You gotta let this one breathe, just
Just let it breathe for a sec
Yup, Hovi's home
Newest edition to the Roc
M.O.P.
The Blueprint 2 is on its way
I know ya hear my footsteps out there...comin'
Let's go get 'em just

[Lil Fame]
Time to duck, fire
Duck, fire, duck, fire
Duck, fire, duck, FIYAAAAAAHHH!

(U Don't know what you're doing, doing, doing, doing)

It's the MOP (Yes)
In a zip-code that's
1, 1, 2, 3, 3
And motherfucker we comin, 100 miles and gunnin
I'm still runnin with cash that's robbed
From the era of exhale 80's and hats back stomp
(SAME GAME!) operation for this industry lockdown
We still tote hammers that go BLOCKOWWWW
Run up if you wanna, believe me dog
These hammers with they owners, fuck ya G up
Have ya with blue 'jamas in a coma, and
Ya family now moan, look, 70 pounds gone
A little fuck, scribbled up with a hospital down on
(WE HOLDIN IT DOWN HOLMES!)keep pushin weak frail bastards
To get over, we prowl with slimmer re-shelled tactics
Jiminy frail bastards, your tracks need tune-ups
No limit, what the fuck, recordin for nig' junior
(The game aint changed)it just got harder
Plus we sponsored by laz' Dame Dash and Mr. S. Carter
Brownsville(yep), we stomp in 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
Where we ride and bang, where the heat died of flame
That's how we got the name(WARRIORS!)
And better than ya bank, and someone should be tellin 'em
The veterans have came, and we're better in the game
(YOU BETTER MAKE IT RAIN!) '27 grams' my man
It's better than cocaine, now everything will change
In this family we'll rule the world
And you haters can eat a dick up till you hiccup and erm
A decade on the grind, nigga I paid mine
So it's my time to shine and for you can 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
(MOP!) The OG's repped and survived around this motherfucka
(FIRST FAMILY!) We kept it live around this motherucka

When it's crunch time, we do it our wizzay
For shizzle my nigga, learn to grip pistols and BK

[Jay-Z]

WHOOOOOOO!!!!!!

Turn my music high, high, high, high-er
Mo' fire, mo' problems, more Roc-a-wear attire
Mo' money, mo' murder now that M.O.P.'s hired
Mo' murder for the ROC empire, ya'll wont surface
Ya'll nervous knowin 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 aint fuckin with ya'll
For my Brownsville neighbors, How About Some Hardcore?
And it just get worser, every time I write my signature in cursive
Just add another million to these verses
One million, two million, three million, four
And the money's really worthless, I'm pissing you off on purpose
My nephew's situated, and my mama's straight
So I'm ready for whatever drama should come our way
And you fuckers rappin to me, so your drama is fake
Ya'll niggas is noodles, I got more fetti to bake
Let's get it!