

# Jay-Z, Don't You Know

Fresh from London... Paris, Germany...  
It's Euro-Jay... International Hov...  
Bon Shoir, muhfuckas!... We back...  
as if we never left this bitch... on top... it's worldwide...  
Still Just Blaze'in this shit up...

## (VERSE 1)

Every place I visit, I got land there  
How could niggas stand there  
Say I sound like them? Hell no  
Push wigs back, push Bentley drops that's yellow  
Started from the elbow, nigga, from the get-go  
No, not the Geico, ain't nothin accidental  
Just the facts that I've been through  
Perhaps if you was into  
Half of the shit I've been through  
That'd make your pen move  
Your mind would open, your heart would bleed  
Instead y'all niggas flow oh so retardedly  
You sound retarded to me!  
How could you stand there, pants near down to your ass, you wanna spar with me  
I'll put you down in the grass, it's the God MC, Young V-I-T-O  
Young'n, you are my hijo  
My son dula  
I clean the cess pool up  
Rap stinks  
You cats are the sphinx  
You cut off your nose to spite your face  
Bet you like it that way don'tchya?

## (CHORUS)

Don't you know?  
When you're defeated, young punk?  
Won't you throw  
Won't you throw in the towel, stop running your mouth  
Don't you know that we know you're just running your mouth  
Cause when this shit pops off, we gonna run in your house  
Don't you know  
When you're defeated, young punk?  
Won't you throw?  
Won't you throw in the towel? I'm better with vowels  
My vocabulary murders the dictionary  
Flow switches every 16, shits mean, man

## (VERSE 2)

Shit, I'm heavy in the game  
I ain't worried bout a thing  
Last man standing  
Blam-blammin the cannon  
48 Hours, it's Reggie Hammond  
The colte, Nick Nolte  
My demeanor is Humphrey Bogey  
Baby, I'm comfy, cozy, my spot is solidified  
Roc-a-bye baby, I sing you a lillabye  
How ill am I? BK to Philladi-  
Delphia! Niggas feelin how real am I  
Shit, I carry two taurus, niggas they call me gemini  
Though my birthday is one day before December 5  
It's S Carter, the archer, I throw darts at ya  
Arrows through your apparel, I will dearly depart ya  
It's clearly hard for ya, what God has bestowed on me  
You nah destroys me nigga; nigga I'm poetry  
In four part harmony, it's like Jodeci  
Check out my melody, my flow is a felony

Oh, I'm so seventies, I'm in tune with the heavenly  
Governing body - Check, check, check out my destiny  
I walk leaving four footprints  
My hood sense  
My book smarts  
My faith of the unknown  
And a good heart  
What's seldom shown is the good part  
Like I said  
Try to bring em life, but they want dead  
You won't listen  
Hov is a nice guy, but you don't miss him  
That'll piss him off quick, you won't listen

(CHORUS)