## Juicy J, You Don't Know

The streets is down to ride when it's on (When it's on)
Talking how you talking, get you gone (Get you gone)
You don't know my nigga, you don't know (You don't know)
You don't know my nigga, you don't know (You don't know)
I been getting money from before (From before)
Matter of fact, get my money out the floor (Out the floor)
You don't know my nigga, you don't know (You don't know)
You don't know my nigga, you don't know (You don't know)

The streets ain't never been hidin, we riding Duct tape on a licence plate when we see a nigga sliding Choppers in the window when we find him It's money to be made when we find him Dinner on me at Benihana's Just rapping, and I seen three commas Fucking bad bitches in they vaginas Juicy mane, be honest My .45 is harmonic Weed, buying more chronic My Prada suit is black diamond Tired of shitting on niggas, I'm bout to vomit Champagne with my omelet They say I'm still using ebonics But I'm still capping these commas Niggas think that they nino Juicy man got a ego Bet your life in my casino My Cuban link is a kilo Got a mansion out in the valley, I still keep my heat on Too many diamonds and rupees in my chains, looking like hot cheetos

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It ain't no nigga like me Who still spending millions from the '90s I can spend my own millions just to sign me Walking in the white house in a black tee Get lost in my time piece, My wrist priced out the Bugatti Icing on the cake with the glaze on I be at the Oscars with my Jays on Watcha saying homes? I be in the kitchen with the good shit Getting my Bobby Flay on Duffel bag in the Ferrari Top down, switching foreign lanes on a Friday Baddest bitches, erotic. Blowin' light cause I got it If my goons knew how to swim they'd be sharks mixed with piranhas Fashion shows out in Paris, all my weed is designer I don't talk business on the phone If the money ain't texting I ain't home It's not up to me how your bitch getting home, I fucked her She just wanted Juicy on the night that you loved her Knock knock, nigga don't you dare Niggas in the grass with their choppers in the air

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Crack a nigga head with the Ace of Spades Worldstar put you on the front page Congratulations, you finally made it Pussy nigga, you finally famous These rap niggas, these rap niggas In real life ain't moving shit Half the shit just sound good You niggas living in a movie clip 20 years in, you new to this I'm a shark nigga, you a tuna fish All my cars got smart start Damn bitch, I'm stupid rich Stupid bitch, that's hella paid Promethazine in my lemonade Got a private loft in MIA No competition I'm in my lane