

# You Wouldn't Understand (feat. Victoria Monet)

Nas

Yeah, Harlem, Bronx, Brooklyn  
Let's make a bet, I know the reason you ain't make it yet  
You say you set, but you ain't see the tedious ingredients  
That go inside of a rider, you hiding from problems and  
You never knew how to make dollars  
You couldn't make orders at a drive-through McDonald's  
I was fly at the Apollo with black Jason, '89 with a bottle  
Niggas jealous of Jason, dark green seven forty, no tint  
Rollie on wrist, gleaming he rock the baldy  
Used to ride with him to Brooklyn, louis, and hallsey  
Cop chocolate thai, Vernon style and burn it down  
My nigga hype in the federal joint, verdict out  
20 years getting money in the dirty south  
That's alleged, you see my nigga's a stand up dude  
So I'm yelling free my nigga  
My nephew godfather Malik, he jammed up too  
For what his hands usually call for, but he ain't do it  
Who you are ain't in the recipe to what I am  
Cause where I'm from, man, what I see you wouldn't understand  
Where I been and what I do  
No matter how you try you never can  
Cause where I'm from, what I see you wouldn't understand  
Where I been, where I been  
You ever been on the other end of a robber's revolver?  
Not me, call me Lucky Nas Casalana  
Or been shot in the medulla oblongata and survived  
And praise God with a bullet I never collided  
Some did and they lived, I salute the gods  
Moet spilling, splashed by mistake on my Timb boots for y'all  
N.Y. nigga, Adidas, jogging suit  
Shelltoes, slim, fly nigga  
Hudson River, rent a boat, t-shirt with a dinner coat  
And vintage Fila like I'm the ghost of Domencio  
On any day getting throwed in a tinted vehicle  
Like a old BK gangsta, but I'm the CEO  
Of Nasty Nas Enterprises, mastermind, made men  
My success symbolizes loyalty, great friends  
Dedication, hard work, routine builds character  
In a world full of snakes, rats and scavengers  
Never make choices out of desperation, I think through it  
Break through walls like Pink Floyd  
And drink fluids of all kind of alcohol, y'all

Vineyards in France, yachts out in Cannes  
Who you are ain't in the recipe to what I am  
Cause where I'm from, man, what I see you wouldn't understand  
    Where I been and what I do  
    No matter how you try you never can  
Cause where I'm from, what I see you wouldn't understand  
    Where I been, where I been  
    Now holla at a millionaire  
    Rollie, Hublot and Audemar, deciding which one to wear  
    Who to screw, what to drive, 550 with the cream guts inside  
    Or the Super Sport Range truck is fly  
    Diamond ring on my knuckles like fire, bitch  
    Gat's on us, I don't really trust these guys  
    Spend a couple bucks a night on bottles on cuties  
    If she beautiful, the lustful type, I'll hit it and bust inside  
    Fuck it, I'mma die one day, they gon' probably make that day a holiday  
    Until then, let's go on a shopping spree  
    Speaking for my real niggas, only OGs  
    Certified who kill niggas when put in that seat  
    But tonight we on chill, nigga, chill mode  
    Spill more Spades, listen to Jeezy and Hov, some Rozay  
    It's like we always on the grind with no brakes  
So tonight we gon' act like we on vacation with this on rotation  
Who you are ain't in the recipe to what I am  
Cause where I'm from, man, what I see you wouldn't understand  
    Where I been and what I do  
    No matter how you try you never can  
Cause where I'm from, what I see you wouldn't understand  
    Where I been, where I been  
    True B nigga, yeah  
    For my hood niggas, yeah, yeah  
    To my man Eric B, what up? Yeah  
    The whole city, I see you  
    To my man Big Slate in the fed joint  
    My man Spunk, free my niggas  
    All my niggas, yeah  
    Club Vernon, I see you  
    I see you, yeah  
    And Baltum, I see you

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