

# U Don't Know

Jay-Z

Turn my music high, high, high, higher(You don't know what you're doing, doing, doing, doing)  
Sure I do I'm from the streets where the  
Hood could swallow a man, bullets will follow a man  
There's so much coke that you could run the slalom  
And cops comb the shit top to bottom  
They say that we are prone to violence, but it's home sweet home  
Where personalities crash and chrome meets chrome  
The coke prices up and down like it's Wall Street homes  
But this is worse than the Dow Jones your brains are now blown  
All over that brown Brougham, one slip you are now gone Welcome to hell where you are welcome to sell  
But when them shells come, you better return 'em  
All scars we earn 'em, all cars we learn 'em like the back of our hand  
We watch for cops hoppin' out the back of van  
Wear a G on my chest, I don't need that for damn  
This ain't a sewn outfit homes, homes is about it  
Was clappin' them flamers before I became famous  
For playin' me y'all shall forever remain nameless(You don't know what you're doing, doing, doing, doing)  
I am Hov'  
Sure I do I tell you the difference between me and them  
They tryin' to get they one's, I'm tryin' to get them M's  
One million, two million, three million, four  
In just five years, forty million more  
You are now lookin' at the forty million boy  
I'm rapin' Def Jam 'til I'm the hundred million man  
ROC(You don't know what you're doing, doing, doing, doing)  
That's where you're wrong I came into this motherfucker, a hundred grand strong  
Nine to be exact from grindin' G-packs  
Put this shit in motion ain't no rewindin' me back  
Could make 40 off a brick but one rhyme could beat that  
And if somebody woulda told 'em that Hov' would sell clothin'  
Not in this lifetime, wasn't in my right mind  
That's another difference that's between me and them Heh, I smartened up, open the market up  
One million, two million, three million, four  
In eighteen months, eighty million more  
Now add that number up with the one I said before  
You are now lookin' at one smart black boy  
Momma ain't raised no fool  
Put me anywhere on God's green earth, I'll triple my worth  
Mother fucker I will not lose

(You don't know what you're doing, doing, doing, doing)  
Put somethin' on it I sell ice in the winter, I sell fire in hell  
I am a hustler, baby, I'll sell water to a well  
I was born to get cake, move on and switch states  
Cop the Coupe with the roof gone and switch plates  
Was born to dictate, never follow orders  
Dickface, get your shit straight, fucka this is Big Jay (You don't know what you're doing, doing, doing, doing)  
Will not lose, ever  
Fuck a Oh no  
Do you believe it?

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