You Wouldn't Understand

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
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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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