

You Know What We Bout (feat. Jay-Z and Master P)

Silkk The Shocker

Yo Silkk
What up?
Tell Jigga we need 4 apples,
2 bananas and 5 oranges
You sure?
Nigga, he know what I'm talkin 'bout
Aight, I'll get him on the phone
From my block to yo block nigga
The world belongs to who? The world belongs to us
You can do what you want to do
What you gon do? Huh? What?
The streets belong to us
You can do what you want to do
What you gon do? Huh? What? Yo from the South to the East nigga, from the streets to the burbs
I fuck wit niggas when they talk, the speech just be slurred
You know me Mr. Got dough, Mr. Got flow
Couldn't figure our out which one wanted both of 'em so
Mr. Got both - if you hate me stop, if you jealous
Silkk the Shock, Jigga, No Limit, Master P, Roc-A-Fella
Used to cop bricks for 30
Now I do nothin but sit back and drop hits, ya heard me?
I ain't nothin but a thug that got rich ya heard me
Drop the top when it's hot
If not call Jay tell him blow the mall up and
Come and shop in Jersey
You know what I did, you know how I come
You wouldn't even think about testin me dog if you know what I done
Didn't change a bit, I'm still thuggish, still thuggin
Niggaz ask how much money I got do math
You know how to add I'm P little brother
Shit, I can't tell y'all nothin I gotta show y'all
Real in this, I'm as real as it gets I told y'all
Yo I sleep through the rain, sleep through the pain
Would have knew about me but you don't
Cause know why, cuase you was sleep when I came
But I'm here now, y'all suckas fear now
Look, plan on bein on top, don't stop, plan on bein hot year round
I don't do it for no love, I do it for the thugs
Do it for my block, do it for the VIP spots in the club

It's hard to stop this life like it's hard to call cocked dice
We ain't nothin but some bout it, bout it niggaz
That live the "Hard Knock Life"[Chorus]
From my block to yo block, it's a sho' shot
We out the door, out the most, and the flow don't stop
You know what we do, you know what we 'bout
You know what we do, you know what we 'bout From my block to yo block, it's a sho' shot
We out the door, out the most, and the flow don't stop
From the ghetto to the suburbs, from Marcy to the 3rd
You know what we do when we come through, ya heard? In the south nigga
Deep in the four door, watchin that old dog
Or in the club nigga, shakin' them hoes off
Poppin my foes off ain't nothin changed
Or catch me on the block with thugs knockin the o's off
Baggin that 'dro nigga, stackin that dough
Clappin at foes and I'm laughin at hoes
Holdin them dice and I'm breakin yo bank
You see the shit Roc-A-Fella make wit The Tank
Even without the airplay platinum off of heresay
It's your year Jay get off my dick
Been my year, you talkin to a winner here
Iceberg winter's wear, linen chair
My style intact, money ain't come from rap
And we can take it right back if it comes to that
Block or Billboard, you gotta feel dog
I stay real y'all, that's how I kill y'all [Chorus] I used to rap, now B-ball's my life
Move that house on the lake for the kids and the wife
Check the bank account, it's seven figures
Who that Rolls in the video for, it's mines nigga
I got game, ask the players in the pro's
Who got shot, it ain't my fault
(Ohhhh it ain't my fault) he owed me dough
Independent, black-owned, my world, my country
No Limit and Roc-A-Fella run this like drug money
So can I get a huh, huh? A what, what?
Pass the weed cause soldiers like to puff, puff
From the South to the East baby, baby
A couple of unggggh's now they gotta pay me
And flip bricks with ghetto chicks with no bicks
And nine's with no clips and sides wit no chips
Come fast or slow, from cheddar to dough
Master P, Silkk the Shocker, Jay-Z
The rowdiest niggaz you know [Chorus] Get ya money dog
Get ya money y'all
Get ya money dog

Get ya money y'all
Get ya money dog
Get ya money y'all
Get ya, get ya money dog
Get ya, get ya From the South, to the Midwest
To the East, to the West whatever
Y'all get y'all money y'all
From my block to yo block, it just don't stop

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