U Don't Know

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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
Fucka
Oh no
Do you believe it?

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