

You Wouldn't Understand (ft. 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 beenNow 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 rotationWho 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 beenTrue 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

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.