

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

## Silkk the Shocker

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

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 wanna do  
What you gon do? Huh? What? The streets belong to us  
You can do what you wanna do  
What you gon do? Huh? What? Yo, from the South to the East nigga  
From the streets to the burbs  
I fuck wit that 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 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 thru the rain, sleep thru the pain  
Would have knew about me but you don't  
'Cause know why? 'Cause 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  
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 thru, 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 hearsay  
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 in fact, 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  
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 thru, ya heard?  
I used to rap, now b-ball's my life  
Move that house on the lake for the kids and 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  
(Ohh, 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 ungh's now they gotta pay me  
And flip bricks with ghetto chicks with no dicks  
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  
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 thru, ya heard?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 do, get ya, get yaFrom 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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