

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