

Don't Understand

Masta Ace

And I don't understand...why

Yes, you are now rockin' with the best

I don't do White music, I don't do Black music
I make rap music, for hip hop kids
Y'all know what it is when I get biz with this
Flows thats hard enough it could hit your kids with this
Thugs walk through Queensbridge with this
Italian cats drive through Bay Ridge with this
Pump it in they IROC, your block to my block
I make hits like Chuck Knoblauch
But don't make no error or get it confused
You'll find yourself gettin abused, you fittin' to lose
I'mma send this out to everybody
Every nigga, every chick, every person up in every party
For all the shorties in the tight denim
And all the hood rats gettin' jealous startin to start a fight wit' em
And to the D's in the black Taurus
Loadin' up the lead in the clip put a gat for us (echos) for us

And I don't understand...why

Yes, you are now rockin' with the best

(echos) Oh!

When ya pump it in ya BM's ya pump it like this
When ya pump it in ya Range, pump it like this
When ya pump it in ya Cadillac, pump it like this
Way out from Brooklyn, pump it like this
To my people out in Queens, pump it like this
To my people in the boogie down pump it like this
People uptown, pump it like this
Pump it like this, yeah, pump it like this

I get the feelin' that these cats is thinkin'
That I might be on the verge of sinkin'
Either they weeded or they heavily drinkin'
Niggaz know that I'm steadily seekin' to readily weaken
These so-called thug cats with a melody beacon
That the world hear, loud and clear over the airwaves
I move up on the charts like stairways
I bust raps like trailways and greyhound
This is for them kids that was shot on the playground
Yo, don't know why the streets is so evil
To this ghetto shit there's no equal, them yo people
I love rap no matter how much I say I hate it
Some support it, some cats player hate it
But understand that I'm very thorough
And I'm not gon' stop 'til my name is heard in every burrough
Every burrough
Every burrough

And I don't understand...why

Oh! Oh! Take that turn it up now!

Yes, you are now rockin' with the best

To my people out in Cali, pump it like this
To my people down in Boston, pump it like this
My people out in D.C. pump it like this
My people down in Atlanta pump it like this
To my people down in Philly, pump it like this
To my people out in Texas, pump it like this
To my people out in Queens, pump it like this, hey
Pump it like this, pump it like this

Theres a lot of love lost when you start being the boss
And ya name start to be in The Source and UGNR
Cats just start teein' off and takin' shots
See you makin' knots now they waitin' in vacant lots
Yo, I just want to write the newest sneaker
Or own a beeper, and hear my song come out the speaker
I never knew there'd be so much drama
I'mma send this out to all my niggaz and all my niggaz babies mamas
On the block with the newest prodda
Gettin' alotta, chips like Erica Strada
Uh, whats up miss, put me on your list
So when ya pump it in ya Bimma
Ya pump it like this
Like this
Like this

What? What? What? What?
Turn it up now, stop playin'
Turn it up now, stop playin'
Turn it up now now, turn it up now now
Turn it up now now, stop playin'

And I don't understand...why

Yes, you are now rockin' with the best

If ya sittin' on ya 20's, pump it like this
If ya gettin' cash money, pump it like this
If ya way out in Brooklyn, pump it like this
If ya chillin' in the club, pump it like this
If ya chillin' in ya mansion, pump it like this
If ya puffin' on trees, pump it like this
If ya sippin' on sizerp, pump it like this
What? Pump it like what? Hey pump it like what, like
Makes no sense just standin' around
Pump yo fist, jump up and down
Makes no sense just standin' around
Pump yo fist, jump up and down
Mashed...by the sounds...of the M...to the A y'all

And I don't understand...why

Yes, you are now rockin' with the best

Stop playin', blow it up now, it's ya birthday...