

Jay-Z, Beanie Siegel Freestlye

Roc A Fella Ruff Ryders Swizz Beats

It's almost over y'all

Jigga how real is that?

Uhh uhh uhh lights out niggaz!

Chorus: Jay Z (and Amil)

(Jigga) What's my motherfuckin name?

(Jigga) And who I'm rollin with huh?

(My niggaz) Uh huh uh uhh uhh uhh

Niggaz better get it right bitches better get it right WHO?

(Jigga) What's my motherfuckin name?

(Jigga) And who I'm rollin with huh?

(My niggaz) Uh-huh-uh-uhh-uhh-uhh

Niggaz better get it right, bitches better get it right

[Jay-Z]

Yeah.. yeah..

From the crap tables down in A.C.

back on the block Jay-Z motherfucker from the, the, the Roc

Went solo on that ass but it's still the same

Brooklyn be the place where I serve them thangs

B. my niggaz was strugglin, to the 'burbs they came

And then we got to hustlin, muderin thangs

I dipped in my stash, splurged on a chain

Now I'm Titanic, Iceberg's the name

Leave players on injured reserve, hurt the game

The best way to describe me in a word, insane

I dick down chicks all emerged in my fame

Jigga been dope since Slick Rick's first chain

The God, send you back to the earth from which you came

I'm baking soda, waterfire, merged with 'cane

Ladies don't know me said, "I heard he's vain"

Well guess what mami? I heard the same

You heard the name

Chorus

[Jay-Z]

Yeah, uhh, I got a

license to kill so I stare at the gat

Roc-A-Fella, Ruff Ryders, niggaz scared of that

Got a new motto this year, "Don't Fuck With My Ones"

Knock on your door, three in the mornin,

"It's just us and the guns!"

See I scrambled with priests, hustle with nuns

I got the, mind capacity of a young Butch Cassidy

Niggaz get fly, let em defy gravity

Fo'-five rapidly lift your chest cavity

Streets won't let me chill

Always been a clumsy nigga, don't let me spill

Muh'fuckers wanna wet me still, I remain y'all

more than one, like five divided by four

Shit, this just the hate that's been provided by y'all

Reciprocated and multiplied by more

You likely to see Jigga in a widebody or

droptop Bentley is all, holla at me y'all

Uh

Chorus

[Jay-Z]

I don't give a fuck

if I sold one or one million, but I think you should

Cause if I only sold one, then out comes the hood

The all black, in the gloves, the outcome ain't good

Them niggaz act like wolves, how come? They could

Cause we don't drop hits, we drop bombs that smash

Til the wrists is lit up, the arm looks like glass

The necklace chipped up, the charm it flash

Could fuck up your eyes like the bombest hash

See the reason why chicks let me palm they ass
All I gotta do is let em call me Shawn de'Glass
Let me sit up in they whip til I launch it back
Snap they neck, then shoot em til they arch them back
The calmest cat, trust me when I palm this gat
Kill your mind, body and soul, push your conscience back
Monster's back, and Flex drop a bomb to that
And e'rybody sing-a-long to the track, c'mon
Uh-huh uhh uhh
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Niggaz better get it right, bitches better get it right..
(Jigga) ...