

# Jay-Z, Bring It On

(feat. Big Jaz, Sauce Money)

[Sauce Money]

Aiyyo Jay word up; these motherfuckers  
Fuckin talkin that comeback shit like they cookin crack  
Shit I ain't frontin all I want my pockets green like slum change  
Yaknahmsayin? Front the roll we roll back like rubbers motherfucker  
For real; with no trace of AIDS  
We keep our pockets fully blown, Roc-A-Fella click nigga

Aiyyo we pattin down pussy from Sugarhill to the Shark Bar  
Fuck a bitch D in the marked car  
We got the bad bitches gaspin for air in Aspen  
Searchin for aspirin when I ask then, we swing  
You cling we do our thing and bring  
Sling your ding-a-ling from Bed-Stuy Brooklyn to Beijing  
East coast hostess hostile colossal, money flarin  
like nostrils for drug dealin apostles, huh  
Al Pacino down to Nino Brown  
Me Jay and Primo, got it sewed across the board like poquino  
Teflon, make sure your jammy is full  
Cause I heard, Sammy the Bull lamps in Miami with pull  
Tropical leaves where I got a few keys  
with my man I'll stock a few G's, now it's unstoppable cheese  
Said we was garbage, so fuck college  
Street knowledge amazin to scholars when we coin phrases for dollars  
Star studded bitches with cristals, get fucked with pistols  
just to see my shit, discharge puss  
I drop the stellar, even acapella  
I got to tell all about Roc-A-Fella

[Chorus: Fat Joe]

Yeah, bring it on if you think you can hang  
And if not then let me do my thang  
[repeat 4X]

[Jay-Z]

Mannerisms of a young Bobby DeNiro, spent spanish wisdoms  
in a whip with dinero, crime organized like the pharoah  
I cream, I diamond gleam  
High post like Akiem, got a lot of things to drop  
Brooklyn to Queens, I gotta keep my steam  
Niggaz wanna try to hem my long jeans  
Uptown fiend for Jay-Z to appear on the scene  
In the meanwhile, here's somethin dope for y'all to lean  
Liason for days on in  
Money make the world go around so I made songs to spin  
Can I Live, did dough, with my nigs, dividends flow  
like the Mississippi riv', lookin jig'  
Can't do for dolo, had to turn away when Tony killed Manolo  
That's real, mixed feelings like a mulatto  
Thug thought he was O.G. Bobby Johnson  
I played him like Benny Blanco, mano a mano  
you ain't ready, I find no trigger straight up shoot my guns  
horizontal, get your weight up, I am  
two point two pounds you're barely a hundred and twenty-five grams  
Wouldn't expect y'all to understand this money  
Do the knowledge, do the few dollars, I'm due to demolish  
Crews Brooklyn through Hollis to a hood near you, what the fuck...

(“Bring it on if you think you can hang...” --& Fat Joe)

[Big Jaz]

Money is power  
I'm into cheddick with facial credit  
Pure platinum fetish for cheddars  
Spread letters you move you're deadish  
I make moves that remove pebbles out of shoes  
You suck pistol like pipe with the cristal  
John Stockton couldn't assist you  
Cowboys or Benzes like we foul in the U.N.  
So what the fuck you doin?  
Whatever nigga Fahrvegnugen, rugged yet polished  
Spankin dollars with the commas  
bangin bitches out the Bahamas  
On hides of llama we cry nada, fly frather  
Fry hotter, you die gotta  
Fuck with me witness manana  
Absence of malice in my palace  
Call cousin now Dallas trigger finger with the callous  
Tip scales from mail to keep these niggaz off balance  
Your frequent stops to O.T.B. you feedin me  
Steam a nigga schemin on the wrist action with the gleams  
Jewels for Pop Duke fulfill your dreams  
Never put the pure brown sugar before the dirty green cream

[Chorus]

"Yeah, bring it on... bring it on..." --&gt; Fat Joe  
[repeat 5X]