

Jay-Z, Do My

[Jay-Z]

Turn that motherfucker louder
It's the Roc in this motherfucker.. bi-otch!

Oh yeah, bounce, uh uh bounce

Yeah, yeah bounce, come on

Oh come on bounce, come on

Do my ladies run this motherfucker?

(Yeah, yeah, come on)

Or do my thugs run this motherfucker?

(Yeah, yeah, come on)

[Hook: Memphis Bleek]

Do my ladies run it, fat asses and flat stomachs

Throw a hand in the air if it's the year of the woman

Or my dogs run it, let 'em know that you still gunnin

Throw a drink in the air let 'em know you still thuggin

[Memphis Bleek]

Yo I come through, few of my man's, scoop you and your friends

You, you, and you with the Timbs

In tight jeans, Chinese eyes, Indian hair

Black girl ass, let me pour you a glass of Belvi

Tell me all about your past

Let me console your soul while I palm your ass

And your man did what? He ain't give you?

He cheated with her, I can't diss duke

I tell you this though, get with this dude

I'll teach you about dough, and show you what this do

(It's a secret society, all we ask is trust)

But I don't freeze wristes, I just skeeze bitches

Break up happy homes, just sieze misses

You'll never get her back, once you get a yap

How you love that? .. How you love that?

[Jay-Z]

Do my ladies run this motherfucker?

(Yeah, yeah, come on)

Or do my thugs run this motherfucker?

(Yeah, yeah, come on)

[Hook]

[Memphis Bleek]

Ay yo back woods rollin, rap you can't hold 'em

ROC gear matchin, crusin through Manhattan

Bleek is chillin, Murda is chillin

What more can I say? We still killin em

Bags we still dealin em, four wheels, we wheelin them

Chicks like I'm feelin him - yeah ma, okay

Black jeans and Timberlands give em adrenaline rush

Ladies know the difference between them niggas and us

We the R-O-C, and we don't stop

They don't make a gun that we don't pop

Matter fact they don't make a car that we don't drop

Thought you knew they don't make jewels that we don't cop

What you knew? You actin' like the ROC ain't hot

Or the car that I cop ain't missin' a top

And even if they don't make drops that kind

I tear da roof off like I'm Busta Rhymes motherfucker

[Jay-Z]

Do my ladies run this motherfucker?

(Yeah, yeah, come on)

Or do my thugs run this motherfucker?

(Yeah, yeah, yeah)

Come on, come on

[Hook]

[Jay-Z]

Do my ladies run this motherfucker?

(Okay)

Or do my thugs run this motherfucker?
(Uh-huh, okay, uh-huh)
Come on, come on
It's the R-O-C, we don't stop
It's the R-O-C, we don't stop
It's the R-O-C, we don't stop
Uh Memp Bleek, The Understanding niggas
Get your mind right, ha-ha