

Jay-Z, Excuse Me Miss Again

[Hook: Pharrell]

Memph Bleek always smoking that lalala...(Hooo)

Beanie Sigel always smoking that lalala...(Hooo)

Neptunes track smoke like lalala... (Hooo)

It's the ROC baby sing, I lullaby

Come on!

[Chorus]

Excuse me miss, I'm the shit (do you want me to do it?)

You should come, hang wit me, basically (do you want me to do it?)

Hold up, skip all the singin' lets go ride tonight, mami (Come on now...Uhhh)

[Jay-Z]

I know my English ain't as modest as you like

But come, get some, you little bums

I take the cake from under the baker's thumbs

I bake the cake get two of them for one

Then I move the +weight+ like I'm +Oprah's son+

Uhhh, I show you how to do this son

Young don't mess wit chicks in Burberry paddings

Fake Manolo boots straight from Steve Madden (un-uh)

He padded hisself the rap JFK, you wanna pass for my Jaqueline Onassis

Then hop ya ass out that S-class

Lay back in that maebach, roll the best grass, I ask...

Have you in your long-legged life

ever seen a watch surrounded by this much pink ice? (uhh)

Look but don't touch, muthafucker think twice

Cause the gat that I clutch got a little red light

Need a light?...

[Hook]

To smoke that lalala...(Hooo)

Beanie Sigel always smoking that lalala...(Hooo)

Memph Bleek always smoking that lalala...(Hooo)

It's the ROC mami sing I lullaby

Come on!

[Chorus]

[Jay-Z]

We got brothers full of Arme, mamis in Manolo

Bags by Chanel, Louis Vuitton logos

All attracted to Hov' because they know dough

When they see him, whips be European

If you're a +te-en+ (ten) chances your wit +him+

If you're a five you know you ridin' wit th-em

Sick wit the pen nigga, no position in the world could fix him

No prescription, you could prescribe to subside his affliction

He's not a sane man, more like reign man twitchin'

You can't rain dance on his picnic

No Haitian voodoo, no headless chickens can dead his sickness (who)

No Ouija board, you can't see me dog, nigga you +CB4+

This ain't +Chris Rock+ bitch, it's the ROC bitch

And I'm the +franchise+ like a Houston Rocket

Nawimean (Yao Ming)...

[Hook]

Still smoking that lalala...

Memph Bleek still smoking that lalala....

Beanie Sigel, desert eagle to fo' to five....

It's the ROC baby sing, I lullaby

Come on!

[Chorus]

[Jay-Z]

Forget English talk body language
I be all over mamis like body painters
Pink diamond necklace, strawberry wrist
Please excuse yourself, you're very sick
Don't confuse me wit marbury out this bitch
Run up on me at the light, you could lose your life
Muh'fuckas must be smoking they lalala la crack
.45 gun smoke, choke off that
Back to the music, I ain't wit all that
Plus the feds tappin my music I get all that
I'm THE public industry number one
Public industry number two is my whole crew R-O-C
And I ain't concerned wit' who like me, who like you
That's gay, I ain't into likin' dudes no way
But get a pen, I can tell you pricks my plans for the future
I never make the news again my man'll shoot ya

[Hook]

As we, smoke that lalala...(Hooo)
Memphis Bleek always smoking that lalala....(Hooo)
Beanie Sigel, desert eagle to fo' to five....(Hooo)
It's the ROC bitch sing, I lullaby
Come on!

[Chorus]

[Pharrell]

Do you want me to do it... come watch me now, uh