

Jay-Z, Give It To Me

Let's go
Hov!
Uh huh, Hov'
You, are, not, ready
Hov', unstoppable, Dynasty, young Hova

I'm a hustler baby [I'm a hustler]
I just want you to know [Wanna let you know]
It aint where I been [It aint where I been]
But where I'm bout to go [Top of the world!]
Now I just wanna love you [just wanna love you]
But be who I am [you know you love me]
And with all this cash [mo' money, mo' problems]
You'll forget your man
Now give it to me
Gimme that funk, that sweet, that nasty, that gushi stuff
But don't bullshit me
C'mon, gimme that funk, that sweet, that nasty, that gushi stuff

[Verse 1]

*When the Remi's in the system
Aint no tellin will I f**k 'em will I diss 'em
That's what they be yellin
I'm a pimp by blood, not relation
Y'all be chasin, I replace them*
Huh, drunk of Crist', mommy on E
Can't keep her little model hands off me
Both in the club, high, singing off key
And I wish I never met her at all...
It gets better, ordered another round
It's, about, to go, down
Got six model chicks, six bottles of Crist'
Four Belvederes, got weed everywhere
What do you say, me, you and your Clovey glasses
Go somewhere private where we can discuss fashion
Like, Prada blouse, Gucci bra
Filth marked jeans, take that off

Give it to me
Gimme that funk, that sweet, that nasty, that gushi stuff
But don't bullshit me
C'mon, gimme that funk, that sweet, that nasty, that gushi stuff
I said give it to me
Gimme that funk, that sweet, that nasty, that gushi stuff
But don't bullshit me
Motha, gimme that funk, that sweet, that nasty, that gushi stuff

[Verse 2]

Yeah, save the narrative you savin it for marriage
Let's keep it real ma you savin it for cabbage
You wanna see how far I'ma go
How, much I'ma spend but you already know
Zip, zero, stingy with dinero

Might buy you Crist', but that about it
Might light your wrist, but that about it
F**k it, I might wife you and buy you nice whips
Ma, but you really gotta ride nice dick
Know how to work your hips and your head's priceless
Profess you love the Hov', and I'll never let you down
Get you bling like the Neptune sound
Okay, hot Hov', too hot to hold
Ladies love me long time like 2Pac sold

Only way to roll, Jigga and two ladies
I'm too cold, Motorola, two way page me, c'mon

Give it to me
Gimme that funk, that sweet, that nasty, that gushi stuff
But don't bullshit me
C'mon, gimme that funk, that sweet, that nasty, that gushi stuff
I said give it to me
Gimme that funk, that sweet, that nasty, that gushi stuff
But don't bullshit me
Mama, gimme that funk, that sweet, that nasty, that gushi stuff
I'm a hustler baby [uh, Hov']
I just want you to know [Hov']
It aint where I been
But where I'm bout to go [Hov', Hov']
Now I just wanna love you [young Hova]
But be who I am [know you love me]
And with all this cash [mo' money, mo' problems]
You'll forget your man

[Verse 3]
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Same song, I'm back, been around the world
Ro-mancing girls that dance with girls
From, Club Cheetah, to Club Amnesia
The Peanuts in L.A., bubblin and dubblins
Can't deny me, why would you want to
You need me, why don't you try me
Baby you want to, believe me, Hov'!

Give it to me
Gimme that funk, that sweet, that nasty, that gushi stuff
But don't bullshit me
C'mon, gimme that funk, that sweet, that nasty, that gushi stuff
I said give it to me
Gimme that funk, that sweet, that nasty, that gushi stuff
But don't bullshit me
Mama, gimme that funk, that sweet, that nasty, that gushi stuff

You gotta...
Give it to me
Uh, uh huh