

# 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