

Jay-Z, Hey Papi

[Timbaland (Jay-Z)]

All my mamis bounce, uh

(Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)

(Come on)

I said all my mamis bounce

(Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)

(Bounce with me)

I said all my mamis bounce

(Yeah, yeah, uh, uh, uh yeah-yea-yeah, yeah-yea-yeah)

(Come on)

I said all my mamis bounce

(Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah-yeah)

Freaky-freaky...

[Jay-Z]

Ay yo I got a resolution

This year I'm playing right

No six fifteen this year

You can stay the night

We can go bowling it ain't like before

Can't y'all see that I'm growing?

I was so immature

I was young and having money

Having honeys come to the crib

Thinkin' they shit and they couldn't get cab money from me

Some bad chicks didn't get pass the bridge

I went to One Trump Plaza on their asses'

No room service just snacks and shit

Work with those Lil' Debbies and when your done get ready

The chicks I was fiendin' to smash

Let 'em lean on the cash

Will take 'em on long trips

Break 'em with long dick

There was no such thing as strong relationships

But I'm off that playa shit

I need a chick that practice Tai Chi

That still can buy weed

And can give me some good head

And I'll make her remind me, uh-huh

[Jay-Z (Amil)]

(Hey papi)

Even if they don't understand the flow

They understand the dough

My ladies going

(Hey papi)

Promise you'll never let me go

Promise you'll never leave me

Promise we'll grow, they going

(Hey papi)

Even if they don't understand the flow

They understand the dough

The ladies going

(Hey papi)

Promise you'll never let me go

Promise you'll never leave me

Promise we'll grow, they saying

[Memphis Bleek]

Yo, yo, yo, yo the only thing Bleek spinning is

Them chrome wheels spinning on them new rims

Home suspended from school again

I'm grown, still ill ladies love to be a deal, like Bleek

Can I feel up on your wood and grill?

It's a hood thing, wood grain, off the chain

She give me good brain

Love the way I push my slang

Callin' my jack soon as the hop in my V
They catching contact, weed smoke all up in the weave
Bet'cha man can't do it like this, like this
I bet his wrists ain't bluish like this, like this
And I'm from Marcy you catch me on anybody's block
Rappin' thug, the Roc
Hoes they all clock like
[Jay-Z (Amil)]
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[Jay-Z]
I was the worse
I used to switch chicks every day
Had niggas mad for real like "I wish he was gay"
Cause they knew sooner or later hun was gettin' with Jay
Just a matter of time she was gettin' with Jay
I'll have your chick in the summer tropics sippin' on 'zae
Spittin' up in the Pacifics smoking spliffs in the shade
She used to love ya, but she feeling different today
You used to smother her, look at your honey slippin' away
Consorting with hustlers, niggas that be giving her space
She said she feel free when she's around me
I'm letting her do her and in turn she's doing me
She on the phone with her friends like how cool is she
[Jay-Z (Amil)]
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(Hey papi!)