

# Jay-Z, Hovi Baby (Remix)

I fucks with Hova  
I want you to know  
It's something about you  
I fucks with Hova  
I fucks with Hova  
Trackmaster's XO  
This remix is for you  
Let's go.

Untouchable, unbreakable, unshakeable, (it's Hovi baby)  
can't see the unseeable, reach the unreachable  
Do the impossible (it's Hovi baby)  
Yes... (Remix) Yes... Yes... Baby (it's Hova)

First I had streets, then I had charts  
First I had the end, now I have their heart  
Rappers came and went, I been here from start  
I see them put it together, watch them take it apart  
See the rovers roll up with the ribbons  
I see them repo, resold, and redriven, so when I reload  
The number one positions, when you had them hot  
And when your feet cold, mines is sizzling  
When you see, niggas can't fuck with me  
Cuz I'm gonna be a nigga for life  
Oh this is not a gimmick  
This is God given, this is harder than  
Mix with cris dom sippin  
This is the most consistent  
Give me the most hits that you can fit inside a double disc  
And hold me a pony charts, you niggas vision it  
This whole edition, Jeff Gordon and rap  
I'm going to claim whole position  
Holla at ya

[Chorus]  
can't touch the untouchable, break the unbreakable  
Shake the unshakeable (it's Hovi baby)  
can't see the unseeable, reach the unreachable  
Do the impossible (it's Hovi baby)  
can't move the unmoveable, stop the stoppable  
Top the untoppable (it's Hovi baby)  
Yes... (Remix) Yes... Yes... Baby (it's Hovi)

I'm so far ahead of my time  
I'm about to start another life  
Look behind you, I'm about to pass you twice  
Back to the future, got a snow for the present  
I'm fast, dude can't get passed my past  
When I close the deal with the perfect present  
When I unwrap the gift and the curse with a different verse  
And I'm so far ahead of my time  
My grandpop just met my grandma at a high school prom  
And I'm so far ahead of my time  
These rhymes is weak  
Till four years later, they on time release  
Hiphop when you take them, cop your four copa  
You releaize A track needed a autopsy  
The more tracks I'm on, the more I catch bodies  
If not listen, further you're missing a murder  
Like NYPD, LAPD, NYDA, OJ Jury's

[Chorus]

Crush linen, what's winning

If it aint him in the flesh, continue to guess  
I'm about to retire my jersey, fuck Mitchell and this  
I'm gonna throw back old school kicks in  
Sixty-nine yeah, same year I was born  
Flip the numbers yeah, same year I got on  
Ninety-six, yeah, I used to rhyme with the Don  
Shit out the big, Brooklyn I got this shit  
Here is something haters can't figure out  
Who Vanilla first weed, man they still jigga'd out  
See, I even sell CD's in the crowd  
The hardest dude out since these nibble'd out  
Hovi Baby, love me, or blow me baby  
Fuck you you'll pay me, or owe me baby  
There in and out  
Check the charts, I'm wearing you out  
I'm about to drop the black album in a year  
And I'm out

[Chorus]