

Jay-Z, La La La

(Jay-Z)
Whooo! Whooo!

(Chorus)
Memph Bleek always smoking that La, La, La
Beanie Sigel always smoking that La, La, La
Neptunes track smoke like La, La, La
It's the ROC baby sing our Lulla-Bye (C'mon)
Excuse me miss, I'm the shit
You should come, hang with me, basically
Hold up, skip all the singing let's get right tonight
Mami

(Verse 1)
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 bakers thumb
I bake the cake and two it up from one
Then I moved to weight like I'm Oprah's son
Uh, I show you how to do this son
Young don't mess with chicks in Burberry Patterns
Fake Manolo's boots straight from Steve Madden
He tatted his-self, the rap J.F.K.
You wanna pass for my Jaqueline, Onassis, then
Hop ya ass out that S-Class
Lay back in the Maybach, roll the best grass, I ask
Have you in your long-legged life
Ever seen a watch surrounded by this much pink ice
Look but don't touch, muthafucka think twice
Cuz this gat that I clutch gotta little red light
Need a light?

(To smoke that La, La, La)

(Chorus 2)
Beanie Sigel always smoking that La, La, La
Memph Bleek always smoking that La, La, La
It's the ROC mami sing our Lulla-Bye
C'mon
Excuse me miss, I'm the shit
You should come, hang with me, basically
Hold up, skip all the singing let's get right tonight
Mami

(Verse 2)
We got brothers full of Army, Mami's in Manolo
Bags by Chanel or Louis Vuitton logo's
All attracted to Hov because they know dough
When they see him, whips be European
If your a 10 chances your with him
If your a 5 you know you ridin' with them
Sick with the pen nigga no physician, in the world could fix him
No prescription, you can prescribe to subsidize his affliction
He's not a sane man, he's more like the Rain Man twitchin'
You can't Reign Dance on this picnic
No Haitian voodoo, no headless chickens
Can dead or sickness, no Quiji board
You can't see me dawg, nigga ya CB-4
This ain't Chris Rock bitch, it's the ROC bitch
And I'm the Franchise like the Houston Rocket,
Yah' Mean

(Chorus 3)
Still smokin' that La, La, La
Memph Bleek still smokin' that La, La, La

Beanie Sigel Desert Eagle the .45
It's the ROC baby sing our Lulla-Bye
C'mon
Excuse me miss, I'm the shit
You should come, hang with me, basically
Hold up, skip all the singing let's get right tonight
Mami

(Verse 3)

Forget English, talk body language
I be all over mami's like body paintigs
Pink Diamond necklace, strawberry wrist
Please excuse yourself, your very sick
Don't confuse me with Marbury out this bitch
Run up on me at the light, you could lose your life
Muthafucka's must be smokin' they La, La, La with crack
.45 gun smoke, choke off that
Let's get back to the music, I ain't with all that
Plus the fedz tappin' my music, yall get all that?
I'm THEE! public industry #1
Public industry #2 is my whole crew (R.O.C.!)
Now I ain't down with who like me or who like you
That's gay, I ain't into liking 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

(Chorus 3)

As we, smoke that La, La, La
Memph Bleek still smokin' that La, La, La
Beanie Sigel Desert Eagle the .45
It's the ROC bitch sing our Lulla-Bye
C'mon
Excuse me miss, I'm the shit
You should come, hang with me, basically
Hold up, skip all the singing let's get right tonight
Mami

(Pharrell Williams {ad libs})