

Jay-Z, La, La, La (Excuse Me Miss Again)

[Jay-Z/{Pharell}]

Wooo, wooo

Memph Bleek always smokin' that la la la {Hoooh}

Beanie Sigel always smokin' that la la la {Hoooh}

Neptune tracks smoke like la la la {Hoooh}

It's the Roc baby sing our lullaby

C'mon

[Hook]

Excuse me miss {Do you want me to do it}

I'm the shit

You should come {Do you want me to do it}

Hang wit' me

Basically {Do you want me to do it}

Hold up, skip all the singin' lets get right tonight, mami

{Well watch me now, uhh}

[Verse One]

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 baker's thumb

I bake the cake, get two of them for one

Then I move the +weight+ like I'm +Oprah's+ son

Ahhh, "I'll show you how to do this son"

Young don't mess with chicks in Burberry paddings

Fake Manolo boots straight from Steve Madden

He patented his self the rap JFK

You wanna pass for my Jacqueline Onassis

Then hop ya ass out that S-class

Lay back in that Maebach 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

'Cause the gat that I clutch got a little red light

Need a light?

To smoke that la la la {Hoooh}

Beanie Sigel always smokin' that la la la {Hoooh}

Memph Bleek always smokin' that la la la {Hoooh}

It's the Roc mami sing our lullaby

C'mon

[Hook]

We got brothers full of Arme'

Mami's in Manolo

Bags by Chanel or Louis Vuitton logos

All attracted to Hov' because they know dough

When they see him, which be European

If you're a te-en (ten) chances you're wit' he-em (him)

If you're a five you know you ridin' wit th-em (them)

Sick with the pen, nigga

No physician in the world can fix him

No prescription, you could prescribe to subside

His affliction

He's not a sane man, he's more like Rainman, twitchin'

You can't rain dance on his picnic

No Haitian voodoo, no headless chickens

Can dead his sickness

No Ouiji board

You can't see me dog, nigga you +CB4+

This ain't +Chris Rock+ BITCH

It's the Roc BITCH

And I'm the franchise like a +Houston Rocket+

+Yao Ming+ (Nawimean)

Still smokin' that la la la

Memph Bleek still smokin' that la la la

Beanie Sigel, Desert Eagle, the forty-five
It's the Roc mami sing our lullaby
C'mon
[Hook]
Forget english, talk body language
I be all over mami's like body painters
Pink diamond necklace, strawberry wrist
Please excuse yourself
You're very sick
Don't confuse me wit' Marbury out this bitch
Run up on me at the light,
You could lose your life
Muhfuckas must be smokin' they la la la with crack
Forty-five gun smoke, choke off that
Let's get back to the music, I ain't with all that
Plus the Feds tappin' my music, ya'll get all that
I'm THE public enemy number one
Public enemy number two is my whole crew (ROC)
And I ain't concerned wit' who like me
Or who like you, that's gay
I ain't into likin' dudes no way
But get a pen
I can tell you pricks my plans for the future
I'll never make the news again
My man'll shoot ya
As we
Smoke that la la la {Hoooh}
Memphis Bleek always smokin' that la la la {Hoooh}
Beanie Sigel, Desert Eagle, the forty-five {Hoooh}
It's the Roc bitch sing our lullaby
C'mon
Excuse me miss {Do you want me to do it}
I'm the shit
You should come {Do you want me to do it}
Hang wit' me
Basically {Do you want...}
Whoa, skip all the singin' lets get right tonight mami
[Pharell]
Well watch me now, uhh
Hoo
Hoo
C'mon
Do you want me to do it
Well watch me now, uhh
Well watch me now, uhh