Jay-Z, Nigga What, Nigga Who

[Jay-Z]

Uh-huh uh-huh, gi-gi gi-geyeah

Roc-a-Fella y'all, uh-huh uh-huh, Jigga

Timbaland shit, nine-eight BEYOTCH

Say what, say what? Uh-huh uh-huh, follow me beotch

Nigga what, nigga who?

Nigga what, nigga who?

Switcha flow, getcha dough

Can't f**k with this Roc-a-Fella shit doe

Switcha flow, getcha dough

Can't f**k with this Roc-a-Fella shit doe

[Jay-Z] --> first four lines overlap the section above

Can't f**k with me

They ain't ready yet

Uh-huh uh-huh

Yeah, yeah

Motherf**kers wanna act loco, hit em wit, numerous shots with the fo'-fo'

Faggots runnin to the Po-Po's, smoke em like cocoa

F**k rap, coke by the boatload

F**k dat, on the run-by, gun high, one eye closed

Left holes through some guy clothes

Stop your bullshittin, glock with the full clip

Motherf**kers better duck when the fool spit

One shot could make a nigga do a full flip

See the nigga layin shocked when the bullet hit

Oh hey ma, how you, know niggaz wanna buy you

But see me I wanna F**k for Free like Akinyele

Now I gotta let her take this ride, make you feel it

inside your belly, if it's tight get the K-Y Jelly

All night get you wide up inside the telly

Side to side, til you say Jay-Z you're too much for me

Chorus: Jay-Z (with Amil-lion)

(Nigga what?) Make you think you can f**k with me

(Nigga who?) Recognize girl, Jay to the Z

repeat 3X

(Nigga what?) Make you think you can f**k with me

(Nigga who?) Recognize bitch, Jay to the motherf**kin Z

[Jay-Z]

Got a condo with nuttin but condoms in it

The same place where the rhymes is invented

So all I do is rap and sex, imagine how I stroll

See how I was flowin on my last cassette?

Rapid-fire like I'm blastin a Tec, never jam though

Never get high, never run out of ammo

Niggaz hatin n shit cause I slayed your bitch

You know your favorite, I know it made you sick

And now you're, actin raw but you never had war

Don't know how to carry your hoe, wanna marry your hoe

Now she's mad at me, causer Your Majesty, just happened to be

A pimp with a tragedy

She wanted, us to end, cause I f**ked with friends

She gave me one more chance and I f**ked her again

I seen her tears as she busted in, I said, "Shit...

there's a draft, shut the door bitch and come on in!"

Chorus (with variation in last line)

Gotta friend that even though I been better

Left him in the cold with a thin sweater

Rap niggaz on Prozac get the bozack, niggaz threw

two at me I threw fo' back, hold that

Let the dough stack, way before Big had the gold Ac'

Dame had the Lex black Motherf**kers wanna test that, stress that And right where you're stressed, where you rest at I suggest that, niggaz invest, in a vest, when I come through with the glock jet black, you niggaz step back I'm the best at, you know I ain't no apprentice to this Me and my niggaz we invented the shit I came into the business with this, The Originator, non greater Jaz-O finish this shit [Big Jaz] Better learn, Jaz don't relax, stat ever heard of me? Worldwide Originator, say word to me The population holla certainly, I burn a nigga like a third degree, see me shine so bright Nigga I'm my light, runnin all over with rigor and vigor Nobody bigger than me and my nigga Jigga You fly-by-nights stop jerkin beef Heavyweights type work to me For the time, in this motherf**ker ain't nobody hurtin me What? Cut your face in like surgery Who the f**k got a VS, f**kin BM's on the road when you had to be in bed at the PM Leave the info, Jaz on the seat, and then forever touchin my workers beginnin you're endin Nigga your style's no style my style's hostile C'mon, faggot nigga down to take the gun home O-R-I-G-I-N-A-T-O-R (can't F**K with it can ya?!) Chorus (with variations) [Amil-lion] * repeat to fade * Switcha flow, getcha dough Can't f**k with this Roc-a-Fella shit doe Switcha flow, getcha dough Can't f**k with this Roc-a-Fella shit doe