

Jay-Z, People's Court

Jigga
Biatch

Yeah

Fuck Judge Wapner
It's Jigga
Ya heard?
Y'all niggas in violation of Playa-Hatin Code
Section 1001

[VERSE 1]

Yo, I gives a fuck if you traumed up
Dom Perrignon'ed up
Niggas from where want what?
One slip'll get your cherry bombed up
I got heavy arm
And my niggas Homicide and Deadly Calm in the cut
B, test your dumb blonde luck
Fuck with the wrong one
Shawn Gun, harm one, two
Fuck y'all wan' do?
Bastards, niggas know I blast quick
As if y'all had to ask - shit
Get your ass twist
It's the rap's El Nio, get your brain splitted
And I don't like pussy well enough to hang with it
You ain't with it, same shit, they
Can't fuck with the languaddage
Soon as the slang's spitted
If you came you get it
Plain as a game with them thangs with it
On co-sign and the whole nine
Leave you where I find yo ass - lost with no signs
You're so wrong
I'm the last nigga to roll on
Got a vest on, went to Folsom
When you guess wrong I'ma press one
Muthafucka

[CHORUS]

Fuck the judge, fuck the jury
When you're warin with me
It's People's Court, we hold court in the street
I gives a fuck about the D.A.
When you see Jay
Better crawl for your heat
It's People's Court, we hold court in the street
Ya heard me?

Fuck the judge, fuck the jury
When you're warin with me
It's People's Court, we hold court in the street
I gives a shit about the plaintiff
Nigga, dangerous, watch your langauge with me
It's People's Court, we hold court in the street

[VERSE 2]

I give a shit if it's small claims like stealin your bitch
Or if it's Supreme Court like stealin your bricks
Look, my guns is all-range, more pain
Indifferential, whether you're big money or small change
When I cock it - ball game
My pistals never miss-trial, here's the determent

With no chance of parole bullets comin concurrent
I'm like "Why, nigga, try Jigga?" You must remember
It's like bein on trial for your life with a public defender
Let the jury fill the seats up and start the court calendar off
With docu number 9mm
All rise...
The Honourable Jay-Z presides
Instead of a mallet I hold a tool
All objections over-ruled
Say your opening arguments, hope you understand it
Two guns, right over left, that's how I cross-examine
Like Tom Cruise, popppin with the _Top Gun_ you lose
Jigga's no lie, and y'all can't handle the truth

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 3]

No flow's sicker, no cell can hold Jigga
Since I dropped 'Reasonable Doubt' no cocaine convictors
No contest in a rhyme fest, I'm best
Under oath raise my hand, and I spit it - honest
Know our facts for real 'fore y'all decide to act ill
When you blow trial ain't no comin back on the pill
It's Murder One, bail set at a half a mill
It's Murder One, for you backwards muthafuckas: red-rum
Committ hate crimes, fake crimes, I hold in contempt
You get state time for fakin like you greater than Him
So cop a plea to lessen charges, pay your fine at the Desk Sergeant
Say you're sorry, then - take your property
I be sho' defended, flow splendid, no co-defendant
While you niggas hold trial with no motions in it
Three time felon, third album, lockin it down for the term
Of 'Lifetime', Vol. 2, nigga, court is adjourned

[CHORUS]