

Jay-Z, Roc boys

And the winner is HOV (My man)

Speech

First of all I wanna thank my connect

The most important person with all due respect

Thanks to the duffle bag the brown paper bag

The nike shoe box for holding all this cash

Boys in blue who put greed before the badge

The first pusher who ever made the stash

The roc boys in the building tonight

Oh what a feeling I'm feeling life

Thanks to the lames niggas with bad aim

Thanks to a little change I'll tear you out the game

Bullet wounds'll stop your bufoonery

Thanks to the paster rapping at your eulogy

To little kim and them you know the women friend who

Carry the work cross state for a gentleman

Yea, thanks to all the hustlers, and most important to you, the customer

The roc boys in the building tonight

Oh what a feeling I'm feeling life

You dont even gotta bring your paper out

We the dope boys of the year drinks is on the house (We in the house)

The roc boys in the building tonight

Look at how i'm chillen im killing this ice

You dont even gotta bring your purses out

We the dope boys of the year drinks is on the house (We in the house 2x)

Let your hair down baby, I just hit a score

Pick any place on the planet, pick a shore

Take what forbes figured then figure more

Cause they forgot to account what I did with the raw

Pick a time lets pick apart some stores

Pick a weekend for freakin for figure fours

I figure frauds never hit a lick before

So they dont know the feeling when them things get across

Put your hand out the window, feel the force

Feel the porsche, hit the frost

Ice cold, jewels got no flaws

Drop got no top, you on the top floor

Pink rosae, think O.J. I get away with murder when I sling yay

Heron got less steps then britney that means it ain't stepped on digg me

Chorus

Rare porsches, rare portraits, rare guns if you dare come near the fortress

With apple sauces from the apple orchard

This kind of talk is only reserved for the bosses

Which means I get it from the ground

Which means you get it when i'm around

Rich niggas, black bar-mitzvahs, Mazel Tov its a celebration bitches,

L'Chayim I wish for you a hundred years of success but it's my time

Cheers, toast to crime number one d-boy damn he could rhyme

Chorus