

# Jay-Z, Shake Ya Body

(feat. Lil' Kim)

[R] Uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh

[Chorus: R. Kelly + (Lil' Kim)]

Uh-huh (shake ya body body, move ya body body)

Uh-huh (twist ya body body, switch ya body body)

Uh-huh (dip ya body body, work ya body body)

Uh-huh (any-body body, every-body body)

[R. Kelly]

Pub-o, drank-o, 'dro plus the Bev-o

Hands in the air-o, holla like echo

Tone's in the dub with, Momo and Poke-o

Tone be like Kujo, I be like Cecil

Fists rockin like "ADRIIIAN!"

We come through like "Superfriends!"

Tick-tock, tick-tock, it's six o'clock

And the party won't stop, bout to hit the IHOP

Got twenty inch mirrors rollin under the drop

So clap that shit up y'all and make it hot

[Chorus]

[R. Kelly]

New York, Chicago, Atlanta, L.A.

Miami crazy like yippie-i-yae

Rude boys in the club smokin on hay

Smoke the (?) weed, Cali and the Bay

Real live niggaz - put y'all hands up

Wanna get tossed - drink that liquor

Who's got the industry locked - Kelly and Jigga

Crack my skull - turn that shit up

[Chorus]

[R. Kelly]

We got honies everywhere

Corks off the Cris' poppin everywhere

Partyin hard like we just don't care

The best of both worlds, that shit ain't fair

[Jay-Z]

This shit ain't fair

I, am, Jay, Hov'

Mami shake ya body body, don't hurt no-body body

It's me in the God-body, R. Kelly the John Gotti

of R&B thug and me I would say I'm probably

the hardest rapper to ever cop on poppy and

put it in a song, ma how could you go wrong ha? ha? ha? ha?

Worse than a armed robbery

Know that I'm armed properly, whenever the arm's rocky

You can go on clockin me, ain't nuttin gon' stop me

High as Allah I be, movin in peace but I

move with the piece, so them, dudes in the streets

will never remove my piece, ha? ha?, got me

Niggaz'll never get me, I never move sloppy

Move with the glock-50, got some Tupac with me

Let's not test my gangsta, just, raise your glasses

Mami, shake ya asses, this is a thug classic

[Lil' Kim]

Make a hole make a hole and let the Queen come past

I come through in the speedboat, with 808's in the glass

Push big things here, bet most of y'all crash  
Back to trainin lightweights, you in the wrong weight class  
Haters, stay awake, fuck the Harlem Shake  
We "Slam" dance like Onyx, check my ebonics  
You got, heat nigga you thinkin we won't blaze?  
Gotta come hard cause these are the last days  
When I, do it I do's it, ain't no more to it (word)  
Ask (?) I puts my back into it  
From car dealers to Macy's, to cashiers that brace me  
We train like the Navy for whatever the case may be  
I pass on the 6, they don't impress me much  
I want the bulletproof 7 cause the doors lift up  
They pick the best of all girls, so how y'all sound?  
I got the best of both worlds, holdin me down

[Chorus]

[R] Uh-huh!