

Jay-Z, Super Ugly

[Verse1:]

I got myself a gun
Brooklyn, stand up
I got myself a gun
But really, I dont need tha heat
Ya heart pump project kool-aid(ya sweet)
I aint gotta two-way you gays
This is not beef
This is rap hommie
I dont have a scratch on me
You feel Jay soft
Rip jay off
Damn I'm only worth over a hundred million
Look
I got beef with like a hundred children
Niggaz with pink suits
Tryin to get cute
You a little outta line hommie
Dont let the 9 hommie
Put ya out ya mind hommie
Bitch keep tryin hommie
Kick yo little lies
I kick my real facts
Like u sneakin out tha back
At tha Source Soundlab(uh)
We wasnt chasin you
We had a tape and too
We came through to do our little one, two thang
It wasnt a rockafella come through thing
If it was on like that
Why would I come through Queens
Yo, ya'll Queens nigga know how I do
I got mo' shooters in Queens Bridge than u
Niggaz'll(niggaz will) tie you up on the Colloseum roof
And open beer bottles off ya boy's chipped tooth
Look Here,

[Chorus:]

I got myself a gun,Uh Ohhhh!
Yea, I got myself a gun

[Verse 2:]

Listen
I'm tha J, tha A, to the fuck this broad
This nigga never sold asprin
How u escobar?
Had to buy you're chain back tha last time u got robbed
The nerve of this coward nigga....(Oh My God)
And all rap rumors are induendo
I bring them to you live
Lift up ya window
Let tha public begin to see your dirty laundry
Ya'll dont want me to continue(Oh!)
Super Ugly

[Jay-Z Laughing]

[Nas Voice:]

I dont give a fuck

All I really know is that yo hoe wants to be with me
She aint playin
Believe what I'm sayin

[Verse 3:]

Me and tha boy A.I. got more in Common than just ballin and rhymin
Get It?
More in Carmen
I came in ya Bentley backseat
Skeeted in Jeep
Left condoms in tha baby seat
Here nigga
Tha gloves is off
The love is done
Its whateva, wheneva, howeva
Nigga "1"
And since you infatuated with sayin tha gay shit
Yes u was kissin my dick when u was kissin that bitch
Crazy bitch
You thought I was boning Ranette
You calling Carm' a hundred times I was boning her neck
You got a baby by that broad
You cant disown her yet
When does ya lies end?
When does the truth begin?
When does reality set it?
Or does it not matter
Gotta hurt that I'm ya baby mama's favorite rapper
And ask your current girl
She know whats up
Holla at a real nigga
[Nas Voice:]
I dont give a fuck

All I really know is that yo hoe wants to be with me
She aint playin
Believe what I'm sayin