

# Jay-Z, Takeover

[Jay-Z]

R.O.C., we runnin this rap shit  
Memphis Bleek, we runnin this rap shit  
B. Mac, we runnin this rap shit  
Freeway, we run this rap shit  
O & Sparks, we runnin this rap shit  
Chris & Neef, we runnin this rap shit

The takeover, the break's over nigga  
God MC, me, Jay-Hova  
Hey lil' soldier you ain't ready for war  
R.O.C. too strong for y'all  
It's like bringin a knife to a gunfight, pen to a test  
Your chest in the line of fire witch a thin-ass vest  
You bringin them Boyz II Men, HOW them boys gon' win?  
This is grown man B.I., get you rolled in the triage(?)  
Beatch - your reach ain't long enough, dunny  
Your peeps ain't strong enough, fucka  
Roc-A-Fella is the army, better yet the navy  
Niggaz'll kidnap your babies, spit at your lady  
We bring - knife to fistfight, kill your drama  
Uh, we kill you motherfuckin ants with a sledgehammer  
Don't let me do it to you dunny cause I overdo it  
So you won't confuse it with just rap music

R.O.C., we runnin this rap shit  
M-Easy, we runnin this rap shit  
The Broad Street Bully, we runnin this rap shit  
Get zipped up in plastic when it happens that's it  
Freeway, we run this rap shit  
O & Sparks, we runnin this rap shit  
Chris & Neef, we runnin this rap shit  
&quot;Watch out!! We run New York&quot; -&gt; [KRS-One]

I don't care if you Mobb Deep, I hold triggers to crews  
You little FUCK, I've got money stacks bigger than you  
When I was pushin weight, back in eighty-eight  
you was a ballerina I got your pictures I seen ya  
Then you dropped &quot;Shook Ones,&quot; switch your demeanor  
Well - we don't believe you, you need more people  
Roc-A-Fella, students of the game, we passed the classes  
Nobody could read you dudes like we do  
Don't let 'em gas you like Jigga is ass and won't clap you  
Trust me on this one - I'll detach you  
Mind from spirit, body from soul  
They'll have to hold a mass, put your body in a hole  
No, you're not on my level get your brakes tweaked  
I sold what ya whole album sold in my first week  
You guys don't want it with Hov'  
Ask Nas, he don't want it with Hov', nooooo!

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I know you missin all the - FAAAAAAAME!  
But along with celebrity comes bout seventy shots to your brain  
Nigga; you a - LAAAAAAAME!  
Youse the fag model for Karl Kani/Esco ads

Went from, Nasty Nas to Esco's trash  
Had a spark when you started but now you're just garbage  
Fell from top ten to not mentioned at all  
to your bodyguard's "Oochie Wally" verse better than yours  
Matter fact you had the worst flow on the whole fuckin song  
but I know - the sun don't shine, then son don't shine  
That's why your - LAAAAAAAME! - career come to a end  
There's only so long fake thugs can pretend  
Nigga; you ain't live it you witnessed it from your folks pad  
You scribbled in your notepad and created your life  
I showed you your first tec on tour with Large Professor  
(Me, that's who!) Then I heard your album bout your tec on your dresser  
So yeah I sampled your voice, you was usin it wrong  
You made it a hot line, I made it a hot song  
And you ain't get a corn nigga you was gettin fucked and  
I know who I paid God, Serchlite Publishing  
Use your - BRAAAAAAIN! You said you been in this ten  
I've been in it five - smarten up Nas  
Four albums in ten years nigga? I could divide  
That's one every let's say two, two of them shits was due  
One was - NAHHH, the other was "Illmatic"  
That's a one hot album every ten year average  
And that's so - LAAAAAAAME! Nigga switch up your flow  
Your shit is garbage, but you try and kick knowledge?  
(Get the fuck outta here) You niggaz gon' learn to respect the king  
Don't be the next contestant on that Summer Jam screen  
Because you know who (who) did you know what (what)  
with you know who (yeah) but just keep that between me and you for now

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A wise man told me don't argue with fools  
Cause people from a distance can't tell who is who  
So stop with that childish shit, nigga I'm grown  
Please leave it alone - don't throw rocks at the throne  
Do not bark up that tree, that tree will fall on you  
I don't know why your advisors ain't forewarn you  
Please, not Jay, he's, not for play  
I don't slack a minute, all that thug rappin and gimmicks  
I will end it, all that yappin be finished  
You are not deep, you made your bed now sleep  
Don't make me expose to them folks that don't know you  
Nigga I know you well, all the stolen jew-els  
Twinkletoes you breakin my heart  
You can't fuck with me - go play somewhere, I'm busy  
And all you other cats throwin shots at Jigga  
You only get half a bar - fuck y'all niggaz