

# Jay-Z, Who You Wit

Uh-huh, yeah hah  
Never sprung huh?  
Jigga, Roc-a-Fella y'all  
Never sprung huh?  
Yeah, peep the repertoire  
Peoples, feel me on this one  
Peoples, feel this  
Never sprung huh? Know my style

I love bitches, thug bitches, shy bitches  
Rough bitches, don't matter you my bitches  
Gold diggers witcha eyes on my riches  
Can't Knock your Hustle for real, exotic bitches  
I'm game tight, see it all through the platinum french  
braids with the french name in the same night  
Pull you and your tight friend  
lift your little dress like light wind, hah, then I slide right in  
You know the whole repertoire, U.S. to the U-S-S-R  
Sexier than a Lexus car  
Match wits with the best of y'all the rest of y'all  
is like veg-etables in my presence, check it  
Reminescin to nuttin you ever heard, Iceberg  
Slim baby ride rims through the suburbs  
Funds come in lump sums never ends deferred  
Get money like I'm down South Wednesday the 3rd, it's on

[\*chorus\*]

Dough to get, more shows to rip  
I suggest you all roll with the click, who you wit  
Frozen wrists and it's flows that's sick  
More O's than you know exist, bitch who you wit

Can't scheme on em, Roc-a-Fella got a team on em  
Chicks dream on him trick cream on him  
Lose it when dudes think it's just music  
Lean on em flash green on em and diamond rings on em  
Sex around the way girls down to meet eyes  
I'm somethin every girl gotta have like Levi's  
Ya quita, me got more, see I ball  
You can love me or hate me, either or  
I'ma stay widdit, rock the custom drop Bentleys  
Never eat at Denny's and party like Lil Penny  
can he live? Trick or main chick but if she leave  
just as quick, indian give, ha-hah  
Now what I look like? Givin a chick half my trap  
like she wrote half my raps, yeah, I'm havin that  
you be the same chick when you leave me  
the bankbook and the credit cards and take everything you came wit

[\*chorus\*]

You know the move's major, never minor  
cause when you a true player, they never find ya  
We takin trips abroad with chicks from afar  
Down in the grill in the Villa gettin hilla  
Never know em at the resort, readin to ride with us all  
Checkin out this new wine, inhalin the cork  
Million miles from the puddles the rainy days the tussles  
Reign in ways to hustle, so we won't get caught  
Had beef of all sort but I turned it around  
Chose my steps more wisely, I'm learnin the ground  
I was so gung-ho when I earned my first pound  
Now it's million dollar deals, straight turnin em down

Roc-a-Fella make or break me, til death do us  
Won't be in your right mind, you ever step to us  
Been there, when I was in my tenth year, went there  
Then I realized that it didn't make sense there  
Backtrack, show me where the cash at, and plus  
frivolous beef, please, we lookin past that  
Y'all can gossip while we learnin the world  
Drop the hot shit never returnin your girl, it's on

[\*chorus\* (repeat 4X)]

Beyatch!  
Jigga, nine-seven shit, next millenia  
Recognize, realize, it's on  
Roc the block, ahh  
Laughin, it's on