

## Vol. 3... Life and Times of S. Carter

*Hova Song (Intro)*  
*So Ghetto*  
*Do It Again*  
*Dope Man*  
*Things That U Do*  
*It's Hot (Some Like It Hot)*  
*Snoopy Track*  
*S. Carter*  
*Pop 4 Roc*  
*Watch Me*  
*Big Pimpin'*  
*There's Been a Murder*  
*Come and Get Me*  
*NYMP*  
*Hova Song (Outro)*  
*Jigga My Nigga*  
*Girl's Best Friend*  
*Anything*  
*Do You Believe (Hova Interlude)*  
*Is That Yo Bitch*



### **Hova Song (Intro)**

[Jay-Z]

Yeah, I know you just ripped the packaging off your CD  
If you like me you readin the credits right now  
If you in your car, I don't care if it's winter  
I want you to put all your windows down  
Zone out, buckle up, let's go

Hello it's Hova; that's right young'un the wait is over  
The new millineum is upon us, the album is here  
Before we get into the shit, let's get a few things clear  
Rappers with no relation:  
there's "Seven Degrees of Seperation" and I'm Kevin Bacon  
This is the murderer's version  
Jigga the shit, even when he rhyme in third person  
Hova the God, I should be rappin with turban  
Haters can't disturb him, waiters can't serve him  
Mike Jordan of rap - outside J workin  
Now watch how quickly I drop 50  
I don't like playin, niggaz can't stick me  
Niggaz can not jam me, niggaz can't get me

Slimmy at the Rucka wanna leave and spend with me  
I consistantly take em out the park like Ken Griffey  
Do you believe? It's Hova the God

[Pain In Da Ass]

Makes you think about the people in your life  
Then I think about BIG; what'd he say if he was here  
He'd say, "Jay, what's it about? What's life about?  
If you don't go through as a man's a man"  
He'd say, "Suck it up, take the fall, do the time  
that's what makes you who you are, makes you what you are"  
How many years you been around this thing of ours?  
Commision, 125 years  
What's it about?  
It's about rules, parameters  
You take the beatin for the friend you don't lay down  
you don't betray who you are, what you are  
You gotta remember guys like Taj, Chill, Ran, Emory  
They don't roar, they don't rap  
You know why? That's the rules, you don't break them  
You was born to be somethin I wasn't even supposed to be.. humble  
Okaay so you humble me now, what you got?  
You got a war, you got global war  
You got a worldwide crime syndicate now  
There's no rules, there's no parameters, there's no feelings  
There's no feelings for this game  
So.. five ten years from now  
You're gonna wish there was American Commision  
Five ten years from now...  
They're gonna miss Jay-Z  
Oahhhkayyyyy, I'm reloaded!!!!

### **So Ghetto**

[Jay-Z]

Back at'cha  
How we do  
Primo, Jigga-Man  
History in the making  
Let's go

Uhh, uh-huh-uh-UHH  
Uh-huh-uh-uhh, uhh  
I spit the murder-murder-murderous  
Mur-mur-ma-murderous SHIT  
Uh-huh-uh-huh-uh-huh-uh-UHH

I keep the gangsta-gangsta-gangsta  
Gah-gah-ga-gangsta beat, feel me? Uhh  
I spit that Brooklyn-Brooklyn-Brook  
Uh-uhh, uh-huh-uh-uhh, uh-uhh  
Uh-huh-UHH

Yo.. career crook, nobody rap Brooklyn like me  
Jigga-Man, Volume 3, I'm back lookin like me  
Stop the presses, baby girls, drop your dresses  
B-K lick a shot for Big Pop' in heaven  
Ever since I came through, niggaz got the impression  
everything I drop, out of the question, stop the guessin  
it's hot, flows provin I pack cause my dough's movin  
My whole crew up in this muh'fucker  
We spray corners, stand there like you got a cape on ya, fine  
You'll be wearing a black suit a long time  
I put your crew in hard bottoms  
The priest is like, "God's got him  
He never did nuttin to nobody but them boys shot him"  
Brandish iron, outlandish buyin  
Bentley Coupes, not braggin just simply the truth  
We all from the ghetto, only difference, we go back  
Back up in D&D on this Primo track, listen

Chorus: Jay-Z {scratching by DJ Premier}

I'm so gangsta prissy chicks don't wanna fuck with me  
"Iceberg, Slim baby ride rims"  
I'm so gutter, ghetto girls fall in love with me  
"You know him well.." "..by the name of Jigga"  
I'm so gangsta prissy chicks don't wanna fuck with me  
"You can love me or hate me.." "...Jay-Z"  
I'm so gutter, ghetto girls fall in love with me  
"Roc-a-Fella lock the whole block down"

[Jay-Z]

Wednesday's I'm up in Shine, Cheetah's Monday night  
I'm fuckin with the model chicks Friday night at Life  
So I'm cruisin in the car with this boozy broad  
She said, "Jigga-Man you rich, take the doo-rag off"  
Hit a U-turn; ma I'm droppin you back off  
Front of the club, "Jigga why you do that for?"  
Thug nigga til the end, tell a friend bitch  
Won't change for no paper plus I been rich  
Eighty-eight been hustlin, linen been crushin em  
Women been fuckin them HUH?

You see I live for the love of the street  
Rap to the ruggedest beats  
Hall closet cluttered with heat  
I spit that murder-murder-murder  
that Brook-Brook-a-Brooklyn shit  
Furthermore ma..  
We tote guns to the Grammy's, pop bottles on the White House lawn  
Guess I'm just the same old Shawn

Chorus

[Jay-Z]  
I'm from the M-to-the-A-baby-R-C-Y  
So it's hard for me to let the larceny die  
Niggaz see me in the streets with no bodyguards  
just two big guns that'll body your squad  
Could niggaz be schemin on me? Probably are  
Think Jigga's a joke nigga? Hardy har  
I spit Brook-Brook-Brooklyn every time I bust  
Radio's gotta play me though I cuss too much  
Magazine said I'm shallow, I never learned to swim  
Still they put me on they cover cause I earn for them  
Soon as I sell too much, watch them turn on him  
cause that seem to be the shit that'll earn for them  
I spit that murder-murder-murderous everytime a verbalist  
iller than Verbal Kint is or O-Dog in "Menace"  
I'm ill, start to finish, I rip apart contenders  
I'm hot.. hehehehe..

Chorus

[Jay-Z]  
I'm so gangsta prissy chicks don't wanna fuck with me, uhh  
I'm so gutter, ghetto girls ..  
Heheh, (uhh, uhh, uh-huh-uh-uhh), yeah  
Uhh, yeah, funk, yeah, with me, yeah, beyotch, yeah  
Jigga, yeah, Primo, yeah, gangsta, yeah, niggaz, yeah  
Brooklyn, yeah

### **Do It Again**

[Jay-Z]  
Roc-A-Fella.. y'all know what this is  
We givin y'all five seconds to put your drink down  
and report to the dance floor immediately  
All the bustas we givin y'all five seconds to get close to a exit

It's about to get real ugly in here  
Five seconds is up - let's go!

Throw the hands up (uh, uh, uh)  
Throw the hands up (Niggaz)  
Throw the hands up (Bitches)  
Throw the hands up (Bustas)  
Throw the hands up (Hustlers)  
Throw the hands up (Hoes!)  
Throw the hands up (Boasters)  
Throw the hands up (MAC)

[Beanie Sigel]

You know how Mac come through on the club tip  
E'rybody real deep on that thug shit  
Cop Cris' spray the club on that thug shit  
Cop frisks suits snub in the club quick  
Told y'all real high, when I come you can try  
If you want, you can die, if you want to  
We hittin whores on the floor, whole crew be wild  
Bitch "Back That Azz Up" like Juvenile (huh)  
When my peeps come to spend, a dime apiece  
You know Mac come through with a line of freaks  
Every bitch on the hit be a 9 at least  
We gettin head on the floor, while you grindin freaks  
Whole squad get it down like this  
Whole squad buyin rounds of Cris'  
Whole squad got they crowns on wrist  
Whole squad got a pound of twist  
Whole squad got a pound to spit, in case a clown wanna flip  
Mac never slip in the club  
Told y'all niggaz four-fifth in the club  
If a nigga wanna draw then the blood it can drip in the club  
You know how niggaz get in the club  
Shit you know how I be, all high in V.I.P.  
Rolling up to B.I.G. (bay-bay)  
Niggaz be all liquored up, talkin shit  
'til they man gotta come and pick 'em up  
Got bitches in the back bouncin to "Jigga What"  
You got your hands up and I ain't even stick y'all up

(E'rybody get it up) Throw the hands up  
(E'rybody get it up) Throw the hands up

[Jay-Z] (Amil)

12 AM on the way to the club (uh)

1 AM DJ made it erupt (uh-huh)  
2 AM now I'm gettin with her (what up?)  
3 AM now I'm splittin with her (splittin with who?)  
4 AM at the waffle house (waffle house)  
5 AM now we at my house (uh)  
6 AM I be diggin her out (who?)  
6:15 I be kickin her out (what?)  
7 AM I'ma call my friends (uh-huh)  
12AM we gon' do it again  
We gon', we gon', we gon' do it again  
(We gon' do it again)

[Jay-Z]

By the way, yo..

How the fuck you gon' talk about MC's on our heel?  
When we just cop them things homie the chrome wheels  
Both arms are chunky the sleeves on chill  
Any given times a hundred G's in your grill  
Don't talk to me 'bout MC's got skills  
"He's alright, but he's not real"  
Jay-Z's that deal, with seeds in a field  
Never fear for war, hug, squeeze that steel  
Fuck, you gotta a flow that's cool with me  
You got a little dough that cool with me  
You got a little cars, little jewelries  
But none of y'all motherfuckers could fool with me  
You know the wrist frostbit minus two degrees  
Bout as blue as the sea the way I manuever the V  
Hat cocked can't see his eyes, who could it be?  
With that new blue Yankee on, who but me?  
Niggaz shipped two million, then I blew the three  
Then I skated the four, 'fore I went on tour  
I came back and it's plain, y'all niggaz ain't rappin the same  
Fuck the flow, y'all jackin our slang  
I seen the same shit happen to Kane  
Three cuts in your eyebrows tryin to wild out  
The game is ours, we'll never foul out  
Y'all just better hope we gracefully bow out  
Throw yo' hands up - niggaz, bitches, bustas  
Hustlers - FUCK THAT (throw the hands up)

[Amil] (Jay-Z)

12 AM on the way to the club (uh huh)  
1 AM bout to shake the butt (uh)  
2 AM now I'm checkin the mix (ah yeah)  
3 AM now he buyin me drinks (what you drinkin on?)

4 AM exit the club (let's go)  
5 AM think he gettin some butt (that's right)  
6 AM nigga still ain't bust (what?)  
6:15 nigga will get up (uh)  
7 AM gotta tell my friends (uh-huh)  
12 AM I'ma do it again, uh, uh  
I'ma do it again  
12 AM I'ma do it again  
(Uh-huh, uh, uh.. let's go)

[Jay-Z]  
12 AM on the way to the club  
1 AM DJ made it a rub  
2 AM now I'm gettin with her  
3 AM now I'm splittin with her  
4 AM at the waffle house  
5 AM now we at my house  
6 AM I be diggin her out  
6:15 I be kickin her out  
7 AM I'ma call my friends  
12 AM we gon' do it again  
We gon', we gon', we gon' do it again  
Let's go

### **Dope Man**

{\*sound of a camera taking a picture\*}

[Jay] Millenium flow  
[MTV] Serena Altschul's here live outside the criminal courthouse  
[Jay] This is {bullshit} y'all  
[MTV] in New York City for the first day in the trial of  
[Jay] I'm gone {\*car speeds off\*}  
[MTV] the State vs. Shawn Carter, a.k.a. Jay-Z  
[Jay] Uhh, uh-huh-uh, uhh, uh-huh-uh, uhh  
[MTV] Whatever the verdict in this trial may be  
the effects will undoubtedly be felt worldwide

[Jay-Z]  
Aiiyo, stand forward, 'fore you take notice  
or witness to me killin the track  
Testify 'til me spillin the smack  
Now they got me for traffickin, racketeerin, audio crack  
{Hook:} They call me Dope Man, Dope Man  
I try to tell em I'm where hope, floats man  
Ghetto spokes-man

A broke man, approachin the bench with intent  
to bury me under the cell, fingered me as the toast man  
Evidence stemmin from ninety-six  
They say the world ain't recovered from his fix  
While they was usin cut I was on some other shit  
Gave it to you raw and they just discovered it  
Nowaday, the jury got they brow raised  
Listenin to testimony about my foul ways  
Exhibit A: "Reasonable Doubt"  
They say this was the first thing that turned the peoples out

[MTV] You can feel the tension building here  
as an unprecedented number of people have turned out  
for what may be the "Trial of the Century"  
{Hook}

[Jay-Z]  
How come, you label your brand of dope  
"Volume 1" and spread it through the slums?  
Fed it to the young with total disregard  
Your honor, the State seeks the maximum charge  
And how could you, turn right around  
and release a lethal dosage called "Volume 2"  
And is true you operate the criminal enterprise  
known as Roc-a-Fella in charge of his meteoric rise?  
And do you deny you're responsible for the demise  
of record execs, and do you object?  
Your distribution's Polygram, and through your connects  
Def Jam, you pushed over five million SoundScan  
And not to mention, your co-horts and henchmen  
Dame, Biggs, Lyor, Kev' and Russell Simmons  
And we ain't gon' talk about Murder, Inc.  
That just establishes a darker deeper criminal link

[MTV] The State is seeking the maximum penalty  
and with the overwhelming amount of evidence  
the D.A.'s presented, things aren't looking good  
{Hook}

[MTV] Despite the grim outlook at this point  
the rapper has been known to emerge triumphant  
in the face of adversity

{Hook}

[MTV] Jay-Z is taking the stand

[Jay-Z]  
Right hand on the Bible, left hand in the air

Before I spoke one word, made sure my throat was clear  
A-hem, I'm a prisoner of circumstance  
Frail nigga, I couldn't much work with my hands  
But my mind was strong, I grew where you hold your blacks up  
Trap us, expect us not to pick gats up  
Where you drop your cracks off by the Mack trucks  
Destroy our dreams of lawyers and actors  
Keep us spiralin, goin backwards  
At age nine, saw my first hate crime  
Blindfolded, expected to walk a straight line  
Mind molded, taught to love you and hate mine  
Climbed over it, at a early age, Jay shined  
Fuck the system at Lady Justice I blaze nine  
Your Honor, I no longer kill my people, I raise mine  
The soul of Mumia in this modern day time

[MTV] While the jury is inside deliberating  
outside the crowd is frozen with anticipation

{Hook}

[MTV] Well the verdict has just been announced: NOT GUILTY!

It is complete pandemonium out here! {Hook; Serena keeps speaking}

People are cheering and hugging - there he is

Jay-Z is exiting the courtroom right now

There is a swarm of cameras surrounding him {\*pop bulbs flashing\*}

and people are just rushing up to him

Let's try and make our way over there, Jay-Z! Jay-Z!

{\*sounds of cameras keep flashing\*, \*music fades\*}

### **Things That U Do**

[Jay-Z]

Uh-huh, uh

Jigga man, uh-huh MC

That's right

Swizz Beatz

Uh, uh, come on

[Mariah](Jay-Z)

It's the things that you do

That make me feel so...

(Come on, inhale, exhale, breathe on it for me)

And I don't know the way I feel

I can explain

(Uh)

I love you

You thug look at what you make the clubs do

(Bounce, bounce)  
It's the things that you do  
That make me feel so..  
(Exhale breathe on it for me)  
And I don't know the way I feel  
I can explain (Yeah)  
I love you  
(Uh come on)  
You thug look at what you make the clubs do

[Jay-Z]  
You know the flow sicka, know Jigga, mo' sicka now right  
You know what me and Swizz's shit sound like  
Crazed and demonic, uh without blazin chronic  
Product of Reaganomics  
You know that motherfuckin stoop raised me  
Ringin in da hoops but I was too lazy  
School made me sick, teachers said I was too crazy  
Low and behold, it's the new and improved Jay-Z  
Let me explain this to you baby  
I spent nights out, days in  
Niggaz was blazing, twelve noon where I was raised in  
I felt caged in but kept roaming  
Prayed for the Day of Atonement  
Married to the streets no date of annulment  
It seems every time it comes up  
They postpone it  
So I kept my chrome at the waist  
Waiting for the omen  
Savoring the moment and now you know  
The reason that I flow the way I flow baby

[Mariah](Jay-Z)  
It's the things that you do  
(Uh, inhale, exhale, breathe on it)  
That make me feel so..  
And I don't know the way I feel  
I can explain  
I love you  
You thug look at what you make the clubs do  
(Bounce, shake, bounce, shake)  
It's the things that you do  
That make me feel so..  
(Uh, exhale, breathe on it for me)  
And I don't know the way I feel I can explain (Uh)  
I love you

You thug look at what you make the clubs do  
(Drop, bounce, yo)

[Jay-Z]

You know I move like an ounce  
Bottled up like crack  
That's how I make you bounce like that  
Defy Webster's words they can't pronounce like that  
That's why no other rapper got a sound like that  
Trap, trap of my life  
Flashback, kill niggaz  
Rap skills unmatched, Jigga man baby  
I can't entertain it sometimes I can't explain it  
God given, gifts of a soul for hard living  
Far be it from me to question Allah's wisdom  
Could've been lost in the system  
Instead I'm involved with the rhythm  
I dodged prison, came out unscathed from car collisions  
I know I must be part of some mission  
Shit I used take it for granted  
Why they placed me on this planet  
I would ask myself while writin raps to myself  
But right there under my nose  
Was the flow of all flows  
Not a demon but a rose in the cement, come on

[Mariah](Jay-Z)

It's the things that you do  
That make me feel so..  
(Inhale, exhale, breathe on it MC)  
And I don't know the way I feel  
I can explain  
(Uh)  
I love you  
You thug look at what you make the clubs do  
(Bounce, shake, shake it, uh)  
It's the things that you do  
That make me feel so..  
(Exhale, uh)  
And I don't know the way I feel I can explain  
I love you  
You thug look at what you make the clubs do  
(Lights out nigga)

[Jay-Z]

You know I've traveled through zones

Homes spazzed like a bad back  
I came into this game on Jaz's back  
I jumped off stood on my own two like boom, that's that  
Yeah I'm here to show and prove  
Don't matter to me the Garden or flowin on Clue  
Whatever niggas wanna do - it's alright with me  
Whether you big or bossy, jig or flossy  
Dusty or musty, sober or saucy  
Broker than Todd Bridges, richer than Bill Cosby  
Forgive me for my arrogance or you still salty?  
Past on to the next life and you still haunt me  
I'mma keep doing me unfortunately  
I make the club rock, make thugs pop guns  
Make old folks do the bus stop; can't stop son  
Shit I give you what's hot and what's not, I never knew  
Y'all (niggas) know (niggas) how (niggas) do

[Mariah](Jay-Z)

It's the things that you do that make me feel so..

(Uh, exhale, inhale)

And I don't know the way I feel

I can explain

I love you

You thug look at what you make the clubs do

(Uh, bounce, shake, what? uh-huh)

It's the things that you do that make me feel so..

(Uh-huh, inhale, exhale)

And I don't know the way I feel I can explain

I love you

You thug look at what you make the clubs do

(Bounce, shake ladies)

It's the things that you do that make me feel so..

(Uh-huh, breathe for me, uh, uh-huh)

And I don't know the way I feel

I can explain

(Uh)

I love you

You thug look at what you make the clubs do

(Lights out niggas)

It's the things that you do that make me feel so..

And I don't know the way I feel I can explain

I love you

You thug look at what you make the clubs do

It's the things that you do that make me feel so..

And I don't know the way I feel I can explain

I love you

You thug look at what you make the clubs do  
It's the things that you do that make me feel so..  
And I don't know the way I feel I can explain  
I love you  
You thug look at what you make the clubs do

### **It's Hot (Some Like It Hot)**

[Jay-Z]  
Can't stop it nigga, uh  
Mm-hmm, uh-huh, can't stop that  
Timbaland uh-huh.. Jigga Man uh-huh  
Yeah.. Brook, Brook-Brooklyn huh?  
That's right  
Put your motherfuckin hands together, uh-huh  
Put your motherfuckin hands together  
Yo, can't stop it

Yo..  
Yo show closer, J-to-the-A-Y-Hovah  
Place shutter down, who the fuck'll fuck around?  
Game spitter, Range sitter, Bentley driver nigga  
Keep a full clip I have to empty out on niggaz  
Hoe bagger, no slacker, get this shit jumpin  
like eight blacks, fo' crackers, get yo' ass jumped  
Crist' sipper, six dipper, wrist glitter nigga  
Gat buster, ass toucher.. clit licker  
Go against Jigga yo' ass is dense  
I'm about a dollar, what the fuck is 50 Cents?  
Hot shit, kick a nigga, turn these mics out  
My jewelry so bright you can turn these lights out  
Hovah's like Noah keep two in the truck  
I'm like U-Haul; every bitch movin I fuck  
You move slut, I gotta put two in your butt  
I'm everything: the when's, why's, who's, and what  
Nigga what?

Chorus: Jay-Z (repeat 2X w/ minor variations)

Hell no you can't stop it, when it's hot it's hot  
My grind, keep me jumpin out of drop to drop  
My shine, lose your sight tryin to watch the watch  
When there's drama Jigga pop, Jigga pop, pop

[Jay-Z]  
Seperate myself from the lame, no you can't see me

I'm 6-0-0, you 300 C-E  
Give my ladies dick, my young hoes pee-pee  
Hits in a row like MJ; "Hee-hee!"  
Since I was waist height, late night, bustin in the clouds  
Runnin wild, comin home late, cussin out my mouth  
Niggaz said, "Bryan leave your cousin in the house"  
Everytime we play the Dozen, he's buggin out  
While y'all was playin yo-yo, I was sittin on low pros  
Dippin the po-po, gettin that dough-dough  
No, no I ain't stupid I take loot kid  
What's in the bank? Shoot it  
Lose it like I ain't do it  
You wanna play Jigga nigga what you drank fluid?  
Got a full tank now you wanna pull rank?  
I clap still, act ill, Jigga shoot thee  
Give you chest pains, leg sprains absolutely  
What?

Chorus

[Jay-Z]  
Thirty-eight revolve like the sun round the Earth  
Try to play hard get you found round the dirt  
Six shell casings found round your shirt  
{\*cyring\*} in surround sound from the hearse  
Jigga Man, trigger man, hit your man up  
Six shots, hit the pole, hit the van up  
Kidnap grown folks get them grands up  
Timbaland, hot shit, get them hands up

Chorus 2X

### **Snoopy Track**

[Jay-Z]  
Bounce  
Uhhh, ha, uhhh, ha  
Uhhh, uh-huh-uh-uhhh, uhh, uh-huh  
This for my hustlers.. uh-huh  
And for the bitches.. yeah

Yo, yo  
This is for my niggaz down in Houston on candy paint  
All my niggaz in the Dirty South, Miami mayne  
All my niggaz in the A-T-L throwin dem bones  
All them thugs that send slugs through your clothes; holla at me

It's for the black culture, Spanish chicks with the sweet chocha  
Spanish cats with the ki's of cocoa  
All the haters eat a dick they wanna see you brok-er  
I hope the heat stroke ya, the misery is over  
All my deep smokers, I hope the leaf choke ya  
Hope you'll never be sober I'ma toast to myself  
I hope the Crist' get me, spiralin into a tizzy  
So pissy, swervin on the road dizzy  
May God protect my soul, angels walk with me  
First do the flow sickly, niggaz is so shifty  
The fo'-fo' is like a force field, you won't get me  
I brought some folk with me, Brooklyn is loc'n with me  
What the fuck?

Chorus: Juvenile (repeat 2X)

You know, we ride  
All day, all night  
Pop Crist, shoot dice  
Fuck hoes, for life

[Jay-Z]

This is for my chicks that get dough for takin off they clothes  
All them money makin honeys that slide down the poles  
All my educated chicks who grade is 4.0  
All the baby mamas across the globe; aiyyo  
I like my women friends feminine  
I like my hoes on "X" like Eminem.. shit!  
I like em bow-legged, never coke-headed  
With a dough fetish - the drive to go get it  
I like they toes proper, I like they clothes Prada  
I like they shoes Gucci, I like new coochie  
I fucked a few groupies, in a few hoopties  
I got em iceberg shit they thought I knew Snoopy  
I cop them Roc-a-Wear, my mamis dedicated  
They never tell me no, the most they said is "not here"  
I got they ears studded, both wrists baguetted  
I got a main chick, a mistress, and a young bitch  
Forget it I'm the don

Chorus

[Jay-Z]

Wha-What?  
This is for my dice shooters, cats doin life  
By the time I get this kite to ya, I hope you doin alright

Who got em platinum up? Who got the chicks in the truck?  
Too much to sit comfortably, they lappin up  
Who shit is big pimpin? See the flow different  
I drop heavy then I let the four-fifth flip em  
I keep rappers talkin to kids, Jigga "Sixth Sense-d" em  
Don't mention my name and lames in the same sentence  
You see I'm so thorough, take on your whole borough  
Be so careful I hear the whistle from the fo'-fo' barrel  
Keep the flow Hovah; icy neck, cold shoulder  
Who click is closest to La Costra Nostra?  
It's "The Roc"

Chorus 1.5X

### **S. Carter**

[Jay-Z]  
S-dot-Carter  
Y'all must try harder  
Competition is  
[Amil]  
Nada  
Ladies scream papa  
Niggas can't stop ya  
Competition is  
[Jay-Z]  
No, no, no  
S-dot-Carter  
Y'all must try harder  
Competition is  
[Amil]  
Nada  
Ladies scream papa  
Niggas can't stop ya  
Competition is

[Jay-Z]  
No, no, no, nope  
You can't see 'em  
Though you got plans to be him  
Pay homage if by chance you meet him  
In his pants pocket, your advance and per diem  
It's the undisputed champion  
For clique, dough sick, no medicine for us  
Competition like I said in the chorus  
Let me spell it out for ya

Jay to tha Amil  
(A to the Y stay real fuck how they feel, uh-huh, uh-huh)  
That's how we put it down  
(Uh-huh, uh-huh y'all gon get it now)  
Chip off the old block  
Resemble my old pops  
'Cept I tote glocks and open dope spots  
And I shut down rap crews  
Smack them cats who flash tools  
Laugh at fake ballers with bad jewels  
I'll tell you once  
This is shit you should've of knew  
(Jigga what?)  
Jigga  
(Jigga who?)  
Okay

[Jay-Z]  
S-dot-Carter  
Y'all must try harder  
Competition is  
[Amil]  
Nada  
Ladies scream papa  
Niggas can't stop ya  
Competition is  
[Jay-Z]  
No, no, no  
S-dot-Carter  
Y'all must try harder  
Competition is  
[Amil]  
Nada  
Ladies scream papa  
Niggas can't stop ya  
Competition is

[Jay-Z]  
No, no, no  
I'mma Roc-a-fella soldier  
I thought I told ya  
Hustler, nigga move weight like Oprah  
Drive wide body, twenty-inch big motor  
No tints, make no mistake y'all it's Hova  
I stay sportin' played Jordan's before Jordan  
Verses tight, hooks harder than Ken Norton

Musically touching you  
Truthfully I abuse beats better call BCW  
I make my mother move  
So I have no problem coming around the old way  
Sluggin' you, that's what a thug will do  
(Thuggin', bust techs, a suspect dangerous, and I love rough sex)  
Yeah that's what's up  
Even when I'm asleep the gats is up  
Paranoid like Sunny drive backing up  
But I'm from Bed-Stuy, killa with the flow  
Let lead fly from out the four-four, motherfuckers

[Jay-Z]  
S-dot-Carter  
Y'all must try harder  
Competition is  
[Amil]  
Nada  
Ladies scream papa  
Niggas can't stop ya  
Competition is  
[Jay-Z]  
No, no, no  
S-dot-Carter  
Y'all must try harder  
Competition is  
[Amil]  
Nada  
Ladies scream papa  
Niggas can't stop ya  
Competition is

[Jay-Z]  
No, no, no  
None I remain at the top like the sun  
And I burn whoever come in my chambers of torture  
The flame gon' spark ya  
Blood stain the tarp  
But remains they chalk ya  
Don't try to smooth talk us  
[Amil](Jay-Z)  
You got nothing to offer  
But the baby nine  
And make ya fine offer  
The chick is ill

Even with four-inch heels  
No panties on and Patricia Fields  
I get down  
Just name the time, the place  
We could take it back to Vaseline on our face  
On a regular day we just gleam up your space  
Rock our own line, got our whole team laced  
RW with the torch on my jeans by the waist  
Without heat we still gon steam up the place  
(Amil-lion, Jigga man, flawless, here we go)

[Jay-Z]  
S-dot-Carter  
Y'all must try harder  
Competition is  
[Amil]  
Nada  
Ladies scream papa  
Niggas can't stop ya  
Competition is  
[Jay-Z]  
No, no, no  
S-dot-Carter  
Y'all must try harder  
Competition is  
[Amil]  
Nada  
Ladies scream papa  
Niggas can't stop ya  
Competition is  
[Jay-Z]  
No, no, no

#### **Pop 4 Roc**

[Amil] (Jay-Z)  
(Alright yeah)  
Would ya love me? (Uh-huh, alright)  
Would ya hate me? (Watch this yo)  
I know ya love me (Alright)  
I know ya hate me (Uh Clue)  
Would ya love me? (Brand new Duro)  
Would ya hate me?  
I know ya love me (Feel this yo, uh)

[Amil]

Uh, uh, uh  
See me comin through hair done just a slinging my shit  
With something Gucci on clinging to my hips  
Frontin with the Star Tech ringin in the whip  
Icy ears, neck, fingers for years  
Got the show wild with the toes out  
Shit I don't fuck with no stingy nigga  
I rock Prada, Chanel, and Fendi nigga  
What I'mma do with your little blunts and Henney nigga?  
I'mma Major Coin with a pretty Bentley nigga  
Uh my niggas will ride for me  
You should see all the things they buy for me  
Uh, it's obvious how I spend my time  
Around ballers all day don't have to spend a dime  
Callin' up room service when it's dinner time  
Get my tan on in the tropics in the winter time nigga, uh, uh, uh

[Amil] (Beanie Siegal)  
Would ya love me? (If we couldn't cop the drop)  
Would ya hate me? (If we couldn't drop the top)  
I know ya love me (Cuz you know we pop 4 Roc)  
I know ya hate me (Cuz you know we got shit locked)  
Would ya love me? (If we couldn't cop the drop)  
Would ya hate me? (If we couldn't drop the top)  
I know ya love me (Cuz you know we pop 4 Roc)  
I know ya hate me (And you know we got shit locked)

[Beanie Siegal]  
Ay yo, we gon' stop this here  
Get this clear the general of the Roc in here  
Beanie Siegal hottest thing on the block this year  
Keep the ego we been bound to the top ya hear  
Forget about it you don't know me yo stop the stares  
I've been about it pop you then pop ya peers  
You know how I do six coup, top be clear  
You know how I play low layer Roc-A-Wear  
Catch Siegal in the kitchen balloon in the pie  
Y'all from whom to buy  
Y'all niggas know if y'all cross Mac  
Y'all soon to die  
Cuz you know I bring heat like June and July  
Spit like August  
I'm the truth I'm not lying  
I'm the reason why Jay feel comfortable retiring  
I gotta laugh cuz y'all work hard at this shit  
Think about yo I just started this shit

Just imagine if I put my heart in this shit  
Scary sight y'all niggas feel me right  
God damn yo I barely write  
But every rhyme be in check like a pair of Nikes

[Amil] (Beanie Siegal)

Would ya love me? (If we couldn't cop the drop)  
Would ya hate me? (If we couldn't drop the top)  
I know ya love me (Cuz you know we pop 4 roc)  
I know ya hate me (Cuz you know we got shit locked)  
Would ya love me? (If we couldn't cop the drop)  
Would ya hate me? (If we couldn't drop the top)  
I know ya love me (Cuz you know we pop 4 roc)  
I know ya hate me (And you know we got shit locked)

[Memphis Bleek]

Yo, yo, well I'm gold now  
Memph Man Coming Of Age and I'm grown now  
Sittin on chrome now  
I'm the youngest gun, I get it on with anyone  
I've been in thirty beefs shit I'm barely 21  
Guns I hold em like offensive linemen  
Bring em back to the streets like a brick on consignment  
Interlining of the Mark Buchanan  
Spark two hammers  
Memph Man gold marks the understanding

[Jay-Z]

We don't engage in war we elope  
Orange juice style beat niggas to a pulp  
We broke nigga you just told 3 jokes  
Me, Biggs, and Dame we get some things  
See the six dames me and Biggs live in the Range  
Mine's platinum his Champagne  
Niggas whisper cuz if they talk they gets slain  
Y'all's was looking for me on the charts the bricks came  
Left the same night in the morning the chicks came  
I just use rap to put shit in my name  
The death's just a matter of time the hit's been arranged  
Contracts signed the shits in your name  
Just to lame rap niggas I'm the king  
Motherfuck the ring mami kiss the chain  
I don't got game to waste on y'all  
I'm don't think with my dick or chase my balls  
I'm a hustla hit me with an eighth of raw  
And when I get on top I'mma blaze all y'all

Keep em laced some more I know you want some things  
I drink a lot of water mami come clean  
Chicks I pump her then dump her  
Cars we got em bumper to bumper  
Rap niggas y'all days are numbered  
Nobody drop nothin' next summer, yeah

[Amil] (Beanie Siegal)  
Would ya love me? (If we couldn't cop the drop)  
Would ya hate me? (If we couldn't drop the top)  
I know ya love me (Cuz you know we pop 4 roc)  
I know ya hate me (Cuz you know we got shit locked)  
Would ya love me? (If we couldn't cop the drop)  
Would ya hate me? (If we couldn't drop the top)  
I know ya love me (Cuz you know we pop 4 roc)  
I know ya hate me (And you know we got shit locked)

[Jay-Z]  
Yeah R-O-C for the 2 triple O  
Ya heard me  
You are about to witness a dynasty like no other  
Beanie Siegal, The General  
Amil-lion, Diana Ross of the ROC  
Memph Bleek, Young god  
Ha, ha  
Jigga Man, get ya mind right niggas

### **Watch Me**

{\*intro sound of flame: Dr. Dre's "Chronic" trademark\*}

[Dre] YEAH!  
[Jay] Uh uhh uh-uhh, boom boom boom  
[Dre] D-R-E!  
[Jay] Say it with me niggaz, boom boom  
[Dre] And Jay-Z!  
[Jay] Boom boom boom boom  
[Dre] What the fuck?!  
[Jay] Boom boom boom boom  
[Dre] Watch me!  
[Jay] Jigga-Man, ya heard? Boom boom boom  
Brooklyn, ya heard? Boom boom boom  
[Dre] Compton!  
[Jay] Gotti Gotti ya heard? Yo..  
[Dre] C'mon!

[Jay-Z]

You gotta, pop that styles, rock that watch dial  
See that Benz? Cop that now  
Drop-that-top-down, they gon' kill us anyway  
Them cops uptown hit holmes with forty-one rounds  
Live yo' life, get yo' ice  
She been with you since day one nigga, trick on yo' wife  
Spend that dough, when in doubt, take that trip  
She ain't livin for the moment homey shake that bitch  
He that cool, he can't take you nowhere? Then leave that fool  
Be that rude if he that cool  
Save for what? Ball til your days is up  
This place is fucked, all type of AIDS and such  
How they make it where you afraid to fuck  
They gave us drugs then turned around and investigated us  
Life is short, then you on life support  
so in between it all I'ma say I seen it all, watch me

Chorus: Dr. Dre

Place yourself in the shoes of true felons (uh-huh)  
and tell me you won't ball every chance you get (uhh, watch me)  
At any, chance you hit (that's right) we live for the moment  
(yo, watch, watch) Makes sense don't it? Now make dollars  
(Watch me) You see me around some cheese  
(Watch me) See me with hustlers around them G's  
(Watch me) Blowin 'dro runnin through pounds of weed  
(Watch me) At the bar baby, round's on me  
(Watch me)

[Jay-Z]

Watch me turn somethin out of nothin, turn platinum from gold  
Watch me light the Cohiba off the Viking stove  
I take an empty bank account, fill it with oh's  
I take an empty building then I fill it with hoes  
Watch me, cop that Coupe, shine for the ladies  
have em sayin, "Damn I never seen a watch that blue"  
And while they still mesmerized I pop that cooch'  
Shit, law enforcement couldn't stop that dude  
Guess who? Fresh off of "Volume 2"  
Back at you, peep the numbers my album do  
They call me Cham-pagne-hovah, wake up with a hangover  
When y'all think the game's over, do the same thing over  
Still with the same soldiers  
Still gettin brain and it's plain ain't a thang gon' change over  
Hop out the truck, hand on my cock and nuts

Who got the bank, I'm stoppin it up, watch me

Chorus: Dr. Dre

Place yourself in the shoes of true felons (uh-huh)  
and tell me you won't ball every chance you get (watch me)  
At any, chance you hit, we live for the moment  
Makes sense don't it? Now make dollars  
(Watch me) You see me around some cheese  
(Watch me) Hangin with hustlers around them G's  
(Watch me) Blowin 'dro runnin through pounds of weed  
(Watch me) At the bar bitch, round's on me  
(Watch me)

[Jay-Z]

Yo the watch too rocky, need shades  
Continental sittin on blades, spinnin like waves  
Gun too Brock-y, behave  
Big shot, plus I'm feelin like Rocky these days  
Ice don't melt I could ski through a heatwave  
Nights won't help you see Jay, it'll be day  
My shit too bright, I rip through mics  
plus I push more powder than Crystal Light  
Chick mad, said I hold my pistol too tight  
Get a grip bitch, this how I get through life  
I buy out the bar, spit Crist' through the mic  
See Jigga in the 6 and all the shit you like  
See Jigga givin dick to every bitch you like  
I told her, "It's Jay-Day and Hit-You-Night"  
You wanna, see me again you gotta get two dice  
I got rules I can't hit you twice, you heard me?  
Watch me

Chorus: Dr. Dre

Place yourself in the shoes of true felons (uh-huh)  
and tell me you won't ball every chance you get (that's right)  
At any, chance you hit, we live for the moment  
Makes sense don't it? Now make dollars  
(Watch me) You see me around some cheese  
(Watch me) See me with hustlers around them G's  
(Watch me) Blowin 'dro runnin through pounds of weed  
(Watch me) At the bar baby, round's on me  
(Watch me)  
(Watch me) You see me around some cheese  
(Watch me) Hangin with hustlers around them G's

(Watch me) Blowin 'dro runnin through pounds of weed  
(Watch me) At the bar bitch, round's on me  
(Watch me)

[Jay-Z]  
Uh-huh-uh uh-uhh uh-uhh.. uh  
Uh-huh-uh uh-uhh uh-uhh..  
Uh-huh-uh, Jigga Jigga shit huh?  
Uh-huh, uh-huh-uh, Brooklyn-Brooklyn shit huh?  
(Compton) Uh-huh-uh, Gotti Gotti shit huh?  
(C'mon) Uh-huh, uh-huh-uh, Lil' Rob shit huh?  
(C'mon) Uh-huh-uh-UHH, Roc-a-Fella shit y'all  
(C'mon) Uh-huh, uh-huh, murder murder shit y'all  
(Watch me!)

### **Big Pimpin'**

\* this is the album version, the VIDEO has an extra verse

[Jay-Z]  
Uhh, uh uh uh  
It's big pimpin baby..  
It's big pimpin, spendin G's  
Feel me.. uh-huh uhh, uh-huh..  
Ge-ge-geyeah, geyeah  
Ge-ge-geyeah, geyeah..

You know I - thug em, fuck em, love em, leave em  
Cause I don't fuckin need em  
Take em out the hood, keep em lookin good  
But I don't fuckin feed em  
First time they fuss I'm breezin  
Talkin bout, "What's the reasons?"  
I'm a pimp in every sense of the word, bitch  
Better trust than believe em  
In the cut where I keep em  
til I need a nut, til I need to beat the guts  
Then it's, beep beep and I'm pickin em up  
Let em play with the dick in the truck  
Many chicks wanna put Jigga fist in cuffs  
Divorce him and split his bucks  
Just because you got good head, I'ma break bread  
so you can be livin it up? Shit I..  
parts with nothin, y'all be frontin  
Me give my heart to a woman?  
Not for nothin, never happen

I'll be forever mackin  
Heart cold as assassins, I got no passion  
I got no patience  
And I hate waitin..  
Hoe get yo' ass in  
And let's RI-I-I-I-IDE.. check em out now  
RI-I-I-I-IDE, yeah  
And let's RI-I-I-I-IDE.. check em out now  
RI-I-I-I-IDE, yeah

Chorus One: Jay-Z

We doin.. big pimpin, we spendin G's  
Check em out now  
Big pimpin, on B.L.A.D.'s  
We doin.. big pimpin up in N.Y.C.  
It's just that Jigga Man, Pimp C, and B-U-N B  
Yo yo yo.. big pimpin, spendin G's  
We doin - big pimpin, on B.L.A.D.'s  
We doin.. big pimpin up in N.Y.C.  
It's just that Jigga Man, Pimp C, and B-U-N B

[Bun B]

Nigga it's the - big Southern rap impresario  
Comin straight up out the black bar-rio  
Makes a mill' up off a sorry hoe  
Then sit back and peep my sce-nawr-e-oh  
Oops, my bad, that's my scenario  
No I can't fuck a scary hoe  
Now every time, every place, everywhere we go  
Hoes start pointin - they say, "There he go!"  
Now these motherfuckers know we carry mo' heat than a little bit  
We don't pull it out over little shit  
And if you catch a lick when I spit, then it won't be a little hit  
Go read a book you illiterate son of a bitch and step up yo' vocab  
Don't be surprised if yo' hoe stab out with me  
and you see us comin down on yo' slab  
Livin ghetto-fabulous, so mad, you just can't take it  
But nigga if you hatin I  
then you wait while I get yo' bitch butt-naked, just break it  
You gotta pay like you weigh wet wit two pairs of clothes on  
Now get yo' ass to the back as I'm flyin to the track  
Timbaland let me spit my pro's on  
Pump it up in the pro-zone  
That's the track that we breakin these hoes on  
Ain't the track that we flow's on

But when shit get hot, then the glock start poppin like ozone  
We keep hoes crunk like Trigger-man  
Fo' real it don't get no bigger man  
Don't trip, let's flip, gettin throwed on the flip  
Gettin blowed with the motherfuckin Jigga Man, fool

Chorus Two: Bun B

We be.. big pimpin, spendin G's  
We be.. big pimpin, on B.L.A.D.'s  
We be.. big pimpin down in P.A.T.  
It's just that Jigga Man, Pimp C, and B-U-N B  
Cause we be.. big pimpin, spendin G's  
And we be.. big pimpin, on B.L.A.D.'s  
Cause we be.. big pimpin in P.A.T.  
It's just that Jigga Man, Pimp C, and B-U-N B.. nigga

[Pimp C]

Uhh.. smokin out, throwin up, keepin lean up in my cup  
All my car got leather and wood, in my hood we call it buck  
Everybody wanna ball, holla at broads at the mall  
If he up, watch him fall, nigga I can't fuck witch'all  
If I wasn't rappin baby, I would still be ridin Mercedes  
Chromin shinin sippin daily, no rest until whitey pay me  
Uhhh, now what y'all know bout them Texas boys  
Comin down in candied toys, smokin weed and talkin noise

Chorus Two

### **There's Been a Murder**

\*BLAM BLAM\*

{\*woman screaming in pain\*.. cops yelling "Go! Go! Go! Go!"}  
\*police sirens\*

Hook: {sung vocals}

Think there's been a murder-errra-ahhh-hahh-ahhh  
I ahh, think there's been a..  
I.. I think there's been a..  
Think there's been a murder-errra-ahhh-hahh-ahhh  
I ahh, think there's been a..  
I.. I think there's been a..

[Jay-Z]

I hustle from, night to morning, dawn to dusk  
Kidnap and robberies like, (c'mon nigga) "You goin with us"

I held roundtable meetings so we could go on and discuss  
not only money but all the emotions goin through us  
Why we don't cry when niggaz die, that's how the street raised him  
Look in the air, say a prayer (hail mary) hopin God forgave him  
Cop liquor, twist it, tap it twice, pour it to the pavement  
We live dangerous, often findin ourself in the eyes of strangers  
(Who the fuck is you?) My dream is big and in it my team is rich  
as seen through the eyes of a nigga who ain't seen shit  
Back to live action, I'm packin, I'm still in the mix  
like new hits, I think I'm goin over your head a lil' bit  
But I let you know I changed names when I roam through town  
Stay free and be who I'm professional known as now  
Jay-motherfuckin-Z; and with that said  
back to Shawn Carter the hustler, Jay-Z is dead, and uhh

Hook

[Jay-Z]  
My infatuation with autos led to autos gettin sprayed  
Houses gettin broken in, quarters gettin trayed  
Bricks gettin chopped, mom's pots gettin used  
One thrown in that water, try the soda if there's two (bring it back)  
Expensive shoes worn, Louis Vuitton seats, roof gone  
Coke cheap, my face is like a coupon  
I gotta do Shawn, cause even when Jay-Z was lukewarm  
I was gettin my loot on, nigga I'm too strong  
Eat til the food's gone, they placed me on this earth  
The twin brother of Rich Porter, seperated at birth  
I got the soul of a hustler, quiet noise like a muffler  
Fuck with us, walk through the ghetto, see the place that corrupted us  
Learn why we buck at the guys that come up with us  
Ain't enough bucks for us to split in this shit  
Plus ain't nobody lovin us; and with that said  
back to Shawn Carter the hustler, Jay-Z is dead, and uhh

Hook

[Jay-Z]  
See my life is like a see-saw  
And until I move this weight it's gon' keep me to the floor  
Travel with me through my deep thoughts  
Y'all can't learn Jigga by the shit y'all be readin in The Source;  
It's deeper of course  
Follow the life of this reckless minor  
At sixteen in the 600, unlicensed driver  
Playin, cops and robbers, like shots can't stop us

Flippin a bird to the choppers (fuck you coppers)  
Buck-thirty on the turns  
Reckless abandon, when I'm standin on this pedal  
Hand on my metal, minus all this time they tryin to give me  
Lord help me, all I ever wanted to be was wealthy or  
somebody to tell me that they felt me  
I tried to play the hand you dealt me  
but you gave me five funnies an' shit  
I was hungry I need menage money  
Nothin less than a 520; and with that said  
back to Shawn Carter the hustler, Jay-Z is \*BLAM\*

{Think there's been a murder-errra-ahhh-hahh-ahhh}

### **Come and Get Me**

[Jay-Z]  
I remove your roof nigga let the sun shine in  
Thirty-eight waist, enough to put one nine in  
Really a thirty-six without the gun I'm thin  
but when the gat is tucked, I'm fat as fuck  
Ignorant bastard, I'm takin it back to day one  
No kids, but trust me I know how to raise a gun  
For niggaz that think I spend my days in the sun  
well here's the shock of your life, the glock not the mic  
Homey I'm not into hype; trust me, I'm still street  
You still fuckin up then trust me I still creep  
Yeah I know the platinum chain be lookin real sweet  
but reach and I bury niggaz sixty feet deep  
S dot Carter turn rappers into martyrs  
Seperate fathers from they daughters, why bother  
I'm a crook like you, I took like you  
I disobeyed the law threw out the book like you  
How dare you look at Jigga like I'm shook like boo  
I keep the fifth with me nigga, come and get me..

COME AND GET ME!

{\*gong sounds\*} Ka-ka-ka-ka-ka-ka-come..

{\*bell rings\*} COME AND GET ME! Ka-ka-ka-COME AND GET ME! ..

{\*bell rings\*} COME AND GET ME! Ka-ka-ka..

{\*bell rings\*} .. Ka-ka-ka-ka-come

{\*bell rings\*} .. come and get me COME AND GET ME

[Jay-Z]  
Don't know what y'all niggaz is  
tryin to do but I don't like it

Yeah, straight gangster shit  
Heyyyy, uh-huh-uh-uhh gangster shit  
Uhh, straight gangster nigga  
Roc..

Yo, your summer's bout to get hot  
Niggaz home from jail and they plottin  
Heard about the watch, the Bentley hard-top  
The Continental T, got em resentin me  
God I work hard, please don't envy me  
I paid the cost to be the boss to floss this hard  
I can recall a year ago I almost lost this job  
All y'all remember is the part about me parkin the hog  
What about all them days I was walkin my dogs?  
Barkin at broads, but they never hollered back  
And if they did all they said was, "Where dem dollaz at?"  
Imagine, bein skinny growin up around broader cats  
The quiet assassin demeanor of them college cats  
until I got a gat and loudly start poppin back  
Round the way, niggaz called me Bobby Bouchete  
Now all I hear is whispers of what you gon' do to Jay  
How y'all gon' stick me up, take my jewels away  
Pull out your gat, car jack me take my cruise away  
Well I got news for y'all fools today, hey..

Chorus: Jay-Z

I got, shots to give come and get me nigga  
Y'all wanna rob the kid? Come and get me nigga  
I won't, part with this come and get me nigga  
I worked, hard for this come and get me nigga  
I got, shots to give, COME AND GET ME..  
COME AND GET ME..

[Jay-Z]

I made it so, you could say Marcy and it was all good  
I ain't crossover I brought the suburbs to the hood  
Made em relate to your struggle, told em bout your hustle  
Went on MTV with do-rags, I made them love you  
You know normally them people wouldn't be fuckin witchu  
Til I made em understand why you do what you do  
I expected to hear, "Jay, if it wasn't for you.."  
But instead, all I hear is buzzin in your crew  
How y'all schemin, tryin to get accustomed to my moves  
So y'all could tape my mouth, stake out my house  
But I got pride I'm a nigga first

I gotta cock back and pull the trigger first  
That's how Jigga work  
The funny thing; I represent y'all everytime I spit a verse  
and that's the shit that hurts  
But hey, I got my mind right, got my nine right here  
So when y'all feel that the time is right..

Chorus

[Jay-Z]  
Aiy yo yo, aiy yo yo  
It's only fair that I warn ya, rap's my new hustle  
I'm treatin it like the corner, fuck with me if you wanna  
My game change but my mindframe remains the same  
I gotta protect what's mine  
Shit I started from nothin; zero, zip  
I made my way hustlin, I don't owe niggaz shit  
I'm paranoid now, so I keep the gun gripped  
Cats I played skelly with? Niggaz done flipped  
I keep a banger in the ankle, one in the hip  
Two in the stash, one come up when I shift  
I keep one under the chair where I sit  
I even got a gun in the hair in the bun of my bitch  
Ask Big; everytime he'd come to my crib  
he'd find another gun that I hid  
I'm ready to make this one of the, hottest summer there is  
Everyday like a hundred-and-six.. shit..

Chorus 2X

[Jay-Z]  
Motherfuckers!

## **NYMP**

[Jay-Z]  
Geyeah, NYMP the realest, uhh  
This is educated thug MU-SIC, niggaz

Life's a battle, mean streets eat you alive  
Blocks'll have you, tryin to maintain your course  
through the potholes and gravel  
Hot holes and what-have-you, tryin to clock dough  
Foes tryin to pop shots through you by code  
Pigs tryin to grab you and lock up your soul  
Through the Hot Apple, nighttime shots crackle

(bucka bucka bucka) Fiends tryin to gaffle you  
Not only cokeheads but the Feds in the Mercuray Topaz  
after you, up the avenue  
Tryin to give you big numbers, you got math to do  
Tryin to make you miss summer, shit, that ain't cool  
I caught smaller cases tryin to get cap or two  
Up against the wall, tryin to pass through  
Ghost-like, hear the cries from the tortured souls  
Most nights, I hold my toast tight, and it goes like

Chorus: Jay-Z

N.Y.M.P., the realest niggaz  
N.Y.M.P., the realest niggaz  
Uhh, uh-huh-uh-UHH, N.Y.M.P. the realest  
Marcy.. Brooklyn..

[Jay-Z]

Yo; I come through, gettin money, sittin on twenties  
Niggaz throwin me shade, but ain't shit sunny  
Hot shells only thing niggaz could get from me  
Cocktails thrown in your living room, KA-BOOM  
I'm so confrontational;  
they shoulda never let me go on probation yo  
I'm a hustler; except that..  
no correctional facilities can correct that  
I took a step back, I viewed myself, seen where my head was at  
It's where that dough is homey, gotta get that  
Gotta get away, some try but head back  
Uhh, street smart niggaz got left back  
Some died, they left stacks  
Me, I ball right, and on top of that I'm dog nice  
Jigga been cold as fuck before ice  
Not before Christ, but a long fuckin time  
Get your mind right niggaz

Chorus: Jay-Z

N.Y.M.P., the realest  
Uh-huh-uh-UHH, N.Y.M.P., the realest niggaz  
Uhh uh-huh, uh-UHH, N.Y.M.P. the realest niggaz  
Marcy.. feel me..

[Jay-Z]

I looked Death in the face years back  
I held tears back, I gathered myself and stared back

I'm from where you don't crack, the weak don't live  
You gotta bounce back homey, the streets don't give  
I take and rape villages, who gon' stop him?  
Not Rudy Guiliani, not Hillary Rodham  
Still I still pop him  
Shit I grassy knoll and hilltop him, it's all political now  
I think big when I spit at you now  
Between my dog and the figures, the four gonna get'cha  
Between life and death, they killed my spirit  
So what little life I got left, y'all can expect me to ball  
I empowered myself, teacher said I was a lost cause  
cause I used to roam them halls  
Still I spit knowledge, dropped out of high school, skipped college  
Who woulda thought I'd make it "Big" like Ms. Wallace?

Chorus: Jay-Z

Uhh, yeah, N.Y.M.P., the realest niggaz  
Brooklyn, what? N.Y.M.P., the realest niggaz  
Uhh, uh-huh-uh-UHH, N.Y.M.P. the realest niggaz  
Marcy.. Brooklyn, N.Y.M.P. the realest, feel me

[Jay-Z]  
Educated, thug mu-sic niggaz  
This is Brooklyn, this is gangsta, this is project  
Real shit, N.Y.M.P. the realest niggaz  
Marcy, Brooklyn, stompin grounds  
Fuck with me

### **Hova Song (Outro)**

[Jay-Z]  
Who ever thought young Shawn Carter would change the game?  
Used to rap to the raindrops off my window pane  
Duckin the plain cops, pushin indo and 'caine  
At the kitchen table late night, no pen, just my brain  
First album niggaz love me cause they thought I was poor  
Guess I'm successful; industry don't love me no more  
Well I'm the same nigga from your corner, bubblin raw  
Skully tilted, pants saggin, damn near touchin the floor  
And I come with do-rags to your so-called awards  
T-shirt with my chain out like fuck y'all all  
Retrospect ain't been the same since I lost my dad  
He's still alive, but still fuck you, don't cross my path  
A&R's had me feelin like moss in the drab  
So I turned the league out with "Reasonable Doubt"

Get your CD's out, let's go, song for song  
I'm the illest nigga doin it til y'all prove me wrong  
Do you believe?  
It's Hova the God, uhh, uhh, uhh..

### **Jigga My Nigga**

Roc-A-Fella, Ruff Ryders, Swizz Beats  
It's almost over y'all  
Jigga, how real is that?  
Uhh, uhh, uhh, lights out niggaz!

Chorus: Jay-Z (and Amil)

(Jigga)           What's my motherfuckin name?  
(Jigga)           And who I'm rollin with huh?  
(My niggaz)    Uh-huh-uh-uhh-uhh-uhh  
Niggaz better get it right, bitches better get it right, WHO?  
(Jigga)           What's my motherfuckin name?  
(Jigga)           And who I'm rollin with huh?  
(My niggaz)    Uh-huh-uh-uhh-uhh-uhh  
Niggaz better get it right, bitches better get it right

[Jay-Z]

Yeah.. yeah..  
From the crap tables down in A.C.  
back on the block Jay-Z motherfucker from the, the, the Roc  
Went solo on that ass but it's still the same  
Brooklyn be the place where I serve them thangs  
B. my niggaz was strugglin, to the 'burbs they came  
And then we got to hustlin, murderin thangs  
I dipped in my stash, splurged on a chain  
Now I'm Titanic, Iceberg's the name  
Leave players on injured reserve, hurt the game  
The best way to describe me in a word, insane  
I dick down chicks all emerged in my fame  
Jigga been dope since Slick Rick's first chain  
The God, send you back to the earth from which you came  
I'm baking soda, waterfire, merged with 'cane  
Ladies don't know me said, "I heard he's vain"  
Well guess what mami? I heard the same  
You heard the name

Chorus

[Jay-Z]

Yeah, uhh, I got a  
license to kill so I stare at the gat  
Roc-A-Fella, Ruff Ryders, niggaz scared of that  
Got a new motto this year, "Don't Fuck With My Ones"  
Knock on your door, three in the mornin,  
"It's just us and the guns!"  
See I scrambled with priests, hustle with nuns  
I got the, mind capacity of a young Butch Cassidy  
Niggaz get fly, let em defy gravity  
Fo'-five rapidly lift your chest cavity  
Streets won't let me chill  
Always been a clumsy nigga, don't let me spill  
Muh'fuckers wanna wet me still, I remain y'all  
more than one, like five divided by four  
Shit, this just the hate that's been provided by y'all  
Reciprocated and multiplied by more  
You likely to see Jigga in a widebody or  
drop-top Bentley Azure, holla at me y'all  
Uh

Chorus

[Jay-Z]

I don't give a fuck  
if I sold one or one million, but I think you should  
Cause if I only sold one, then out comes the hood  
All black in the club, the outcome ain't good  
Them niggaz act like wolves, how come? They could  
Cause we don't drop hits, we drop bombs that smash  
Til the wrists is lit up, the arm looks like glass  
The necklace chipped up, the charm it flash  
Could fuck up your eyes like the bombest hash  
See the reason why chicks let me palm they ass  
All I gotta do is let em call me Shawn they glad  
Let me sit up in they whip til I launch it back  
Snap they neck, then shoot em til they arch them back  
The calmest cat, trust me when I palm this gat  
Kill your mind, body and soul, push your conscience back  
Monster's back, and Flex drop a bomb to that  
And e'rybody sing-a-long to the track, c'mon  
Uh-huh uhh uhh

Chorus: Jay-Z (and Amil)

(Jigga)           What's my motherfuckin name?  
(Jigga)           And who I'm rollin with huh?

(My niggaz) Uh-huh-uh-uhh-uhh-uhh  
Niggaz better get it right, bitches better get it right, WHO?  
(Jigga) What's my motherfuckin name?  
(Jigga) And who I'm rollin with huh?  
(My niggaz) Uh-huh-uh-uhh-uhh-uhh  
Niggaz better get it right, bitches better get it right, WHO?  
(Jigga) What's my motherfuckin name?  
(Jigga) And who I'm rollin with huh?  
(My niggaz) Uh-huh-uh-uhh-uhh-uhh  
Niggaz better get it right, bitches better get it right, WHO?  
(Jigga) What's my motherfuckin name?  
(Jigga) And who I'm rollin with huh?  
(My niggaz) Uh-huh-uh-uhh-uhh-uhh  
Niggaz better get it right, bitches better get it right..  
(Jigga) ...

### **Girl's Best Friend**

Jigga man, Swizz Beats  
History in the making, part three  
Lights out ladies!

Chorus: (2x)

C'mon here baby, you drive me crazy (to all my baby thugs)  
Don't want nobody but you my baby (and all my ladies sing)  
Hold me tight and call me your lady (say it louder)  
Let me scream your name

[Jay-Z]

I took ya outta Jacob's in clusters  
Busters they wanted to rush us  
Love the way you sparkle when the sun touch ya  
When you blush you turn blue if your grade is right  
You can light up the whole room, turning day from night  
When the summertime is in and the tops are down  
With you around my neck we lock the whole block down (that's right)  
It took shortsleeves and loungin' to understand  
The reason they call you ice, everybody freeze  
Ain't a pendant in the sun who can shine like you  
And that platinum in the charm who can blind like you  
The direct reason why niggas do they crimes they do  
I used to snatch the necklace right off them reckless fools  
Guess I was jealous that they was so next to you  
So I devoted half my time to invest in you  
The other half was spent on protecting you

Cause you belong to me, now sing ya song for me  
C'mon

Chorus 2x

[Jay-Z]

I'm often with you so they wonder bout the juice I got  
I took you from the projects and an abusive pops  
From the bottom to the top  
The skateboard to the drop  
From the nada to the Prada  
I got ya like I got ya  
From the first time I put you round my neck and locked ya  
It was then I knew everywhere I went you'd follow  
Soon I spent every dolla you became my habit  
other brothers vice was smoke, mines was carats  
The more checks I got the more I laced my crew  
The rocks got bigger, watch face got blue  
Tricked a little bit, shit I lace my Boo  
Fuck it, my mistress I laced her too  
Cop my jewels twice, like deja vu  
If they ever met in the mall, it's ova ya'll  
Just the way I do, and either way you win  
I mean the thugs love ya when your girl's best friend

Chorus 2x

[Jay-Z]

And the wedding band you love  
In the gold chain you thug  
Sometimes you given just because  
And the tennis bracelet means they want relations  
Know that they wanna fuck the only reason they give you up  
In the hands of goldiggas you never enough  
Rings, things, just never enough  
With me and you together gon shine to the end  
I mean the thugs love ya but ya girls best friend

Chorus til end

### **Anything**

\* this track is #14 on Beanie Sigel's "The Truth" released 2/29/00

[Jay-Z]

Uh huh yea, yeah

Duro!  
You gotta let it bump  
Uh, uh, uh like dat yeah  
Come on bring the chorus in

1 - I'd risk everything  
For one kiss, everything  
Yes I'd do anything (Anything?)  
Anything for you

I'd do a bid, loose a rib, bust a cap, trustin' that  
Run up to heaven doors, exchange my life for yours  
Leave a steak out the door, mi casa, su casa  
Just remember to turn the lights off in the hall  
My brother from anotha pop, minus one shot  
We Neno and G-Money man, we all we got  
From the stoop to the big dudes, stoppin' us from playin' hoops  
And us gettin mad, throwin' rocks off the roof  
Straight thuggin' man, I thought we would never progress  
But look at us now man, we're young execs  
My nigga Dame, my nigga Biggs, my nigga Tah  
My nigga Ja, my nigga Gotti  
We embody all that's right with the world  
No matter how pretty she is, you never likin' my girl  
That's how we run, when you ain't around  
I'll spank ya son, keep him in line  
If you should die, I'll keep him like mine  
God forbid, keep this in mind, my nigga

Repeat 1  
Repeat 1

I know mama, your little baby  
But these streets raised me crazy  
Product of my environment, nothing can save me  
Thanks for letting me bloom for your wisdom for your womb  
For the roof over my head, for my shoes, for my bed  
For the most important lesson in life was when you said  
"Strive for what you believe in, set goals and you can achieve them"  
Thanks for the days you kept me breathing when my asthma was bad  
And my chest was weezin', thanks for the look of love  
Just as I was leavin'  
On nights you thought that I wouldn't come back  
That left you grieving'  
Thanks for holdin' down the household when times was bad  
As the man, I apologize for my dad

When the rent was due, you would hustle like a pimp would do  
That wasn't the life meant for you  
You're a queen, you deserve the cream  
Everything that gleamed, everything that shines  
Everything that's mine

Repeat 1

Repeat 1

Check it out, uh, uh  
Dear nephews, I'm writing' this with no pen or a pad  
And I'm signing it, ya uncle, ya best friend, and ya dad  
Don't look back if you fall and you're feeling bad  
I'm right there from your cut to when you peelin' the scab  
If it comes a time when you ain't feelin' your real dad  
Put my face on his body don't wait for nobody  
Don't follow no nigga, that's hoe shit man  
Stand on your own two, do your shit man  
The world is yours  
Some girls are nice some girls are whores  
Don't listen to your crew  
Do what works for you  
Standin' back from situations gives you the perfect view  
You see the snakes in the grass and you wait on their ass  
Bite your tongue for no one and whatever is said  
Take it how they want, a closed mouth don't get fed,  
You know my number when it's code red if you're wrong my nigga  
You're my nephew, fuck it we get it on my lil nigga

Repeat 1 until fade

### **Do You Believe (Hova Interlude)**

Artist: Jay-Z

Album: Vol. 3...Life and Times of S. Carter (Import)

Song: Do You Believe (Hova Interlude)

Typed by: InfamousMobb18@aol.com

Well, I'm the ghetto's answer to Trump  
I'm cancer to the Hamptons  
20 million a wop, brand sac and mansions  
Increase the noise pollution, as soon as I land in  
Don't even trust uppity white folks  
Keep the cannon tuck  
Niggas trying to lean on Jay, shots gonna stand you up  
Glocks gonna pop, ya not understandin much

I hustle for the thuggest  
Well, now I hustle for the rust, like fuck it baby  
I just love it  
Chicks now say they like the way I thug it  
Since my album dropped, my stock grows like I went public  
Ladies I love ya  
But I love my freedom more  
I love my niggas, love to see them ball  
I love Bean's and Bleek  
Them niggas like my Peter and Paul  
My disciples, and that's right we coming for the title.....  
Do you believe, it's Hova the God

### **Is That Yo Bitch**

[Jay-Z]  
Uh, yo don't get mad at me  
I don't love 'em I fuck 'em  
I don't chase 'em I duck 'em  
I replace 'em with another one  
You had to see she keep calling me BIG  
And my name is Jay-Z  
She be all on my dick  
Gradually I'm taking over your bitch  
Coming over your shit  
Got my feet up on you sofa, man  
I mean a hostess for my open hand  
You coming home to beer shifts and there be soda cans  
I got your bitch in my Rover man  
I never kiss her, I never hold her hand  
In fact I diss her I'm a bolder man  
I'mma pimp her, it's over man  
It's over man, it's over man

[Missy]  
Oh is that your bitch  
Why she all in his six?  
With her hand on his dick  
Keep licking her lips  
Is that your bitch?  
Why she all in his ride?  
With her hand on his thighs  
Keep looking in his eyes  
Oh is that your bitch?  
You better tell her chill  
While you all in his grill

Don't you know that man kill?  
Is that your bitch?  
Why she paging him?  
Keep praising him?  
Cause that's Jay and them, bitch

[Jay-Z]  
Yo, yo.. why you home alone, why she out with me?  
Room 112, hotel balcony  
How she say Jay you can call the house for me?  
There's no respect at all  
You betta check her dawg  
She keep beggin' me to hit it raw  
So she can have my kids and say it was yours  
How foul is she? And you wifed her  
Shit, I put the rubber on tighter  
Sent her home, when she entered home  
You hugged her up  
What the fuck is up?  
She got you whipped, got your kids  
Got your home, but that's not your bitch  
You share that girl, don't let 'em hear daddy Earl  
It'll make 'em sick that his favorite chick  
Ain't saving it, unfaithful bitch

[Missy]  
Oh is that your bitch  
Why she all in his six?  
With her hand on his dick  
Keep licking her lips  
Is that your bitch?  
Why she all in his ride?  
With her hand on his thighs  
Keep looking in his eyes  
Oh is that your bitch?  
You better tell her chill  
While you all in his grill  
Don't you know that man kill?  
Is that your bitch?  
Why she paging him?  
Keep praising him?  
Cause that's Jay and them bitch

[Jay-Z]  
Cool out homie  
You betta keep her away from my balling clique

Keep her out of nightclubs all in the mix  
From hanging out with chicks who be swallowing dicks  
From catz who order Cris play the floor with the Knicks  
It can only lead to something unfortunate  
Hot boy like Jigga man scorch your bitch  
Play the floor dot Jigga man go first  
Then we all rock till we all hot  
You know the boy from the Roc got them whores on lock  
Got the bitches in the smash  
Making yours drive fast  
Do we get more cash than the average nigga?  
All dem hoes like damn I gotta have this nigga  
Cause I'mma hot black, how in the hell can you stop that  
You can fuck mine  
How the hell can you knock that?  
I'm just playing the cards choosenly  
Jigga man who ya supposed to be?

[Missy]

Oh is that your bitch  
Why she all in his six?  
With her hand on his dick  
Keep licking her lips  
Is that your bitch?  
Why she all in his ride?  
With her hand on his thighs  
Keep looking in his eyes  
Oh is that your bitch?  
You better tell her chill  
While you all in his grill  
Don't you know that man kill?  
Is that your bitch?  
Why she paging him?  
Keep praising him?  
Cause that's Jay and them bitch

[Twista]

Tha Jigga and Twista got 'em screaming  
Like a demon fiending for the semen  
Chrome gleaming like the dome off Keenan  
Gone while I'm leanin' smoking  
I'm whip it in the stomach  
Your bitch on the passenger side of me flashing your money  
Why you acting so funny?  
You know she been flirting while your working  
Behind the curtain knuckles jerking for certain

Poppin' that pussy  
Sweatin' till no fluid is left  
When I come in the party with J we gonna do it to death  
You gon' ruin your rep  
Trippin' while we pimpin' these hefers  
Playa lectures got me shining like a new Gator stepper  
Must have been mad  
When your ho put my stuff in the dash  
Bust in her ass  
To climax I come up with a nab  
The game don't stop  
Legit ballers bending up the block  
Niggas rushing, coming at us cause of status and props  
Sucking and fucking, loving it when I put tha dick up inside her  
Can't help it if she yellin' with a ridah

[Missy]

Oh is that your bitch  
Why she all in his six?  
With her hand on his dick  
Keep licking her lips  
Is that your bitch?  
Why she all in his ride?  
With her hand on his thigh  
Keep looking in his eyes  
Oh is that your bitch?  
You better tell her chill  
While you all in his grill  
Don't you know that man kill?  
Is that your bitch?  
Why she paging him?  
Keep praising him?  
Cause that's Jay and them, bitch  
Oh is that your bitch  
Why she all in his six?  
With her hand on his dick  
Keep licking her lips  
Is that your bitch?  
Why she all in his ride?  
With her hand on his thigh  
Keep looking in his eyes  
Oh is that your bitch?  
You better tell her chill  
While you all in his grill  
Don't you know that man kill?  
Is that your bitch?

Why she paging him?  
Keep praising him?  
Cause that's Jay and them, bitch  
Oh is that your bitch  
Why she all in his six?  
With her hand on his dick  
Keep licking her lips  
Is that your bitch?  
Why she all in his ride?  
With her hand on his thigh  
Keep looking in his eyes  
Oh is that your bitch?  
You better tell her chill  
While you all in his grill  
Don't you know that man kill?  
Is that your bitch?  
Why she paging him?  
Keep praising him?  
Cause that's Jay and them  
Oh is that your bitch  
Why she all in his six?  
With her hand on his dick  
Keep licking her lips  
Is that your bitch?  
Why she all in his ride?  
With her hand on his thigh  
Keep looking in his eyes  
Oh is that your bitch?  
You better tell her chill  
While you all in his grill  
Don't you know that man kill?  
Is that your bitch?  
Why she paging him?  
Keep praising him?  
Cause that's Jay and them, bitch