

Redman F/ Adam F, Method Man, Saukrates, Streetlif "It's Like That"

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[Jay-Z]

Yeah, uh-huh, watch this y'all

Uhh, watch this y'all

C'mon, Jigga, watch this y'all

C'mon, Roc-A-Fella y'all.. {*ad libs continue*}

[Kid Capri]

It's Kid Capri and Jay-Z, it's Jay-Z and Kid Capri

Cause I'm like that yo! I'm really like that

[Verse One: Jay-Z]

As a young'un dumbin, gun in the waist

Sold crack to those who couldn't take the pain

And had to numb it with base

Couldn't drink the Henny straight, I needed somethin to chase

Nowadays I throw shots back, leavin nuttin to waste

Life's like a treadmill, niggas runnin in place

Gettin nowhere fast, a whole year done past

I vowed to never stop winnin, 'til the earth stop spinnin

Rock hot linen, cop hot cars and hot women

If it's not him then you got it confused, y'all not rememberin

My motto is simply I will not lose

Abide by the block rules, I buy my glocks used

wit bodies on it, let me know anybody want it?

I'm raised, illrational, way misunderstood

If you ain't live like I live, been one with the hood

I done what I could, to come up with this paper 'til this day still

Run with the hood, guess it's part of my nature

If hell awaits a, nigga I'm comin with the razors

Still flashin ya shit, try to pass me in a six

Type classy on the wrists, every bit of 30 karats

This is, not a game this is not why I came

May these words find a spot on your brain and burn

Then I recycle my life I shall return

[Chorus 2X]: Female voice and Jay-Z

[Woman] How tight is your flow?

[Jay-Z] Cause I'm like that yo
[Woman] How right is your dough?
[Jay-Z] Cause I'm like that yo
[Woman] How white is your blow?
[Jay-Z] Cause I'm like that yo
[Woman] Only, write what you know
[Jay-Z] Cause I'm like that

[Verse Two: Jay-Z]

I'm a hop skip and a jump from grippin the pump
Spittin a couple of curse words, and hittin you chump
Shit, I get digits in lumps
I'm a motherfuckin problem, is this what you want?
Overachiever, I love chicks that puff cheeba in reefer
paper
I hate the ones that blow up ya beeper
Cause I, go in ya deeper, I only bone divas
Impregnate the world when I "cum" through your
speakers [ha ha]
Fuck hot, my records got the fever
Niggas kick dirt, get ya whole block swepted up
I creep up when the beef heats up
Caught him with his feet up and shoes off, bout to
snooze off
Hatin, cause you can't turn the booze off
You dudes is too soft, why I don't fuck with you all
I might bark your ex, and spit at the locks
But, other than that, I don't be fuckin with cats
Just me Ty and B.I., thug it like that
E, Dame and Biggs, what's fuckin with that?
Y'all can never diss Jigga, get nothin for that
Other than a couple of slugs in ya back [huh huh]
Rappers y'all, runnin around like I won't gun ya down
Last nigga that fronted, two shots spun him around
Lord, accept this offerin here's somethin for your
crown
I admit no malice, I just met his challenge and won

[Chorus] - Repeat 3x

[Jay-Z: Repeat 2x til fade]

Girls and guns, all I want
stock exchange, rocks and thangs

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