

Vixen

"22 Two's"

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{*people clapping*}

Yo whassup everybody this is Maria Davis, Mad
Wednesday's

We here tonight to have a good time

("Yo! Start the show! Start the show!")

Wait a minute; I see my man over there Jay-Z

Jay-Z, Dame Dash let me hear that lil' tape of yours,
and it's fat

Why don't you come up here and kick a lil' freestyle

Put that champagne down, and kick a lil' freestyle for
me tonight

[Jay-Z]

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Can I kick it? (Yes you can!) *repeat 3X*

Y'all motherfuckers musta hear that Tribe Called Quest,
let's do it again

Can I kick it? (Yes you can!) *repeat 3X*

Well I'm gone... check this out

Too much West coast dick-lickin, and too many niggaz
on a mission

Doin your best Jay-Z rendition

Too many rough motherfuckers, I got my suspicions
that you're just a fish in a pool of sharks nigga, listen

Too many bitches wanna be ladies, so if you a hoe

I'ma call you a hoe, too many bitches are shady

Too many ladies give these niggaz too many chances

Too many brothers wannabe lovers don't know what
romance is

Too many bitches stuck up from too many sexual
advances

No question; Jay-Z got too many answers

I been around this block, too many times

Rocked, too many rhymes, cocked, too many nines, too

To all my brothers it ain't too late to come together

Cause too much black and too much love, equal
forever

I don't follow any guidelines cause too many niggaz
ride mine

so I change styles every two rhymes, hah, what the
fuck

That's 22 too's for y'all motherfuckers out there,
yaknahmean?
Shall I continue? Check it out, what?

Can I kick it? (Yes you can!) *repeat 3X*
Well I'm gone... yo, yo, yo
Copped to reach my quota, push rock, roll up smooth
like on ya
Whole groove like hold-up, swoll up
Too many faggot niggaz, clockin my spendin
Exercisin you're, gay like minds like Richard Simmons
If you could catch Jay right, on the late night
without the eight right, maybe you could test my
weight, right
I dip, speak quicker than you ever seen
adminster pain, next the minister's screamin your
name
At your wake as I peak in, look in your casket
feelin sarcastic, "Look at him, still sleepin"
You never ready, forever petty minds stay petty
Mines thinkin longevity until I'm seventy
Livin heavenly, fuck, felony after felony, what?
Nigga ya broke, what the fuck you gon' tell me?

("Ooooooooooooooh!")

Jay-Z, Jay-Z, now you know this is a fat track (aight)
Now this is comin on your new album, on Roc-A-Fella
records in ninety-six
(no doubt no doubt) well, it is definitely the bomb
But you know I do wanna say somethin to you, I know
you've been havin a lot of problems with the law
But I know you innocent, and I'm behind you 100%
Mad Wednesday's, Ruby King, DJ Ace, Dang Dash
Roc-A-Fella Records, we all behind you, you can come
back anytime
(Hah, thanks a lot)
Wait a minute wait a minute wait a minute wait a minute
Ace, turn that music down
I smell some reefer, now you see?
That's why, our people don't have anything
Because we don't know how to go in places and act
properly
("Hey shut the fuck up!")
Wait a minute wait a minute who told me shut the eff
up?
Who told me to shut the eff up? Get him out of here
I'm not gonna continue this show, until you throw him
out
Get him out right now, then I'ma continue my speech
Thank you, he's out of here now, now like I was sayin

We gotta build our own business, we gotta get our own
record companies goin like Roc-A-Fella Records...

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