

Vixen

"Hola' Hovito"

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[Jay-Z]

(J) uhh (A) uh-uh (Y) uh uh-uh
Ah ch-ch ah, ch-ah, ah uh-uh
Ah ch-ch ah, ch-ah, ah uh-uh
It's that hop I'm talkin bout right here Timbo!

I can't be stopped when it hop like this family, uhh!
(Uno, dos, tres, cuatro!)

They say hola' hovito
That's what they sayin when I roll up with my people
My music bangin like - them vatos locos got rap in a
chokehold
And I won't surrender it with, beats by Timbaland
Calle-te la boca, my baby
All I wanna, do is, stroke ya all crazy
My, dick game is vicious, insane at bitches
Mami keep comin back cause mami came vicious
Catch Hov' in the drop, nasty thang lane switchin
Once you turn your neck for a sec your dame's missin
Bujando, bujando, the cops is comin
Got that rap patrol behind yo, get to runnin
I'm unstoppable Hov', untoppable flows
I'm the compadre, the Sinatra of my day
Ol' Blue Eyes my nigga, I did it my way
If y'all not rollin with Hov' then hit the highway

[Chorus] *

(Hola' hovito!) Yeah, yeah (Hola' hovito!)
Yeah that's what they sayin when that music get to
bangin
Put it down for my PEO-PLE!
(Hola' hovito! Hola' hovito!)
Yeah that's what they sayin when that music get to
bangin
Put it down for my PEO-PLE!

* an extra "yeah" before the 5th line first time, 2nd line
second,
and the 5th line the third time

[Jay-Z]

Yeah, yeah, yeah

Yeah naw I don't fuck around, stay on my J.O.

Hov' been about that dough since I was a day old

Oh, push perrico if I need to for the rule of evil

Was born in the belly that's the way the streets breed
you

One life to live - notice you get no sequel

So I truly got to live this like my last movie

Six oohie, jewels drippin, big toolie

I ball for real, y'all niggaz is Sam Bowie

And with the third pick - I made the earth sick

M.J., hem Jay, fade away perfect

I rhyme sicker than every rhyme spitter

Every crime nigga that rhyme or touch a mic because
my mind's quicker

I'm a eighty-eighter, nine-six to "Reasonable Doubt"

Temper short, don't take much to squeeze you out

Yeah you shinin but the only thing you're leavin out

You're a candle in the sun - that shit don't even out

[Chorus]

[Jay-Z]

Hold up; naw muh'fuckers - y'all muh'fuckers

better run to the post office and get a job muh'fuckers

or starve muh'fuckers, cause Jay's been the only one

eatin thus far sub-par muh'fuckers

Naw even though y'all hate I love y'all muh'fuckers

"Friend or Foe," y'all all my muh'fuckers

If you haven't heard, I'm Michael Magic and Bird

all rolled in one - cause none got more flows than

Young

Plus got more flows to come

And if I ain't better than Big, I'm the closest one

So move over - hoes, choose Hova

My food for though so hot it give you dudes ulcers

Rovers, roasters, poseurs

gettin it in with me, livin like they supposed tah

Watches, chain, front row at the game

Sold out arena, all screamin my name, c'mon

[Chorus]

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