

## Vixen

# "Jigga My Nigga"

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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,  
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(Jigga) ...

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