

Vixen

"Jigga That Nigga"

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Roc-A-Fella y'all
[Jay] It's the Roc!
Jigga, Jigga, that nigga Jigga
[Jay] R.O., R.O.C. niggaz, R.O.
Jigga, Jigga, that nigga Jigga
[Jay] Hov'! R.O.C. niggaz, R.O., whoo!
Jigga, Jigga, that nigga Jigga
[Jay] It's Hov'! R.O.C. niggaz
Jay-Z..

[Jay-Z]
Come on the track duh duh da-da
With a throwback jersey and a fitted
Might blow a bag of hershey in the sidd-ix
Or might take sips of army with a chidd-ick, I'm so sick
widdit
Lampin in the Hamptons, the weekends man
The Stan Smith Adidas and the Campers
Or playin guts on the cruise, Hermes bow shoes
The Izod bucket on I'm so old school
Yellow wrist watch, Gucci flip flops
Six top model chicks, who is this hot?
J-A, ladies help me say it now
Y-Z, mami why you playin with me?
Ride with me, get high as me
It's how it's supposed to be, when you rollin with G's,
Hov'!
Back up in this bitch like whoa
Jigga get this whole bitch jumpin like six-fo's

[Chorus]
(Hov'!) V is I, and I am him
(Jigga, Jigga, that nigga Jigga!)
Slim with the tilted brim on twenty inch rims
(Jigga, Jigga, that nigga Jigga!)
And if y'all got love for me I got love for y'all
(Jigga, Jigga, that nigga Jigga!)
And if y'all go to war for me I go to war wit y'all
(Jigga, Jigga, that nigga Jigga!)

[Jay-Z]

Hov'! And so I breeze through, jeans is Evisu
She's respondin, top of C. Bronson
We in Luan (whoo!) gettin our groove on
Buyin out the bar, on our way to Spa'
She never seen a hundred on the wrist before
Never seen twenty-two's on the 6 before
I am, killin 'em out there, they needin first aid
Cause the boy got more 6's than first grade
The crib got, killer views and square feet
You have to film MTV Cribs for a week
So, sleep if you need to, mami I will leave you
Right where you stand, nah I don't wanna dance (I'm
good)
I just wanna see what's in your Frankie B pants
Waist is low enough to let your waist show
Top like a rock star, I got a fast car
We can cruise the city, doin a buck-sixty

[Chorus]

[Jay-Z]

"He did it again!" Haters no like
But they gotta fuck with it cause the flow's so tight
Gnarly dude! I puff Bob Marley dude
All day, like Rastafari's do
Now I'm stuck to the point I could hardly move
You fuckin up my high, don't bother me dude
But Red Rover, send your hoes over
She can do WHATEVER, sip somethin with soda
She can leave WHENEVER, sip somethin with Hova
We can play HOWEVER, slay bed or sofa
And the prognosis, sex is explosive
Left her with wet bedsheets, nigga I'm focused

[Chorus]

[Jay-Z]

R.O., R.O.C. niggaz..
R.O.C. niggaz
(Roc-A-Fella y'all!)

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