

Sauce Money f Jay

"Z Pre Game"

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Sauce Money]

I lay my gun fine, ideas be as bright as the sunshine

Shook the rap game with just one line

When me and my niggaz combine, all day, you know what?

Sometimes, I run with mad niggaz who done time

Hit you with eight, from one nine, now you showin the vein

My shells is like information, go in your brain

Holdin my slug, before you squeeze em show em the love

Burn your fingertips so throw em a glove, understand me

Before my album drop, cop the Grammy, uncanny

Bought my first Role' from Manny

Dirty burners my crew never hand me, nigga we family

You not, get shot, get caught slippin like Dexter Manley

with at least ten lead, spray right, paint your skin red

Damn we, all the shit you can't be

We big time, you small time, real small like how an ant be

Marcy, bust a shot for Metcalf, Tilo and Danny

Peace to the Bureils, Cut Wop and Stanley

Boom Moet and bow, my whole set is wild

Past threats, frontin flash singles and that's bent

Fuck a bitch, you know the drill

Cut a chick or a suck a dick

[Jay-Z]

Jigga, what the fuck?

As a youth explosively, clappin off the roof

Shootin guard like Kobe, raised up slay smears and
bo'e

Back then, Gil was my codiene, Spanish Jose

showed me how to get the money niggaz owed me

Fast forward, no kids, six cars and three Role's

Two cribs, trips to Cuba, sippin on Uba

Got rap in a stupor, first to clap your group up

from the Range with the ski rack, or six with the Ruger

Shit, I light the motherfuckin soundproof booth up

New shit, y'all say the same shit like you're looped up

Your rap's all lazy, Jigga the Black Scorsese

What your album lack is more Jay-Z

Code name: Jay-hovah, all praise me

Y'all don't paint pictures, y'all all trace me

You've yet to see the day when my squad be done

I represent that shit nigga, Marcy son, what

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