

DMX "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 de'Glass
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)]

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(Jigga) ...

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