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"Face Off 2000"

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Intro: 2000, and it goes like. (Uh Huh, yeah yeah)

Chorus: This goes out to my Brooklyn crew
Lay my game flat, what you wanna do
Talk all night, are we gonna screw?
I'm talking 'bout me and you

Verse One: Sauce Money

I like to push up on chicks like it's the last record
take 'em to the telly get buck passed naked
Let 'em feel the power, lick 'em if it don't taste sour
hit 'em in the shower for an hour
Give 'em that feeling, Sauce Money for real and
let her get on top if there's mirrors on the ceiling
Hit her so right that she wanna throw rice
my device makes her say "Damn, that nigga's nice!"
Know I got wifey lay my cards when I pivot
pass your seven digits if you're with it
Sauce wanna give you the option for the boot knockin'
nine times outta ten it's on and poppin'
Ain't no stopping victory's in the air
bring a friend next time let's do it again
Bring your whole crew if you see through me
and we can meet on the BQE
And it goes like

Chorus (2X)

Verse Two: Sauce Money, Jay-Z

Sauce Money:

Had this bitch bragging,
Sauce had his tongue between my thighs lally-gaggin;
huh, could you imagine
Shaking your tail just like a dragon here comes my
worse flame
in the morning Hot 97 the first thing
(Deny it) Hell yeah y'all don't buy it
I don't eat no kind of fish if you can't fry it

But who knows maybe one day I'll try it
but for now slow down too much lip is killin' your diet

Jay-Z:

Can I get it what - Get it wet
when he hit it first can I get it next, shit you the best
It ain't wack to be with both of us, mami actually
I'm Eddie Kane Jr., that nigga me!
You want me to feel what he feel when it's tight
and I know, he don't be doing it right
But it gets no liver than this, never lie on our dicks
shit, we got nigga's rides on our wrists
Play your cards right you'll be driving the 6
shopping all day hoppin' out in the Dist.
Popping the Crist., shit hoppin' outta your wrist
popping your shit, New York's hottest bitch
>From the ghetto to the Stilletto's
but you gotta do it two times like an echo, y'all feelin'
that
This is how we run it down the line
nigga Sauce goes first Jigga next to rhyme

Chorus (2X)

Verse Three: Jay-Z, Sauce Money

Jay-Z

I see you got a lot to get off your chest
coat, blouse, bra-don't talk me to death
Like murder's on your mind mami, off the dress
Jigga ran game 'til I lost my breath

Sauce Money

Last thing I need to know is what it costs for sex
what you need to know is if I lost respect
Don't have to worry if you do Sauce correct
I'ma bless that, bring my whole crew through, don't
even sweat that

Jay-Z: Uh, dime pieces I'm hittin'

Sauce Money: Four in the morning Frosted Flakes in
your kitchen

Jay-Z: Now you want me to start trickin' I suppose

Sauce Money: That's when the first Face Off kicks in-
"We don't love these hoes!"

Chorus (2X)

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