

## Jay

# "Ain't No Nigga"

Visit "[Ain't No Nigga](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Jay Z]

I keep it fresher than the next bitch  
no need..for you to ever sweat the next bitch  
..with speed, I make the best bitch see the exit..indeed,  
you gotta know your thoroughly respected by me,  
you get the keys to the Lexus, with no driver  
you gotcha own '96 suh-in..the ride  
and keep your ass tighter than Versace thats why  
you gotta watch your friends you got to watch me  
they conniving shit  
the first chance to crack the bank  
they try me, all they get is 50 cent franks  
and papayas, from the village to the tele  
time to kill it on your belly no question  
I got more black chicks between my sheets than  
Essence  
they say sex is a weapon, so when I shoot  
mmet your death in less than 8 seconds  
still poundin in my after life..  
laugin my shit is tight  
you who askin right...

Chorus

Aint no nigga like the one I got  
no one can fuck you betta  
sleeps around but he gives me alot  
keeps you in diamonds and leathers  
friends 'ill tell me I should leave you alone  
hah hah, hah hah, hah hah, hah ha  
tell the freaks to find a man of there own  
(man a they own, man a they own)

[Jay Z]

Fresh to def in my skeeno  
coach bag lookin half black and filipino fakin no jacks  
got you a beeper to feel important  
surrounding your feet in Joanie Dega's and Charles  
Jordan  
I keep ya dove but love  
you know these ho's be makin me weak  
yall knows how it goes 'b and so I creep

Ive been sinnin since you been playin wit Barbie and  
Ken in  
you can't change a players game in the 9th inning  
the chrome rim spinning keeps em grinnin  
so I run way the fuck up in em  
and wrinkle the face like linnin  
I play hard-eh till they say God..  
he's keepin it real jigga stay hard  
lawd don't even trip  
I never slip, nigga what you dont see is whatcha get  
weapons concealed what the fuck yall feel  
when you nigga play sick we can all get ill  
-whats the deal-

Chorus

[Jay Z]

Yo, aint no stoppin this, no lie  
promise to stay monogamous, I try  
but love you know these ho's be makin me weak  
yall knows how is goes 'b so I stay deep

[Foxy Brown]

What up boo just keep me laced in the illa snakes  
bank rolls and shit, back rubs in the french tubs  
makin this bitch, wifee nigga  
so when you flip that coke  
remember them days you was dead broke  
but now your style and I raised you  
basically made you into a don  
flippin weight..heroin and shit  
you know my pussy is all that  
thats why I get bagets 5 carats and all that  
from doshay?????from H Im ringin bells  
so who the playa, I still keep you in the illest gators  
Tailor made so we can lay up in the shade reminiscin  
on how I fuck the best a shit  
specially when Im flippin Baileys  
dont give a fuck about how you move with them other  
mamis  
I push disease, eatin shrimp diamond rocks larger than  
life  
fuck them Reebok broads, you made it known who your  
wife was  
I got you frontin in Armani sweaters  
before this rap shit  
when you was in letters and bullshit berattas  
and eek classes with mo in the glasses  
shows in Cali wit all the flavor suede Bally's  
now all your mens' up in your benz's  
high post, I swear you be killin me

playin inside my pubic hairs  
I never worry bout them other chicks  
cuz you proved who was your wiz  
when you was spinnin that bitch  
I took a little when you was up north  
your comisary stay pilin  
how you livin large on the island  
all them collects have me vex  
but when you come home  
knew I was comin off wit half of dem checks  
now we on the rise  
your diamond mami wit the slanted eyes  
holdin this grip cocked the green and the shit  
folks know I see half the dough  
make you wonder a star  
pushin hundred thousand dollar cars

Chorus

Visit [Jay](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.