

Jay

"Nigga What Nigga Who Originator '99"

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Jay-Z]

Uh-huh uh-huh, gi-gi gi-geyeah

Roc-a-Fella y'all, uh-huh uh-huh, Jigga

Timbaland shit, nine-eight BEYOTCH

Say what, say what? Uh-huh uh-huh, follow me beotch

Nigga what, nigga who?

Nigga what, nigga who?

Switcha flow, getcha dough

Can't fuck with this Roc-a-Fella shit doe

Switcha flow, getcha dough

Can't fuck with this Roc-a-Fella shit doe

[Jay-Z] --> first four lines overlap the section above

Can't fuck with me

They ain't ready yet

Uh-huh uh-huh

Yeah, yeah

Motherfuckers wanna act loco, hit em wit, numerous
shots with the fo'-fo'

Faggots runnin to the Po-Po's, smoke em like cocoa

Fuck rap, coke by the boatload

Fuck dat, on the run-by, gun high, one eye closed

Left holes through some guy clothes

Stop your bullshittin, glock with the full clip

Motherfuckers better duck when the fool spit

One shot could make a nigga do a full flip

See the nigga layin shocked when the bullet hit

I hate my high youth, no niggaz wanna buy you

But see me I wanna fuck for free

Now I gotta let her take this ride, make you feel it
inside your belly, if it's tight get the K-Y Jelly

All night get you wide up inside the telly

Side to side, til you say Jay-Z you're too much for me

Chorus: Jay-Z (with Amil-lion)

(Nigga what?)Make you think you can fuck with me

(Nigga who?)Recognize girl, Jay to the Z

repeat 3X

(Nigga what?)Make you think you can fuck with me

(Nigga who?)Recognize bitch, Jay to the motherfuckin Z

[Jay-Z]

Got a condo with nuttin but condoms in it
The same place where the rhymes is invented
So all I do is rap and sex, imagine how I stroll
See how I was flowin on my last cassette?
Rapid-fire like I'm blastin a Tec, never jam though
Never get high, never run out of ammo
Niggaz hatin n shit cause I slayed your bitch
You know your favorite, I know it made you sick
And now you're, actin raw but you never had war
Don't know how to carry your hoe, wanna marry your
hoe
Now she's mad at me, causer Your Majesty, just
happened to be
Apparent with a tragedy
She wanted, us to end, cause I fucked with friends
She gave me one more chance and I fucked her again
I seen her tears as she busted in, I said, "Shit..
there's a draft, shut the door bitch and come on in!"

Chorus (with variation in last line)

[Jay-Z]

Gotta friend that even though I been better
Left him in the cold with a thin sweater
Rap niggaz on Prozac get the bozack, niggaz threw
two at me I threw fo' back, hold that
Let the dough stack, way before Big had the gold Ac'
Dame had the Lex black
Motherfuckers wanna test that, stress that
And right where you're stressed, where you rest at
I suggest that, niggaz invest, in a vest, when I come
through
with the glock jet black, you niggaz step back
I'm the best at, you know I ain't no apprentice to this
Me and my niggaz we invented the shit
I can't be to the finish with this, The Originator, non
greater
Jaz, so finish the shit

[Big Jaz]

Better learn, Jaz don't relax, stat ever heard of me?
Worldwide Originator, say word to me
The population holla certainly, I burn a nigga
like a third degree, see me shine so bright
Nigga I'm my light, runnin all over with rigor and vigor
Nobody bigger than me and my nigga Jigga
You fly-by-nights stop jerkin beef
Heavyweights type work to me

For the time, in this motherfucker ain't nobody hurtin
me
What? Cut your face in like surgery
Who the fuck got a VS, fuckin BM's on the road
when you had to be in bed at the PM
Leave the info, Jaz on the seat, and then
forever touchin my workers beginnin you're endin
Nigga your style's no style my style's hostile
C'mon, faggot nigga down to take the gun home
We op-ened your na-ture (can't FUCK with it can ya?!)

Chorus (with variations)

[Amil-lion] * repeat to fade *
Switcha flow, getcha dough
Can't fuck with this Roc-a-Fella shit doe
Switcha flow, getcha dough
Can't fuck with this Roc-a-Fella shit doe

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