

Jay

"Who You Wit II"

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Uh-huh, yeah hah

Never Sprung huh?

Jigga, Roc-a-Fella y'all

Never Sprung huh?

Yeah, peep the repertoire

Peoples, feel me on this one

Peoples, feel this

Never Sprung huh? Know my style

I love bitches, thug bitches, shy bitches

Rough bitches, don't matter you my bitches

Gold diggers witcha eyes on my riches

Can't Knock Your Hustle for real, exotic bitches

I'm game tight, see it all through the platinum french

frames with the french name in the same night

Pull you and your tight friend

lift your little dress like light wind, hah, then I slide right
in

You know the whole repertoire, U.S. to the U-S-S-R

Sexin in a Lexus car

Match wits with the best of y'all the rest of y'all

is like vege-tables in my presence, check it

Reminescin to nuttin you ever heard, Iceberg

Slim baby ride rims through the suburbs

Funds come in lump sums never ends deferred

Get money like I'm down South Wednesday the 3rd, it's
on

chorus

Dough to get, more shows to rip

I suggest you all roll with the click, who you wit

Frozen wrists and it's flows that's sick

More O's than you know exist, bitch who you wit

Can't scheme on em, Roc-a-Fella got a team on em

Chicks dream on him trick cream on him

Lose it when dudes think it's just music

Lean on em flash green on em and diamond rings on
em

Sex around the way girls down to mida's

I'm somethin every girl gotta have like Levi's

Chiquita, me got more, see I brawl

You can love me or hate me, either or

I'ma stay winnin, rock the custom drop Bentleys

Never eat at Denny's and party like Lil Penny

can he live? Trick or main chick but if she leave

just as quick, indian give, ha-hah

Now what I look like? Givin a chick half my trap

like she wrote half my raps, yeah, I'm havin that

you be the same chick when you leave me

the bankbook and the credit cards and take everything

you came wit *chorus*

chorus

Here's somethin niggaz gon find, not at all funny

We takin all ya bitches, takin all ya money

Jay-Z rated A.G. baby that's All Good

I sink this ball in your hole, I'm Tiger Woods

If the money was the grass and your ass was tee

when I hit it with this club love you comin with me

Grip you right up under your ass, put your back on the wall

Kinda tipsy, seein triple, so I'm fuckin ya all

You remind me of this dream I had the night before

I'm kinda hopin the condom break to have a reason to go raw

I'm playin, hit the showers, hit the money spot

Where all the models play and big money is dropped

Drop the top, let her feel the moonlight it entranced her

She jumped all in my seat like some private dancer

I tell you somethin new, if you don't hop down off that

butter soft shit with your shoes, I'ma step on the gas

She laughed, put her ass back in the proper place

She said, 'I played my cards right and look I got the ace'

I told her *beatboxes* 'Slow down baby'

You dealin with a baller, who, hold ground crazy it's on

chorus (repeat 4X)

Beyatch! Fucka

Jigga, nine-seven shit, next millenia

Recognize, realize, it's on

Roc the block y'all

Laugh

It's on

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