

# Jay-z

## "20 Bag Shorty"

Visit "[20 Bag Shorty](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

### "20 Bag Shorty"

(feat. Boo & Gotti)

*[Jay-Z]*

No more reason I gotta prove to be da illest MC  
Somthing's wrong wit ya motor skills cause y'all ain't  
movin me  
I'm who you see musically when you want it done hot  
Comparin' you to me is a lesson in futility stop  
I paint pictures beautifully but niggaz is near sighted  
Don't worry about plagerist it'll take em years to bite it  
Which the greatest fears I don't write it  
It just appears outta nowhere like the information  
contain by the physic  
Like it or not I pay dues and expect to be paid back  
Why da fuck should I freestyle I'm gettin paid to rap  
I sling a track laid back almost till it's a sin  
Tell ya god somebody's doin a good job impersonatin'  
him  
J-Hova spittin game from da range rover  
What tha fuck is y'all doin in da third lane get over  
Slow ya rode up I got it sewed up like a tella  
Relatively easy like jerry hella  
Cream is cherry vanilla got chicks in da telli  
Belly up soundin like mayhelia tryna tell y'all  
Y'all know da style burn da town  
Down and change the locale I'm doin da same shit  
except its legit

*[Chorus: x2]*

Got a twenty cart shorty better play that shit  
You owe me twenty baby better pay that shit  
Got twenty bag son better blaze that shit  
They said I wasn't seeing twenty but I made dat shit

*[Gotti]*

Pimp Gotti get da dues in them double down  
Like them kids with tips who tops down  
Bricks who get money quick see me  
representin bomb city on da bill block rockin' mic's  
Before they get a mill I sold pills all night  
The illest outta life got my mind on fate

Cause even on tour nigga still ain't safe  
I keep a tre eight on my left smoke a L for stress  
countin dirt bag lex  
I be da X like malcom puff for now dunn east side  
represent wit tons of guns  
You keep it real where you from  
Cause where you at might put da dagger in yo back  
Its like livin wit yo homey that be on crack  
And fact my niggaz know my styles phat like hoes in da  
El Dorado  
My mind toatin fuck em duck em  
Any thing but da main gun I don't trust em

*[Chorus]*

*[Boo]*

Move wit da nigga huh from man chilla  
Burge shit word shit I slurge big scrilla  
Observe when you work spit bird shit killah  
Not to be purterb with...herb shit deala  
Can make me feel y'all foreal ya tock ticking  
Bust a rapper bust a cap hustler stop flinching  
You fresh off the corner calling dog shit brog shit  
Soon as you feel that sog shit you be like oh shit  
(stooooooooop)  
Broke niggaz resort the glass looking  
Opposite the track ass whooping  
Opposite the black class hooker the fat ass fooker  
Triple your cash criple your stash pass shooker  
The past ain't never the last to teach lessons  
My peeps fucking up in the streets keep guessing  
Brew don't becomming a preach I be blessing  
Lotta kids commmin out da wrong way like sea sections  
Know da bro gone flow even if it cross shorts  
Fuck weed cop coke cause da shit cost more  
But niggaz say I floss to much  
but when I take it off and such they say I lost my touch  
Those bitches like the money I wear  
What its funny how they stare  
Dumb bunnies with they cunnin' little glare  
Shorty let me see the tail if its really that shittin  
She hit me with a felion a young pair kitten  
My boy hit that shit now every body smitten  
Even holdin snow balls and I ain't talkin bout mittens  
what I talkin bout mittens foreal

*[Chorus]*

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

