

# Jay-Z

## "44 Fours"

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[Jay-Z:]

Can I kick it?

Yes you can

Can I kick it?

Yes you can

Can I kick it?

Yes you can

(I'm kina lovin that)

Can I kick it?

Yes you can

Can I kick it?

Yes you can

Can I kick it?

Yes you can

Rocafella forever Hov for life

Debuts a classical first album four mics

Shoulda gotta five but niggas lack full sight

But I don't giva fuck I aint do it for the hype

I do it for the hustlas for the ghetto for the polites

For the struggle for those who bubble white

Who fly four by four roofless cars flawless ice

For the pain for yall to know what its like

For every time it rains 40 days and 40 nights

For every promise made that never saw the light

I get my own forty acres give me four nights

Four o's a glock forty for the jackets and I'm right

All the four four was suffice

A fourteen year old will look out for the vice

You can sit back and just wait for the flight

Boy will take off like I've been strippin all my life

That's the type of metaphor so right

That let niggas know I was real before the mic

Four front rows had the fur at the fight

No pita on my pita left some room for the divas

And the sweet will meet up if you out for the night

On the rampage champaign pours on the floor

For all those who aint make it here and loss a life

Wouldn't forget yall for any price

Not for no hoes not for no ice

Not for no fame nor for bright lights  
So I'ma end this here real mean but right  
Fourty Four Fours motha fucka I'm NICE

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