

Jay-Z

"Ain't No *****"

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Foxy Brown
What? Jay-Z, what

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 you're 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, that's why
You gotta watch your friends you got to watch me, they
connivin' shit

The first chance to crack the bank
They try me, all they get is 50 cent francs
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
Meet your death in less than eight seconds
Still poundin' in my after life laughin', my shit is tight
Who you askin', right?

Ain't no nigga like the one I got
(No one can fuck you betta)
Sleeps around but he gives me a lot
(Keeps you in diamonds and leathers)

Friends'll tell me I should leave you alone
(Ha ha, ha ha, ha ha, ha ha)
Tell the freaks to find a man o' they own
Man o' they own, man o' they own
(Yea, yea)

Fresh to Def in Moschino, coach bag
Lookin' half black and Filipino, fakin' no jacks
Got you a beeper to feel important
Surroudin' your feet in Joanie Dega's and Charles
Jordan

I keep ya dove but love
You know these ho's be makin' me weak
Y'all knows how it goes B and so I creep

I've been sinnin' since you been playin' wit Barbie and
Ken 'n'
You can't change a player's game in the ninth innin'
The chrome rim spinnin' keeps 'em grinnin'
So I run way the fuck up in 'em and wrinkle the face like
linen

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, get a grip

What you don't see is whatcha get
Weapons concealed, what the fuck y'all feel?
When you niggas play sick we can all get ill
(What the deal?)

Ain't no nigga like the one I got
(No one can fuck you betta)
Sleeps around but he gives me a lot
(Keeps you in diamonds and leathers)

Friends'll tell me I should leave you alone
(Ha ha, ha ha, ha ha, ha ha)
Tell the freaks to find a man o' they own
Man o' they own, man o' they own

Yo, ain't no stoppin' this, no lie
Promise to stay monogamous, I try
But love, you know these ho's be makin' me weak
Y'all knows how it goes B, so I stay deep

What up, boo? Just keep me laced in the illa snakes
Bank rolls and shit, back rubs in the French tub
Mackin' this bitch, wifee, nigga
So when you flip that coke, remember the days you was
dead broke

But now you're style and I raised you
Basically, made you into a don
Flippin' weight, heroin and shit, you know the pussy is
all that
That's why I get bagets five carats and all that

From Dolce Gabana to H Vendell, I'm 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 o' shit

Specially when I'm flippin' Baileys
Don't give a fuck about how you move with them other
mamis
I push da Z, eatin' shrimp scampi with 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 levers and bullshit berettas
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
Fucks no, I see half o' the dough
Made you into a star, pushin' hundred thousand dollar
cars

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