

Jay-Z "Celebration"

Visit "Celebration" on MotoLyrics.com

What you think you like me?
You ain't like me, motherfucker, you a punk
I been with made people, connected people
Who you been wit'? Chain snatchin'
Jive-ass, maricon motherfuckers
Why don't you go get lost, get out of here
Go kick a freestyle or somethin'

You're now tuned into the greatest

Motherfuckers can't beat us, join us, can't fade us, hate
us

Can't touch it, fuck it, can't see 'em, try to be 'em Both shows sold out your coliseum, eighth wonder

Locked rap for trey summers, poker faces with the aces under

Face one up, to take over, the break's over Nigga, I'm the God MC, me, Jay-hovah Shit knockin', almost a crime, get Cochran Bangin' to the hearse where my doctors hand

Hot land, F.B.I, D.E.A., I did crime, got away They wanna see me pay, motherfuckers, better ride If they try to plant, under the seat of my car Even a half a gram, better flame those, plainclothes Same goes for lame hoes, cocaine rapper, rep ya game pros

We celebrate this, while you sittin' back screamin' you hate this

Try to rape this, get caught in my crime matrix Spittin' sperm inside of latex, you get, no respect like a child rapist

Delegate this, men just givin' facelifts

Leave your melon spacious, career felon, no hiatus Nor Ceasar's, the C.I.A. flooded my block with diseases Informants, heating the spot up like global warming Who start shit? My style is laced with arsenic

Odorless tasteless, 'cause of death is traceless I know you wanna see me wasted

You call the order, I'll be in hell Team Roc sweater and ice water

Righteous, dominate the global, my life's a novel blazin' in Barnes and Noble, idolize the vocals Y'all niggaz is local but that's evident I'm Resident Evil, movin' like

Millionaire that flow like water, rap niggaz runnin'
I, oughta applaud ya, clap at ya
Point the Mac at ya, niggaz caught up
Brought up in the rapture, my flows torture
Like a compound fracture, can't fuck widdit

For the love of sex money and drugs
Affiliated with the sets Tecs honies and thugs
Let the four power, rain on niggaz like a spring shower
And bring flowers for the bodies that surround us
If you was lookin' you found us

Movin' with speed, tried to play Superman Ended up like Chris Reeves Paraplegic, precise minds like the Pharaoh's of Egypt Shot through a barrel *niggaz* narrowly weaved it

Keepin' my Team top seeded with the Sweet 16's Bulgin' out of my jeans, on the ten-speed weeded Holdin', shots with you like a secret It's like a story never told but believe it

Street anthem anchor, quick to trade shots just like a banker

Lick a round, niggaz hit the ground like Sanka I got ya screwface in forty-two ways Aim better than toothpaste, Jerry Maguire "Show me the money" like Clue tapes

Run up in your spot with a few eights, zoni Known men, home in, all of my homies condone sin Four shots spin ya like chrome rims Put a part right through your dome like the Omen, foamin'

White sheets got ya wrapped like a Roman Back in New York, honey wants it, just spit blood and talk funny

Niggaz is cartoons, picture styles that's fully developed Like dark rooms, hits fat, cub with a harpoon

Heat-seekin, grill huntin', still frontin'? Keep squeezin, fuck it, I leave the whole street wheezing No, motherfuckers, hope I fail and gotta provoke the frail Got 'em scared to drop like soap in jail

Geyeah, there you have it Just think of ours as can't be touched, tested, whatever Never disrespect this thing of ours Roc-a-Fella family

Visit <u>Jay-Z</u> page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

<u>MotoLyrics.com</u> | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.