

Jay-Z

"Do My"

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[Jay-Z]

Turn that motherfucker louder
It's the Roc in this motherfucker.. bi-otch!
Oh yeah, bounce, uh uh bounce
Yeah, yeah bounce, come on
Oh come on bounce, come on

Do my ladies run this motherfucker?
(Yeah, yeah, come on)
Or do my thugs run this motherfucker?
(Yeah, yeah, come on)

[Hook: Memphis Bleek]

Do my ladies run it, fat asses and flat stomachs
Throw a hand in the air if it's the year of the woman
Or my dogs run it, let 'em know that you still gunnin
Throw a drink in the air let 'em know you still thuggin

[Memphis Bleek]

Yo I come through, few of my man's, scoop you and
your friends
You, you, and you with the Timbs
In tight jeans, Chinese eyes, Indian hair
Black girl ass, let me pour you a glass of Belvi
Tell me all about your past
Let me console your soul while I palm your ass
And your man did what? He ain't give you?
He cheated with her, I can't diss duke
I tell you this though, get with this dude
I'll teach you about dough, and show you what this do
(It's a secret society, all we ask is trust)
But I don't freeze wrists, I just skeeze bitches
Break up happy homes, just sieze misses
You'll never get her back, once you get a yap
How you love that? .. How you love that?

[Jay-Z]

Do my ladies run this motherfucker?
(Yeah, yeah, come on)
Or do my thugs run this motherfucker?
(Yeah, yeah, come on)

[Hook]

[Memphis Bleek]

Ay yo back woods rollin, rap you can't hold 'em
ROC gear matchin, crusin through Manhattan
Bleek is chillin, Murda is chillin
What more can I say? We still killin em
Bags we still dealin em, four wheels, we wheelin them
Chicks like I'm feelin him - yeah ma, okay
Black jeans and Timberlands give em adrenaline rush
Ladies know the difference between them niggas and
us
We the R-O-C, and we don't stop
They don't make a gun that we don't pop
Matter fact they don't make a car that we don't drop
Thought you knew they don't make jewels that we don't
cop
What you knew? You actin' like the ROC ain't hot
Or the car that I cop ain't missin' a top
And even if they don't make drops that kind
I tear da roof off like I'm Busta Rhymes motherfucker

[Jay-Z]

Do my ladies run this motherfucker?
(Yeah, yeah, come on)
Or do my thugs run this motherfucker?
(Yeah, yeah, yeah)
Come on, come on

[Hook]

[Jay-Z]

Do my ladies run this motherfucker?
(Okay)
Or do my thugs run this motherfucker?
(Uh-huh, okay, uh-huh)
Come on, come on

It's the R-O-C, we don't stop
It's the R-O-C, we don't stop
It's the R-O-C, we don't stop
Uh Memp Bleek, The Understanding niggas
Get your mind right, ha-ha

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