

Jay-Z

"Excuse Me Miss Again"

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Memph Bleek, always smoking that, la, la, la
Beanie Sigel always smoking that, la, la, la
Neptunes track smoke like la, la, la
It's the ROC baby, sing our lullaby, come on

Excuse me miss, I'm the shit
(Do you want me to do it?)
You should come, hang wit me, basically
(Do you want me to do it?)
Hold up, skip all the singin', let's go ride tonight, Mami
(Come on, now, uh)

I know my English ain't as modest as you like
But come, get some you little bums
I take the cake from under the baker's thumbs
I bake the cake get two of them for one

Then I move the weight like I'm Oprah's son
Uh, I show you how to do this, son
Young don't mess wit chicks in Burberry patterns
Fake Manolo boots straight from Steve Madden

He padded hisself the rap JFK
You wanna pass for my Jacqueline Onassis
Then hop ya ass out that S-class
Lay back in that maebach, roll the best grass, I ask
Have you in your long legged life

Ever seen a watch surrounded by this much pink ice?
Look but don't touch, muthafucker think twice
'Cause the gat that I clutch got a little red light
Need a light?

To smoke that, la, la, la
Beanie Sigel always smoking that, la, la, la
Memph Bleek always smoking that la, la, la
It's the ROC Mami, sing our lullaby, come on

Excuse me miss, I'm the shit
(Do you want me to do it?)
You should come, hang wit me, basically
(Do you want me to do it?)

Hold up, skip all the singin', let's go ride tonight, Mami
(Come on, now, uh)

We got brothers full of Arme, mamis in Manolo
Bags by Chanel, Louis Vuitton logos
All attracted to Hov' because they know dough
When they see him, which be European

If you're a teen, ten chances you're wit him
If you're a five you know you ridin' wit them
Sick wit the pen nigga, no position in the world could fix
him
No prescription, you could prescribe to subsidize his
affliction

He's not a sane man, more like reign man twitchin'
You can't rain dance on his picnic
No Haitian voodoo, no headless chickens can dead his
sickness
No Ouija board, you can't see me dog, nigga you CB4

This ain't Chris Rock, bitch, it's the ROC, bitch
And I'm the franchise like a Houston Rocket
Nawimean
(Yao Ming)

Still smoking that, la, la, la
Memph Bleek still smoking that, la, la, la
Beanie Sigel, desert eagle to fo' to five
It's the ROC baby, sing our lullaby, come on

Excuse me miss, I'm the shit
(Do you want me to do it?)
You should come, hang wit me, basically
(Do you want me to do it?)
Hold up, skip all the singin', let's go ride tonight, Mami
(Come on, now, uh)

Forget English talk body language
I be all over mamis like body painters
Pink diamond necklace, strawberry wrist
Please excuse yourself, you're very sick

Don't confuse me wit marbury, out this bitch
Run up on me at the light, you could lose your life
Muh'fuckas must be smoking they la, la, la la crack

.45 gun smoke, choke off that
Back to the music, I ain't wit all that
Plus the feds tappin' my music I get all that
I'm the public industry number one

Public industry number two is my whole crew R O C
And I ain't concerned wit' who like me, who like you
That's gay, I ain't into likin' dudes no way
But get a pen, I can tell you pricks my plans for the
future
I never make the news again my man'll shoot ya

As we smoke that la, la, la
Memphis Bleek always smoking that, la, la, la
Beanie Sigel, desert eagle to fo' to five
It's the ROC, bitch, sing our lullaby, come on

Excuse me, miss, I'm the shit
(Do you want me to do it?)
You should come, hang wit me, basically
(Do you want me to do it?)
Hold up, skip all the singin', let's go ride tonight, Mami
(Come on, now, uh)

Do you want me to do it?
Come watch me now, uh

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