

# Jay-Z

## "Face Off"

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Sauce mothafuckin, jigga, feel this

This goes out to my Brooklyn crew  
Put ya guns up in the air if ya feel me  
Fuck 'em all day, fuck 'em all night  
We don't love these hoes

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Yeah, if ya want some, put ya guns up, it's on  
Ladies know that when the sun's up, I'm gone  
Fuck them bitches though, digits though  
Fuck, now if I bring it, niggas know what

All black gat with the mack out  
I take shorty to the rest, blow her back out  
Sun dress, undress, throw her back out  
In and out like a crack house, keep it moving

Face off with the .38 scraped off  
Keep shorty maced, can't throw a 4-4 eight ball  
Know your place, so it starts when ya least expect  
The yeast infect, you don't imitate bitches  
Piece protected, so, I hear you hate bitches

Love the dough, ya flow irritate niggas  
Fuck them though, it's all out and have a fall out  
I fucked ya girl, on top, now we call out, fuck the world  
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I apologize ladies, I'm lovin' you right  
You must be used to me trickin' but we fuckin' tonight  
No wine, no dine, no wheelin' the whip  
All night long just feelin' the dick

Sauce mothafuckin', slayin', I'm sayin' with no delayin'  
Can you beat that? I eat that, you just playin'  
Nigga, you never know what a chick could do  
Pull the trigga too, check the shit, jigga do

My crew, mackin' the same bitch, I do  
Back man stack grands, daddy like I you  
Love them hoes jigga, ha, how that sound?  
Women start to fall, we all bat around

Let my whole team hit it, scatter 'round  
You never seen wit it, pat 'em down  
Check for cream in it, these riches  
Got nothin' to do wit these bitches  
Nothin' y'all can do to stop these digits  
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Can I touch that? What's that? Leave it for dead  
Keep your arm over your face, my nigga, keep your  
head  
Keep a mind to survive, if ya sleep ya dead  
Stay fly 'til ya die nigga, deep with prayer

With each word ya say, I guess, the beef is dead  
Ladies and gentlemen, like impeach the prez  
Val Kilmer style nigga draw heat with feds  
Broad day like De Niro, shoot all day

I'm the man fuckin' the tracks and you just foreplay  
Get a hit, I, I come through, blow up, you spit out  
What, keep it cocked faithfully like salop  
With one in the drop, don't get hit up

I be the four-fifth flamer and hoes bitch shamer  
What clap cats a snitch, she'll give ya whole click, name

up  
Look, I done came up and thought a whole game up  
Meet me in the square with one in the chamber  
The face off, nigga

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This goes out  
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We don't love these hoes

Yeah, this goes out to my Brooklyn crew

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