

Jay-Z

"I Can't Get With That"

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[Jay-Z]

Yeah!!

Check it check it out

Uhhh haha gotta keep it fat

Chorus: Jay Z (repeat 2X)

I can't get with that

I gotta keep it thick never miss so I hit em like this

[Jay-Z]

Straight to the track my lyrics is phat I rip it the hell
down

More than a fluke I'm regularly wreckin this joint so
what now

With so many niggas that's biting it's harder to detect
who I be

Well check out the J, check out the A, check out the Y, Z
Original rap, I'm makin it slap, I'm hemmin it up like
that

Stingin it, strikin it, swingin it fat, * DJ reverse * bring it
back

I be that nigga with a gat, boom-clack

Don't ever sweat it when I go, I zoom back

Better than ever, never better, you better, whatever

I suggest the Ex-Lax and that'll get your shit together

I give you a snotty nose from body blows

Nobody's safe at a party even Gotti goes adios

I got-got-got Flav-flav-flav-flavor, so save yours

One verse and it's a hearse, I played and I slayed yours

Get it, got it, ready to flip, I doubt it

No need to prolong, check out the man gone, haha

Chorus

[Jay-Z]

The next, player, never get no rest, you're livin with
stress

Cause just around the corner beez the best player

You're fearin my clout, if weed got you runnin your
mouth

You better blow that shhhiitt out

The Jigga's back, you brothers are flat
I'll amaze the way that Jay rap, now how in the hell did
he say that?
You diggin me, the, epitome of, rippin it raw
You kiddin me, no artist that rap, gettin bigger thzn me
Although these cats are wettin my style, I'm still thirsty
And we all gotta fall off, but you first G

I'll be the last, it'll be a, cold day in hell
before you see me, Sauce and Jaz, chillin with your
wack ass
We make hits, and harmony, like Take 6

While you brothers double pumped up them fake hits
Our Roc-A-Fella never Sell-A-Out
Brothers who don't have the heart, you better tell your
mouth, uh

Chorus

[Jay-Z]
Ha-hah
This how we do
All year round, this is how it goes down
Now check it out

I don't kick it I punt it, I'm so wicked you want it?
My tongue is tired from lickin my fingers and countin
up hundreds
So I bought a money machine and it goes
A tat-tat-trrrittaat-tat-triatttt-at-tit-tit-tit-dough
How many styles I gotta kick to prove I'm def?
I can even-hah-kick my-hah-rip that shit-hah-and catch
a breath
You can't see this, ask this nigga Dash
Now he don't count cause I'm makin him mad rich
This nigga's nothin but the truth
Many view Jay-Z as a threat to they loot.. so
my thing is tight, can't slip, gotta grip
like a pit in a dog fight, yo, I'm a-iight
I ain't checkin for you 'less you my peoples
And just in case you didn't know peep the -- steelo
It goes, one dime for your mind
Two bone crushers for your spine
Cause none of ya game is rougher than mine

Chorus: repeat 2X

Ha-hah.. Jay-Z.. live in the ninety-five
with a little help along, c'mon
Sacue Money defintly reresentin

Big Jaz in the house
Superman production type shit

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