

Jay-Z

"I Just Wanna Love You (give It To Me)"

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Let's go
Hov!
Uh huh, Hov'
You are not ready
Hov', unstoppable, Dynasty, young Hova

I'm a hustler, baby
(I'm a hustler)
I just want you to know
(Wanna let you know)
It ain't where I been
(It ain't where I been)
But where I'm 'bout to go
(Top of the world)

Now I just wanna love you
(Just wanna love you)
But be who I am
(You know you love me)
And with all this cash
(Mo' money, mo' problems)
You'll forget your man

Now give it to me
Gimme that funk, that sweet, that nasty, that gushi
stuff
But don't bullshit me
C'mon, gimme that funk, that sweet, that nasty, that
gushi stuff

When the Remi's in the system, ain't no tellin'
Will I fuck 'em will I diss 'em, that's what they be yellin'
I'm a pimp by blood, not relation
Y'all be chasin', I'll replace them, huh?
Drunk off Crist', mami on E
Can't keep her little model hands off me
Both in the club, high, singing off key
"And I wish I never met her at all"

It gets better, ordered another round
It's, about, to go, down
Got six model chicks, six bottles of Crist'

Four Belvederes, got weed everywhere
What do you say, me, you, and your Chloe glasses
Go somewhere private where we can discuss fashion
Like, Prada blouse, Gucci bra
Filth Mart jeans, take that off

Give it to me
Gimme that funk, that sweet, that nasty, that gushi
stuff
But don't bullshit me
C'mon, gimme that funk, that sweet, that nasty, that
gushi stuff

I said, give it to me
Gimme that funk, that sweet, that nasty, that gushi
stuff
But don't bullshit me
Mama, gimme that funk, that sweet, that nasty, that
gushi stuff

Yeah, save the narrative, you savin' it for marriage
Let's keep it real ma, you savin' it for karats
You wanna see how far I'm a go
How, much I'm a spend but you already know
Zip, zero, stingy with dinero
Might buy you Crist', but that about it
Might light your wrist, but that about it
Fuck it, I might wife you and buy you nice whips

Ma, but you really gotta ride nice dick
Know how to work your hips and your head's priceless
Profess you love the Hov', and I'll never let you down
Get you bling like the Neptune sound
Okay, hot Hov', too hot to hold
Ladies love me long time like 2Pac's soul
Only way to roll, Jigga and two ladies
I'm too cold, Motorola, two way page me, c'mon

Give it to me
Gimme that funk, that sweet, that nasty, that gushi
stuff
But don't bullshit me
C'mon, gimme that funk, that sweet, that nasty, that
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I said, give it to me
Gimme that funk, that sweet, that nasty, that gushi
stuff
But don't bullshit me
Mama, gimme that funk, that sweet, that nasty, that
gushi stuff

I'm a hustler baby
(Uh, Hov')
I just want you to know
(Hov')
It ain't where I been
But where I'm 'bout to go
(Hov', Hov')

Now I just wanna love you
(Young Hova)
But be who I am
(Know you love me)
And with all this cash
(Mo' money, mo' problems)
You'll forget your man

Yeah, yeah, yeah
Same song, I'm back, been around the world
Romancing girls that dance with girls
From, Club Cheetah, to Club Amnesia
The Peanuts in L.A., Bubblin' in Dublin
Can't deny me, why would you want to?
You need me, why don't you try me?
Baby, you want to, believe me, Hov'!

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You gotta
Give it to me
Uh, uh huh

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