

Jay-Z

"Jigga"

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lights out niggas.....

(*2)

(jigga!)what's my motherfuckin name?

(jigga!)and who i'm rolling with...huh?

(My nigga!)....Niggas better get it right,

Bitches Better get it right!

For the crack peoples down at hc.....,
back on the block JAYZ motherfucker from the the the
rock,

went solo on that ass but it's still the same,

brooklyn be the place where i served them things.

be my niggas was strugglin,

to the birds they came,

and then we got into hustlin and murderin things,

i dipped in my stash,

splurged on the chain,

now i'm titanic.....iceberg's the name!,

leave playas on end of reserve...hurt the game,

the best way to describe me....the word insane!,

i dicked down chicks on my merge and my fame,

jigga been dope since slick rick's first chain,

the god sent you back to the earth from which you
came,

i'm baking soda water fire merge with cane,

ladies dont know me...said i heard he's vain,

well guess what mahmi i heard the same,

You Heard the name.....

(Chorus)*2

i got a licensed to kill so i stare at the gat,

rocafella,ruff ryders, niggas scared a that!,

got a new model this year-Dont Fuck With My Ones,

knock on your door,three in the morning,

It's Just Us And The Guns!,

see i scramble with priests,

hustle with nuns,

i got the.....my capacity of the young bush cassidy,

niggas get fly,

let'em defy gravity,

fo, five rapidly,
lift your chest cavity,
streets wont let me chill,
always been a clumsy nigga dont let me spill,
mohfuckas wanna wet me still,
i remain y'all,
brought the one, like five divided by fo'ur,
shit this just the hate that's been provided by y'all,
reciprocated and multiplied by mo're,
you likely to see jigga in a wide body ore,
drop-top bentley is all,
holla at me y'all!,

(Chorus!)*2

I dont giva fuck about some-one or one million,
but i think you should,
cause if i only sold one, then out comes the hood,
all-black in the glove the outcome aint good!,
some niggas act like-wuh...how come, they could?,
cause we dont drop hits we drop bombs and smash,
till the wristes lit up...the arm looks like glass,
the necklace chipped up...the charm flashed,
could fuck up your eyes like the bomb is ha'sh,
see the reason why chicks let me palm there ass,
all i gotta do is let them call me shawn eglass,
let'em sit up in there whips till i launch it back,
snap there neck, then shoot'em to there arms and
backs,
to calm this cat,
trustme when i palm this gat,
kill your mind, body and soul,
push your conscious back,
moms is back,
flex drop a bomb to that,
now everybody singalong to the track,
c'mon!,

(chorus until the end)

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