

# Jay-Z

## "Jigga That Nigga"

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It's the Roc  
(Jigga, Jigga, that nigga Jigga)  
R.O., R.O.C. niggaz, R.O.  
(Jigga, Jigga, that nigga Jigga)  
Hov', R.O.C. niggaz, R.O., whoo  
(Jigga, Jigga, that nigga Jigga)  
It's Hov', R.O.C. niggaz  
(Jay-Z)

Come on the track duh duh da-da  
With a throwback jersey and a fitted  
Might blow a bag of Hershey in the sidd-ix  
Or might take sips of army with a chidd-ick, I'm so sick  
widdit  
Lampin' in the Hamptons, the weekends man  
The stance meant for Adidas and the campus  
Or playin' guts on the cruise, her made bow shoes  
The Azar bucket on I'm so old school

Yellow wrist watch, Gucci flip flops  
Six top model chicks, who is this hot?  
J-A, ladies help me say it now  
Y-Z, mami why you playin' with me?  
Ride with me, get high as me  
It's how it's supposed to be, when you rollin with G's,  
Hov'  
Back up in this bitch like whoa  
Jigga get this whole bitch jumpin' like six-fo's

(Hov')  
V is I, and I am him  
(Jigga, Jigga, that nigga Jigga)  
Slim with the tilted brim on twenty inch rims  
(Jigga, Jigga, that nigga Jigga)  
And if y'all got love for me I got love for y'all  
(Jigga, Jigga, that nigga Jigga)  
And if y'all go to war for me I go to war wit y'all  
(Jigga, Jigga, that nigga Jigga)

Hov', and so I breeze through jeans and see me  
through  
She's respondin', top of C. Bronson

We in Luan gettin' our groove on  
Buyin' out the bar, on our way to Spa'  
She never seen a hundred on the wrist before  
Never seen twenty-two's on the 6 before  
I am, killin' 'em out there, they needin' first aid  
'Cause the boy got more 6's than first grade

The crib got, killer views and square feet  
You have to film MTV Crips for a week  
So, sleep if you need to, mami I will leave you  
Right where you stand, nah I don't wanna dance  
(I'm good)  
I just wanna see what's in your Frankie V pants  
Waist is low enough to let your waist show  
Top like a rock star, I got a fast car  
We can cruise the city, doin' a buck-sixty

(Hov')

V is I, and I am him  
(Jigga, Jigga, that nigga Jigga)  
Slim with the tilted brim on twenty inch rims  
(Jigga, Jigga, that nigga Jigga)  
And if y'all got love for me I got love for y'all  
(Jigga, Jigga, that nigga Jigga)  
And if y'all go to war for me I go to war wit y'all  
(Jigga, Jigga, that nigga Jigga)

"He did it again", haters no like  
But they gotta fuck with it 'cause the flow's so tight  
Gnarly dude, I puff Bob Marley dude  
All day, like Rastafari's do  
Now I'm stuck to the point I could hardly move  
You fuckin' up my high, don't bother me dude  
But Red Rover, send your hoes over  
She can do whatever, sip somethin' with soda  
She can leave whatever, sip somethin' with Hova  
We can play however, slay bed or sofa  
And the prognosis, sex is explosive  
Left her with wet bedsheets, nigga I'm focused

(Hov')

V is I, and I am him  
(Jigga, Jigga, that nigga Jigga)  
Slim with the tilted brim on twenty inch rims  
(Jigga, Jigga, that nigga Jigga)  
And if y'all got love for me I got love for y'all  
(Jigga, Jigga, that nigga Jigga)  
And if y'all go to war for me I go to war wit y'all  
(Jigga, Jigga, that nigga Jigga)

R., R.O.C niggaz

R.O.C. niggaz  
(Roc-A-Fella y'all)

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