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Jay-Z "Jockin Jay-Z"

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I see you jockin Jay-z Cuz he got a Mercedes And you know about his ladies

I see you Jockin Jay-Z I'm so dopeboy fresh I see you Jockin Jay-Z I'm so dopeboy fresh

Who's house? hov, no doubt Bout the only rapper Still gettin money in the drought I moves out in the global, I'm a mogul 50, 000 feet in the air And I'm still on my mobile Fuck talking bout the recession it's depressin I rock ith obama but I'm not a politician And I chill with the thugs and the gangsters thoo I ain't a blood But I'm warring with the boys in blue Crooked officer, crooekd officer Why you wanna see me in a coffin sir Is it against the law the way 'm flossin sir Benzes rolls royces and porschesm, ughhh Hater's like "hov why you still talkin money shit?" Cuz I like money, bitch I like fly shit, you like gossip I let you do you, why you ridin my tip?

I see you Jockin Jay-Z I'm so dopeboy fresh I see you Jockin Jay-Z I'm so dopeboy fresh

That bloke from Oasis said I couldn't play guitar Somebody should a told him I'm a fuckin rock star Today is gonna be the day That I'm gonna throw it back to you I'm livin life as a rocker I'm like pimp c, potna Comin down in mercedes peelin off on the boppers Worldwide show I'm comin down in a chopper 180 thou, screamin Hov with the Roc up It's too easy, I got ladies on soldiers Showing me their chi-chis(?) I mee honey at the show last year And now I'm acting brand new Like a world premiere Yeah I know life ain't fair But chill babygirl, my girl is here I got models in the moshpit Dancin off beat But they know the words to my shit

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I see you Jockin Jay-Z I'm so dopeboy fresh

You ain't gotta jock jay-z jock fly shit You ain't gotta jock me, homey jock my chick lock her [?] she body you with the fit No that's not pilates, her body just thick You ain't gotta jock her, nigga jock my clique lock the dope boys cuz we all toss bricks Federale's jock while I'm crossin the bridge Click click, take a portrait of this I ain't no pretty boy, I got a gorgeous wrist Cut handsome checks and my flow's pretty sick I'm so ghetto chic I'm where the hood and high fashion meet Ooh-wee, I'm like the camouflage [?] How you niggas want it, the tux or the toolie Haters I ain't mad at you If I wasn't me I'd probably jock me too

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