

Jay-Z

"La, La, La"

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Memph Bleek always smoking that la, la, la
(Hoo)

Beanie Sigel always smoking that la, la, la
(Hoo)

Neptunes track smoke like la, la, la
(Hoo)

It's the ROC baby, sing our lullaby
Come on

Excuse me miss, I'm the shit
(Do you want me to do it?)
You should come, hang wit me, basically
(Do you want me to do it?)
Hold up, skip all the singin', lets go ride tonight, mami
(Come on now, uhh)

I know my English ain't as modest as you like
But come, get some, you little bums
I take the cake from under the baker's thumbs
I bake the cake, get two of them for one
Then I move the weight like I'm Oprah's son
Uhh, I show you how to do this son
Young don't mess wit chicks in Burberry patterns
Fake Manolo boots straight from Steve Madden
(Un, uh)

He padded himself the rap J F K
You wanna pass for my Jaqueline Onassis
Then hop ya ass out that S class
Lay back in that maebach, roll the best grass, I ask
Have you in your long-legged life
Ever seen a watch surrounded by this much pink ice?
(Uhh)
Look, but don't touch, muthafucker think twice
'Cuz the gat that I clutch got a little red light
Need a light?

To smoke that la, la, la
(Hoo)
Beanie Sigel always smoking that la, la, la
(Hoo)
Memph Bleek always smoking that la, la, la

(Hoo)
It's the ROC mami, sing our lullaby
Come on

Excuse me miss, I'm the shit
(Do you want me to do it?)
You should come, hang wit me, basically
(Do you want me to do it?)
Hold up, skip all the singin', lets go ride tonight, mami
(Come on now, uhh)

We got brothers full of Arme, mamis in Manolo
Bags by Chanel, Louis Vuitton logos
All attracted to Hov' because they know dough
When they see him, which be European
If you're a teen chances you're wit him
(Ten)
If you're a five you know you ridin' wit them
Sick wit the pen nigga, no position in the world could fix
him
No prescription you could prescribe to subside his
affliction

He's not a sane man, more like reign man twitchin'
You can't rain dance on his picnic
No Haitian voodoo, no headless chickens
Can dead his sickness
(Whoo)
No Ouija board, you can't see me dog, nigga you CB4
This ain't Chris Rock, bitch, it's the ROC bitch
And I'm the franchise like a Houston Rocket
Nawimean
(Yao Ming)

Still smoking that la, la, la
Memph Bleek still smoking that la, la, la
Beanie Sigel, desert eagle to fo' to five
It's the ROC baby, sing our lullaby
Come on

Excuse me miss, I'm the shit
(Do you want me to do it?)
You should come, hang wit me, basically
(Do you want me to do it?)
Hold up, skip all the singin', let's go ride tonight, mami
(Come on now, uhh)

Forget English, talk body language
I be all over mamis like body painters
Pink diamond necklace, strawberry wrist
Please excuse yourself, you're very sick

Don't confuse me wit marbury out this, bitch
Run up on me at the light, you could lose your life
Muh'fuckas must be smoking they la, la, la, la crack
.45 gun smoke, choke off that

Back to the music, I ain't wit all that
Plus the feds tappin' my music I get all that
I'm the public industry number one
Public industry number two is my whole crew R O C
And I ain't concerned wit' who like me, who like you
That's gay, I ain't into likin' dudes no way
But get a pen, I can tell you pricks my plans for the
future
I never make the news again, my man'll shoot ya

As we, smoke that la, la, la
(Hoo)
Memphis Bleek always smoking that la, la, la
(Hoo)
Beanie Sigel, desert eagle to fo' to five
(Hoo)
It's the ROC bitch, sing our lullaby
Come on

Excuse me miss, I'm the shit
(Do you want me to do it?)
You should come, hang wit me, basically
(Do you want me to do it?)
Hold up, skip all the singin', let's go ride tonight, mami
(Come on now, uhh)

Do you want me to do it
Come watch me now, uhh

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