

# Jay-Z

## "Nigga Please"

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**(feat. Young Chris)**

*[Pharrell]*

What, uh, c'mon, uh, keep the change, my nigga, (it's too late)

It's too late for that

Don't gotta to spit that game

Keep the change, my nigga, it's too late for that

Keep the change, my nigga, it's too late for that

*[Jay-Z]*

Uh, uh, young, Neptunes, Young Chris, ROC

Uh, pimp stroll, pop my collar, hug the block, get dollars

Pimp stroll, pop my collar, hug my nuts, bitch holla

*[Chorus: Pharrell]*

My nigga, please - you ain't signing no checks like these

My nigga, please - you pushing no wheels like these

My nigga, please - you ain't holding no tecks like these

My nigga, please - you don't pop in vest like these

*[Jay-Z]*

My nigga please, uh-huh, uh,

This my world, pimp stroll

Nigga please, you ain't start out from your trunk

Then reach the roof, just to put your roof in your trunk

Nigga please, chumps don't tour like us

You on the road a million hours, I fly over your bus

Nigga please, you ain't got your neck all froze

With the same logo that you got sketched on your clothes

Nigga please, you don't be getting no hoes

With La Perla on they cheeks, can't be messing with cheap chicks

Nigga please, you seldom seen with chicks in 7 jeans

Manolo Blahnik I'm going through they body like an ultrasonic

You ain't got 'em blowing no chronic

Divine intervention, you can't prevent me from shining

Nigga please, I been around the world

Damn near beat Jordan in around-the-world  
Nigga please, you can't even hold my shoes  
I got wannabes who wannabe me that sound (nigga)  
better than you

*[Chorus + ad libs]*

*[Jay-Z]*

Uh, pimp strolling on 'em  
Black diamonds, rose goldin' on 'em

Paper foldin' on 'em  
Snuck pass the dog noses with the Foldger's on 'em  
Keys, Saran Wrap with petroleum on 'em  
Snitch got pinched but he toned it on 'em  
Lawyers got it adjourned, try {?} on 'em  
Witnesses, it's no holdin' on 'em  
Just George Jefferson strollin' on 'em  
Nigga please, this is me, this is real as it be  
My videos is like real TV  
That chick, that's me, that six, that's me  
That boat, I had it on the Mediterranean sea  
Nigga please

*[Chorus + ad libs]*

*[Young Chris]*

Yo, yo,  
Nigga please, y'all ain't seeing no checks like these  
(no)  
Y'all don't run up in record labels demanding respect  
like we  
Y'all don't rock your Roc-A-Wear Nike checks like we  
Y'all coach class, y'all never private jet like we  
My nigga please, y'all don't smoke the sour diesel like  
us  
You don't go to Pop and get ya flour cheaper than us  
Knock it off in three hours and repeat it like us  
And repeat it we must, y'all don't re-up like us  
Ay, y'all ain't being like us, 'cause y'all don't see it like  
us  
The move the D's when they rush  
My nigga please, they must be on E's and dust  
Then niggas f'in with pills, y'all don't get G's like us  
My nigga please, y'all young'ns ain't got O.G.s like me  
B. Sig, Young Hov', Dame Dash, Kareem  
Nigga please, somebody must've gassed your team  
Think a nigga outrun or outlast gangrene (GangGreen)  
My nigga please

*[Chorus + ad libs]*

*[Pharrell]*

Amazing man, got your aerosol,  
I made my money, but don't trouble the law  
I keep the womens around  
I got the gremlin's crazy  
And wanna know the time  
Better have me shades, see  
My nigga please

*[Chorus + ad libs]*

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