

# Jay-Z

## "Reservoir Dogs"

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**(feat. Beanie Sigel, The LOX, Sauce Money)**

*[Sheek]*

Fuck -- shit is real right here  
Roc-a-Fella, LOX, takin the streets over motherfuckers  
Don't get it twisted  
Yo, ayyo, ayyo, ayyo  
Yo shut the fuck up 'fore I blast and Banned From TV  
your ass  
with no mask, look at the camera like what?  
Yeah I did it like them sick white boys the court  
committed  
To the death of me, I'm spaz like I'm on Ecstasy  
Drop 100 bars for real like I'm lookin for a deal  
If I ain't hungry, who the fuck is, I'm worse than them  
African kids  
I ain't straight til my numbers match the Motorola ?bid?  
And walk the streets up in ? ? like I don't fuckin care  
If I ain't strapped that means I took em off my Nike Airs  
Get off mine, y'all talk shit like little children  
when I ride mine like bitched when I walk up in the  
building  
Cause I catch tans in the winter, with wild whores  
Jet-skiin, while you keep warm at corner stores  
I make it hot, floodin your block, the best way  
Professionally, they'll find poison in your X-Ray  
As I get roasted lookin at Biggie posted on my wall  
Takin shots of Louie til I fall  
Nuttin to lose, just load the clip up in the groove  
and kick rhymes to the poster, til I swear Big move  
My team, you would think was on Thorazine  
How we floss and don't give a fuck what it's cost-ing

*[Beanie Sigel]*

Yo, yo, pressure bust pipes, it's time to apply it now  
Pick out a quiet town and tie it down  
Make niggaz lock it down, y'all know where to buy it  
now  
Beanie Mac I supply it now  
My squad roll deep, in foreign cars with two seats  
Couple of 5's, a 6, a few Jeeps  
Bag enough coke to last a few weeks

In case niggaz wanna test, vest and a few heats  
You really wanna test my name? And test my game?  
Until you have me, test my aim?  
Y'all niggaz nuts, like testicles  
Hit you up in your apartment buildin vestibule  
Perhaps it's best for you, to keep on walkin  
Heat from the noggin, keep on sparkin  
Platinum prezzie, Bezzie, stay sparklin  
Cop off the lot never see me at the auction  
Pint of Bacardi darken, when it's hawkin  
Out on the strip, until I reach the margin  
Not tryin to meet the Seargeant, at the precinct  
Eatin cheese sandwiches, down for the weekend  
Locked up with dirty white boys and Ricans

*[Jadakiss]*

Now if I kill you I probably do ten in the box  
Come down on appeal then I'm killin your pops  
You feelin The LOX, nigga why you grillin The LOX  
If this rap shit don't work niggaz still in the spot  
You bring it to me, I gotta lose your family  
Gangstas don't die, they get chubby, and move to  
Miami  
Shit is deep now dog but it gets deeper  
Fuck it, the weather's nice and the price is much  
cheaper  
I put it on tape, you gon' buy it, I put it in a bag  
you gon' try it, y'all niggaz can't deny it  
Lot of cats still tryin to study my last bounce  
Tell you what, get a beat tape and a half ounce  
They got me where I can't be without my large gat  
Teflon long sleeve, and my hardhat  
Don't matter if I'm openin up, or headline  
Doin the speed limit or pushin red lines  
Six months in the county or fed time

I'ma be the 'Kiss nigga, until it's bedtime  
Anything I'm on is a classic, any nigga  
ever had beef with, son is a bastard  
Anytime I spit, spit acid, L.O.X.  
Ruffryder you heard? We got the game mastered

I told you the pain was comin  
You wouldn't listen  
You tried to play me like a joke?  
Now who got the last laugh?  
Now take these bullets with you to hell

*[Sauce Money]*

You motherfuckers is sick, don't think Sauce the shit  
So many niggaz on my nuts I thought I lost my dick

Picture me fallin off, I'm camera shy  
Hammers fly, might miss you, but your man'll die  
What's the difference? Either way I'm stunnin your crew  
I fuck to win, y'all niggaz comin to lose  
Somethin to prove? Spit it, we can have a sprayoff  
I lay off wet niggaz and kill em on my day off  
Ain't nuttin for me to bust a Trey off  
Murder the whole month of April nigga, just to take May  
off  
Run with more Germans than Adolf, you light crews  
Now I concentrate on your camp, like Jews  
Flow hot like a heatwave bitch  
Whips fatter than them shits they beat slaves with  
I'm a meal stackin nigga who pull quick, still packin  
for you Phil Jackson niggaz on that Bull

*[Styles]*

I don't give a FUCK who you are, so FUCK who you are  
I don't care about a pretty bitch, watch or a car  
I don't care about your block and whoever you shot  
I don't care about your album and whenever it drop  
I don't care about your past if I did I woulda asked  
I'm too busy lightin 'dro with a whole lotta hash  
Far as this rap shit, I'm ten steps ahead of niggaz  
Shootin backwards, just for practice  
Ride or die nigga, hoppin in your casket  
Bout to go to hell with you, blow the L with you  
Tell the whole world I'm spittin let em know the shells  
hit you  
I tell niggaz quick, suck dick and get a Glock  
My name ring bells like Sunday at twelve o'clock  
I'm half past seven, bust six then eleven  
You know me, slide my man my joint say reload me  
I ruffryde and pop a fella for Roc-a-Fella  
Jay (what the fuck) spendin mozzarella

*[Jay-Z]*

I know pop you can't stand us cause you cock them  
hammers  
Run in your crib, no prisoners, pop your grandma  
Locked in the slammer? Nope, popped up in Atlanta  
Crossed up in a drop I popped up the antenna  
Whoa.. watch your manners when my veins pop like  
scanners  
Like raindrops you hear the thunder when I cock the  
cannon  
Big thang, big chains, ain't shit changed  
Get brained in the four dot six Range  
Shit main, switch lanes  
every town I hit, switch planes, bitch flipped big caine  
Flow with no cut, you take it in vain/vein to the brain

Muh'fukas is noddin and throwin up, you know that  
You don't wanna owe that man  
He'll hit you, get the picture? Kodak man  
Gotta, love for war, I don't floss no more  
I just sit on my money til I'm above the law  
How the fuck you gonna stop us with your measly asses  
We don't stop at the tolls we got EZ passes, nigga  
Multiple cars and divas with D-classes  
Iceberg sweat with I.B. on the elastic  
Shit, beyotch! What the fuck, ya heard me?  
Put some more beat on that joint

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