

Jay-Z

"Roc Boys"

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And the winner is Hov
My man, speech

First of all I wanna thank my Connect
The most important person with all due respect
Thanks to the duffel bag, the brown paper bag
The Nike shoe box for holdin' all this cash
Boys in blue who put greed before the badge
The first pusher whoever made the stash

The Roc Boys in the buildin' tonight
Oh, what a feelin', I'm feelin' life
Thanks to the lames, niggas with bad aim
Thanks to a little change I tore you out the game

Bullet wounds will stop your buffoonery
Thanks to the pastor rappin' at your eulogy
To Lil' Kim and them, you know the women friend
Who, carry the work cross state for a gentlemen
Yeah, thanks to all the hustlers
And most importantly you, the customer

The Roc Boys in the buildin' tonight
Oh, what a feelin', I'm feelin' life
You don't even gotta bring ya paper out
We the dope boys of the year, drinks is on the house

The Roc Boys in the buildin' tonight
Look at how I'm chillin', I'm killin' this ice
You don't even gotta bring ya purses out
We the dope boys of the year, drinks is on the house

Let ya hair down baby, I just hit a score
Pick any place on the planet, pick a shore
Take what the Forbes figure, then figure more
'Cause they forgot to account what I did with the raw

Pick a time, let's pick apart some stores
Pick a weekend for freakin' for figure fours
I figure frauds never hit a lick before
So they don't know the feelin' when them things get
across

Put ya hand out the window, feel the force
Feel the Porsche, hit the frost
Ice cold, jewels got no flaws
Drop got no top, you on the top floor

Pink Rosay, think OJ
I get away with murder when I sling yay
[Incomprehensible] got less steps than Britney
That means it ain't stepped on, dig me?

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Red Porsche's, rare portraits
Rare guns if you dare come near the fortress
This apple sauce is from the apple orchid
This kinda talk is only reserved for the bosses

Which means I get it from the ground
Which means you get it when I'm around
Rich niggas, black bar mitzvahs
Mazel tav, it's a celebration bitches

La Heim
I wish for you a hundred years of success
But it's my time, cheers, toast to crime
Number one B-boy, chain nigga rhyme

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Sweet, let that ride out, bring the horns back in, yeah
This is black super hero music right here baby,
American Gangsta
Takin' flight, comin' to a town near you
Soon as I touch down I just want y'all to start playin' the
horns like
Hovie's home, Lukey baby

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