

Jay-Z

"Squeeze 1St"

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Yeah

William H., niggas

Holla, yeah, yo

That's why I squeeze first, ask questions last
That's how most of these so called gangstas pass
I squeeze first, ask questions last
'Cuz when I pull up, always pop, that's why I'm livin'
today

Yo, when I meet ya, I heat ya down
When I greet ya, meet ya with pound
Not the handshake but the kind that make ya demand a
wake
The kind that put land over your face

I pop ya, let doctors stitch ya
I N F R A will not miss ya
I move light like my shoes too tight
Leave niggas confused from the day to the night

At night, see the light, when the pistol's sparkin'
Daytime it gets dark when that pistol barkin'
I keep cash 'case cops arrest me
'Case kids kidnap me, kids could get back me
You shall repent 'fore you spend a red cent
If not, you somebody up close to sin

Thou shalt not fuck with raw me or he
Face a thousand deaths from Mr. Shawn Correy
Carter, rap harder like I'm part of a cult
Like Cuban cigar maker 'cept I'm hard to smoke
And y'all choke, motherfuckers

That's why I squeeze first, ask questions last
That's how most of these so called gangstas pass
Squeeze first, ask questions last
'Cuz when I pull up, always pop, that's why I'm livin'
today

I said thou shalt not fuck with raw me or he
Face a thousand deaths from Mr. Shawn Correy

Carter, rap harder like I'm part of a cult
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Carter, rap harder like I'm part of a cult
Like Cuban cigar maker 'cept I'm hard to smoke
And y'all choke, niggas

That's why I squeeze first, ask questions last
That's how most of these so called gangstas pass
Squeeze first, ask questions last
'Cuz when I pull up, always pop, that's why I'm livin'
today
(Y'all don't understand)

I said thou shalt not fuck with raw me or he
Face a thousand deaths from Mr. Shawn Correy
Carter, rap harder like I'm part of a cult
Like Cuban cigar maker 'cept I'm hard to smoke
Y'all choke, niggas

I squeeze first, ask questions last
'Cuz when I pull up, always pop, that's why I'm livin'
today

See, when I'm low in digits, I push blow in a blizzard
I'm a player for real, I post and pivot
Coke distribute, be where the ghosts visit
Where the demons live, shit my scene is vivid

Squeamish kids, y'all get the fuck outta this verse
It's about to get so obscene in a minute
I seen and live it, I did some things, I admit it
Wasn't proud of it but I was a child, fuck it

Kept a pow tucked in a brown belt
Couldn't sit down, big gun kept stickin' my pelvis
Shit, it was either that or be livin' wit Elvis
Niggas is jealous, hell is hot, you heard X

Wanted to tell God that I don't deserve this
Was afraid that he'd tell me I deserve less
My life was nervous, you haven't heard stress
Til you heard the cries of my mama, me givin' her
drama
Told her I ain't promised tomorrow, gotta live for the
day
And before she could say Jay

I was out the door, pouch full of raw, a outlaw mentality

Men gotta do men things for men salary
Bad Boy, not Puff or Mike Lowery
Damn, B.I.G. woulda been proud of me
Ahh, shit man

Young Hova ya heard?
Who could fuck wit him?

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