

# Jay-Z

## "We Got Em Goin'"

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**(feat. Memphis Bleek)**

Uh, uhh, uh  
Uh, ah, now Hov's in the building, Hov's in the building  
Uh, uhh, uh  
Kels in the building, Kels in the building  
Uh, uhh, that's right  
Hov's in the building, Hov's in the building  
Uh what? Ho, ho  
Yo Kels in the building, Kels in the building

*[R. Kelly]*

I'm in the building tonight, it's goin down my nigga  
Got a pocket full of cash and some 'dro my nigga  
Attitude like I don't give a fuck my nigga  
Probably the drunkest fool on the flo' my nigga  
One of the best that ever did this here, every year  
It's the #1 R&B singer this year  
But y'all know, still mo' money mo' problems  
Mo' niggaz, mo' chicks, mo' clubs, Mo' bottles  
One little note in your ear, and I gotcha  
Ladies call me the black Frank Sinatra  
Yeah a real pimp floss and the pimp be blingin  
It's just the same reason why a young pimp be leanin  
Hard liquor, couple sips, and I'm passin it  
Maybach so big you can dance in it  
Jigga lil' nigga fuckin with the baddest chicks  
Got your girl lookin at you like the maddest chick  
We goin

*[Chorus: R. Kelly]*

ho-ohh, ohh-oh  
We got everybody up in the club, hands high  
goin ho-ohh, ohh-oh  
We got players, ballers, hustlers and they back  
goin ho-ohh, ohh-oh

We got all of the pretty girls left in the city  
goin ho-ohh, ohh-oh  
We got 'em goin, we got 'em goin

*[Jay-Z]*

Yo yeah it's the boy Hov', yeah I blow O's  
Circles around competition, not an Optimo  
To sit low, in a six-oh, oh  
Solo, on lo-lo's, fuck po'-po's  
Take a pho-to, last time you see a nigga so cold  
So be-low zero, so froze  
So-so rappers are so sore, hate his soul  
It ain't my fault I'm so rock'n'roll  
I'm just Hov'

*[Chorus]*

*[Memphis Bleek]*

Geah, it's the kid from the Stuy, and I stay high  
In my A-O-L-A blowin lah lah lah  
Goodbye, I see you chumps on top  
Or on the highway in somethin that ends with I  
Like I, 745, I  
Or the F-E-double-R-the-A-R-I  
AR-15 to spray y'all guys  
You die (you die) goodbye (goodbye)

*[Chorus]*

*[Jay-Z]*

From New York to Chi, we blow like hy-dro  
Blow out live shows without py-ro  
See how I combined the I-O flow  
Tone'll rep, Memph Bleek, Kels and Hov'

*[Jay and Bleek alternate words]*

Bottles, models, follow, to the hotter  
way we play like it's no day tomorrow  
Spendin my dough like I just hit the lotto  
Bounce, park and stop shall not wake I'm straight safe

*[Chorus]*

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