

## Jay-Z

# "You Me Him Her"

Visit "[You Me Him Her](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

(feat. Amil, Beanie Sigel, Memphis Bleek)

[Jay-Z]

Told y'all... Dynasty... Roc-A-Fella Records, you heard me?

Unstoppable, niggaz! Uhh

Memph Bleek.. Amil-lion.. Sigel Sigel ya heard?

It's a Dynasty! Who do you believe?

Jigga Man, mo' better, mo' cheddar

Foes knock the man off your Polo sweater

Roll with the R-O-C, A-Fella

Remember me? The teachers used to fail us

Now it's mo' scrilla, hoe killers

Fo'-wheelers, we - gorillas

Oh please feel us - we heat holders

Fightin? Listen boy, Roy Jones couldn't still us

The plot thickens, the block clickin

We got the game tied up, stop trippin

Jigga Man huh? Sigel Sigel y'all

Memph Bleek what? Amil-lion, uhh

Cat be him, El Cap-i-tan

The fire I spit burn down Happyland

Social Club, we unapproachable thugs

Non-social, gone postal

Great aim, harm the arm close to your toast

like a Don's supposed to, Shawn

I thought I told you, these ain't just vocals

Don't make me take it to the old school

I put holes through your hoes too

through your clothes to the foes to the nigga close to you

Fuck it; Jigga Man huh? Sigel Sigel y'all

Amil-lion what? Memph Bleek..

[Memphis Bleek]

Y'all dudes don't - get it, come widdit

Fifth loaded with slugs that'll rest in your fitted

It's M dot E-M, the Roc be them

Got the mamis sayin look, who can stop be them?

You wan' press your dumb luck, get blam blam-ed up

I crush your larynx, you talk 'bout us nigga  
No obituary, I get it critical  
You know Memph'll hit the pall bearer liftin you  
When I cock the plastic, make 'em drop the casket  
When it's hot, I'm blastin, it's the Roc, you bastards  
Jigga Man what? Amil-lion yeah  
Memph Bleek huh? Sigel Sigel c'mon  
Spit acid, c'mon  
Witcha bullshit smash hit, get your bullshit smashed in  
Niggaz wanna front and get jumped  
Bet the ruger give your right side a nice-sized lump  
Nigga, we are, the supreme squad  
You can dream hard but reality is  
we push the dream cars, fuck the queen broads  
puff the green raw, we as real as it get  
We the R-O-C dot A dot Fellas  
Bitches don't talk to us, the hoes they e-mail us  
Nigga, Jigga Man what? Memph Bleek huh?  
Amil-lion yeah, Sigel Sigel rap

[Beanie Sigel]

R (dot) O (dot) C (dot) stop  
From tower to mind pop, I move out stop  
Shower your mind block, move out with glocks  
Raw to the cook, look, move out them blocks  
Take it to the bucks who be grindin it up  
Usually take it to the dubs so they diamond it up  
Competition, linin 'em up  
Forty-five ACP, let me squeeze lime 'em up  
You want, drama what? Well silence it up  
Since a young buck, violent as fuck  
Wettin me dog, the high will do it; I used to wild off  
embalmin fluid  
I send niggaz to the trauma unit  
Forty-five or the nine'll do it  
I fuck around and have your moms go through it - I'm a  
beast!  
Shit, niggaz always wanna ye shit, then they wanna  
cease shit  
when they motherfuckin peeps hit  
But I don't cease nuttin, I decease som'un  
I fuck around and have you sleepin underneath som'un  
Jigga Man what? Sigel Sigel y'all  
Memph Bleek uh, Amil-lion right

[Amil]

Yo, A to the M-I, feminist  
Holdin the semi, leave niggaz faced with a dilemmi  
Am I, gon' run or stay, can I  
get away no you can't can't I surrendi?  
And I, lazy bop, Mercedes hot

In my way through the tunnel like Lady Di

[Jay-Z]

Jigga Man huh? Sigel Sigel y'all

Memph Bleek what? Amil-lion uhh

Visit [Jay-Z](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.