

Jay-Z Feat. Juvenile "Snoopy Track"

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Bounce, uhh, ha, uh-huh, ha
Uhh, uh-huh-uh-uhh, uhh, uh-huh
This for my hustlers, uh-huh
And for the bitches, yeah

Yo, yo, this is for my niggaz down in Houston on candy
paint
All my niggaz in the Dirty South, Miami mayne
All my niggaz in the A-T-L throwin' dem bones
All them thugs that send slugs through your clothes,
holla at me

It's for the black culture, Spanish chicks with the sweet
chocha
Spanish cats with the K I's of cocoa
All the haters, eat a dick they wanna see you broker
I hope the heat stroke ya, the misery is over

All my deep smokers, I hope the leaf choke ya
Hope you'll never be sober, I'ma toast to myself
I hope the Crist' get me, spiralin' into a tizzy
So pissy, swervin' on the road dizzy

May God protect my soul, angels walk with me
First do the flow sickly, niggaz is so shifty
The fo'-fo' is like a force field, you won't get me
I brought some folk with me, Brooklyn is loc'n with me,
what the fuck?

You know, we ride
All day, all night
Pop Crist, shoot dice
Fuck hoes, for life

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All day, all night
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This is for my chicks that get dough for takin' off they
clothes
All them money makin' honeys that slide down the

poles
All my educated chicks who grade is 4.0
All the baby mamas across the globe, ayyyo

I like my women friends feminine
I like my hoes on "X" like Eminem, shit!
I like em bow-legged, never coke-headed
With a dough fetish, the drive to go get it

I like they toes proper, I like they clothes Prada
I like they shoes Gucci, I like new coochie
I fucked a few groupies, in a few hoopties
I got 'em iceberg shit, they thought I knew Snoopy

I cop them Roc-a-Wear, my mamis dedicated
They never tell me no, the most they said is, "Not here"
I got they ears studded, both wrists baguetted
I got a main chick, a mistress, and a young bitch,
forget it, I'm the don

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Wha-What? This is for my dice shooters, cats doin' life
By the time I get this kite to ya, I hope you doin' alright
Who got em platinum up? Who got the chicks in the
truck?
Too much to sit comfortably, they lappin' up

Who shit is big pimpin'? See the flow different
I drop heavy then I let the four-fifth flip 'em
I keep rappers talkin' to kids, Jigga "Sixth Sense-D", 'em
Don't mention my name and lames in the same
sentence

You see I'm so thorough, take on your whole borough
Be so careful, I hear the whistle from the fo'-fo' barrel
Keep the flow Hovah, icy neck, cold shoulder
Who click is closest to La Costra Nostra? It's "The Roc"

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