

Jay-Z Feat. Kid Capri "It's Like That"

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Yeah, watch this, y'all
Watch this, y'all
C'mon, Jigga, watch this, y'all
C'mon, Roc-A-Fella, y'all

It's Kid Capri an' Jay-Z
It's Jay-Z an Kid Capri
'Cause I'm like that, yo, yeah
I'm really like that

As a young'un dumbin', gun in the waist
Sold crack to those who couldn't take the pain
An' had to numb it with base
Couldn't drink the Henny straight
I needed somethin' to chase
Nowadays, I throw shots back, leavin' nuttin' to waste

Life's like a treadmill, niggas runnin' in place
Gettin' nowhere fast, a whole year done past
I vowed to never stop winnin' 'til the earth stop spinnin'
Rock hot linen, cop hot cars an' hot women

If it's not him, then you got it confused
Y'all not rememberin'
My motto is simply 'I will not lose'
Abide by the block rules, I buy my glocks used
Wit bodies on it, let me know, anybody want it?

I'm raised, ill rational, way misunderstood
If you ain't live like I live, been one with the hood
I done what I could to come up with this paper
'Til this day still, run with the hood
Guess, it's part of my nature

If hell awaits a nigga, I'm comin' with the razors
Still flashin' ya shit, try to pass me in a six
Type classy on the wrists, every bit of 30 karats
This is not a game, this is not why I came
May these words find a spot on your brain an' burn
Then I recycle my life, I shall return

How tight is your flow? 'Cause I'm like that, yo

How right is your dough? 'Cause I'm like that, yo
How white is your blow? 'Cause I'm like that, yo
Only write what you know 'cause I'm like that

How tight is your flow? 'Cause like that, yo
How right is your dough? Just like that
How white is your blow? 'Cause I'm like that, yo
Only write what you know, just watch this, yo

I'm a hop skip an' a jump from grippin' the pump
Spittin' a couple of curse words an' hittin' you chump
Shit, I get digits in lumps
I'm a motherfuckin' problem, is this what you want?

Over-achiever, I love chicks that puff cheeba
In reefer paper, I hate the ones that blow up ya beeper
'Cause I go in ya deeper, I only bone divas
Impregnate the world when I cum through your
speakers

Fuck hot, my records got the fever
Niggas kick dirt, get ya whole block swept up
I creep up when the beef heats up
Caught him with his feet up an' shoes off
'Bout to snooze off

Hatin' 'cause you can't turn the booze off
You dudes is too soft, why I don't fuck with you all
I might bark your ex an' spit at the locks
But other than that I don't be fuckin' with cats

Just me. Ty an' B.I., thug it like that
E, Dame an' Biggs, what's fuckin' with that?
Y'all can never diss Jigga, get nothin' for that
Other than a couple of slugs in ya back

Rappers, y'all runnin' around like I won't gun ya down
Last nigga that fronted, two shots spun him around
Lord, accept this offerin', here's somethin' for your
crown
I meant no malice, I just met his challenge an' won

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Only write what you know, I'm just like that

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How tight is your flow?
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How white is your blow?
Only write what you know

How tight is your flow?
How right is your dough?
How white is your blow?
Only write what you know

Girls an' guns, all I want
Stock exchange, rocks an' thangs
Girls an' guns, all I want
Stock exchange, rocks an' thangs

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