

Jay-Z Feat. Mariah Carey "Things That U Do"

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Jigga man, MC
That's right, Swizz Beatz
Come on

It's the things that you do that make me feel so
And I don't know the way I feel, I can explain
I love you, you thug, you look at what you make the
clubs do

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You know the flow sicka, know Jigga, mo' sicka now
right
You know what me and Swizz's shit sounds like
Crazed and demonic, without blazin' chronic
Product of Reaganomics, you know that motherfuckin'
stoop raised me

Ringin' in da hoops but I was too lazy
School made me sick, teachers said I was too crazy
Low and behold, it's the new and improved Jay-Z
Let me explain this to you baby

I spent nights out, days in niggaz was blazing
Twelve noon where I was raised in
I felt caged in but kept roaming, prayed for the Day of
Atonement
Married to the streets no date of annulment

It seems every time it come up they postpone it
So I kept my chrome at the waist waiting for the omen
Savoring the moment and now you know
The reason that I flow the way I flow baby

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You know I move like an ounce bottled up like crack
That's how I make you bounce like that
Defy Webster's words they can't pronounce like that
That's why no other rapper got a sound like that

Trap, trap of my life flash back, kill niggaz
Rap skills unmatched, Jigga man baby
I can't entertain it sometimes I can't explain it
God given, gifts of a soul for hard living

Far be it from me to question Allah's wisdom
Could've got lost in the system 'stead I'm involved with
the rhythm
I dodged prison, came out unscathed from car
collisions
I know I must be part of some mission

Shit I used take it for granted, why they placed me on
this planet
I would ask myself while writin raps to myself
But right there under my nose was the flow of all flows
Not a demon but a rose in the cement, come on

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You know I've traveled through zones homes spazzed
like a bad back
I came into this game on Jaz's back
I jumped off stood on my own two like boom, that's that
Yeah, I'm here to show and prove

Don't matter to me the Garden or flowin' on Clue
Whatever niggas wanna do, it's alright with me
Whether you big or bossy, jig or flossy
Dusty or musty, sober or saucy

Broker than Todd Bridges, richer than Bill Cosby
Forgive me for my arrogance or you still salty?

Past on to the next life and you still haunt me
I'mma keep doin' me unfortunately

I make the club rock, make thugs pop guns
Make old folks do the bus stop, can't stop son
Shit I give you what's hot and what's not, I never knew
Y'all know how I do

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