

## **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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