

Jay-Z Feat. Memphis Bleek & Amil "Hey Papi"

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All my mamis bounce
I said, all my mamis bounce
I said, all my mamis bounce
I said, all my mamis bounce

Ay, yo, I got a resolution, this year I'm playin' right
No six fifteen this year, where you can stay the night
We can go bowlin', it ain't like before
Can't y'all see that I'm growin'? I was so immature

I was young an' havin' money, havin' honeys come to
the crib
Diggin' they shit an' they couldn't get cab money from
me
Some bad chicks didn't get pass the bridge
I went to One Trump Plaza on their asses

No room service, just snacks an' shit
Work with those Lil' Debbies, when you're done, get
ready
The chicks I was fiendin' to smash, let 'em lean on the
cash
Will take 'em on long trips an' break 'em with long dick

There was no such thing as strong relationships
But I'm off that playa shit
I need a chick that practice Tai Chi, that still can buy
weed
An' can give me some good head an' I'll make her
remind me

Hey, papi
Even if they don't understand the flow
They understand the dough
My ladies goin', [Hey, papi](#)
Promise you'll never let me go
Promise you'll never leave me
Promise we'll grow

They going, [Hey, papi](#)
Even if they don't understand the flow
They understand the dough

My ladies goin', ÆœHey, papiÆœ
Promise you'll never let me go
Promise you'll never leave me
Promise we'll grow, they sayin'

Yo, the only thing Bleek spinnin' is them chrome wheels
Spinnin' on them new rims, home, suspended from
school again
I'm grown, still ill, ladies love to be a kill like Bleek
Can I feel up on your wood an' grill?

It's a hood thing, wood grain, off the chain
She give me good brain, love the way I puts my slang
Callin' my jack soon as they hop in my V
They catchin' contact, weed smoke all in they weave

Bet'cha man can't do it like this, like this
I bet his wrists ain't bluish like this, like this
An' I'm from Marcy, you catch me on anybody block
Rappin' thug, the Roc, hoes, they all clock like

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I was the worse, I used to switch chicks every day
Had niggas mad for real like, "I wish he was gay"
'Cause they knew sooner or later, Hun was gettin' with
Jay
Just a matter of time, she was gettin' with Jay

I'll have your chick in the tropics somewhere sippin' on
'Zae
Spittin' up in the Pacifics, smokin' spliffs in the shade
She used to love ya but she's feelin' different today
You used to smother her, look at your honey slippin'
away

Consortin' with hustlers, niggas that be givin' her space

She said she feel free when she's around me
I'm lettin' her do her an' in turn she's doin' me
She on the phone with her friends like, "How cool is
he?"

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