

Jeff Bates

"That's Right"

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[Jay-Z] (Amil)

This how I creep on ya asses
See how the beat is building I creep on your asses
(Just blaze)
Let me show y'all what the fuck I mean
Uh uh jigga man ya heard
Amillion ya heard
Rocafella ya heard
The dynasty lets go

Hook 1: [Jay-Z] (Amil)

All my ladies (that's right)
You pop cris (that's right)
You a hot bitch (that's right)
Make that nigga trick (that's right)
Get that dough ma (that's right)
Let em know ma (that's right)
Soon as you learn how da drive make em put you in a
five mommie'

Hook 2: [Amil] (Jay-Z)

Yo you got dough (that's right)
Let it show (that's right)
If the moneys slow (that's right)
You know the rest yo (buck buck buck)
For my thug niggas (right)
Bust a slug niggas (right)
Fuck that get money show love niggas

[Jay-Z]

Jigga man got grammys so grams cops cannot stand
me
Ladies want me to put cock in they hot panties
Big man on campus six sadan
Over 100 million made niggas shipped and scanned
Niggas cannot stop, knocking that big pac,
Knocking that big pun, poppin my big gun quick
Run duck as soon as the gun bust
Forget where I'm from be coughin ya lungs up

Robbin hood a the big truck
Pickin the bums up
I never know when I can be down my dumb luck
But the flow so tough I've been beatin the drums up
Been hot so long like I'm heatin the sun up
Wanna come up ones and I'm beggin niggas to run up
So I can take this heat and bang you ta next summa
Number 1 rapper dippin mo mos'
Don't make me come press ya wit this fo fo nigga

Hook 1 Jay-z (Amil)

Hook 2 Amil (Jay-Z)

with minor changes

[Amil]

Amillion make allota tricks (hop skip)
The hottest whip (copped it)
Prada shit (rocked it)
Got the cris (pop it)
Can ma spit (locked it)
The roca clique (goddess)
Like Jay's part 2 get props where props due
Give you something you can feel (huh)
Can't keep still (huh)
Tryin' ta see Amil (huh)
Dollar Dollar bills (huh)
Five inch heels (huh)
Bitches wanna grill (huh)
Me and my labelmates be makin these cats hate
Oh come come now
Wanna know where I'm from now
Her's a little run-down
Bk ta uptown
Pockets kinda plump now
Haters get the thumbs down
No need for all that I never keep small stacks
Alright y'all lights out
Floss with the ice out
Brag with the price out
Red I flights out
Overseas hideout
Raw inside out
My bitches time to slide out
Its ladies night out

Hook 1 Jay-z (Amil)

Hook 2 Amil (Jay-Z)

with minor changes

[Jay-Z]

Its roc-a-wear nigga I got clothes

Stop it I got hoes
Black asian malaysian spanish mulatoes
Look I got whips
4 dot 6
6 drop shits
Bentley cop pits
While ya'll pop shit
Any nigga that tell you money is the root of all evil ain't
got shit
You a lying bitch
You rather live poor
I rather die rich
Nough' said

[Amil]

Mami girl keep the do rap
You know bag and shoes match
Get niggas for a few stacks
Quick to run through that
Broke niggas boo that
Bought my whole crew plat
The record I don't play around bitch I lay it down
Shit I only roll wit
Those who can go get
6 double o whips
niggas that hold tips
ice had ya hoes trip
daddy let ya dough flip
fuck with no scrubs
go collect them dubs

Hook 1 Jay-z (Amil)

Hook 2 Amil (Jay-Z)

with minor changes

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