

Jeff Bates

"You Rock My World"

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[Jay-Z]

Uh, the Mike Jordan of rap, the Mike Jackson of pop
The Mike Tyson of street, Airs with no socks
The Hugh Hef of the game, yeah it won't stop
Till I meet the Lara Croft of the hood, it's all good
The Spielberg when I spill words to tracks
I'm a sick dude, you can't feel worse than that
For you slow-minded dudes I reverse it back
I gotta sick flow, see ain't no nursin' that
But mommie, if ya rock my world
I'll get you the baby bucket, you can be my baby pride
girl
The white Nike Airs, we call em' Wifey Airs
Size 4-5, how cute is your size
That new, cute mubble, get you horses to drive
I paint that picture, cause ain't no nigga
Like the one you get from, Mike holla

[Michael Jackson]

I don't think they're ready for this one

[Michael Jackson]

My life will never be the same
Cause girl, you came and changed
The way I walk
The way I talk
I cannot explain the things I feel for you
But girl, you know it's true
Stay with me, fulfill my dreams
And I'll be all you'll need
Oh, oh, oh, oh, ooh, it feels so right (Girl)
I've searched for the perfect love all my life (All my life)
Oh, oh, oh, oh, ooh, it feels like I (Like I)
Have finally found her perfect love is mine
(See, I finally found, come on, girl)

[Chorus]

You rocked my world, you know you did
And everything I'm gonna give (You rocked my world)
And there ain't nothing we could find
Someone like you to call mine (You rocked my world)

You rocked my world, you know you did (Girl)
And everything I'm gonna give (I want you, girl)
And there ain't nothing we could find
Someone like you to call mine

[Michael Jackson]
In time I knew that love would bring
This happiness to me
I tried to keep my sanity
I waited patiently
Girl, you know it seems
My life is fully complete
Our love is true because of you
You're doin' what you do
Oh, oh, oh, oh, who'd think that I (Oh)
Have finally found the perfect love I searched for all my
life
(Searched for all my life)
Oh, oh, oh, oh, who'd think I'd find
(Whoa...oh...oh...)
Such a perfect love that's so right (Whoa, girl)

[Chorus]

[Jay-Z]
H to the izzo
Make ya leave ya jerkey boy like Frank Rizzo
My next get bank
Jigga voice his music, forget the track
Clap, clap, clap, clap
Before we lose it, Trackmasters bring it back, let's go

[Trackmaster & Jay-Z]
Everybody put cha' hands in the air (AH YEAH!)
Uh, yeah better get it right, who
Everybody put cha' hands in the air (AH YEAH!)
Uh, yeah better get it right, who
Everybody put cha' hands in the air (AH YEAH!)
Uh, yeah better get it right, who
Everybody put cha' hands in the air (AH YEAH!)
Uh, yeah better get it right, who

[Chorus to fade]

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