

**Joe Walsh****"Nigga Please"**

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[Pharrell]

What, uh, c'mon.. uh  
Keep the change, my nigga (it's too late)  
It's too late for that  
Don't gotta to spit that game  
Keep the change, my nigga, it's too late for that  
Keep the change, my nigga, it's too late for that

[Jay-Z: speaking over Pharrell]

Uh, uh, young, Neptunes, Young Chris, ROC  
Uh, pimp stroll, pop my collar, hug the block, get  
dollars  
Pimp stroll, pop my collar, hug my nuts, bitch holla

[Chorus: Pharrell]

My nigga, please - you ain't signin no checks like these  
My nigga, please - you pushin no wheels like these  
My nigga, please - you ain't holdin no techs like these  
My nigga, please - you don't pop in vest like these

[Jay-Z]

My nigga please, uh-huh, uh  
This my world, pimp stroll, let's do this

[Verse One: Jay-Z]

Nigga please, you ain't start out from your trunk  
Then reach the roof, just to put your roof in your trunk  
Nigga please, chumps don't tour like us  
You on the road a million hours, I fly over your bus  
Nigga please, you ain't got your neck all froze  
With the same logo that you got sketched on your  
clothes  
Nigga please, you don't be getting no hoes  
With La Perla on they cheeks, can't be messin with  
cheap chicks  
Nigga please, you seldom seen with chicks in 7 jeans  
Manolo Blahnik, I'm goin through they body like an  
ultrasonic  
You ain't got 'em blowin no chronic  
Divine intervention, y'all can't prevent me from shinin  
Nigga please, I been around the world

I damn near beat Jordan in around-the-world  
Nigga please, you can't even hold my shoes  
I got wannabes who wannabe me that sound (nigga)  
better than you

[Chorus] + ad libs

[Verse Two: Jay-Z]

Ahhh! Pimp strollin on 'em  
Black diamonds, rose goldin on 'em, paper foldin on  
'em  
Snuck pass the dog noses with the Folger's on 'em  
Ki's, Saran Wrap with petroleum on 'em  
Snitch got pinched but he told it on 'em  
Lawyers got it adjourned, 'til I schools him on 'em  
There's no witnesses, it's no holdin on 'em  
Just George Jefferson strollin on 'em, uhh  
Nigga please, this is me, this is real as it be  
My, videos is like Real TV  
That chick, that's me, that 6, that's me  
That boat, I had it on the Mediterranean sea  
Nigga please

[Chorus] + ad libs

[Verse Three: Young Chris]

Yo, yo  
Nigga please, y'all ain't seein no checks like these (no)  
Y'all don't run up in record labels demandin respect  
like we  
Y'all don't rock your Roc-A-Wear Nike checks like we  
Y'all coach class, y'all never private jet like we  
My nigga please, y'all don't smoke the sour diesel like  
us  
You don't go to Pop and get ya flour cheaper than us  
Knock it off in three hours and repeat it like us  
And repeat it we must, y'all don't re-up like us  
Ay, y'all ain't bein like us, 'cause y'all don't see it like us  
The move the D's when they rush  
My nigga please, they must be on E's and dust  
Then niggas f'in with pills, y'all don't get G's like us  
My nigga please, y'all young'ns ain't got O.G.s like me  
B. Sig, Young Hov', Dame Dash, Kareem  
Nigga please, somebody must've gassed your team  
Think a nigga outrun or outlast gangrene (GangGreen)  
My nigga please

[Chorus] + ad libs

[Pharrell]

Amazin man, got your aerosol

I made my money! I don't trouble the law  
I keep the womens around  
I drive the gremlins crazy  
You wanna know the time?  
Better have your shades, see  
My nigga please

[Chorus] + ad libs

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