

4 Non Blondes

"I Just Wanna Love U"

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[Intro: Jay-Z]

Let's go

Hov!

Uh huh, Hov'

You, are, not, ready

Hov', unstoppable, Dynasty, young Hova

[Break: Pharrell Williams (J.U.I.C.E.)]

I'm a hustler baby, I'm a hustler

I just want you to know, wanna let you know

It aint where I been, it aint where I been

But where I'm bout to go, top of the world!

Now I just wanna love you, just wanna love you

But be who I am, you know you love me

And with all this cash, mo' money, mo' problems

You'll forget your man

Now give it to me

(Gimme that funk, that sweet, that nasty, that gushi stuff

But don't bullshit me

C'mon, gimme that funk, that sweet, that nasty, that gushi stuff)

[Jay-Z]

When the Remi's in the system, ain't no tellin

Will I fuck 'em will I diss 'em, that's what they be yellin

I'm a pimp by blood, not relation

Y'all be chasin, I replace them, huh?

Drunk off Crist', mami on E

Can't keep her little model hands off me

Both in the club, high, singing off key

"And I wish I never met her at all..."

It gets better, ordered another round

It's, about, to go, down

Got six model chicks, six bottles of Crist'

Four Belvederes, got weed everywhere

What do you say, me, you, and your Chloe glasses

Go somewhere private where we can discuss fashion

Like, Prada blouse, Gucci bra

Filth Mart jeans, take that off

[Break: Pharrell Williams (J.U.I.C.E.)]

Give it to me

(Gimme that funk, that sweet, that nasty, that gushi stuff)

But don't bullshit me

C'mon, gimme that funk, that sweet, that nasty, that gushi stuff)

I said give it to me

(Gimme that funk, that sweet, that nasty, that gushi stuff)

But don't bullshit me

Mama, gimme that funk, that sweet, that nasty, that gushi stuff)

[Jay-Z]

Yeah, save the narrative, you savin it for marriage

Let's keep it real ma, you savin it for karats

You wanna see how far I'ma go

How, much I'ma spend but you already know

Zip, zero, stingy with dinero

Might buy you Crist', but that about it

Might light your wrist, but that about it

Fuck it, I might wife you and buy you nice whips

Ma, but you really gotta ride nice dick

Know how to work your hips and your head's priceless

Profess you love the Hov', and I'll never let you down

Get you bling like the Neptune sound

Okay, hot Hov', too hot to hold

Ladies love me long time like 2Pac's soul

Only way to roll, Jigga and two ladies

I'm too cold, Motorola, two way page me, c'mon

[Break: Pharrell Williams (J.U.I.C.E.)]

Give it to me

(Gimme that funk, that sweet, that nasty, that gushi stuff)

But don't bullshit me

C'mon, gimme that funk, that sweet, that nasty, that gushi stuff)

I said give it to me

(Gimme that funk, that sweet, that nasty, that gushi stuff)

But don't bullshit me

Mama, gimme that funk, that sweet, that nasty, that gushi stuff)

I'm a hustler baby, uh, Hov'

I just want you to know, Hov'

It aint where I been

But where I'm bout to go, Hov', Hov'

Now I just wanna love you, young Hova

But be who I am, know you love me

And with all this cash, mo' money, mo' problems
You'll forget your man

[Jay-Z]

Yeah, yeah, yeah
Same song, I'm back, been around the world
Ro-mancing girls that dance with girls
From, Club Cheetah, to Club Amnesia
The Peanuts in L.A., Bubblin' in Dublin
Can't deny me, why would you want to
You need me, why don't you try me
Baby you want to, believe me, Hov'!

[Break: Pharrell Williams (J.U.I.C.E.)]

Give it to me
(Gimme that funk, that sweet, that nasty, that gushi
stuff
But don't bullshit me
C'mon, gimme that funk, that sweet, that nasty, that
gushi stuff)
I said give it to me
(Gimme that funk, that sweet, that nasty, that gushi
stuff
But don't bullshit me
Mama, gimme that funk, that sweet, that nasty, that
gushi stuff)

You gotta...
Give it to me
Uh, uh huh

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