

## Men At Work

### "Nigga What, Nigga Who"

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[Jay-Z]

Uh-huh uh-huh, gi-gi gi-geyeah  
Roc-a-Fella y'all, uh-huh uh-huh, Jigga  
Timbaland shit, nine-eight BEYOTCH  
Say what, say what? Uh-huh uh-huh, follow me beotch

[Amil]

Nigga what, nigga who?  
Nigga what, nigga who?  
Switcha flow, getcha dough  
Can't fuck with this Roc-a-Fella shit doe  
Switcha flow, getcha dough  
Can't fuck with this Roc-a-Fella shit doe

[Jay-Z] --> first four lines overlap the section above

Can't fuck with me  
They ain't ready yet  
Uh-huh uh-huh  
Yeah, yeah  
Motherfuckers wanna act loco, hit em wit, numerous  
shots with the fo'-fo'  
Faggots wanna talk to Po-Po's, smoke em like cocoa  
Fuck rap, coke by the boatload  
Fuck dat, on the run-by, gun high, one eye closed  
Left holes through some guy clothes  
Stop your bullshittin, glock with the full clip  
Motherfuckers better duck when the fool spit  
One shot could make a nigga do a full flip  
See the nigga layin shocked when the bullet hit  
Oh hey ma, how you, know niggaz wanna buy you  
But see me I wanna \_Fuck for Free\_ like Akinyele  
Now I gotta let her take this ride, make you feel it  
inside your belly, if it's tight get the K-Y Jelly  
All night get you wide up inside the telly  
Side to side, til you say Jay-Z you're too much for me

Chorus: Jay-Z (with Amil)

(Nigga what?) Make you think you can fuck with me  
(Nigga who?) Recognize girl, Jay to the Z  
\*repeat 3X\*

(Nigga what?) Make you think you can fuck with me  
(Nigga who?) Recognize bitch, Jay to the motherfuckin  
Z

[Jay-Z]

Got a condo with nuttin but condoms in it  
The same place where the rhymes is invented  
So all I do is rap and sex, imagine how I stroke  
See how I was flowin on my last cassette?  
Rapid-fire like I'm blastin a Tec, never jam though  
Never get high, never run out of ammo  
Niggaz hatin n shit cause I slayed your bitch  
You know your favorite, I know it made you sick  
And now you're, actin raw but you never had war  
Don't know how to carry your hoe, wanna marry your  
hoe  
Now she's mad at me, causer Your Majesty, just  
happened to be  
A pimp with a tragedy  
She wanted, us to end, cause I fucked with friends  
She gave me one more chance and I fucked her again  
I seen her tears as she busted in, I said, "Shit..  
there's a draft, shut the door bitch and come on in!"

Chorus (with variation in last line)

[Jay-Z]

Gotta vendetta even though I been better  
Left him in the cold with a thin sweater  
Rap niggaz on Prozac get the bozack, niggaz threw  
two at me I threw fo' back, hold that  
Let the dough stack, way before Big had the gold Ac'  
Dame had the Lex black  
Motherfuckers wanna test that, stress that  
And right where you're stressed, where you rest at  
I suggest that, niggaz invest, in a vest, when I come  
through  
with the glock jet black, you niggaz step back  
I'm the best at, you know I ain't no apprentice to this  
Me and my niggaz we invented the shit  
I came into the business with this, The Originator, non  
greater  
Jaz-O finish this shit

[Big Jaz]

Better learn, Jaz'll relax that, ever heard of me?  
Worldwide Originator, say word to me  
The population holla certainly, I burn a nigga  
like a third degree, see me shine so bright  
Nigga I'm my light, runnin rulin with rigor and vigor  
Nobody bigger than me and my nigga Jigga

You fly-by-nights stop chirpin B  
Heavyweights type work to me  
For the time, in this motherfucker ain't nobody hurtin  
me  
What? Cut your face in like surgery  
Who the fuck got a VS, fuckin BM's on the road  
when you had to be in bed at the PM  
Need the info, Jaz on the C-N-N  
forever touchin my workers beginnin you're endin  
Nigga your style's no style my style's hostile  
C'mon, faggot nigga down to take the gun home  
The O-RI-GI-NA-TOR (can't FUCK with it can ya?!)

Chorus (with variations)

[Amil] \* repeat to fade \*  
Switcha flow, getcha dough  
Can't fuck with this Roc-a-Fella shit doe  
Switcha flow, getcha dough  
Can't fuck with this Roc-a-Fella shit doe

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