

Unknown

"Bring It On"

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[Sauce Money]

Aiyyo Jay word up; these motherfuckers

Fuckin talkin that comeback shit like they cookin crack

Shit I ain't frontin all I want my pockets green like slum change

Yaknahmsayin? Front the roll we roll back like rubbers motherfucker

For real; with no trace of AIDS

We keep our pockets fully blown Roc A Fella click nigga

Aiyyo we pattin down pussy from Sugarhill to the Shark Bar

Fuck a bitch D in the marked car

We got the bad bitches gaspin for air in Aspen

Searchin for aspirin when I ask then, we swing

You cling we do our thing and bring

Sling your ding-a-ling from Bed-Stuy Brooklyn to Beijing

East coast hostess hostile colossal, money flarin

like nostrils for drug dealin apostles, huh

Al Pacino down to Nino Brown

Me Jay and Primo, got it sewed across the board like poquino

Teflon, make sure your jammy is full

Cause I heard, Sammy the Bull lamps in Miami with pull

Tropical leaves where I got a few keys

with my man I'll stock a few G's, now it's unstoppable
cheese

Said we was garbage, so fuck college

Street knowledge amazin to scholars when we coin
phrases for dollars

Star studded bitches with cristals, get fucked with
pistols

just to see my shit, discharge puss

I drop the stellar, even acapella

I got to tell all about Roc-A-Fella

Chorus: Fat Joe

Yeah, bring it on if you think you can hang

And if not then let me do my thang

(repeat 4X)

[Jay-Z]

Mannerisms of a young Bobby DeNiro, spent spanish
wisdoms

in a whip with dinero, crime organized like the pharoah

I cream, I diamond gleam

High post like Akiem, got a lot of things to drop

Brooklyn to Queens, I gotta keep my steam

Niggaz wanna try to hem my long jeans

Uptown fiend for Jay-Z to appear on the scene

In the meanwhile, here's somethin dope for y'all to lean

Liason for days on in

Money make the world go around so I made songs to

spin

Can I Live, did dough, with my nigs, dividends flow

like the Mississippi riv', lookin jig'

Can't do for dolo, had to turn away when Tony killed
Manolo

That's real, mixed feelings like a mulatto

Thug thought he was O.G. Bobby Johnson

I played him like Benny Blanco, mano a mano

you ain't ready, I find no trigger straight up shoot my
guns

horizontal, get your weight up, I am

two point two pounds you're barely a hundred and
twenty-five grams

Wouldn't expect y'all to understand this money

Do the knowledge, do the few dollars, I'm due to
demolish

Crews Brooklyn through Hollis to a hood near you, what
the fuck...

("Bring it on if you think you can hang..." --> Fat Joe)

[Big Jaz]

Money is power

I'm into cheddick with facial credit

Pure platinum fetish for cheddars

Spread letters you move you're deadish

I make moves that remove pebbles out of shoes

You suck pistol like pipe with the cristal

John Stockton couldn't assist you

Cowboys or Benzes like we foul in the U.N.

So what the fuck you doin?

Whatever nigga Fahrvegnugen, rugged yet polished

Spankin dollars with the commas

bangin bitches out the Bahamas

On hides of llama we cry nada, fly frather

Fry hotter, you die gotta

Fuck with me witness manana

Absence of malice in my palace

Call cousin now Dallas trigger finger with the callous

Tip scales from mail to keep these niggaz off balance

Your frequent stops to O.T.B. you feedin me

Steam a nigga schemin on the wrist action with the
gleams

Jewels for Pop Duke fulfill your dreams

Never put the pure brown sugar before the dirty green
cream

Chorus

"Yeah, bring it on... bring it on..." --> Fat Joe
(repeat 5X

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