

Unknown

"Can't Get With That"

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[Jay-Z]

Yeah!!

Check it check it out

Uhhh haha gotta keep it fat

Chorus: Jay Z (repeat 2X)

I can't get with that

I gotta keep it thick never miss so I hit em like this

[Jay-Z]

Straight to the track my lyrics is phat I rip it the hell
down

More than a fluke I'm regularly wreckin this joint so
what now

With so many niggas that's biting it's harder to detect
who I be

Well check out the J, check out the A, check out the Y, Z

Original rap, I'm makin it slap, I'm hemmin it up like
that

Stingin it, strikin it, swingin it fat, * DJ reverse * bring it
back

I be that nigga with a gat, boom-clack

Don't ever sweat it when I go, I zoom back

Better than ever, never better, you better, whatever

I suggest the Ex-Lax and that'll get your shit together

I give you a snotty nose from body blows

Nobody's safe at a party even Gotti goes adios

I got-got-got Flav-flav-flav-flavor, so save yours

One verse and it's a hearse, I played and I slayed yours

Get it, got it, ready to flip, I doubt it

No need to prolong, check out the man gone, haha

Chorus

[Jay-Z]

The next, player, never get no rest, you're livin with stress

Cause just around the corner beez the best player

You're fearin my clout, if weed got you runnin your mouth

You better blow that shhhiitt out

The Jigga's back, you brothers are flat

I'll amaze the way that Jay rap, now how in the hell did he say that?

You diggin me, the, epitome of, rippin it raw

You kiddin me, no artist that rap, gettin bigger thzn me

Although these cats are wettin my style, I'm still thirsty

And we all gotta fall off, but you first G

I'll be the last, it'll be a, cold day in hell

before you see me, Sauce and Jaz, chillin with your wack ass

We make hits, and harmony, like Take 6

While you brothers double pumped up them fake hits

Our Roc-A-Fella never Sell-A-Out

Brothers who don't have the heart, you better tell your

mouth, uh

Chorus

[Jay-Z]

Ha-hah

This how we do

All year round, this is how it goes down

Now check it out

I don't kick it I punt it, I'm so wicked you want it?

My tongue is tired from lickin my fingers and countin
up hundreds

So I bought a money machine and it goes

A tat-tat-trrrittaat-tat-triiat-tat-tit-tit-tit-dough

How many styles I gotta kick to prove I'm def?

I can even-hah-kick my-hah-rip that shit-hah-and catch
a breath

You can't see this, ask this nigga Dash

Now he don't count cause I'm makin him mad rich

This nigga's nothin but the truth

Many view Jay-Z as a threat to they loot.. so

my thing is tight, can't slip, gotta grip

like a pit in a dog fight, yo, I'm a-iight

I ain't checkin for you 'less you my peoples

And just in case you didn't know peep the -- steelo

It goes, one dime for your mind

Two bone crushers for your spine

Cause none of ya game is rougher than mine

Chorus: repeat 2X

Ha-hah.. Jay-Z.. live in the ninety-five

with a little help along, c'mon

Sacue Money defintly repesentin

Big Jaz in the house

Superman production type shit

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