

Ruff Ryders "Jigga Ma Nigga"

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Ruff Ryders feat. Jay-Z
Jigga My Nigga

Roc-a-fella, Irv Gotti. Swizz Beats, It's almost over ya'll,
Jigga
Uh, uh, uh, uh, Lights out niggas!!!

(Women Singing)

Jay-Z:

(Jigga) What's my mother fucking name?

(Jigga) And who I'm rolling with huh?

(My Niggas) uh-huh-huh-uh-huh

Niggas better get it right, bitches better get it right

(Jigga) What's my mother fucking name?

(Jigga) And who I'm rolling with huh?

(My Niggas) uh-huh-huh-uh-huh

Niggas better get it right, bitches better get it right

Verse 1:

Sold the crack when I was down in AC

Back on the block Jay-Z mother fucker from the, the,
the Roc

Went solo on that ass but it's still the same

Brooklyn be the place where I serve them thangs

Be my niggas was struggling, to the 'burbs they came

And then we got to hustling, mudering thangs

I dipped in my stash, splurged on a chain

Now I'm Titianic, Iceberg's the name

Leave players on injured reserve, hurt the game

The best way to describe me in the word, insane

I dick down chicks all emerged in my fame

Jigga been dope since Slick Rick's first chain

The God, send you back to the earth from which you
came

I'm baking soda, waterfire, merged with 'cane

Ladies don't know me said "I heard he's vain"

Well guess what mommy? I heard the same, You heard
the name

Chorus:

(Jigga) What's my mother fucking name?

(Jigga) And who I'm rolling with huh?

(My Niggas) uh-huh-huh-uh-huh
Niggas better get it right, bitches better get it right
Who? (Jigga) What's my mother fucking name?
(Jigga) And who I'm rolling with huh?
(My Niggas) uh-huh-huh-uh-huh
Niggas better get it right, bitches better get it right

Verse 2:

Got a license to kill so I stay the gat
Roc-a-fella, Ruff Ryders, nigga scared a that
Got a new motto this year, Don't Fuck With My Ones
Knock on your door, three in the morning, "It's just us
and our guns!"
See I scrambled with priests, hustle with nuns
I got the mind capacity of a young Butch Cassidy
Niggas get fly, let 'em defy gravity
Four-five rapidly lift your chest cavity
Streets won't let me chill
Always been a clumsy nigga, don't let me spill
Mother fuckers wanna wet me still, I remain ya'll
Raw, the one, like five divided by four
Shit, this just the hate that's been provided by ya'll
Reciprocated and multiplied by more
You likely to see Jigga in a Wide Body or
Drop-top Bently is all, Holla at me ya'll

Chorus:

(Jigga) What's my mother fucking name?
(Jigga) And who I'm rolling with huh?
(My Niggas) uh-huh-huh-uh-huh
Niggas better get it right, bitches better get it right
Who? (Jigga) What's my mother fucking name?
(Jigga) And who I'm rolling with huh?
(My Niggas) uh-huh-huh-uh-huh
Niggas better get it right, bitches better get it right

Verse 3:

I don't give a fuck if I sold one or one million, but I think
you should
Cause if I only sold one, then out comes the hood
The all black, in the gloves, the outcome ain't good
Them niggas act like wolves, how come? They could
Cause we don't drop hits, we drop bombs that smash
Till the wrists is lit up, the arm looks like glass
The necklace chipped up, the charm it flash
Could fuck up your eyes like the bombest hash
See the reason why chicks let me palm they ass
All I gotta do is let 'em call me Shawn de'Glass
Let me sit up in they whip till I launch it back
Snap they neck, then shoot 'em till they aren't sent back
The calmest cat, trust me when I palm this gat

Kill your mind, body and soul, push your conscience
back
Monster's back, and Flex drop a bomb to that
And everybody sing-a-long to the track, Come on

Chorus:

(Jigga) What's my mother fucking name?

(Jigga) And who I'm rolling with huh?

(My Niggas) uh-huh-huh-uh-huh

Niggas better get it right, bitches better get it right

Who? (Jigga) What's my mother fucking name?

(Jigga) And who I'm rolling with huh?

(My Niggas) uh-huh-huh-uh-huh

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Who? (Jigga) What's my mother fucking name?

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(My Niggas) uh-huh-huh-uh-huh

Niggas better get it right, bitches better get it right!

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