

Jay-Z F/ Amil, Beanie Sigel**"Do It Again"**

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[Jay-Z]

Roc-a-Fella

Y'all know what this is

We giving y'all 5 seconds to put your drinks down

And report to the dance floor immediately

All the bustas we giving y'all 5 seconds to get close to a
exit

It's about to get real ugly in here

5 seconds is up

Let's go!

Throw the hands up (uh, uh, uh)

Throw the hands up (Niggaz)

Throw the hands up (Bitches)

Throw the hands up (Bustas)

Throw the hands up (Hustlers)

Throw the hands up (Hoes)

Throw the hands up (Posta's)

Throw the hands up (MAC)

[Beanie Siegal]

You know how Mac come threw on the club tip

Everybody real deep on that thug shit

Cop Cris', spray the club, all that thug shit

Cop frisks suits snub in the club quick

Told y'all real high, when I come threw

You can try if you want, you can die if you want to

We hear the war's on the floor, whole crew be wild

Bitch back that ass up like Juvenile (huh)

When my peeps come through to spend a dime apiece

You know Mac come threw with a line of freaks

Every bitch on the hit be a 9 at least

We getting head on the floor, while you grinding freaks

Whole squad get it down like this

Whole squad buying rounds of Cris'

Whole squad got they crowns on wrist

Whole squad got a pound of twist

Whole squad got a pound to spit

Catch the crown on the flip

Mac never slip in a club, told y'all niggas 4/5th in a club

If a nigga wanna draw, then the blood, it can drip in the

club

You know how niggaz get in the club, shit u know how I
be

All high in VIP, rolling up to B.I.G. (Baby)

Niggaz be all liquored up talking shit

Till' they man gotta come pick them up

Got bitches in the back bouncing to JIGGA WHAT

You got your hands up and I ain't even stick y'all up

Throw the hands up (uh, uh, uh, Everybody get it up)

Throw the hands up

[Jay-Z](Amil)

12 AM on the way to the club (uh)

1 AM DJ made it a rub (uh-huh)

2 AM now I'm getting with her (what up?)

3 AM now I'm splitting with her (splitting with who?)

4 AM at the waffle house (waffle house)

5 AM now we at my house (uh)

6 AM I be digging her out (who?)

6:15 I be kicking her out (what?)

7 AM I'mma call my friends (uh-huh)

12 AM we gonna do it again, we gon, we gon, we gonna
do it again

(We gonna do it again)

[Jay-Z]

By the way yo

Yo, how the fuck you gonna talk about MC's on our hill

When we just cop them things homey the chromy
wheels

Both arms are chunky the sleeves on chill

Any given times 100 G's in your grill

Don't talk to me bout MC's got skillz

He's alright but he's not real

Jay-Z's that deal with seeds in a field

Never fear for war, hug, squeeze that steel

Fuck, you gotta a flow that's cool with me

You gotta lil' dough that cool with me

You gotta lil' cars, little jewelry's

But none of y'all motherfuckers could fool with me

You know the wrist frost bit minus 2 degrees

Bout as blue as the sea the way I maneuver the V

Hat cocked can't see his eyes, who could it be?

With that new blue Yankee on

Who but me?

Niggaz shift 2 million, then I blew the 3

Then I skated the 4, before I went on tour

I came back and it's plain

Y'all niggaz ain't rapping the same

Fuck the flow y'all jacking our slang

I seen the same shit happen to Kane
3 cuts in your eyebrow trying to Wild out
The game is ours, we'll never foul out
Y'all just better hope we gracefully bow out
Throw your hands up
Niggaz, Bitches, Bustas, Hustlers FUCK THAT
(Throw the hands up)

[Amil](Jay-Z)

12 AM on the way to the club (uh huh)
1 AM bout to shake the butt (uh)
2 AM now I'm checking the mix (ah yeah)
3 AM now he buying me drinks (what you drinking on)
4 AM exit the club (let's go)
5 AM think he getting some butt (that's right)
6 AM nigga still ain't bust (what)
6:15 nigga work it up (uh)
7 AM gotta tell my friends (ah huh)
12 AM I'mma do it again, uh, uh
I'ma do it again
12 AM I'mma do it again
(Uh, uh let's go)

[Jay-Z]

12 AM on my way to the club
1 AM DJ made it a rub
2 AM now I'm getting with her
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12 AM we gonna do it again, we gon, we gon
We gonna do it again
Let's go

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