

Jay-Z F/ Amil, Beanie Sigel**"Z F/ Amil, Beanie Sigel, Memphis Bleek - You, Me, Him And Her"**

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[Jay-Z]

Told y'all... Dynasty... Roc-A-Fella Records, you heard me?

Unstoppable, niggaz! Uhh

Memph Bleek.. Amil-lion.. Sigel Sigel ya heard?

It's a Dynasty! Who do you believe?

Jigga Man, mo' better, mo' cheddar

Foes knock the man off your Polo sweater

Roll with the R-O-C, A-Fella

Remember me? The teachers used to fail us

Now it's mo' scrilla, hoe killers

Fo'-wheelers, we - gorillas

Oh please feel us - we heat holders

Fightin? Listen boy, Roy Jones couldn't still us

The plot thickens, the block clickin

We got the game tied up, stop trippin

Jigga Man huh? Sigel Sigel y'all

Memph Bleek what? Amil-lion, uhh

Cat be him, El Cap-i-tan

The fire I spit burn down Happyland

Social Club, we unapproachable thugs

Non-social, gone postal

Great aim, harm the arm close to your toast

like a Don's supposed to, Shawn

I thought I told you, these ain't just vocals

Don't make me take it to the old school

I put holes through your hoes too

through your clothes to the foes to the nigga close to you

Fuck it; Jigga Man huh? Sigel Sigel y'all

Amil-lion what? Memph Bleek..

[Memphis Bleek]

Y'all dudes don't - get it, come widdit

Fifth loaded with slugs that'll rest in your fitted

It's M dot E-M, the Roc be them

Got the mamis sayin look, who can stop be them?

You wan' press your dumb luck, get blam blam-ed up

I crush your larynx, you talk 'bout us nigga

No obituary, I get it critical

You know Memph'll hit the pall bearer liftin you
When I cock the plastic, make 'em drop the casket
When it's hot, I'm blastin, it's the Roc, you bastards
Jigga Man what? Amil-lion yeah
Memph Bleek huh? Sigel Sigel c'mon
Spit acid, c'mon
Witcha bullshit smash hit, get your bullshit smashed in
Niggaz wanna front and get jumped
Bet the ruger give your right side a nice-sized lump
Nigga, we are, the supreme squad
You can dream hard but reality is
we push the dream cars, fuck the queen broads
puff the green raw, we as real as it get
We the R-O-C dot A dot Fellas
Bitches don't talk to us, the hoes they e-mail us
Nigga, Jigga Man what? Memph Bleek huh?
Amil-lion yeah, Sigel Sigel rap

[Beanie Sigel]

R (dot) O (dot) C (dot) stop
From tower to mind pop, I move out stop
Shower your mind block, move out with glocks
Raw to the cook, look, move out them blocks
Take it to the bucks who be grindin it up
Usually take it to the dubs so they diamond it up
Competition, linin 'em up
Forty-five ACP, let me squeeze lime 'em up
You want, drama what? Well silence it up
Since a young buck, violent as fuck
Wettin me dog, the high will do it; I used to wild off
embalmin fluid
I send niggaz to the trauma unit
Forty-five or the nine'll do it
I fuck around and have your moms go through it - I'm a
beast!
Shit, niggaz always wanna ye shit, then they wanna
cease shit
when they motherfuckin peeps hit
But I don't cease nuttin, I decease som'un
I fuck around and have you sleepin underneath som'un
Jigga Man what? Sigel Sigel y'all
Memph Bleek uh, Amil-lion right

[Amil]

Yo, A to the M-I, feminist
Holdin the semi, leave niggaz faced with a dilemmi
Am I, gon' run or stay, can I
get away no you can't can't I surrendi?
And I, lazy bop, Mercedes hot
In my way through the tunnel like Lady Di

[Jay-Z]
Jigga Man huh? Sigel Sigel y'all
Memph Bleek what? Amil-lion uhh

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