

**Jay-Z F/ Beyonce****"If"**

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[Master P] (Souya)

Yeah shorty, we could be like Bonnie & Clyde, ya heard  
Go out there and get this paper  
You wit it? (yeah I'm wit it)  
Then let's ride then (alright)

[Chorus: Master P] (Souya)

If them people find that steal (I'll take a case for you)  
If I go to jail (I'm a wait for you)  
If they question you (I ain't gonna say nothin')  
If I need bail (I'm a bring the money)

[Master P]

I ain't checkin' you shorty  
But it's somethin' I need to know  
How serious this relationship is  
And how far can it go  
See, love and respect is somethin' you gotta earn  
And if we don't keep up with each other, then  
somebody else get a turn  
Would you ask me why if I told you to carry a gun  
And do you know how to spur me if I just wanted to  
have some fun  
Can a thug get a massage if I needed your hands  
And would you jump in the ride if I told you to bring me  
them thangs  
If a nigga tried to get at me would you ride for me  
And if you couldn't swim would you take a dive for me  
I know you like gifts, so I could buy you things  
Like Benzs, Jaguars, ??? bubble-eyed Range  
No obligation, I'm just tryin' to keep it real  
Would you argue, fuss and fight when I need you to  
chill  
Can you be cute and still be freakin'  
When I leave out the door you ain't gonna try to be  
sneakin'  
If I go to jail you can ??? my people  
I need you Lord till I come home and be the sequel

[Chorus]

[Curren\$y]

I been through a lot of girls in my life  
But never found one who down to ride like you ride  
If it's a problem then you gon' be right by my side  
Even if I got a couple keys I need you to hide  
'Cause you a real chick  
One that I can chill with and bill with  
Help me get my hustle on, climb up on the mill with  
Even through the trouble you don't want a nigga still  
with  
When it's said and done gon' be the one I have my kids  
with  
Yeah you my baby girl, livin' in this crazy world  
Wanted you a burner so I bought you a 380 girl  
You understand my life and know that it's hard for me  
And you the kind of girl I know my mama would want  
for me  
And if the coppers stop us I know you'll take the charge  
for me  
Makin' sure, stack some bricks in the trunk of your car  
for me  
We live the lifestyle of ballers and stars and shit  
And I'm out here grindin' to make sure we can afford  
the shit

[Chorus] - 2X

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