

Jay-Z F/ Juvenile

"Z F/ Juvenile - Snoopy Track"

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[Jay-Z]

Bounce

Uhhh, ha, uhhh, ha

Uhhh, uh-huh-uh-uhhh, uhh, uh-huh

This for my hustlers.. uh-huh

And for the bitches.. yeah

Yo, yo

This is for my niggaz down in Houston on candy paint

All my niggaz in the Dirty South, Miami mayne

All my niggaz in the A-T-L throwin dem bones

All them thugs that send slugs through your clothes;

holla at me

It's for the black culture, Spanish chicks with the sweet
chocha

Spanish cats with the ki's of cocoa

All the haters eat a dick they wanna see you brok-er

I hope the heat stroke ya, the misery is over

All my deep smokers, I hope the leaf choke ya

Hope you'll never be sober I'ma toast to myself

I hope the Crist' get me, spiralin into a tizzy

So pissy, swervin on the road dizzy

May God protect my soul, angels walk with me

First do the flow sickly, niggaz is so shifty

The fo'-fo' is like a force field, you won't get me

I brought some folk with me, Brooklyn is loc'n with me

What the fuck?

Chorus: Juvenile (repeat 2X)

You know, we ride

All day, all night

Pop Crist, shoot dice

Fuck hoes, for life

[Jay-Z]

This is for my chicks that get dough for takin off they
clothes

All them money makin honeys that slide down the poles

All my educated chicks who grade is 4.0

All the baby mamas across the globe; aiyyo

I like my women friends feminine
I like my hoes on "X" like Eminem.. shit!
I like em bow-legged, never coke-headed
With a dough fetish - the drive to go get it
I like they toes proper, I like they clothes Prada
I like they shoes Gucci, I like new coochie
I fucked a few groupies, in a few hoopties
I got em iceberg shit they thought I knew Snoopy
I cop them Roc-a-Wear, my mamis dedicated
They never tell me no, the most they said is "not here"
I got they ears studded, both wrists baguettied
I got a main chick, a mistress, and a young bitch
Forget it I'm the don

Chorus

[Jay-Z]

Wha-What?

This is for my dice shooters, cats doin life
By the time I get this kite to ya, I hope you doin alright
Who got em platinum up? Who got the chicks in the
truck?

Too much to sit comfortably, they lappin up
Who shit is big pimpin? See the flow different
I drop heavy then I let the four-fifth flip em
I keep rappers talkin to kids, Jigga "Sixth Sense-d" em
Don't mention my name and lames in the same
sentence

You see I'm so thorough, take on your whole borough
Be so careful I hear the whistle from the fo'-fo' barrel
Keep the flow Hovah; icy neck, cold shoulder
Who click is closest to La Costra Nostra?
It's "The Roc"

Chorus 1.5X

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