

Jay-Z F/ Pharrell Williams**"Z F/ Pharrell Williams , Young Chris - Nigga Please"**

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[Pharrell]

What, uh, c'mon.. uh

Keep the change, my nigga (it's too late)

It's too late for that

Don't gotta to spit that game

Keep the change, my nigga, it's too late for that

Keep the change, my nigga, it's too late for that

[Jay-Z: speaking over Pharrell]

Uh, uh, young, Neptunes, Young Chris, ROC

Uh, pimp stroll, pop my collar, hug the block, get dollars

Pimp stroll, pop my collar, hug my nuts, bitch holla

[Chorus: Pharrell]

My nigga, please - you ain't signin no checks like these

My nigga, please - you pushin no wheels like these

My nigga, please - you ain't holdin no techs like these

My nigga, please - you don't pop in vest like these

[Jay-Z]

My nigga please, uh-huh, uh

This my world, pimp stroll, let's do this

[Verse One: Jay-Z]

Nigga please, you ain't start out from your trunk

Then reach the roof, just to put your roof in your trunk

Nigga please, chumps don't tour like us

You on the road a million hours, I fly over your bus

Nigga please, you ain't got your neck all froze

With the same logo that you got sketched on your clothes

Nigga please, you don't be getting no hoes

With La Perla on they cheeks, can't be messin with cheap chicks

Nigga please, you seldom seen with chicks in 7 jeans

Manolo Blahnik, I'm goin through they body like an ultrasonic

You ain't got 'em blowin no chronic

Divine intervention, y'all can't prevent me from shinin

Nigga please, I been around the world

I damn near beat Jordan in around-the-world
Nigga please, you can't even hold my shoes
I got wannabes who wannabe me that sound (nigga)
better than you

[Chorus] + ad libs

[Verse Two: Jay-Z]

Ahhh! Pimp strollin on 'em
Black diamonds, rose goldin on 'em, paper foldin on
'em
Snuck pass the dog noses with the Folger's on 'em
Ki's, Saran Wrap with petroleum on 'em
Snitch got pinched but he told it on 'em
Lawyers got it adjourned, 'til I schools him on 'em
There's no witnesses, it's no holdin on 'em
Just George Jefferson strollin on 'em, uhh
Nigga please, this is me, this is real as it be
My, videos is like Real TV
That chick, that's me, that 6, that's me
That boat, I had it on the Mediterranean sea
Nigga please

[Chorus] + ad libs

[Verse Three: Young Chris]

Yo, yo
Nigga please, y'all ain't seein no checks like these (no)
Y'all don't run up in record labels demandin respect
like we
Y'all don't rock your Roc-A-Wear Nike checks like we
Y'all coach class, y'all never private jet like we
My nigga please, y'all don't smoke the sour diesel like
us
You don't go to Pop and get ya flour cheaper than us
Knock it off in three hours and repeat it like us
And repeat it we must, y'all don't re-up like us
Ay, y'all ain't bein like us, 'cause y'all don't see it like us
The move the D's when they rush
My nigga please, they must be on E's and dust
Then niggas f'in with pills, y'all don't get G's like us
My nigga please, y'all young'ns ain't got O.G.s like me
B. Sig, Young Hov', Dame Dash, Kareem
Nigga please, somebody must've gassed your team
Think a nigga outrun or outlast gangrene (GangGreen)
My nigga please

[Chorus] + ad libs

[Pharrell]

Amazin man, got your aerosol

I made my money! I don't trouble the law
I keep the womens around
I drive the gremlins crazy
You wanna know the time?
Better have your shades, see
My nigga please

[Chorus] + ad libs

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