

## **Jay-Z F/ Timbaland**

### **"T-Shirt, Blue Jeans Nikes"**

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[Keak Da Sneak]

My family roll thick like syrup and milkshakes  
Transporting weight from the south to the golden state  
Swingin' figure 8's, burnin rubber its hypo  
In the middle of the intersection, tryin to start up a  
side-show  
My mind go in other places cats dont speak on  
Da Raw and uncut, for you niggaz to tweak on  
I flip on suckas as they come out rappin  
So imagine whats gon' happen when I catch you in  
traffic  
Who sell the most records in the bay(You?)  
Indepentent label(You?) No video and radio play?  
(You?)  
Its been 86 murders since the start of 2002  
When niggaz bang turfs for the work  
Not that red and blue, and every single block is a street  
When niggaz hold it down cause you know we gotta eat  
They call me Keak Sneak, but my real name is Kunta-  
Kentay B-O-W-E-N

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

My nigga told me dont be scared, cause I'ma run the  
streets  
Just like t-shirt, blue jeans, and Nikes  
Coke white t-shirt, blue jeans, and Nikes  
Stay strapped with the 45, I wish a nigga would try

[E-40]

Style so unique and Exquisite  
Gift-ta-Gabbit, I spit it  
I'm off this Gungie my ninja  
I'm so damn twisted from smokin so much turtle I'm  
spliffed  
Went to court the other day  
So I wassa perkin early in the mornin, yawnin off  
this HIGH SPEED CHASE SHIT! Damn near caught a  
case wit it  
Hit the gas, Skeet Skirt, drivin fast, Skeet Skirt  
In the slow lane, seein stars, goin against the grain  
Slappin this shit, THAT'II FUCK WIT YA BRAIN BOY!

This is ya brain on thug(on thug) mode I suppose  
Plenty hoes, Panty hose, 5 times sittin on vogues  
24 inch toes, robbers, lookin out for the hella-kizz-  
noppers  
We ain't proper, I'm off the main  
I represent heavy on the grizz 9, Intergame  
(Intergame)

[Chorus]

[Keak Da Sneak]  
I'm in the dope-fiend rental, tryin to paint the town  
Four speed honda civic and I'm breakin it down  
(Breakin it down)  
One head light plus I'm ridin spare  
Thermometer say a hundred, I'm takin him there  
It was me and Bra Heff, Ridin and smokin  
Side of the Oakland, livin it up, cause the 8 frame  
broken  
Coke white t-shirt, blue jeans, and Air Max  
Came up Highstreet, stopped on Fairfax  
Hit the liquor store, gotta get me a Remy  
Copped some light from Lil' O, forgot the tank on  
empty  
So I hit E-1-4 gimmie 10 on fo'  
A box of Philly titans, and a short box of dem 'Ports  
More for me, if a nigga dont smoke  
And I knock the baddest hoes when I ain't on hundred  
spokes  
Gimme head, lemme poke, I know her nigga, but she  
ain't feelin him

[Chorus]

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