

## Memphis Bleek F/ Jay-Z, Twista, Missy Elliott

### "Is That Your Chick?"

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[Jay-Z]  
R-O-C  
Memphis Bleek  
Jigga man  
Missy  
Twista  
Show naa

[Jay-Z]  
Don't get mad at me  
I don't love 'em I fuck 'em  
I don't chase 'em I duck 'em  
I replace 'em with another one  
You had to see she keep calling me BIG  
(And another one!)  
And my name is Jay-Z  
She be all on my dick  
Gradually I'm taking over your bitch  
Coming over your shit  
Got my feet up on you sofas, man  
I mean a hostess for my open hand  
You coming home to dishes and empty soda cans  
I got your bitch in my Rover man  
I never kiss her, I never hold her hand  
In fact I diss her I'm a bolder man  
I'mma pimp her, it's over man  
When I twist her in the Gold sedan  
Like I'm Goldie man, you've been chosen man  
Jigga man, ice burg with the frozen hands  
Why them mans don't make it frozen man

[Missy]  
Oh is that your bitch  
Why she all in his six?  
With her hand on his dick  
Keep licking her lips  
Is that your bitch?  
Why she all in his ride?  
With her hand on his thighs  
Keep looking in his eyes  
Oh is that your bitch?

You better tell her chill  
While you all in his grill  
Don't you know that man kill?  
Is that your bitch?  
Why she beeping him?  
Keep praising him?  
Cause that's Bleek and them, bitch

[Memphis Bleek]  
Yo check it now, yo, yo  
Your hoe choose I  
I ain't gonna lie  
What I look like turnin' down Cho Cha  
Drove by, smokin' lye  
Recognize a pimp, open your eyes  
Hop in the passenger side of the ride  
Damn Bleek, can't speak  
Uh-huh, okay, what's up, SHUT UP  
And close the door  
Act like you been in the drop top  
On the open road before  
Fix your weave, then fix me  
Ever gave head doing 160  
Ever seen a pair of kicks this crispy  
How you like the way the white wife beat fit me  
M-dot, him hot, them not  
(That's gangsta)

[Missy]

[Twista]  
Tha Jigga and Twista got 'em screaming  
Like a demon fiending for the semen  
Chrome gleaming like the dome off Keenan  
Gone while I'm leanin' smoking  
I'm whip it in the stomach  
Your bitch on the passenger side of me flashing your  
money  
Why you acting so funny?  
You know she been flirting while your working  
Behind the curtain knuckles jerking for certain  
Poppin' that pussy  
Sweatin' till no fluid is left  
When I come in the party with J we gonna do it to death  
You gon' ruin your rep  
Trippin' while we pimpin' these hefers  
Playa lectures got me shining like a new Gator stepper  
Must have been mad  
When your ho put my stuff in the dash  
Bust in her ass  
To climax I come up with a nab

The game don't stop  
Legit ballers bending up the block  
Niggas rushing, coming at us cause of status and  
props  
Sucking and fucking, loving it when I put tha dick inside  
her  
Can't help it if she yellin' with a ridah

[Missy]

[Jay-Z]  
Why you home alone, while she's out with me  
Room 112, hotel balcony  
How she say Jay you can call the house for me  
There's no respect at all  
You betta check her dawg  
She keep beggin' me to hit it raw  
So she can have my kids and say it was yours  
How foul is she?  
And you wiped her, shit I put that rubber on tighter  
Sent her home, when she entered home  
You hugged her up  
What the fuck is up?  
She got you whipped, got your kids  
Got your home, but that's not your bitch  
You share that girl, don't let 'em hear that at Earl  
It'll make 'em sick that his favorite chick  
Ain't saving it, unfaithful bitch

[Missy]

[Memphis Bleek]  
Yo, how dumb that pimp?  
I heard he trick  
Bought a new five, maybe a six  
Copped that for his new down bitch  
And I was digging that down since '96 shit  
Memph man I'll take your bitch  
Let her do her thing, give brain in the whip  
And you know how it go when it come to the hoes  
She can do the same thing to the click you know  
Your hoe chose, don't get mad at me  
Got your wife callin' me daddy  
Put her out on the street let her get that cheese  
My bad is that your freak  
But you know how a thug do  
When a nigga hit that, it's fuck you  
Keep it snub, tre deuce in the boot  
Niggas wanna act, get a mutha fuckin' a slug too

[Missy]

[Jay-Z]  
(Cool out homie)  
You betta keep her away from my balling clique  
Keep her out of nightclubs all in the mix  
From hanging out with chicks who be swallowing dicks  
From catz who order Cris play on the floor with the  
Knicks  
It can only lead to something unfortunate  
Hot boy like Jigga man scorch your bitch  
Play the floor dot Jigga man go first  
Then we all rock cause we all hot  
You know the boy from the Roc got them whores on  
lock  
Got the bitches in the smash  
Make your drawers drop fast  
Do we get more cash than the average nigga?  
All dem hoes like damn I gotta have this nigga  
Cause I'mma hot black, how in the hell can you stop  
that You would fuck mine How the hell could you knock  
that? I'm just playing the cards chose for me Jigga man  
who ya supposed to be? [Missy X2]

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