

Memphis Bleek F/ Jay-Z, Twista, Missy Elliott "Z, Twista, Missy Elliott - Is That Your Chick?"

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a
[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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