

Jigga

Ruff Ryders

Roc a fella Irv Gotti
Swizz Beats, it's almost over y'all Jigga
Uh uh uh uh, lights out niggas
(Women singing)

(Jigga)
What's my mother fucking name?
(Jigga)
And who I'm rolling with huh?
(My Niggas)
Uh huh huh uh huh
Niggas better get it right bitches better get it right

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Sold the crack when I was down in AC
Back on the block Jay-Z mother fucker from the, the, the Roc
Went solo on that ass but it's still the same
Brooklyn be the place where I serve them thangs
Be my niggas was struggling, to the 'burbs they came
And then we got to hustling, murdering thangs
I dipped in my stash, splurged on a chain
Now I'm Titanic, Iceberg's the name

Leave players on injured reserve, hurt the game
The best way to describe me in the word, insane
I dick down chicks all emerged in my fame
Jigga been dope since Slick Rick's first chain
The God, send you back to the earth from which you came
I'm baking soda, water fire, merged with 'cane
Ladies don't know me said, "I heard he's vain"
Well guess what mommy? I heard the same, you heard the name

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I got a license to kill so I stay the gat

Roc-a-fella, Ruff Ryders, nigga scared a that
Got a new motto this year, don't fuck with my ones
Knock on your door, three in the morning, "It's just us and our guns!"
See I scrambled with priests, hustle with nuns
I got the mind capacity of a young Butch Cassidy
Niggas get fly, let 'em defy gravity
Four-five rapidly lift your chest cavity

Streets won't let me chill
Always been a clumsy nigga, don't let me spill
Mother fuckers wanna wet me still, I remain y'all
Raw, the one, like five divided by four
Shit, this just the hate that's been provided by y'all
Reciprocated and multiplied by more
You likely to see Jigga in a wide body or
Drop-top Bentley is all, Holla at me y'all

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I don't give a fuck if I sold one or one million, but I think you should
'Cause if I only sold one, then out comes the hood
The all black, in the gloves, the outcome ain't good
Them niggas act like wolves, how come? They could
'Cause we don't drop hits, we drop bombs that smash
Till the wrists is lit up, the arm looks like glass
The necklace chipped up, the charm it flash
Could fuck up your eyes like the bombast hash

See the reason why chicks let me palm they ass
All I gotta do is let 'em call me Shawn De'Glass
Let me sit up in they whip till I launch it back
Snap they neck, then shoot 'em till they aren't sent back
The calmest cat, trust me when I palm this gat
Kill your mind, body and soul, push your conscience back
Monster's back, and Flex drop a bomb to that
And everybody sing-a-long to the track, come on

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