[Jay-Z]

I keep it fresher than the next bitch no need..for you to ever sweat the next bitch ..with speed, I make the best bitch see the exit..indeed, you gotta know your thoroughly respected by me, you get the keys to the Lexus, with no driver you gotcha own '96 suh-in..the ride and keep your ass tighter than Versace thats why you gotta watch your friends you got to watch me they conniving shit the first chance to crack the bank they try me, all they get is 50 cent franks and papayas, from the village to the tele time to kill it on your belly no question I got more black chicks between my sheets than Essence they say sex is a weapon, so when I shoot mmet your death in less than 8 seconds still poundin in my after life.. laugin my shit is tight you who askin right...

[Chorus:]

Aint no nigga like the one I got no one can fuck you betta sleeps around but he gives me alot keeps you in diamonds and leathers friends 'ill tell me I should leave you alone hah hah, hah hah, hah hah ha tell the freaks to find a man of there own (man a they own, man a they own)

[Jay-Z]

Fresh to def in Moschino, coach bag lookin half black and filipino fakin no jacks got you a beeper to feel important surrouding your feet in Joanie Dega's and Charles Jordan I keep ya dove but love you know these ho's be makin me weak yall knows how it goes 'b and so I creep Ive been sinnin since you been playin wit Barbie and Ken in you can't change a players game in the 9th inning the chrome rim spinning keeps em grinnin so I run way the fuck up in em and wrinkle the face like linnin I play hard-eh till they say God.. he's keepin it real jigga stay hard lawd don't even trip I never slip, nigga what you dont see is whatcha get weapons concealed what the fuck yall feel when you nigga play sick we can all get ill -whats the deal-

[Chorus]

[Jay-Z]

Yo, aint no stoppin this, no lie promise to stay monogamous, I try

but love you know these ho's be makin me weak Y'all knows how it goes B so I stay deep

[Foxy Brown]

What up boo just keep me laced in the illa snakes bank rolls and shit, back rubs in the french tubs Mackin this bitch, wifee nigga so when you flip that coke remember them days you was dead broke but now your style and I raised you basically made you into a don flippin weight..heroin and shit you know my pussy is all that thats why I get bagets 5 carats and all that From Dolce Gabana to H Vendell I'm ringin bells so who the playa, I still keep you in the illest gators Tailor made so we can lay up in the shade reminiscin on how I fuck the best a shit specially when Im flippin Baileys dont give a fuck about how you move with them other mamis I push da Z, eating shrimp scampi with rocks larger than life Fuck them Reebok broads, you made it known who your wife was I got you frontin in Armani sweaters before this rap shit when you was in letters and bullshit berattas and eek classes with mo in the glasses shows in Cali wit all the flavor suede Bally's now all your mens' up in your benz's high post, I swear you be killin me playin inside my pubic hairs I never worry bout them other chicks cuz you proved who was your wiz when you was spinnin that bitch I took a little when you was up north your comisary stay pilin how you livin large on the island all them collects have me vex but when you come home knew I was comin off wit half of dem checks now we on the rise your diamond mami wit the slanted eyes holdin this grip cocked the green and the shit Fucks no, I see half the dough Made you into a star, pushin hundred thousand dollar cars

[Chorus]