

# Hey Papi

Jay-Z

[Timbaland (Jay-Z)]  
All my mamis bounce, uh  
(Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)  
(Come on)  
I said all my mamis bounce  
(Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)  
(Bounce with me)  
I said all my mamis bounce  
(Yeah, yeah, uh, uh, uh yeah-yea-yeah, yeah-yea-yeah)  
(Come on)  
I said all my mamis bounce  
(Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah-yeah)  
Freaky-freaky...

[Jay-Z]  
Ay yo I got a resolution  
This year I'm playing right  
No six fifteen this year  
You can stay the night  
We can go bowling it ain't like before  
Can't y'all see that I'm growing?  
I was so immature  
I was young and having money  
Having honeys come to the crib  
Thinkin' they shit and they couldn't get cab money from me  
Some bad chicks didn't get pass the bridge  
I went to One Trump Plaza on their asses'  
No room service just snacks and shit  
Work with those Lil' Debbies and when your done get ready  
The chicks I was fiendin' to smash  
Let 'em lean on the cash  
Will take 'em on long trips  
Break 'em with long dick  
There was no such thing as strong relationships  
But I'm off that playa shit  
I need a chick that practice Tai Chi  
That still can buy weed  
And can give me some good head  
And I'll make her remind me, uh-huh

[Jay-Z (Amil)]  
(Hey papi)  
Even if they don't understand the flow  
They understand the dough  
My ladies going  
(Hey papi)  
Promise you'll never let me go  
Promise you'll never leave me  
Promise we'll grow, they going  
(Hey papi)  
Even if they don't understand the flow  
They understand the dough  
The ladies going  
(Hey papi)  
Promise you'll never let me go  
Promise you'll never leave me  
Promise we'll grow, they saying

[Memphis Bleek]

Yo, yo, yo, yo the only thing Bleek spinning is  
Them chrome wheels spinning on them new rims  
Home suspended from school again  
I'm grown, still ill ladies love to be a deal, like Bleek  
Can I feel up on your wood and grill?  
It's a hood thing, wood grain, off the chain  
She give me good brain  
Love the way I push my slang  
Callin' my jack soon as the hop in my V  
They catching contact, weed smoke all up in the weave  
Bet'cha man can't do it like this, like this  
I bet his wrists ain't bluish like this, like this  
And I'm from Marcy you catch me on anybody's block  
Rappin' thug, the Roc  
Hoes they all clock like

[Jay-Z (Amil)]

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[Jay-Z]

I was the worse  
I used to switch chicks every day  
Had niggas mad for real like "I wish he was gay"  
Cause they knew sooner or later hun was gettin' with Jay  
Just a matter of time she was gettin' with Jay  
I'll have your chick in the summer tropics sippin' on 'zae  
Spittin' up in the Pacifics smoking spliffs in the shade  
She used to love ya, but she feeling different today  
You used to smother her, look at your honey slippin' away  
Consorting with hustlers, niggas that be giving her space  
She said she feel free when she's around me  
I'm letting her do her and in turn she's doing me  
She on the phone with her friends like how cool is she

[Jay-Z (Amil)]

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