Roc-A-Fella, Ruff Ryders, Swizz Beats It's almost over y'all Jigga, how real is that? Uhh, uhh, uhh, lights out niggaz! [Chorus: Jay-Z (and Amil)] (Jigga) What's my motherfuckin name? (Jigga) And who I'm rollin with huh? (My niggaz) Uh-huh-uhh-uhh-uhh Niggaz better get it right, bitches better get it right, WHO? (Jigga) What's my motherfuckin name? (Jigga) And who I'm rollin with huh? (My niggaz) Uh-huh-uh-uhh-uhh Niggaz better get it right, bitches better get it right [Jay-Z] Yeah.. yeah.. From the crap tables down in A.C. back on the block Jay-Z motherfucker 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 B. my niggaz was strugglin, to the 'burbs they came And then we got to hustlin, murderin 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 a 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, waterfire, merged with 'cane Ladies don't know me said, "I heard he's vain" Well guess what mami? I heard the same You heard the name [Chorus] [Jay-Z] Yeah, uhh, I got a license to kill so I stare at the gat Roc-A-Fella, Ruff Ryders, niggaz scared of that Got a new motto this year, "Don't Fuck With My Ones" Knock on your door, three in the mornin, "It's just us and the guns!" See I scrambled with priests, hustle with nuns I got the, mind capacity of a young Butch Cassidy Niggaz get fly, let em defy gravity Fo'-five rapidly lift your chest cavity Streets won't let me chill Always been a clumsy nigga, don't let me spill Muh'fuckers wanna wet me still, I remain y'all more than 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 widebody or drop-top Bentley Azure, holla at me y'all

[Chorus]

[Jay-Z]

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 All black in the club, the outcome ain't good Them niggaz act like wolves, how come? They could Cause we don't drop hits, we drop bombs that smash Til 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 bombest 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 til I launch it back Snap they neck, then shoot em til they arch them 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 e'rybody sing-a-long to the track, c'mon Uh-huh uhh uhh

[Chorus: Jay-Z (and Amil)]

(Jigga) What's my motherfuckin name? (Jigga) And who I'm rollin with huh? (My niggaz) Uh-huh-uh-uhh-uhh Niggaz better get it right, bitches better get it right, WHO? (Jigga) What's my motherfuckin name? (Jigga) And who I'm rollin with huh? (My niggaz) Uh-huh-uh-uhh-uhh Niggaz better get it right, bitches better get it right, WHO? (Jigga) What's my motherfuckin name? (Jigga) And who I'm rollin with huh? (My niggaz) Uh-huh-uh-uhh-uhh Niggaz better get it right, bitches better get it right, WHO? (Jigga) What's my motherfuckin name? (Jigga) And who I'm rollin with huh? (My niggaz) Uh-huh-uh-uhh-uhh Niggaz better get it right, bitches better get it right.. (Jigga) ...