```
[Jay-Z]
Uh-huh uh-huh, gi-gi gi-geyeah
Roc-a-Fella y'all, uh-huh uh-huh, Jigga
Timbaland shit, nine-eight BEYOTCH
Say what, say what? Uh-huh uh-huh, follow me beotch
Nigga what, nigga who?
Nigga what, nigga who?
Switcha flow, getcha dough
Can't fuck with this Roc-a-Fella shit doe
Switcha flow, getcha dough
Can't fuck with this Roc-a-Fella shit doe
[Jay-Z (first four lines overlap the section above)]
Can't fuck with me
They ain't ready yet
Uh-huh uh-huh
Yeah, yeah
Motherfuckers wanna act loco, hit em wit, numerous
shots with the fo'-fo'
Faggots wanna talk to Po-Po's, smoke em like cocoa
Fuck rap, coke by the boatload
Fuck dat, on the run-by, gun high, one eye closed
Left holes through some guy clothes
Stop your bullshittin, glock with the full clip
Motherfuckers better duck when the fool spit
One shot could make a nigga do a full flip
See the nigga layin shocked when the bullet hit
Oh hey ma, how you, know niggaz wanna buy you
But see me I wanna _Fuck for Free_ like Akinyele
Now I gotta let her take this ride, make you feel it
inside your belly, if it's tight get the K-Y Jelly
All night get you wide up inside the telly
Side to side, til you say Jay-Z you're too much for me
[Chorus: Jay-Z (with Amil-lion)]
(Nigga what?)
Make you think you can fuck with me
(Nigga who?)
Recognize girl, Jay to the Z
[repeat 3X]
(Nigga what?)
Make you think you can fuck with me
(Nigga who?)
Recognize bitch, Jay to the motherfuckin Z
[Jay-Z]
Got a condo with nuttin but condoms in it
The same place where the rhymes is invented
So all I do is rap and sex, imagine how I stroke
See how I was flowin on my last cassette?
Rapid-fire like I'm blastin a Tec, never jam though
Never get high, never run out of ammo
Niggaz hatin n shit cause I slayed your bitch
You know your favorite, I know it made you sick
And now you're, actin raw but you never had war
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Don't know how to carry your hoe, wanna marry your hoe

Now she's mad at me, causer Your Majesty, just happened to be A pimp with a tragedy
She wanted, us to end, cause I fucked with friends
She gave me one more chance and I fucked her again
I seen her tears as she busted in, I said, "Shit..
there's a draft, shut the door bitch and come on in!"

[Chorus (with variation in last line)]

[Jay-Z]

Gotta vendetta even though I been better

Left him in the cold with a thin sweater

Rap niggaz on Prozac get the bozack, niggaz threw

two at me I threw fo' back, hold that

Let the dough stack, way before Big had the gold Ac'

Dame had the Lex black

Motherfuckers wanna test that, stress that

And right where you're stressed, where you rest at

I suggest that, niggaz invest, in a vest, when I come through

with the glock jet black, you niggaz step back

I'm the best at, you know I ain't no apprentice to this

Me and my niggaz we invented the shit

I came into the business with this, The Originator, non greater

Jaz-O finish this shit

[Big Jaz]

Better learn, Jaz'll relax that, ever heard of me? Worldwide Originator, say word to me The population holla certainly, I burn a nigga like a third degree, see me shine so bright Nigga I'm my light, runnin rulin with rigor and vigor Nobody bigger than me and my nigga Jigga You fly-by-nights stop chirpin B Heavyweights type work to me For the time, in this motherfucker ain't nobody hurtin me What? Cut your face in like surgery Who the fuck got a VS, fuckin BM's on the road when you had to be in bed at the PM Need the info, Jaz on the C-N-N forever touchin my workers beginnin you're endin Nigga your style's no style my style's hostile C'mon, faggot nigga down to take the gun home O-R-I-G-I-N-A-T-O-R (can't FUCK with it can ya?!)

[Chorus (with variations)]

[Amil-lion (repeat to fade)]
Switcha flow, getcha dough
Can't fuck with this Roc-a-Fella shit doe
Switcha flow, getcha dough
Can't fuck with this Roc-a-Fella shit doe