

Pop 4 Roc

Jay-Z

[Amil (Jay-Z)]
(Alright yeah)
Would ya love me? (Uh-huh, alright)
Would ya hate me? (Watch this yo)
I know ya love me (Alright)
I know ya hate me (Uh Clue)
Would ya love me? (Brand new Duro)
Would ya hate me?
I know ya love me (Feel this yo, uh)

[Amil]
Uh, uh, uh
See me comin through hair done just a slinging my shit
With something Gucci on clinging to my hips
Frontin with the Star Tech ringing in the whip
Icy ears, neck, fingers for years
Got the show wild with the toes out
Shit I don't fuck with no stingy nigga
I rock Prada, Chanel, and Fendi nigga
What I'mma do with your little blunts and Henney nigga?
I'mma Major Coin with a pretty Bentley nigga
Uh my niggas will ride for me
You should see all the things they buy for me
Uh, it's obvious how I spend my time
Around ballers all day don't have to spend a dime
Callin' up room service when it's dinner time
Get my tan on in the tropics in the winter time nigga, uh, uh, uh

[Amil (Beanie Siegal)]
Would ya love me? (If we couldn't cop the drop)
Would ya hate me? (If we couldn't drop the top)
I know ya love me (Cuz you know we pop 4 Roc)
I know ya hate me (Cuz you know we got shit locked)
Would ya love me? (If we couldn't cop the drop)
Would ya hate me? (If we couldn't drop the top)
I know ya love me (Cuz you know we pop 4 Roc)
I know ya hate me (And you know we got shit locked)

[Beanie Siegal]
Ay yo, we gon' stop this here
Get this clear the general of the Roc in here
Beanie Siegal hottest thing on the block this year
Keep the ego we been bound to the top ya hear
Forget about it you don't know me yo stop the stares
I've been about it pop you then pop ya peers
You know how I do six coup, top be clear
You know how I play low layer Roc-A-Wear
Catch Siegal in the kitchen balloon in the pie
Y'all from whom to buy
Y'all niggas know if y'all cross Mac
Y'all soon to die
Cuz you know I bring heat like June and July
Spit like August
I'm the truth I'm not lying
I'm the reason why Jay feel comfortable retiring
I gotta laugh cuz y'all work hard at this shit
Think about yo I just started this shit

Just imagine if I put my heart in this shit
Scary sight y'all niggas feel me right
God damn yo I barely write
But every rhyme be in check like a pair of Nikes

[Amil (Beanie Siegal)]

Would ya love me? (If we couldn't cop the drop)
Would ya hate me? (If we couldn't drop the top)
I know ya love me (Cuz you know we pop 4 roc)
I know ya hate me (Cuz you know we got shit locked)
Would ya love me? (If we couldn't cop the drop)
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[Memphis Bleek]

Yo, yo, well I'm gold now
Memph Man Coming Of Age and I'm grown now
Sittin on chrome now
I'm the youngest gun, I get it on with anyone
I've been in thirty beefs shit I'm barely 21
Guns I hold em like offensive linemen
Bring em back to the streets like a brick on consignment
Interlining of the Mark Buchanan
Spark two hammers
Memph Man gold marks the understanding

[Jay-Z]

We don't engage in war we elope
Orange juice style beat niggas to a pulp
We broke nigga you just told 3 jokes
Me, Biggs, and Dame we get some things
See the six dames me and Biggs live in the Range
Mine's platinum his Champagne
Niggas whisper cuz if they talk they gets slain
Y'all's was looking for me on the charts the bricks came
Left the same night in the morning the chicks came
I just use rap to put shit in my name
The death's just a matter of time the hit's been arranged
Contracts signed the shits in your name
Just to lame rap niggas I'm the king
Motherfuck the ring mami kiss the chain
I don't got game to waste on y'all
I'm don't think with my dick or chase my balls
I'm a hustla hit me with an eighth of raw
And when I get on top I'mma blaze all y'all
Keep em laced some more I know you want some things
I drink a lot of water mami come clean
Chicks I pump her then dump her
Cars we got em bumper to bumper
Rap niggas y'all days are numbered
Nobody drop nothin' next summer, yeah

[Amil (Beanie Siegal)]

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[Jay-Z]
Yeah R-O-C for the 2 triple O
Ya heard me
You are about to witness a dynasty like no other
Beanie Siegal, The General
Amil-lion, Diana Ross of the ROC
Memph Bleek, Young god
Ha, ha
Jigga Man, get ya mind right niggas