

# Super Ugly

Jay-Z

I got myself a gun  
Brooklyn, stand up  
I got myself a gun  
But really, I dont need tha heat  
Ya heart pump project kool-aid(ya sweet)  
I aint gotta two-way you gays  
This is not beef  
This is rap hommie  
I dont have a scratch on me  
You feel Jay soft  
Rip jay off  
Damn I'm only worth over a hundred million  
Look  
I got beef with like a hundred children  
Niggaz with pink suits  
Tryin to get cute  
You a little outta line hommie  
Dont let the 9 hommie  
Put ya out ya mind hommie  
Bitch keep tryin hommie  
Kick yo little lies  
I kick my real facts  
Like u sneakin out tha back  
At tha Source Soundlab(uh)  
We wasnt chasin you  
We had a tape and too  
We came through to do our little one, two thang  
It wasnt a rockafella come through thing  
If it was on like that  
Why would I come through Queens  
Yo, ya'll Queens nigga know how I do  
I got mo' shooters in Queens Bridge than u  
Niggaz'll(niggaz will) tie you up on the Colloseum roof  
And open beer bottles off ya boy's chipped tooth  
Look Here,

I got myself a gun,Uh Ohhhh!  
Yea, I got myself a gun

Listen  
I'm tha J, tha A, to the fuck this broad  
This nigga never sold asprin  
How u escobar?  
Had to buy you're chain back tha last time u got robbed  
The nerve of this coward nigga....(Oh My God)  
And all rap rumors are induendo  
I bring them to you live  
Lift up ya window  
Let tha public begin to see your dirty laundry  
Ya'll dont want me to continue(Oh!)  
Super Ugly

I dont give a fuck

All I really know is that yo hoe wants to be with me  
She aint playin  
Believe what I'm sayin

Me and tha boy A.I. got more in Common than just ballin and rhymin  
Get It?

More in Carmen

I came in ya Bentley backseat

Skeeted in Jeep

Left condoms in tha baby seat

Here nigga

Tha gloves is off

The love is done

Its whateva, wheneva, howeva

Nigga "1"

And since you infatuated with sayin tha gay shit

Yes u was kissin my dick when u was kissin that bitch

Crazy bitch

You thought I was boning Ranette

You calling Carm' a hundred times I was boning her neck

You got a baby by that broad

You cant disown her yet

When does ya lies end?

When does the truth begin?

When does reality set it?

Or does it not matter

Gotta hurt that I'm ya baby mama's favorite rapper

And ask your current girl

She know whats up

Holla at a real nigga

I dont give a fuck

All I really know is that yo hoe wants to be with me  
She aint playin  
Believe what I'm sayin