

# Who You Wit II

Jay-Z

Uh-huh, yeah hah  
Never Sprung huh?  
Jigga, Roc-a-Fella y'all  
Never Sprung huh?  
Yeah, peep the repertoire  
Peoples, feel me on this one  
Peoples, feel this  
Never Sprung huh? Know my style

I love bitches, thug bitches, shy bitches  
Rough bitches, don't matter you my bitches  
Gold diggers witcha eyes on my riches  
Can't Knock Your Hustle for real, exotic bitches  
I'm game tight, see it all through the platinum french  
frames with the french name in the same night  
Pull you and your tight friend  
lift your little dress like light wind, hah, then I slide right in  
You know the whole repertoire, U.S. to the U-S-S-R  
Sexin in a Lexus car  
Match wits with the best of y'all the rest of y'all  
is like vege-tables in my presence, check it  
Reminescin to nuttin you ever heard, Iceberg  
Slim baby ride rims through the suburbs  
Funds come in lump sums never ends deferred  
Get money like I'm down South Wednesday the 3rd, it's on

[Chorus]

Dough to get, more shows to rip  
I suggest you all roll with the click, who you wit  
Frozen wrists and it's flows that's sick  
More O's than you know exist, bitch who you wit

Can't scheme on em, Roc-a-Fella got a team on em  
Chicks dream on him trick cream on him  
Lose it when dudes think it's just music  
Lean on em flash green on em and diamond rings on em  
Sex around the way girls down to mida's  
I'm somethin every girl gotta have like Levi's  
Chiquita, me got more, see I brawl  
You can love me or hate me, either or  
I'ma stay winnin, rock the custom drop Bentleys  
Never eat at Denny's and party like Lil Penny  
can he live? Trick or main chick but if she leave  
just as quick, indian give, ha-hah  
Now what I look like? Givin a chick half my trap  
like she wrote half my raps, yeah, I'm havin that  
you be the same chick when you leave me  
the bankbook and the credit cards and take everything you came wit chorus

[Chorus]

Here's somethin niggaz gon find, not at all funny  
We takin all ya bitches, takin all ya money  
Jay-Z rated A.G. baby that's All Good  
I sink this ball in your hole, I'm Tiger Woods  
If the money was the grass and your ass was tee  
when I hit it with this club love you comin with me

Grip you right up under your ass, put your back on the wall  
Kinda tipsy, seein triple, so I'm fuckin ya all  
You remind me of this dream I had the night before  
I'm kinda hopin the condom break to have a reason to go raw  
I'm playin, hit the showers, hit the money spot  
Where all the models play and big money is dropped  
Drop the top, let her feel the moonlight it entranced her  
She jumped all in my seat like some private dancer  
I tell you somethin new, if you don't hop down off that  
butter soft shit with your shoes, I'ma step on the gas  
She laughed, put her ass back in the proper place  
She said, 'I played my cards right and look I got the ace'  
I told her (beatboxes) 'Slow down baby'  
You dealin with a baller, who, hold ground crazy it's on

[Chorus repeat 4x]

Beyatch! Fucka  
Jigga, nine-seven shit, next millenia  
Recognize, realize, it's on  
Roc the block y'all  
Laugh  
It's on