

Jay-Z, 44 Fours

[Jay-Z:]
Can I kick it?
Yes you can
Can I kick it?
Yes you can
Can I kick it?
Yes you can

(I'm kina lovin that)

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Yes you can
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Rocafella forever Hov for life
Debuts a classical first album four mics
Shoulda gotta five but niggas lack full sight
But I don't giva fuck I aint do it for the hype
I do it for the hustlas for the ghetto for the polites
For the struggle for those who bubble white
Who fly four by four roofless cars flawless ice
For the pain for yall to know what its like

For every time it rains 40 days and 40 nights
For every promise made that never saw the light
I get my own forty acres give me four nights
Four o's a glock forty for the jackets and I'm right
All the four four was suffice
A fourteen year old will look out for the vice
You can sit back and just wait for the flight
Boy will take off like I've been strippin all my life
That's the type of metaphor so right
That let niggas know I was real before the mic
Four front rows had the fur at the fight
No pita on my pita left some room for the divas
And the sweet will meet up if you out for the night
On the rampage champaign pours on the floor
For all those who aint make it here and loss a life
Wouldn't forget yall for any price
Not for no hoes not for no ice
Not for no fame nor for bright lights
So I'ma end this here real mean but right
Fourty Four Fours motha fucka I'm NICE