

# 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)

Can I kick it?  
Yes you can  
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Yes you can  
Can I kick it?  
Yes you can

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