

Jay-Z, Excuse Me Miss Again (Remix)

Memph Bleek always smoking that lalala...(Hooo)
Beanie Sigel always smoking that lalala...(Hooo)
Kanye tracks smoke like lalala... (Hooo)
It's the ROC baby, SING OUR LULLABY
Come on!

(Chorus)

Excuse me miss, I'm the shit
You should come, hang wit me, basically
Hold up, skip all the singin' lets go ride tonight, mami (Come on now...Uhhh)

(Jay-Z)

I know my English ain't as modest as you like
But come, get some, you little bums
I take the cake from under the baker's thumbs
I bake the cake get two of them for one
Then I move the +weight+ like I'm +Oprah's son+
Uhhh, I show you how to do this son
Young don't mess wit chicks in Burberry patterns
Fake Manolo boots straight from Steve Madden (un-uh)
He padded hisself the rap JFK, you wanna pass for my Jaqueline Onassis
Then hop ya ass out that S-class
Lay back in that maebach, roll the best grass, I ask...
Have you in your long-legged life
ever seen a watch surrounded by this much pink ice? (uhh)
Look but don't touch, muthaf**ker think twice
Cause the gat that I clutch got a little red light
Need a light?...

(Hook)

To smoke that lalala
Beanie Sigel always smoking that lalala
Memph Bleek always smoking that lalala
It's the ROC mami, SING OUR LULLABY
Come on!

(Chorus)

(Jay-Z)

We got brothers full of Arme, mamis in Manolo
Bags by Chanel, Louis Vuitton logos
All attracted to Hov' because they know dough
When they see him, which be European
If you're a +te-en+ (ten) chances your wit +him+
If you're a five you know you ridin' wit th-em
Sick wit the pen nigga, no physician in the world could fix him
No prescription, you could prescribe to subside his affliction
He's not a sane man, more like reign man twitchin'
You can't rain dance on his picnic
No Haitian voodoo, no headless chickens can dead his sickness (whoop)
No Ouija board, you can't see me dog, nigga you +CB4+
This ain't +Chris Rock+ bitch, it's the ROC bitch
And I'm the +franchise+ like a Houston Rocket
Nawimean (Yao Ming)...

(Hook)

Still smoking that lalala...
Memph Bleek still smoking that lalala...
Beanie Sigel, desert eagle to fo' to five....
It's the ROC baby, SING OUR LULLABY
Come on!

(Chorus)

(Kanye)

She claims she hate when I'm name droppin'
So when I talk rap she gon' change topics
But I got a plan B that's planned out
For when things don't pan out
Hov' tell her your my brotha I'mma play shy brotha
So you take the Destiny's Child girl in the coupe
And I'mma try to bag the ones that got kicked out the group
I figure that a be simple I'll just help em with they demo
Help em to the limo play the umbert instrumentals
And she grabbed my tattoo peeped my credentials
And she grabbed my pants felt the potential
And I drop out every essential
To have fun breakin' her fundamentals (excuse me miss)
The artist of the new millenium
Has finally stopped drivin' that blue Millenium
And got her good and trendy and filled her wit plenty a henny
A remy of weed 'till she higher than hellium

(Hook)

As we, smoke that lalala
Memphis Bleek always smoking that lalala
Beanie Sigel, desert eagle to fo' to five
It's the ROC bitch SING OUR LULLABY
Come on!

(Chorus)