

# Jay-Z, Is That Yo Bitch?

(feat. Missy 'Misdemeanor' Elliott, Twista)

[Jay-Z]

Uh, yo don't get mad at me  
I don't love 'em I fuck 'em  
I don't chase 'em I duck 'em  
I replace 'em with another one  
You had to see she keep calling me BIG  
And my name is Jay-Z  
She be all on my dick  
Gradually I'm taking over your bitch  
Coming over your shit  
Got my feet up on you sofa, man  
I mean a hostess for my open hand  
You coming home to beer shifts and there be soda cans  
I got your bitch in my Rover man  
I never kiss her, I never hold her hand  
In fact I diss her I'm a bolder man  
I'mma pimp her, it's over man  
It's over man, it's over man

[Missy]

Oh is that your bitch  
Why she all in his six?  
With her hand on his dick  
Keep licking her lips  
Is that your bitch?  
Why she all in his ride?  
With her hand on his thighs  
Keep looking in his eyes  
Oh is that your bitch?  
You better tell her chill  
While you all in his grill  
Don't you know that man kill?  
Is that your bitch?  
Why she paging him?  
Keep praising him?  
Cause that's Jay and them, bitch

[Jay-Z]

Yo, yo.. why you home alone, why she out with me?  
Room 112, hotel balcony  
How she say Jay you can call the house for me?  
There's no respect at all  
You betta check her dawg  
She keep beggin' me to hit it raw  
So she can have my kids and say it was yours  
How foul is she? And you wifed her  
Shit, I put the rubber on tighter  
Sent her home, when she entered home  
You hugged her up  
What the fuck is up?  
She got you whipped, got your kids  
Got your home, but that's not your bitch  
You share that girl, don't let 'em hear daddy Earl  
It'll make 'em sick that his favorite chick  
Ain't saving it, unfaithful bitch

[Missy]

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[Jay-Z]  
Cool out homie  
You betta keep her away from my balling clique  
Keep her out of nightclubs all in the mix  
From hanging out with chicks who be swallowing dicks  
From catz who order Cris play the floor with the Knicks  
It can only lead to something unfortunate  
Hot boy like Jigga man scorch your bitch  
Play the floor dot Jigga man go first  
Then we all rock till we all hot  
You know the boy from the Roc got them whores on lock  
Got the bitches in the smash  
Making yours drive fast  
Do we get more cash than the average nigga?  
All dem hoes like damn I gotta have this nigga  
Cause I'mma hot black, how in the hell can you stop that  
You can fuck mine  
How the hell can you knock that?  
I'm just playing the cards choosenly  
Jigga man who ya supposed to be?

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[Twista]  
Tha Jigga and Twista got 'em screaming  
Like a demon fiending for the semen  
Chrome gleaming like the dome off Keenan  
Gone while I'm leanin' smoking  
I'm whip it in the stomach  
Your bitch on the passenger side of me flashing your money  
Why you acting so funny?  
You know she been flirting while your working  
Behind the curtain knuckles jerking for certain  
Poppin' that pussy  
Sweatin' till no fluid is left  
When I come in the party with J we gonna do it to death  
You gon' ruin your rep

Trippin' while we pimpin' these hefers  
Playa lectures got me shining like a new Gator stepper  
Must have been mad  
When your ho put my stuff in the dash  
Bust in her ass  
To climax I come up with a nab  
The game don't stop  
Legit ballers bending up the block  
Niggas rushing, coming at us cause of status and props  
Sucking and fucking, loving it when I put tha dick up inside her  
Can't help it if she yellin' with a ridah

[Missy]

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