

Jay-Z, Roc Boys (And The Winner Is...)

And the winner is HOV (my man)

SPEECH

First of all I wanna thank my connect
The most important person with all due respect
Thanks to the duffel bag the brown paper bag
The Nike shoe box for holding all this cash
Boys in blue who put greed before the badge
The first pusher who ever made the stash
The Roc boys in the building tonight
Oh what a feeling I'm feeling life
Thanks to the lames niggas with bad aim
Thanks to a little change I'll tear you out the game
Bullet wounds'll stop your buffoonery
Thanks to the pastor rapping at your eulogy
To Little Kim and them you know the women friend who
Carry the work 'cross state for a gentleman
Yea, thanks to all the hustlers, and most important to you, the customer

The Roc boys in the building tonight
Oh what a feeling, I'm feeling life
You don't even gotta bring your paper out
We the dope boys of the year drinks is on the house (We in the house)
The Roc boys in the building tonight
Look at how I'm chillin' I'm killing this ice
You don't even gotta bring your purses out
We the dope boys of the year drinks is on the house (We in the house, we in the house)

Let your hair down baby, I just hit a score
Pick any place on the planet, pick a shore
Take what Forbes figured then figure more
'Cause they forgot to account what i did with the raw
Pick a time lets pick apart some stores
Pick a weekend for freakin' for figure fours
I figure frauds never hit a lick before
So they don't know the feeling when them things get across
Put your hand out the window, feel the force
Feel the Porsche, hit the frost
Ice cold, jewels got no flaws
Drop got no top, you on the top floor
Pink ros, think O.J., I get away with murder when I sling yay
Heron got less steps than Britney that means it ain't stepped on digg me

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Rare Porsches, rare portraits, rare guns if you dare come near the fortress
With apple sauces from the apple orchard
This kind of talk is only reserved for the bosses
Which means I get it from the ground
Which means you get it when I'm around
Rich niggas, black bar-mitzvahs, Mazel Tov it's a celebration bitches,
L'Chayim I wish for you a hundred years of success but it's my time
Cheers, toast to crime number one d-boy dahm he could rhyme

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