

# Jay-Z, Squeeze 1st

Uh, yeah, mmmm

William H. niggas

Holla, yeah, yo

[HOOK:]

That's why I, squeeze first ask questions last

That's how most of these so called gangstas pass

I, squeeze first ask questions last

Cuz when I pull up, always pop, that's why I'm livin today

[JIGGA]

Yo, when I meet ya, I heat ya down

When I greet ya, meet ya with pound

Not the handshake, but the kind that make ya demand a wake

The kind that put land over your face

I pop ya, let doctors stitch ya

I-N-F-R-A, will not miss ya

I move light, like my shoes too tight

Leave niggas confused from the day to the night

At night, see the light, when the pistol's sparkin

Daytime it gets dark when that pistol barkin

I keep cash 'case cops arrest me

'case kids kidnap me, kids could get back me

You shall repent 'fore you spend a red cent

If not, you somebody up close to sin

Thou shalt not fuck with raw me, or he

Face a thousand deaths from Mr. Shawn Correy

Carter, rap harder like I'm part of a cult

Like Cuban cigar maker 'cept I'm hard to smoke

And y'all choke motherfuckers

[HOOK]

[JIGGA]

I said thou shalt not fuck with raw me, or he

Face a thousand deaths from Mr. Shawn Correy

Carter, rap harder like I'm part of a cult

Like Cuban cigar maker 'cept I'm hard to smoke

Thou shalt not fuck with raw me, or he

Face a thousand deaths from Mr. Shawn Correy

Carter, rap harder like I'm part of a cult

Like Cuban cigar maker 'cept I'm hard to smoke

And y'all choke niggas

[HOOK]

[JIGGA]

Y'all don't understand

I said thou shalt not fuck with raw me, or he

Face a thousand deaths from Mr. Shawn Correy

Carter, rap harder like I'm part of a cult

Like Cuban cigar maker 'cept I'm hard to smoke

Y'all choke niggas

[HOOK]

[JIGGA]

See when I'm low in digits, I push blow in a blizzard

I'm a player for real, I post and pivot

Coke distribute, be where the ghostes visit

Where the demons live, shit my scene is vivid

Squeamish kids, y'all get the fuck outta this verse

It's about to get so obscene in a minute

I seen and live it, I did some things I admit it

Wasn't proud of it, but I was a child fuck it

Kept a pow tucked in a brown belt

Couldn't sit down, big gun kept stickin my pelvis

Shit it was either that or be livin wit Elvis

Niggas is jealous, hell is hot, you heard X

Wanted to tell God that I don't deserve this

Was afraid that he'd tell me I deserve less

My life was nervous, you haven't heard stress

Til you heard the cries of my mama, me givin her drama  
Told her I aint promised tomorrow, gotta live for the day  
And before she could say Jay...  
I was out the door, pouch full of raw, a outlaw mentality  
Men gotta do men things for men salary  
Bad Boy, not Puff or Mike Lowery, damn B.I.G. woulda been proud of me  
Ahh shit man...  
Young Hova ya heard?  
Who could fuck wit him?