

Jay-Z, You, Me, Him And Her

(feat. Amil, Beanie Sigel, Memphis Bleek)

[Jay-Z]

Told y'all... Dynasty... Roc-A-Fella Records, you heard me?
Unstoppable, niggaz! Uhh
Memph Bleek.. Amil-lion.. Sigel Sigel ya heard?
It's a Dynasty! Who do you believe?

Jigga Man, mo' better, mo' cheddar
Foes knock the man off your Polo sweater
Roll with the R-O-C, A-Fella
Remember me? The teachers used to fail us
Now it's mo' scrilla, hoe killers
Fo'-wheelers, we - gorillas
Oh please feel us - we heat holders
Fightin? Listen boy, Roy Jones couldn't still us
The plot thickens, the block clickin
We got the game tied up, stop trippin
Jigga Man huh? Sigel Sigel y'all
Memph Bleek what? Amil-lion, uhh
Cat be him, El Cap-i-tan
The fire I spit burn down Happyland
Social Club, we unapproachable thugs
Non-social, gone postal
Great aim, harm the arm close to your toast
like a Don's supposed to, Shawn
I thought I told you, these ain't just vocals
Don't make me take it to the old school
I put holes through your hoes too
through your clothes to the foes to the nigga close to you
Fuck it; Jigga Man huh? Sigel Sigel y'all
Amil-lion what? Memph Bleek..

[Memphis Bleek]

Y'all dudes don't - get it, come widdit
Fifth loaded with slugs that'll rest in your fitted
It's M dot E-M, the Roc be them
Got the mamis sayin look, who can stop be them?
You wan' press your dumb luck, get blam blam-ed up
I crush your larynx, you talk 'bout us nigga
No obituary, I get it critical
You know Memph'll hit the pall bearer liftin you
When I cock the plastic, make 'em drop the casket
When it's hot, I'm blastin, it's the Roc, you bastards
Jigga Man what? Amil-lion yeah
Memph Bleek huh? Sigel Sigel c'mon
Spit acid, c'mon
Witcha bullshit smash hit, get your bullshit smashed in
Niggaz wanna front and get jumped
Bet the ruger give your right side a nice-sized lump
Nigga, we are, the supreme squad
You can dream hard but reality is
we push the dream cars, fuck the queen broads
puff the green raw, we as real as it get
We the R-O-C dot A dot Fellas
Bitches don't talk to us, the hoes they e-mail us
Nigga, Jigga Man what? Memph Bleek huh?
Amil-lion yeah, Sigel Sigel rap

[Beanie Sigel]

R (dot) O (dot) C (dot) stop
From tower to mind pop, I move out stop
Shower your mind block, move out with glocks
Raw to the cook, look, move out them blocks

Take it to the bucks who be grindin it up
Usually take it to the dubs so they diamond it up
Competition, linin 'em up
Forty-five ACP, let me squeeze lime 'em up
You want, drama what? Well silence it up
Since a young buck, violent as fuck
Wettin me dog, the high will do it; I used to wild off embalmin fluid
I send niggaz to the trauma unit
Forty-five or the nine'll do it
I fuck around and have your moms go through it - I'm a beast!
Shit, niggaz always wanna ye shit, then they wanna cease shit
when they motherfuckin peeps hit
But I don't cease nuttin, I decease som'un
I fuck around and have you sleepin underneath som'un
Jigga Man what? Sigel Sigel y'all
Memph Bleek uh, Amil-lion right

[Amil]

Yo, A to the M-I, feminist
Holdin the semi, leave niggaz faced with a dilemmi
Am I, gon' run or stay, can I
get away no you can't can't I surrendi?
And I, lazy bop, Mercedes hot
In my way through the tunnel like Lady Di

[Jay-Z]

Jigga Man huh? Sigel Sigel y'all
Memph Bleek what? Amil-lion uhh