

# Jadakiss, Knock Yourself Out

Uh-huh, you know where I'm takin this  
I'm takin it right there - they leave me no choice  
AOWWWWW!! Uh, uh, oh

[Verse One]

She said she was a model for a year and a half  
And if she took her pins out,  
then her hair would drop down to her calf  
I knew her man, he was just up North  
and would've got left up North, but he was the chef up North  
Anyway I'm K-I-double  
All I do is get dough, spit flows, try to stay out of trouble  
If you ready we could move, just lose your man  
or hit the dance floor, I'll show you how to do my dance  
Or I might let you play in the garden  
Or sit up in that white thing and listen to the greatest of Marvin  
The estate got six locations  
Take so long to get to the front once I missed probation  
And I hate to brag  
I know ya man really wouldn't like the Beretta but he'd hate the Mag  
And yeah here go a blank check, rock yourself out  
But in the mean time girl - knock yourself out

[Chorus]

Oh you modelin mamma? (knock yourself out)  
Wanna let ya hair down? (knock yourself out)  
Oh you ready to move? (knock yourself out)  
Whatchu wanna sit in the Coupe? (knock yourself out)  
Wanna keep on dancin? (knock yourself out)  
Wanna run in my mansion? (knock yourself out)  
Sit in V.I.P.? (knock yourself out)  
Bitch you just wanna be seen (knock yourself out)

[Verse Two]

Now you can knock yourself out like you boxin yourself  
Or you can get real freaky start poppin yourself  
And my watch got so many rocks, when you look at the time  
it's sorta like you watchin yourself, uhh  
Front if you want, I puff a few blunts  
and take a cruise in a Porsche wit the trunk in the front  
She had the Jocko B'sure sandals, told her hop in  
The coupe blew her mind when she couldn't find the door handles  
Attitude very high maintence; check this out ma  
I'm runnin out of my patience  
Don't sleep wit me? Then don't speak wit me  
And neva talk bad bout niggaz that eat wit me

[Chorus]

[Verse Three]

Aiyyo, honey know I'm waitin to leave  
Keep dancin, cause I like how that ass shake in them capris  
I'm like Big wit the murder mamis up in Belize  
but I'll still fuck a chickenhead like Lil' Cease  
I don't care if they model, bet they all gon' chill  
First nigga to cook base on a Foreman grill  
And you might win some, but you just lost one  
Kiss +Miseducates+ 'em like Lauryn Hill

[Chorus - (Fades)]