

# Jay-Z, Face Off

(feat. Sauce Money)

[Jay-Z, (Sauce)]

[Jay-Z talking:]

Sauce mothafuckin, jigga, jigga feel this...

[Chorus]

This goes out to my Brooklyn crew put ya guns up in the air if ya feel me  
(If ya feel me) Fuck 'em all day fuck 'em all night we don't love these hoes

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If ya feel me (Fuck 'em all day fuck 'em all night we don't love these hoes)

[Verse 1]

Yeah (If ya want some put ya guns up it's on)  
Ladies know that when the sun's up I'm gone  
(Fuck them bitches though digits though)  
Fuck, now if I bring it niggas know what  
(All black gat with the mack out)  
I take shorty to the rest blow her back out  
sun dress undress throw her back out (biotch)  
(in & out like a crack house) keep it moving  
(Face off with the .38 scraped off)  
keep shorty maced can't throw a 4-4 eight ball  
know your place (so it starts when ya least expect)  
(the yeast infect) you don't imitate bitches  
(piece protected) so I hear you hate bitches?  
(love the dough, ya flow irritate niggas)  
fuck them though, it's all out and  
have a fall out I fucked ya girl  
(On top now we call out fuck the world)  
(Face Off!)

[Chorus]

(This goes out to my Brooklyn crew put ya guns up in the air if ya feel me)  
If ya feel me (Fuck 'em all day fuck 'em all night we don't love these hoes)

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[Verse 2]

(I apologize ladies I'm lovin' ya right)  
you must be used to me trickin' but we fuckin' tonight  
(No wine no dine) no wheelin' the whip  
all night long just feelin' the dick be-i-itch  
(Sauce mothafuckin' slayin' I'm sayin' with no delayin')  
(Can you beat that? I eat that) you just playin'  
nigga you neva know what a chick could do  
(pull the trigga too) check the shit jigga do  
(My crew) mackin' the same bitch (I do)  
(back man stack grands) daddy like I you  
(Love them hoes jigga?) Ha how that sound?  
women start to fall we all bat around  
Let my whole team hit it (scatter 'round)  
you never seen wit it (pat 'em down)  
check for cream in it (These riches)  
got nu'hin to do wit these bitches  
(Nothin' y'all can do to stop these digits)  
(Face Off!)

[Chorus]

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(If ya feel me) Fuck 'em all day fuck 'em all night we don't love these hoes

(This goes out to my Brooklyn crew put ya guns up in the air if ya feel me)  
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[Verse 3]

(Can I touch that?) what's that? Leave it for dead.  
Keep ya arm over ya face my nigga (keep ya head)  
(keep a mind to survive if ya sleep ya dead)  
Stay fly 'til ya die nigga deep with prayer  
(with each word ya say I guess the beef is dead)  
Ladies & gentlemen (like impeach the Prez)  
(Val Kilmer style nigga draw heat with feds)  
(broad day like De Niro shoot all day)  
I'm the man fuckin' the tracks and you just foreplay  
get a hit I, I come through, blow up, you spit out  
What keep it cocked faithfully like salop  
with one in the drop don't get hit up  
(I be the 4-5th flamer hoes bitch shamer)  
(clap cats a snitch she'll give ya whole click name up)  
Look I done came up (and) thought a whole game up  
meet me in the square with one in the chamber  
(The Face Off nigga)

[Chorus]

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(This goes out to my Brooklyn crew put ya guns up in the air if ya feel me)  
If ya feel me (Fuck 'em all day fuck 'em all night we don't love these hoes)

This goes out to my Brooklyn crew put ya gun up (in the air) if ya feel me  
Fuck 'em all day (fuck 'em all night) we don't love these hoes

[&quot;Track Masters&quot; is whispered softly 8X in background]  
(This goes out... put ya guns up in the air) if ya feel me if ya feel  
(Fuck 'em all day fuck 'em all night we don't love these hoes) Yeah!!

This goes out (to my Brooklyn crew)...