

# Jay-Z, Girl's Best Friend

Jigga man, Swizz Beats  
History in the making, part three  
Lights out ladies!

[Chorus: 2x]

C'mon here baby, you drive me crazy (to all my baby thugs)  
Don't want nobody but you my baby (and all my ladies sing)  
Hold me tight and call me your lady (say it louder)  
Let me scream your name

[Jay-Z]

I took ya outta Jacob's in clusters  
Busters they wanted to rush us  
Love the way you sparkle when the sun touch ya  
When you blush you turn blue if your grade is right  
You can light up the whole room, turning day from night  
When the summertime is in and the tops are down  
With you around my neck we lock the whole block down (that's right)  
It took shortsleeves and loungin' to understand  
The reason they call you ice, everybody freeze  
Ain't a pendant in the sun who can shine like you  
And that platinum in the charm who can blind like you  
The direct reason why niggas do they crimes they do  
I used to snatch the necklace right off them reckless fools  
Guess I was jealous that they was so next to you  
So I devoted half my time to invest in you  
The other half was spent on protecting you  
Cause you belong to me, now sing ya song for me  
C'mon

[Chorus 2x]

[Jay-Z]

I'm often with you so they wonder bout the juice I got  
I took you from the projects and an abusive pops  
From the bottom to the top  
The skateboard to the drop  
From the nada to the Prada  
I got ya like I got ya  
From the first time I put you round my neck and locked ya  
It was then I knew everywhere I went you'd follow  
Soon I spent every dolla you became my habit  
other brothers vice was smoke, mines was carats  
The more checks I got the more I laced my crew  
The rocks got bigger, watch face got blue  
Tricked a little bit, shit I lace my Boo  
Fuck it, my mistress I laced her too  
Cop my jewels twice, like deja vu  
If they ever met in the mall, it's ova ya'll  
Just the way I do, and either way you win  
I mean the thugs love ya when your girl's best friend

[Chorus 2x]

[Jay-Z]

And the wedding band you love  
In the gold chain you thug  
Sometimes you given just because  
And the tennis bracelet means they want relations  
Know that they wanna fuck the only reason they give you up  
In the hands of goldiggas you never enough  
Rings, things, just never enough  
With me and you together gon shine to the end

I mean the thugs love ya but ya girls best friend

[Chorus til end]