Jay-Z, Give It To Me

Let's go Hov! Uh huh, Hov' You, are, not, ready Hov', unstoppable, Dynasty, young Hova

I'm a hustler baby [I'm a hustler]
I just want you to know [Wanna let you know]
It aint where I been [It aint where I been]
But where I'm bout to go [Top of the world!]
Now I just wanna love you [just wanna love you]
But be who I am [you know you love me]
And with all this cash [mo' money, mo' problems]
You'll forget your man
Now give it to me
Gimme that funk, that sweet, that nasty, that gushi stuff
But don't bullshit me
C'mon, gimme that funk, that sweet, that nasty, that gushi stuff

[Verse 1] *When the Remi's in the system Aint no tellin will I f**k 'em will I diss 'em That's what they be yellin I'm a pimp by blood, not relation Y'all be chasin, I replace them* Huh, drunk of Crist', mommy on E Can't keep her little model hands off me Both in the club, high, singing off key *And I wish I never met her at all...* It gets better, ordered another round It's, about, to go, down Got six model chicks, six bottles of Crist' Four Belvederes, got weed everywhere What do you say, me, you and your Clovey glasses Go somewhere private where we can discuss fashion Like, Prada blouse, Gucci bra Filth marked jeans, take that off

Give it to me
Gimme that funk, that sweet, that nasty, that gushi stuff
But don't bullshit me
C'mon, gimme that funk, that sweet, that nasty, that gushi stuff
I said give it to me
Gimme that funk, that sweet, that nasty, that gushi stuff
But don't bullshit me
Motha, gimme that funk, that sweet, that nasty, that gushi stuff

[Verse 2]

Yeah, save the narrative you savin it for marriage Let's keep it real ma you savin it for cabbage You wanna see how far I'ma go How, much I'ma spend but you already know Zip, zero, stingy with dinero

Might buy you Crist', but that about it
Might light your wrist, but that about it
F**k it, I might wife you and buy you nice whips
Ma, but you really gotta ride nice dick
Know how to work your hips and your head's priceless
Profess you love the Hov', and I'll never let you down
Get you bling like the Neptune sound
Okay, hot Hov', too hot to hold
Ladies love me long time like 2Pac sold

Only way to roll, Jigga and two ladies I'm too cold, Motorola, two way page me, c'mon

Give it to me

Gimme that funk, that sweet, that nasty, that gushi stuff But don't bullshit me

C'mon, gimme that funk, that sweet, that nasty, that gushi stuff I said give it to me

Gimme that funk, that sweet, that nasty, that gushi stuff

But don't bullshit me

Mama, gimme that funk, that sweet, that nasty, that gushi stuff I'm a hustler baby [uh, Hov']

I just want you to know [Hov']

It aint where I been

But where I'm bout to go [Hov', Hov']

Now I just wanna love you [young Hova]

But be who I am [know you love me]

And with all this cash [mo' money, mo' problems]

You'll forget your man

[Verse 3]

Yeah, yeah, yeah

Same song, I'm back, been around the world

Ro-mancing girls that dance with girls

From, Club Cheetah, to Club Amnesia

The Peanuts in L.A., bubblin and dubblins

Can't deny me, why would you want to

You need me, why don't you try me

Baby you want to, believe me, Hov'!

Give it to me

Gimme that funk, that sweet, that nasty, that gushi stuff

But don't bullshit me

C'mon, gimme that funk, that sweet, that nasty, that gushi stuff

I said give it to me Gimme that funk, that sweet, that nasty, that gushi stuff

But don't bullshit me

Mama, gimme that funk, that sweet, that nasty, that gushi stuff

You gotta... Give it to me Uh, uh huh