

Jay-Z, Hovi Baby (Remix)

I fucks with Hova
I want you to know
It's something about you
I fucks with Hova
I fucks with Hova
Trackmaster's XO
This remix is for you
Let's go.

Untouchable, unbreakable, unshakeable, (it's Hovi baby)
can't see the unseeable, reach the unreachable
Do the impossible (it's Hovi baby)
Yes... (Remix) Yes... Yes... Baby (it's Hova)

First I had streets, then I had charts
First I had the end, now I have their heart
Rappers came and went, I been here from start
I see them put it together, watch them take it apart
See the rovers roll up with the ribbons
I see them repo, resold, and redriven, so when I reload
The number one positions, when you had them hot
And when your feet cold, mines is sizzling
When you see, niggas can't fuck with me
Cuz I'm gonna be a nigga for life
Oh this is not a gimmick
This is God given, this is harder than
Mix with cris dom sippin
This is the most consistent
Give me the most hits that you can fit inside a double disc
And hold me a pony charts, you niggas vision it
This whole edition, Jeff Gordon and rap
I'm going to claim whole position
Holla at ya

[Chorus]
can't touch the untouchable, break the unbreakable
Shake the unshakeable (it's Hovi baby)
can't see the unseeable, reach the unreachable
Do the impossible (it's Hovi baby)
can't move the unmoveable, stop the stoppable
Top the untoppable (it's Hovi baby)
Yes... (Remix) Yes... Yes... Baby (it's Hovi)

I'm so far ahead of my time
I'm about to start another life
Look behind you, I'm about to pass you twice
Back to the future, got a snow for the present
I'm fast, dude can't get passed my past
When I close the deal with the perfect present
When I unwrap the gift and the curse with a different verse
And I'm so far ahead of my time
My grandpop just met my grandma at a high school prom
And I'm so far ahead of my time
These rhymes is weak
Till four years later, they on time release
Hiphop when you take them, cop your four copa
You releaize A track needed a autopsy
The more tracks I'm on, the more I catch bodies
If not listen, further you're missing a murder
Like NYPD, LAPD, NYDA, OJ Jury's

[Chorus]

Crush linen, what's winning

If it aint him in the flesh, continue to guess
I'm about to retire my jersey, fuck Mitchell and this
I'm gonna throw back old school kicks in
Sixty-nine yeah, same year I was born
Flip the numbers yeah, same year I got on
Ninety-six, yeah, I used to rhyme with the Don
Shit out the big, Brooklyn I got this shit
Here is something haters can't figure out
Who Vanilla first weed, man they still jigga'd out
See, I even sell CD's in the crowd
The hardest dude out since these nibble'd out
Hovi Baby, love me, or blow me baby
Fuck you you'll pay me, or owe me baby
There in and out
Check the charts, I'm wearing you out
I'm about to drop the black album in a year
And I'm out

[Chorus]