

# Jay-Z, La, La, La (Excuse Me Again)

[Jay-Z]

Whooo! Whooo!

[Chorus]

Memph Bleek always smoking that La, La, La  
Beanie Sigel always smoking that La, La, La  
Neptunes track smoke like La, La, La  
It's the ROC baby sing our Lulla-Bye (C'mon)  
Excuse me miss, I'm the shit  
You should come, hang with me, basically  
Hold up, skip all the singing let's get right tonight  
Mami

[Verse 1]

I know my English ain't as modest as you like  
But come, get some you little bums  
I take the cake from under the bakers thumb  
I bake the cake and two it up from one  
Then I moved to weight like I'm Oprah's son  
Uh, I show you how to do this son  
Young don't mess with chicks in Burberry Patterns  
Fake Menolo's boots straight from Steve Madden  
He tatted his-self, as the rap J.F.K.  
You wanna pass for my Jaqueline, Onassis, then  
Hop ya ass out that S-Class  
Lay back in the Maybach, roll the best grass, I ask  
Have you in your long-legged life  
Ever seen a watch surrounded by this much pink ice  
Look but don't touch, muthafucka think twice  
Cuz this gat that I clutch gotta little red light  
Need a light?

(To smoke that La, La, La)

[Chorus 2]

Beanie Sigel always smoking that La, La, La  
Memph Bleek always smoking that La, La, La  
It's the ROC mami sing our Lulla-Bye  
C'mon

Excuse me miss, I'm the shit  
You should come, hang with me, basically  
Hold up, skip all the singing let's get right tonight  
Mami

[Verse 2]

We got brothers full of Army, Mami's in Manolo  
Bags by Chanel or Louis Vuitton logo's  
All attracted to Hov because they know dough  
When they see him, whips be European  
If your a 10 chances your with him  
If your a 5 you know you ridin' with them  
Sick with the pen nigga no physician, in the world could fix him  
No prescription, you can prescribe to subside his affliction  
He's not a sane man, he's more like the Rainman twitchin'  
You can't Reign Dance on this picnic  
No Haitian voodoo, no headless chicken  
Can dead or sickness, no Quijji board  
You can't see me dawg, niggaz ya CB-4  
This ain't Chris Rock bitch, it's the ROC bitch  
And I'm the Franchise like the Houston Rockets  
Yao Ming

[Chorus 3]

Still smokin' that La, La, La  
Memph Bleek still smokin' that La, La, La  
Beanie Sigel Desert Eagle the .45  
It's the ROC baby sing our Lulla-Bye  
C'mon  
Excuse me miss, I'm the shit  
You should come, hang with me, basically

Hold up, skip all the singing let's get right tonight

Mami

[Verse 3]

Forget English, talk body language

I be all over mami's like body painters

Pink Diamond necklace, strawberry wrist

Please excuse yourself, your very sick

Don't confuse me with Marbury out this bitch

Run up on me at the light, you could lose your life

Muthafucka's must be smokin' they La, La, La or crack

.45 gun smoke, choke off that

Let's get back to the music, I ain't with all that

Plus the fedz tappin' my music, yall get all that?

I'm THEE! public industry #1

Public industry #2 is my whole crew (R.O.C.!)

Now I ain't down with who like me or who like you

That's gay, I ain't into liking dudes no way

But get a pen, I can tell you pricks my plans for the future

I never make the news again, my man'll shoot ya

[Chorus 3]

As we, smoke that La, La, La

Memph Bleek still smokin' that La, La, La

Beanie Sigel Desert Eagle the .45

It's the ROC bitch sing our Lulla-Bye

C'mon

Excuse me miss, I'm the shit

You should come, hang with me, basically

Hold up, skip all the singing let's get right tonight

Mami

[Pharrell Williams{of the Neptunes}]

Well watch me now

Uh!

Ho!, Ho!

C'mon

Do you want me to do it

Well watch me now