

# Jay-Z, Poppin' Tags

(feat. Big Boi, Killer Mike, Twista)

[Intro/Chorus: repeat 2X]

And we gon' stay hustlin on that block until we caught  
And we gon' stay showin off that jewelry that we bought  
And we gon' stay leavin out the stores with heavy bags  
Cause we poppin tags, pimpin we be poppin tags!

[Verse One: Jay-Z]

We arose, let's go  
"So Fresh So Clean" like 'Kast  
Jay-Z be poppin tags  
Leavin the mall with heavy bags  
You know the boy got a love for the cash  
Aw fuck, there he go again  
Talkin bout hoes and dough again  
Yup! -- Can't hold it in  
I'm surprised I got so much dough to spend  
But, back when I was poorer then  
You wasn't focusin, about the dough I spend  
But I was holdin in, I was a roller then  
I was a baller back then, all of that man  
Fall back, I fought that  
What would you do if you was in my shoes?  
Leave dudes in the rearview  
V-12 engine, corners spinnin  
Twinkies shinin, pinky ring  
Armada, nigga stinky stink  
Top, down, my cash is up  
Gold chain, I don't give a fuck  
Gold brain'll get you in the truck ma  
That's right, you in luck ma  
You see me cruisin down, better step inside  
Ain't enough room to fit you all in the ride  
First come, first served basis  
You know Hov' be goin to nice places  
That's right, and I'm droppin cash  
Leave the mall with garbage bags  
Gucci this, Prada that  
Roll witch a boy you'll be poppin tags

[Chorus]

[Verse Two: Twista]

It's a party when I go up in the sto'  
Shoppin while I'm zooted off the dro'  
Rollin like a nigga that just came up on a mill'  
and I got 'em sweepin and pickin up tags off the flo'  
Bag full of clothes I remember havin rocks in the hall  
on the glimmer with the glock by the ball  
Servin up a jab and workin security 6 to 6  
Then it's straight from the block to the mall  
Now what's on the wall? Go ahead and treat yo'self  
When you come up on some cheddar better pop that tag  
Like when I dip off in the Prada then I go off  
to the lot lay the paper down and cop that Jag  
I got a console full of ammunition and funds  
Mink Roc-a-Wear and some guns  
Petty in a fresh pair of jumps, blo-packs and Bo Jax  
and Air Maxes, throw back some ones, no max for none  
(When I go up in the sto' a nigga never get enough)  
I'm a baller and if you want it come and get it now  
(Nigga come to a race with a car you won't catch up)  
And the Twista kinda wicked when I spit it now

I be choppin up cheddar with Kanye  
Chop a little cheddar up with Jay  
Chop it up with the O-to-the-Kizay  
Poppin big tags with the flow and the dough, we get bi-zay!

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: Killer Mike]

Uh-huh, whattup? Tell you somethin bout me..  
My throwback game is whiffle wicked  
Saint Patties day, green pinstripe, number 20 Mark Spitz'n  
Jersey ooh-wee with the matchin Nu\*Wear fitted  
White boys say my style is bitchin  
Keepin coke in the kitchen  
Keep a glock that will shock and bring the rest  
tucked underneath my Michelin S  
I, travellin, handlin with a forty-five cannon  
It's tucked in my Marc Buchanan  
Extra clips and shells in the lambskin  
Two deep by Pelle Pelle  
Westside how they felly fell  
More G's on me, than a late 80's Gucci leather  
worn by the great Rakim himself  
Stitch my Dapper Dan oh man with the gun in hand  
I leave your blood squirting  
No offense, I'll put your face on the chest  
of a sweatshirt drawn by Shirt Kings  
I been fucking, a hustle, married to a racket  
since the first Air Jordan's and Starter jackets  
I slept with a package, under mattress  
I carry guns heavy speakeasy, slight with the fight words  
I'll put somethin hot through your motherfuckin iceberg  
Got a project chica, named Rica  
She keep a purse full of dro' reefer  
Small, pinkies like that  
Talk 'til the paper fat  
I rock somethin, roll chief +Sacks+ like Daddy Fat!

[Chorus]

[Verse Four: Big Boi]

Pop tires in reverse, you'll be needin a nurse  
Leave you layin on your back in a Cadillac hearse  
Now your mamma in all black with a matchin purse  
I know you wanna blow up, but a funeral hurts  
What's worse, you can hit the mall and ball 'til you fall  
Have to make a collect call, but your cell cut off  
Trot to the mailbox thinkin a check but the mail's run short  
No more MD, DD, LD  
That means Movie Date, Dinner Date, Lunch Date, help me please  
My sheets is gone  
Long bread to the short bread, word is bond  
Meticulously pimpously serve the song  
Act a damn donkey  
Like the pilgrims when they popped a tag on the indians home  
Drop top rag-o with the weed gone  
Chillin, bags in the trunk full of FEO Schwartz for the chill'uns  
Spent a few shillings  
Sip a few chickens, lick a few kittens, just kiddin  
A fresh bowl of milk is in the fridge and  
Can you pop the tags on the honeycombs  
Or are you actin mad cause the money done  
slowed, down, just a little bit  
Dipped, poked out, did some shall-bit  
Actin like a pitfall bull-pit

Dead game is the pul-pit  
Leave a motherpumper with his John Doe toe tag clipped  
Imperial classic, a lyrical thrashin  
A miracle happenin  
Jay-Z, Killer Mike and Big Boi rappin and rhymin and smabbin  
Pop that tag on some of this game  
Holla-tic, swallow and keep the change

[Chorus]