

Jay-Z, Your Love

[Jay-Z]

Christion.. listen

Uhh, Jigga

How easy is that?

Lame mad cause the game that I, spat at his chick

So I had to double back quick, and clap at his click

Soon as the smoke cleared, I got back in his *bitch*

Tell that man son, I ain't your ave-rage

My-rap-is-as-sick-as-it-gets

All the while, hand my hand on her, ass and hips

Told her, "Let's get gone; listen to Christion"

Play full of smoke, take small pulls to choke

She almost overdosed, how them cats hold their notes

Know that the flow's no joke, mine strictly fold dough

And since you over age, and, I'm overpaid

We can play in the Rover til the verse is over.. Jay

[Christion]