

Memphis Bleek, Is That Your Chick

[Jay-Z]

R-o-c

Memph bleek

Jigga man

Missy, twista sho' nuff

Yeah, yo

Don't get mad at me

I don't love 'em I fuck 'em

I don't chase 'em I duck 'em

I replace 'em with another one

You had to see she keep calling me big (and another one!)

And my name is jay-z

She was all on my dick

Gradually I'm taking over your bitch

Coming over your shit

Got my feet up on you sofas, man

I mean a hostess for my open hand

You coming home to dishes and empty soda cans

I got your bitch up in my rover man

I never kiss her, I never hold her hand

In fact I diss her I'm a bolder man

I'mma pimp her, it's over man

When I twist her in the gold sedan

Like I'm goldie man, you're bitch chose man

Jigga man, iceberg with the frozen hands

Wedding bands don't make it rosy man

[Chorus: Missy]

Oh is that your chick

Why she all in his six?

With her hand on his dick

Keep licking her lips

Is that your chick?

Why she all in his ride?

With her hand on his thigh

Keep looking in his eyes

Oh is that your chick?

You better tell her chill

While you all in his grill

Don't you know that man kill?

Is that your chick?

Why she beeping him?

Keep praising him?

Cause that's bleek and them, trick

[Memphis Bleek]

Yo check it now, yo, yo

Your hoe chose i

I ain't gonna lie

What I look like turnin' down chocha

Drove by, smokin' lye

Recognize a pimp, open your eyes

Hop in the passenger side of the ride

Damn bleek, can't speak

Uh-huh, okay, what's up, shut up

And close the door

Act like you been in the drop top

On the open road before

Fix your weave, then fix me

Ever gave head doing 160?

Ever seen a pair of kicks this crispy

How you love how the white wife beater fit me

M-dot, him hot, them not(that's gangsta)

[Chorus: Missy]

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Is that your chick?
Why she all in his ride?
With her hand on his thigh
Keep looking in his eyes
Oh is that your chick?
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[Twista]

Tha jigga and twista got 'em screaming
Like a demon fiending for the semen
Chrome gleaming like the dome off keenan
Gone while I'm leanin' smoking
I'm whip it in the stomach
Your bitch on the passenger side of me flashing your money
Why you acting so funny?
You know she been flirting while your working
Behind the curtain knuckles jerking for certain
Poppin' that pussy
Sweatin' till no fluid is left
When I come in the party with j we gonna do it to death
You gon' ruin your rep
Trippin' while we pimpin' these hefers
Playa lectures got me shining like a new gator stepper
Must have been mad
When your ho put my stuff in the dash
Bust in her ass
To climax I come up with a nab
The game don't stop
Legit ballers bending up the block
Niggas rushing, coming at us cause of status and props
Sucking and fucking, loving it when I put tha dick up inside her
Can't help it if she yellin' with a rider

[Chorus: Missy]

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[Jay-Z]

Yo, yo

Why you home alone, why she out with me?
Room 112, hotel balcony
How she say jay you can call the house for me?
There's no respect at all
You betta check her dawg
She keep beggin' me to hit it raw
So she can have my kids and say it was yours
How foul is she? and you wifed her
Shit, I put the rubber on tighter
Sent her home, when she entered home
You hugged her up
What the fuck is up?
She got you whipped, got your kids
Got your home, but that's not your bitch
You share that girl, don't let 'em hear daddy earl
It'll make 'em sick that his favorite chick
Ain't saving it, unfaithful bitch

[Chorus: Missy]

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[Memphis Bleek]

Yo how dumb the pimp?
I heard he trick
Bought a new five, maybe a six
Copped that for his new down bitch
And I was digging that down since '96 shit
Memph man I'll take your bitch
Let her do her thing, give brain in the whip
And you know how it go when it come to the hoes
She can do the same thing to the clique you know
Your hoe chose, don't get mad at me
Got your wife callin' me daddy
Put her out on the street let her get that cheese
My bad is that your freak
But you know how a thug do
When a nigga hit that, it's fuck you
Keep it snug, tre deuce in the boot
Niggas wanna act, get a motherfuckin' slug too

[Chorus: Missy]

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[Jay-Z]

Cool out homie
You betta keep her away from my balling clique
Keep her out of nightclubs all in the mix
From hanging out with chicks who be swallowing dicks
From catz who order cris play the floor with the knicks
That can only lead to something unfortunate
Hot boy like jigga man scorch your bitch
Play the floor dot jigga man go first
Then we all rock cause we all hot
You know the boys from the roc got them whores on lock
Got them bitches in the smash
Making yours drive fast
Cause we get more cash than the average nigga
All dem hoes like damn I gotta have this nigga
Cause i'mma hot black, how in the hell can you stop that
You would fuck mine
How the hell can you knock that?
I'm just playing the cards choosenly
Jigga man who ya supposed to be?

[Chorus: Missy]

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