

# Roc Boys (And the Winner Is)...

JAY-Z

And the winner is Hov  
My man, speechFirst of all I wanna thank my Connect  
The most important person with all due respect  
Thanks to the duffel bag, the brown paper bag  
The Nike shoe box for holdin' all this cash  
Boys in blue who put greed before the badge  
The first pusher whoever made the stashThe Roc Boys in the buildin' tonight  
Oh, what a feelin', I'm feelin' life  
Thanks to the lames, niggas with bad aim  
Thanks to a little change I tore you out the game  
Bullet wounds will stop your buffoonery  
Thanks to the pastor rappin' at your eulogy  
To Lil' Kim and them, you know the women friend  
Who, carry the work cross state for a gentlemen  
Yeah, thanks to all the hustlers  
And most importantly you, the customerThe Roc Boys in the buildin' tonight  
Oh, what a feelin', I'm feelin' life  
You don't even gotta bring ya paper out  
We the dope boys of the year, drinks is on the houseThe Roc Boys in the buildin' tonight  
Look at how I'm chillin', I'm killin' this ice  
You don't even gotta bring ya purses out  
We the dope boys of the year, drinks is on the houseLet ya hair down baby, I just hit a score  
Pick any place on the planet, pick a shore  
Take what the Forbes figure, then figure more  
'Cause they forgot to account what I did with the raw  
Pick a time, let's pick apart some stores  
Pick a weekend for freakin' for figure fours  
I figure frauds never hit a lick before  
So they don't know the feelin' when them things get acrossPut ya hand out the window, feel the force  
Feel the Porsche, hit the frost  
Ice cold, jewels got no flaws  
Drop got no top, you on the top floorPink Rosay, think OJ  
I get away with murder when I sling yay  
[Incomprehensible] got less steps then Britney  
That means it ain't stepped on, dig me?The Roc Boys in the buildin' tonight  
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You don't even gotta bring ya purses out  
We the dope boys of the year, drinks is on the house  
Red Porsche's, rare portraits  
Rare guns if you dare come near the fortress  
This apple sauce is from the apple orchid  
This kinda talk is only reserved for the bosses  
Which means I get it from the ground  
Which means you get it when I'm around  
Rich niggas, black bar mitzvahs  
Mazel tav, it's a celebration bitches  
La Heim  
I wish for you a hundred years of success  
But it's my time, cheers, toast to crime  
Number one B-boy, chain nigga rhyme  
The Roc Boys in the buildin' tonight  
Oh, what a feelin', I'm feelin' life  
You don't even gotta bring ya paper out  
We the dope boys of the year, drinks is on the house  
The Roc Boys in the buildin' tonight  
Look at how I'm chillin', I'm killin' this ice  
You don't even gotta bring ya purses out  
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Oh, what a feelin', I'm feelin' life  
You don't even gotta bring ya paper out  
We the dope boys of the year, drinks is on the house  
The Roc Boys in the buildin' tonight  
Look at how I'm chillin', I'm killin' this ice  
You don't even gotta bring ya purses out  
We the dope boys of the year, drinks is on the house  
Sweet, let that ride out, bring the horns back in, yeah  
This is black super hero music right here baby, American Gangsta  
Takin' flight, comin' to a town near you  
Soon as I touch down I just want y'all to start playin' the horns like  
Hovie's home, Lukey baby

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