

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 than 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 houseRed 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 bossesWhich 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 bitchesLa 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 rhymeThe 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 houseSweet, 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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