

Poppin' Tags (ft. Big Boi, Killer Mike, & Twista)

Jay-Z

[Chorus: x2]

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! 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] 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

Onn the glimmer with the glock by the ball
Servin' up a jab and workin' security six to six
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] Uh-huh, whattup? Tell you somethin' 'bout
me...

My throwback game is whiffle wicked
Saint Patties day, green pinstripe, number twenty 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] Pop tires in reverse, you'll be needin' a nurse
Leave you layin on your back in a Cadillac hearse
Now your momma in all black with a matchin' purse
I know you want to 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 shull-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]

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