

Things That U Do

Jay-z

Uh-huh, uh, Jigga man, uh-huh MC, that's Right
Swizz beatz, uh, uh, come on
It's the things that you do that make me feel so
And I don't know the way I feel, I can explain
I love you, you thug, look at what you make the clubs do
It's the things that you do, that make me feel so
And I don't know the way I feel, I can explain
I love you, you thug, look at what you make the clubs do
You know the flow sicka, know Jigga, mo' sicka now right
You know what me and Swizz's shit sounds like
Crazed and demonic, without blazin' chronic, product of Reaganomics
You know that motherfuckin' stoop raised me
Ringin' in da hoops but I was too lazy
School made me sick, teachers said I was too crazy
Low and behold, it's the new and improved Jay-Z
Let me explain this to you baby, I spent nights out, days in
Niggaz was blazin', twelve noon where I was raised in
I felt caged in but kept roamin', prayed for the Day of Atonement
Married to the streets no date of annulment
It seems every time it come up, they postpone it
So I kept my chrome at the waist, waiting for the omen
Savoring the moment and now you know
The reason that I flow the way I flow, baby
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You know I move like an ounce, bottled up like crack
That's how I make you bounce like that
Defy Webster's words they can't pronounce like that
That's why no other rapper got a sound like that
Trap, trap of my life, flashback, kill niggaz, rap skills unmatched
Jigga man baby, I can't entertain it sometimes I can't explain it
God given, gifts of a soul for hard living, far be it
From me to question Allah's wisdom
Could've got lost in the system
Instead I'm involved with the rhythm, I dodged prison

Came out unscathed from car collisions
I know I must be part of some mission
Shit, I used to take it for granted, why they placed me on this planet
I would ask myself while writin' raps to myself
But right there under my nose, was the flow of all flows
Not a demon but a rose in the cement, come on
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You know I've traveled through zones, homes spazzed like a bad back
I came into this game on Jaz's back, I jumped off
Stood on my own two like boom, that's that
Yeah, I'm here to show and prove, don't matter to me, the Garden
Or flowin' on Clue, whatever niggas wanna do, it's right with me
Whether you big or bossy, jig or flossy, dusty or musty, sober or saucy
Broker than Todd Bridges, richer than Bill Cosby
Forgive me for my arrogance or you still salty?
Past on to the next life and you still haunt me
I'ma keep doing me unfortunately, I make the club rock
Make thugs pop guns, make old folks do the bus stop, can't stop son
Shit, I give you what's hot and what's not, I never knew
Y'all niggas, know niggas, how I do niggas
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