

Is That Yo Bitch?

Jay-z

Uh, 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 my name is Jay-Z
She be all on my dick
Gradually I'm taking over your bitch
Coming over your shit, got my feet up on you sofa, man
I mean a hostess for my open hand
You coming home to beer shifts and there be soda cans
I got your bitch 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
It's over man, it's over man
Oh, is that your bitch
Why she all in his six?
With her hand on his dick
Keep licking her lips
Is that your bitch?
Why she all in his ride?
With her hand on his thighs
Keep looking in his eyes
Oh, is that your bitch?
You better tell her chill
While you all in his grill
Don't you know that man kill?
Is that your bitch?
Why she paging him?
Keep praising him?
'Cause that's Jay and them, bitch
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
Oh, is that your bitch
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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
It 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 till we all hot
You know the boy from the Roc got them whores on lock
Got the bitches in the smash, making yours drive fast
Do 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 can fuck mine, how the hell can you knock that?
I'm just playing the cards choosenly
Jigga man, who ya supposed to be?
Oh, is that your bitch
Why she all in his six?
With her hand on his dick

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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 ridah
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