So Ghetto

Jay-z

Back at'cha
How we do
Primo, Jigga-man
History in the making
Let's go
Uhh, uh huh uh uhh
Uh huh uh uhh, uhh
I spit the murder, murder, murderous
Mur, mur, ma, murderous shit
Uh huh uh huh uh huh uh uhh
I keep the gangsta, gangsta, gangsta
Gah, gah, ga, gangsta beat, feel me? Uhh
I spit that Brooklyn, Brooklyn, Brook
Uh, uhh, uh huh, uh uhh, uh uhh
Uh huh, uhh
Yo, career crook, nobody rap Brooklyn like me
Jigga-Man, Volume 3, I'm back lookin' like me
Stop the presses, baby girls, drop your dresses
B-K lick a shot for Big Pop' in heaven
Ever since I came through, niggaz got the impression
Everything I drop, out of the question, stop the guessin'
It's hot, flows provin' I pack 'cause my dough's movin'
My whole crew up in this muh'fucker
We spray corners, stand there like you got a cape on ya, fine
You'll be wearing a black suit a long time
I put your crew in hard bottoms
The priest is like, "God's got him
He never did nothin' to nobody but them boys shot him"
Brandish iron, outlandish buyin'
Bentley Coupes, not braggin' just simply the truth
We all from the ghetto, only difference, we go back
Back up in D and D on this Primo track, listen
I'm so gangsta prissy chicks don't wanna fuck with me
Iceberg, Slim baby ride rims
I'm so gutter, ghetto girls fall in love with me
You know him well by the name of Jigga
I'm so gangsta prissy chicks don't wanna fuck with me
You can love me or hate me, Jay-Z
I'm so gutter, ghetto girls fall in love with me

Roc-a-Fella lock the whole block down
Wednesday's I'm up in Shine, Cheetah's Monday night
I'm fuckin' with the model chicks Friday night at light
So I'm cruisin' in a car with this boozy broad
She said, "Jigga-Man you rich, take the doo-rag off"
Hit a U turn, Ma I'm droppin' you back off
Front of the club, "Jigga why you do that for?"
Thug nigga till the end, tell a friend bitch
Won't change for no paper plus I been rich
Eighty-eight been hustlin', linen been crushin' 'em
Women been fuckin' them, huh?
You see I live for the love of the street
Rap to the ruggedest beats
Hall closet cluttered with heat
I spit that murder, murder, murder
That Brook, Brook a Brooklyn shit
Furthermore ma
We tote guns to the Grammy's
Pop bottles on the White House lawn
Guess I'm just the same old Shawn
I'm so gangsta prissy chicks don't wanna fuck with me
Iceberg, Slim baby ride rims
I'm so gutter, ghetto girls fall in love with me
You know him well by the name of Jigga
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You can love me or hate me, Jay-Z
I'm so gutter, ghetto girls fall in love with me
Roc-a-Fella lock the whole block down
I'm from the M to the A baby R C Y
So it's hard for me to let the larceny die
Niggaz see me in the streets with no bodyguards
Just two big guns that'll body your squad
Could niggaz be schemin' on me? Probably are
Think Jigga's a joke nigga? Hardy har
I spit Brook, Brook, Brooklyn every time I bust
Radio's gotta play me though I cuss too much
Magazine said I'm shallow, I never learned to swim
Still they put me on they cover 'cause I earn for them
Soon as I sell too much, watch them turn on him
'Cause that seem to be the shit that'll earn for them
I spit that murder-murder-murderous every time a verbalist
Iller than Verbal Kint is or O-Dog in "Menace"
I'm ill, start to finish, I rip apart contenders
I'm hot
I'm so gangsta prissy chicks don't wanna fuck with me

Iceberg, Slim baby ride rims
I'm so gutter, ghetto girls fall in love with me
You know him well by the name of Jigga
I'm so gangsta prissy chicks don't wanna fuck with me
You can love me or hate me, Jay-Z
I'm so gutter, ghetto girls fall in love with me
Roc-a-Fella lock the whole block down
I'm so gangsta prissy chicks don't wanna fuck with me, uhh
I'm so gutter, ghetto girls
Uhh, uhh, uh huh, uh uhh, yeah
Uhh, yeah, funk, yeah, with me, yeah, bitch, yeah
Jigga, yeah, Primo, yeah, gangsta, yeah, niggaz, yeah
Brooklyn, yeah

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