

It's Like That (feat. Kid Capri)

Jay-Z

Yeah, uh-huh, watch this y'all
Uhh, watch this y'all
C'mon, Jigga, watch this y'all
C'mon, Roc-A-Fella y'all..It's Kid Capri and Jay-Z, it's Jay-Z and Kid Capri
Cause I'm like that yo! I'm really like thatAs a young'un dumbin, gun in the waist
Sold crack to those who couldn't take the pain
And had to numb it with base
Couldn't drink the Henny straight, I needed somethin to chase
Nowadays I throw shots back, leavin nuttin to waste
Life's like a treadmill, niggas runnin in place
Gettin nowhere fast, a whole year done past
I vowed to never stop winnin, 'til the earth stop spinnin
Rock hot linen, cop hot cars and hot women
If it's not him then you got it confused, y'all not rememberin
My motto is simply I will not lose
Abide by the block rules, I buy my glocks used
wit bodies on it, let me know anybody want it?
I'm raised, illrational, way misunderstood
If you ain't live like I live, been one with the hood
I done what I could, to come up with this paper 'til this day still
Run with the hood, guess it's part of my nature
If hell awaits a, nigga I'm comin with the razors
Still flashin ya shit, try to pass me in a six
Type classy on the wrists, every bit of 30 karats
This is, not a game this is not why I came
May these words find a spot on your brain and burn
Then I recycle my life I shall returnHow tight is your flow?
Cause I'm like that yo
How right is your dough?
Cause I'm like that yo
How white is your blow?
Cause I'm like that yo
Only, write what you know
Cause I'm like that
How tight is your flow?
Cause I'm like that yo
How right is your dough?
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Cause I'm like that yo
Only, write what you know
Cause I'm like that I'm a hop skip and a jump from grippin the pump
Spittin a couple of curse words, and hittin you chump
Shit, I get digits in lumps
I'm a motherfuckin problem, is this what you want?
Overachiever, I love chicks that puff cheeba in reefer paper
I hate the ones that blow up ya beeper
Cause I, go in ya deeper, I only bone divas
Impregnate the world when I "cum" through your speakers [ha ha]
Fuck hot, my records got the fever
Niggas kick dirt, get ya whole block swept up
I creep up when the beef heats up
Caught him with his feet up and shoes off, bout to snooze off
Hatin, cause you can't turn the booze off
You dudes is too soft, why I don't fuck with you all
I might bark your ex, and spit at the locks
But, other than that, I don't be fuckin with cats
Just me Ty and B.I., thug it like that
E, Dame and Biggs, what's fuckin with that?
Y'all can never diss Jigga, get nothin for that
Other than a couple of slugs in ya back [huh huh]
Rappers y'all, runnin around like I won't gun ya down
Last nigga that fronted, two shots spun him around
Lord, accept this offerin here's somethin for your crown
I admit no malice, I just met his challenge and won How tight is your flow?

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How right is your dough?
Cause I'm like that yo

How white is your blow?
Cause I'm like that yo
Only, write what you know
Cause I'm like that Girls and guns, all I want
stock exchange, rocks and thangs
Girls and guns, all I want
stock exchange, rocks and thangs

Songwriters

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