Ignorant Shit

Jay-Z [ft. Beanie Sigel]

[Talking:]Yeah, I appreciate ya patience tonight
It's been a moment since I've done some public speaking
I find now-a-days it's just best to keep quiet
But uh, sometimes you just gotta let it out
Young Angel and Young Lion
You know what it is, uh
[Drake:]Look, I'm the property of October
I ain't drive here I got chauferred
Bring me champagne flutes,
Rose and some shots over
I think better when I'm not sober
I smoke good ain't no glaucoma
I'm a stockholder,
Private flights back home no stop over
Still spittin' that shit that they shot 'Pac over
The shit my mother look shocked over
Yeah, but with a canvas I'm a group of seven
A migraine, take two Excedrin
I'm the one twice over I'm the new eleven
And if I die I'm a do it reppin', I never do it second
I swear niggas be eyein' me all hard
And lyin' to they girls and drivin' the same cars
Sittin' there wishin' their problems became ours
'Cause we have nothin' in common
Since I done became star
I done became big swervin' right in to my peer's lane
Same dudes that used to holla my engineer's name
One touch I could make the drapes and the sheers change
An show me the city that I'll without fear claim
What I set seems to never extinguish
Coolest kid out baby word to Chuck Inglish
Count my own money see the paper cut fingers
My song is ya girlfriend's wakin' up ringer
Heh, or alarm, or whatever
She be here at six in the morn' if I let her
But I never get attracted to fans
'Cause a eager beaver could be the collapse of a dam
I always knew that I could figga
How to get these label heads to offer 'em good figures

And me doin' the shows gettin' everyone nervous 'cause
Them hipsters gon' have to get alone with them hood niggas
It's all good I'm goin off like lights when the show's over
Make pasta rent a movie call hoes over
Rest in peace to Heath Ledger but I'm no "joker"
I'll slow roast ya, got no holster
Wet glass on ya table nigga no coaster
Burn bread everyday boy no toaster
G and Tez got a sig' but I'm no smoker
They just handin' chips to me nigga no poker
I'm with it, Young Money, Cash Money soldier
My cup runneth over,
The same niggas I ball with, I fall with
On some Southern drawl shit

Rookie of the year, '06 Chris Paul shit
D.R., C.J, an Po I see y'all
These cases don't workout I hope we can agree on
Makin' enough to pay any Judge Judy off
First thing I'm a do is free Weezy, go
[Lil' Wayne:]And I take probation
I don't want that T.I. and Vick vacation
Private plane, big location
I'm goin' to the bank to make a big donation
Yeah, I don't stunt, I stunt hard
And if the food ain't on the stove I hunt for it
But in the meantime you can call me Young Roy
Jones Junior fightin' the drugs and gun charge
Shit, don't leave me unguarded
And I'm a cheese head word to Vince Lombardi
Word to Marky Mark leave a snitch departed
All that blood like the Red Sea parted
My gun go crazy like it's retarded
Red light on it like it's recordin'
I ain't recordin' I'm jus C4'in
My currency foreign
We are in a league they aren't
Better dig in ya pocket an pay homage
Better cover ya eyes ya face fallin'
Watch the game from the side I'm play callin'
No I didn't say that I'm flawless
But I, damn sure don't tarnish
My pistol got comments for ya garments
I'm so high I can vomit on a comet
K Y no homo I'm on it

Weezy F. Baby new born bitch
You know what they say 'bout when ya palm itch
I'm gon' get money money I'm gon' get
Young Money in ya tummy and we gon' shit
An get that toilet paper quick like when bones spit
That's right bitch I'm back on my grown shit
That automatic k no ice just chrome shit
And ya' boyfriend softer than a foam pit
I scream "fuck the world" wit' a long dick
Motherfucker I'm me, yeah bitch I'm me
You niggas sweet like the pussy in which I eat
Fireman burn down ya' entire street
So fly I'm a take off when I leap, bye
And you can suck my wings
Stand on my money headbutt Yao Ming
Putcha hand in the oven if ya' touch my things
I'm shufflin' the cards 'bout to cut my queens
But I ain't the dealer
House full of bitches like Tila Tequila
Yeah, I'm the man in the mirror
My swagger jus screamin' mothafucker do you hear her
Drizzy Drake what the lick read?
We make magic boy Roy and Sigfreid
Whoo! Young Moula baby, yeah

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