

Izzo (H.O.V.A.)

Jay-Z

H to the Izz-o, V to the Izz-A
Fo' shizzle my nizzle used to dribble down in VA
Was hurtin' 'em in the home of the Terrapins
Got it dirt cheap for them
Plus if they was short with cheese I would work with them
Brought in weed, got rid of that dirt for them
Wasn't born hustlers, I was birthin' 'em
H to the Izz-o, V to the Izz-A
Fo' sheezy my neezy keep my arms so freezy
Can't leave rap alone the game needs me
Haters want me clapped and chromed it ain't easy
Cops want to knock me, D.A. want to box me in
But somehow, I beat them charges like Rocky
H to the Izz-o, V to the Izz-A
Not guilty, he who does not feel me
Is not real to me, therefore he doesn't exist
So poof, Vamoose, son of a bitch
H to the Izz-o, V to the Izz-A
Fo' shizzle my nizzle used to dribble down in VA
H to the Izz-o, V to the Izz-A
That's the anthem get'cha damn hands up
H to the Izz-o, V to the Izz-A
Not guilty y'all got to feel me
H to the Izz-o, V to the Izz-A
That's the anthem get'cha damn hands up
Holla at me
I do this for my culture
To let 'em know what a nigga look like, when a nigga in a roaster
Show 'em how to move in a room full of vultures
Industry shady it need to be taken over
Label owners hate me I'm raisin the status quo up
I'm over chargin' niggas for what they did to the cold crush
Pay us like you owe us for all the years that you hoed us
We can talk, but money talks so talk mo' bucks
H to the Izz-o, V to the Izz-A
Fo' shizzle my nizzle used to dribble down in VA
H to the Izz-o, V to the Izz-A
That's the anthem get'cha damn hands up
H to the Izz-o, V to the Izz-A
Not guilty y'all got to feel me
H to the Izz-o, V to the Izz-A
That's the anthem get'cha damn hands up
Yeah

Hov' is back, life stories told through rap
Niggas actin' like I sold you crack
Like I told you sell drugs
No, hov' did that
So hopefully you won't have to go through that
I was raised in the projects, roaches and rats
Smokers out back, sellin' they mama's sofa
Lookouts on the corner, focused on the Ave.
Ladies in the window, focused on the kinfolk
Me under a lamp post, why I got my hand closed?
Cracks in my palm, watchin' the long arm of the law
So you know I seen it all before
I seen hoop dreams deflate like a true fiend's weight
To try and to fail, the two things I hate
Succeed in this rap game, the two things that's great
H to the Izz-o, V to the Izz-A
What else can I say about dude, I gets busy
H to the Izz-o, V to the Izz-A
Fo' shizzle my nizzle used to dribble down in VA
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Songwriters

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