Itâ€™s Like That

J Dilla

[Jay-Z]
Yeah, un huh, watch this why'all, come on,watch this why'all, Jigga
Roc-a-fella ya'll, uhhhh, come on yea !
[Kid Capri}
It's Kid Capri and Jay-Z, It's Kid Capri and Jay-Z
Cause I'm Like That yo ! Cause I'm like that yo !
Verse One: Jay-Z
As a young and dumb man, gun in the waist
Sold crack to those who couldn't take the pain
And had to numb it with baste
Couldn't drink the henny straight, I needed somethin to chase
I needed something to chase
Nowadays I throw shots back,leavin nothin to waste
Life is like a treadmill, niggas runnin in place
Gettin nowhere fast, a whole year done past
I vowed to never stop winin, 'til the earth stop spinnin
Rock hot lenin, cop hot cars and hot women
If it's not him then you got it confused, why'all not remembering,
My motto is simply I will not lose, abide by the block rules,
I buy my glock 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 then run 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 ya ?
Nigga I'm coming with the razors, still flashin ya shit
Try to pass me in a six, tight classy on the wrist
Every bit of 30 karats, this is not a game
This isn't why I came, make these words find a spot on your brain
And burn, then I recycle my life
I shall return
Chorus: Female voice and Jay- Z
[Woman]
How tight is your flow ?
[Jay-Z]
Cause I'm like that yo !
[Woman]
How right is your dough ?
[Jay-Z]
Cause I'm like that yo !

[Woman]
How white is your blow ?
[Jay-Z]
Cause I'm like that yo !
[Woman]
Only writers you know
[Jay-Z]
Cause I'm like that
Verse 2: Jay-Z
I'm a hop, skip, a jump, from rippin the pump
Spittin a couple of curse words, and hittin you chump
Shit, I get digits in lumps, I'm a motherfucking problem is this what you want
?
Overachiever, I love chicks that puff chiva,
And reefer paper, I hate the one's that blow up ya beeper
Cause I, go in ya deeper, I only bone divas
Inpregnate the world when I "cum" through your speakers [ha ha]
Fuck hot my records got the fever
Niggas kick dirt, get ya whole block sweeped 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, when I fuck with you all
I might bark your ex, and spit at the locks
But, other than that I ain't even fucking with cats
Just me tied B.I., thug it like that, me,dame and biggs
What's fuckin with that ?
why'all can never diss Jigga, get nothing for that
Other then a couple slugs in ya back,[huh huh]
Rappers why'all runnin around, like I won't gun ya down
Last nigga that fronted, two spun him around
Lord, except this offer here's somethin for your crown
I admit no malice, I just met his challenge, In one
Chorus : Repeat 3x
[Jay-Z]: Repeat 2x til fade
Girls and guns, all i want
stock exchange, rocks and thangs

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