

# Threat

Jay-Z

Yo once a pimp gets threats  
That's right, that's the the that's, that's threats them  
And I'm serious about mine, I'm so sin-surr  
And I, nigga I'll kill ya, I'll chop ya up  
Put ya inside the mattress like drug money nigga Yeah, I done told you niggaz 9 or 10 times stop fuckin' with me  
I done told you niggaz 9 albums, stop fuckin' with me  
I done told you niggaz the 9 on me, stop fuckin' with me  
You niggaz must got 9 lives, 9th wonder Put that knife in ya, take a little bit of life from ya  
Am I frightenin' ya? Shall I continue?  
I put the gun to ya, I let it sing you a song  
I let it hum to ya, the other one sing along Now it's a duet, and you wet, when you check out  
The technique from the 2 tecs and I don't need two lips  
To blow this like a trumpet you dumb shit  
This is a un-usual musical I conductin' You lookin' at the black Warren Buffett so all critics can duck sic  
I don't care if you C. Delores Tuck-it  
Or you Bill O'Reilly, you only rilin' me up  
For three years, they had me peein' out of a cup Now they 'bout to free me up, whatchu think I'm gon' be, what?  
Rehabilitated, man I still feel hatred  
I'm young black and rich so they wanna strip me naked, but  
You never had me like Christina Aguilery-y But catch me down the Westside, drivin' like Halle Berry  
Or the FDR, in the seat of my car  
Screamin' out the sunroof, death to y'all  
You can't kill me, I live forever through these bars I put the wolves on ya, I put a price on your head  
The whole hood'll want ya, you startin' to look like bread  
I send them boys at ya, I ain't talkin' bout Feds  
Nigga them body-snatchers, nigga you heard what I said I make 'em wait for you 'til five in the mornin'  
Put your smarts on the side of your garment  
Nigga stop fuckin' with me  
R I P That's right there nigga, nigga I'm wild  
Nigga I keep trash bags with me  
Never know when you gotta dump a nigga out  
This sin-surr, this some sin-surr shit right here Grown man I put hands on you, I dig a hole in the desert  
They build The Sands on you, lay out blueprint plans on you  
We Rat Pack niggaz, let Sam tap dance on you  
Then, I Sinatra shot ya God damn you I put the boy in the box like David Blaine  
Let the audience watch, it ain't a thang  
Y'all wish I was frontin', I George Bush the button  
Front of all you in your car lift up your hood nigga run it Then lift up your whole hood like you got oil under it  
Your boy got the goods, y'all don't want nuttin' of it

Like, castor oil, I Castor Troy you  
Change your face or the bullets change all that for you Y'all niggaz is targets, y'all garages for bullets  
Please don't make me park it in your upper level  
Valet a couple strays from the 38 special, nigga  
God bless you I make 'em wait for you 'til five in the mornin'  
Put your smarts on the side of your garment  
Nigga stop fuckin' with me  
R I P Yeah I'm threatenin' ya, yeah I'm threatenin' ya  
Who you thank you dealin' with?  
They call me Chris, nigga I been makin' threats  
Since I been in kindergarten nigga  
Huh, ask about me, see if you ain't heard When the gun is tucked, untucked, nigga you dies  
Like numchuks held by the Jet L-I  
I'm the one, thus meanin' no one must try  
No two, no three, no four, know why? Because one's four-five might blow yo' high  
You ain't gotta go to church to get to know yo' God  
It's a match made in heaven when I 'splay the 7  
Put you on the nigga news, UPN at 11 Where you been, you ain't heard, got the word that I'm  
That I'm so sin-surr?  
I'm especially Joe Pesci with a grin  
I will kill you, commit suicide, and kill you again, that's right I make 'em wait for you 'til five in the mornin'  
Put your smarts on the side of your garment  
Nigga stop fuckin' with me  
R I P Whattup? Motherfucker I keep three motherfuckers what?  
Nigga I'll throw a Molotov cocktail  
Through your momma's momma's house  
Nigga what the, where everybody live Undercover nigga take your teeth out your mouth nigga  
Chew your food up and put the shit back  
In your mouth nigga and help you swallow  
Nigga I take a mop handle off nigga  
And sweep nigga, hold on, I'll be nigga what?

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