

# Deja Vu

## Beyoncé½

Bass

Uh

Hi hat

Uh

808

Uh

Jay

Uh huh

Ready?

Uh huh

Let's go get 'em

Uh huh

Come on

I used to run base like Juan Pierre  
Now I run the bass, hi hat, and the snare  
I used to bag girls like Birken Bags  
Now I bag B (Boy, you hurtin' that)  
Brooklyn Bay where they birthed me at  
Now I be everywhere--the nerve of rap  
The audacity to have me whipping curtains back  
Me and B, she about to sting  
Stand back

Baby, seems like everywhere I go  
I see you, from your eyes, your smile  
It's like I breathe you; helplessly I reminisce  
Don't want to compare nobody to you

Boy, I try to catch myself  
But I'm out of control

Your sexiness is so appealing

I can't let it go

Oh

[Chorus]

Know that I can't get over you

'Cause everything I see is you

And I don't want no substitute

Baby, I swear it's deja vu

Know that I can't get over you

'Cause everything I see is you

And I don't want no substitute

Baby, I swear it's deja vu

Seeing things that I know can't be

Am I dreaming? When I saw you walking past me

Almost called your name

Got a better glimpse and then I looked away

Feels like I'm losing it

Boy, I try to catch myself

But I'm out of control

Your sexiness is so appealing

I can't let it go, oh

[Chorus]

Yes, Hova's flow so unusual

Baby girl, you should already know

It's H-O, light up the dro'

'Cause you gon' need help tryin' to study my bounce

Flow, blow--what's the difference?

One you take in vein while the other you sniffin'

It's still dough--po-po try to convict him

That's a no-go; my dough keep the scales tipping

Like four-fours, like I'm from the H-O-U-S-T-O-N

Blow, wind so Chicago of him

Is he the best ever? That's the argument

I don't make the list; don't be mad at me

I just make the hits like a factory

I'm just one-to-one, nothin' after me

No deja vu, just me and my, oh

Baby, I can't go anywhere

Without thinking that you're there

Seems like you're everywhere, it's true

Gotta be having deja vu  
'Cause in my mind I want you here  
Get on the next plane; I don't care  
Is it because I'm missing you  
That I'm having deja vu?

Boy, I try to catch myself  
But I'm out of control  
Your sexiness is so appealing  
I can't let it go

[Chorus: x2]

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