

Do It Again

Jay-z

Roc-a-fella, y'all know what this is
We givin' y'all five seconds to put your drink down
And report to the dance floor immediately
All the bustas we givin' y'all five seconds to get close to a exit
It's about to get real ugly in here
Five seconds is up, let's go
Throw the hands up
Throw the hands up, niggaz
Throw the hands up, bitches
Throw the hands up, bustas
Throw the hands up, hustlers
Throw the hands up, whores
Throw the hands up, busters
Throw the hands up, Mac
You know how Mac come through on the club tip
Everybody real deep on that thug shit
Cop Cris' spray the club on that thug shit
Cop frisks suits snub in the club quick
Told y'all real high, when I come you can try
If you want, you can die, if you want to
We hittin' whores on the floor, whole crew be wild
Bitch, back that ass up like Juvenile
When my peeps come to spend a dime apiece
You know Mac come through with a line of freaks
Every bitch on the hit be a 9 at least
We gettin' head on the floor, while you grindin' freaks
Whole squad get it down like this
Whole squad buyin' rounds of Cris'
Whole squad got they crowns on wrist
Whole squad got a pound of twist
Whole squad got a pound to spit, case a clown wanna flip
Mac never slip in the club, told y'all niggaz four-fifth in the club
If a nigga wanna draw then the blood it can drip in the club
You know how niggaz get in the club
Shit you know how I be, all high in V.I.P. rollin' up to B.I.G.
Niggaz be all liquored up, talkin' shit
'Til they man gotta come and pick 'em up
Got bitches in the back bouncin' to, jigga what
You got your hands up and I ain't even stick y'all up

Everybody get it up
Throw the hands up
Everybody get it up
Throw the hands up
12 A.M. on the way to the club
1 A.M. DJ made it erupt
2 A.M. now I'm gettin' with her
3 A.M. now I'm splittin' with her
4 A.M. at the waffle house
5 A.M. now we at my house
6 A.M. I be diggin' her out
6:15 I be kickin' her out
7 A.M. I'm a call my friends
12 A.M. we gon' do it again

We gon', we gon', we gon' do it again
By the way, yo
How the fuck you gon' talk about M C's on our heel?
When we just cop them things homie the chromey wheels
Both arms are chunky the sleeves on chill
Any given times 100 G's in your grill
Don't talk to me 'bout MC's got skills
"He's alright, but he's not real"
Jay-Z's that deal, with seeds in a field
Never fear for war, hug, squeeze that steel
Fuck, you gotta a flow that's cool with me
You got a little dough that cool with me
You got a little cars, little jewelries
But none of y'all motherfuckers could fool with me
You know the wrist frostbit minus two degrees
'Bout as blue as the sea the way I maneuver the V
Hat cocked can't see his eyes, who could it be?
With that new blue Yankee on, who but me?
Niggaz shipped two million, then I blew the three
Then I skated the four, 'fore I went on tour
I came back and it's plain, y'all niggaz ain't rappin' the same
Fuck the flow, y'all jackin' our slang
I seen the same shit happen to Kane
Three cuts in your eyebrows tryin' to wild out
The game is ours, we'll never foul out
Y'all just better hope we gracefully bow out
Throw yo' hands up, niggaz, bitches, bustas
Hustlers, fuck that
12 AM on the way to the club
1 A.M. 'bout to shake the butt

2 A.M. now I'm checkin' the mix
3 A.M. now he buyin' me drinks
4 A.M. exit the club
5 A.M. think he gettin' some butt
6 A.M. nigga still ain't bust
6:15 nigga will get up
7 A.M. gotta tell my friends
12 A.M. I'm a do it again, uh, uh
I'm, I'm, I'm a do it again
12 A.M. I'm a do it again, let's go
12 A.M. on the way to the club,
1 A.M. DJ made it a rub
2 A.M. now I'm gettin' with her
3 A.M. now I'm splittin' with her
4 A.M. at the waffle house
5 A.M. now we at my house
6 A.M. I be diggin' her out
6:15 I be kickin' her out
7 A.M. I'm a call my friends
12 A.M. we gon' do it again
We gon', we gon', we gon' do it again
Let's go

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