

Hola' Hovito

Jay-Z

(J) uhh (A) uh-uh (Y) uh uh-uh

Ah ch-ch ah, ch-ah, ah uh-uh

Ah ch-ch ah, ch-ah, ah uh-uh

It's that hop I'm talkin bout right here Timbo! I can't be stopped when it hop like this family, uhh!

(Uno, dos, tres, cuatro!) They say hola' hovito

That's what they sayin when I roll up with my people

My music bangin like - them vatos locos got rap in a chokehold

And I won't surrender it with, beats by Timbaland

Calle de la boca, my baby

All I want to, do is, stroke ya all crazy

My, dick game is vicious, insane at bitches

Mami keep comin back cause mami came vicious

Catch Hov' in the drop, nasty thang lane switchin

Once you turn your neck for a sec your dame's missin

Bujando, bujando, the cops is comin

Got that rap patrol behind yo, get to runnin

I'm unstoppable Hov', untoppable flows

I'm the compadre, the Sinatra of my day

Ol' Blue Eyes my nigga, I did it my way

If y'all not rollin with Hov' then hit the highway [Chorus]

(Hola' hovito!) Yeah, yeah (Hola' hovito!)

Yeah that's what they sayin when that music get to bangin

Put it down for my PEO-PLE!

(Hola' hovito! Hola' hovito!)

Yeah that's what they sayin when that music get to bangin

Put it down for my PEO-PLE! Yeah, yeah, yeah

Yeah naw I don't fuck around, stay on my J.O.

Hov' been about that dough since I was a day old

Oh, push perrico if I need to for the rule of evil

Was born in the belly that's the way the streets breed you

One life to live - notice you get no sequel

So I truly got to live this like my last movie

Six oohie, jewels drippin, big toolie

I ball for real, y'all niggaz is Sam Bouie

And with the third pick - I made the earth sick

M.J., hem Jay, fade away perfect

I rhyme sicker than every rhyme spitter

Every crime nigga that rhyme or touch a mic because my mind's quicker

I'm a eighty-eighter, nine-six to "Reasonable Doubt"

Temper short, don't take much to squeeze you out
Yeah you shinin but the only thing you're leavin out
You're a candle in the sun - that shit don't even out[Chorus]Hold up; naw muh'fuckers - y'all muh'fuckers
better run to the post office and get a job muh'fuckers
A star muh'fuckers, cause Jay's been the only one
eatin thus far sub-par muh'fuckers
Naw even though y'all hate I love y'all muh'fuckers
"Friend or Foe," y'all all my muh'fuckers
If you haven't heard, I'm Michael Magic and Bird
all rolled in one - cause none got more flows than Young
Plus got more flows to come
And if I ain't better than Big, I'm the closest one
So move over - hoes, choose Hova
My food for thought so hot it give you dudes ulcers
Rovers, roasters, poseurs
Getting it in with me, living like they supposed to
Watches, chain, front row at the game
Sold out arena, all screaming my name, c'mon![Chorus]

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