

# 22 Two's

## Jay-z

Yo whassup everybody? This is Maria Davis, Mad Wednesday's  
We here tonight to have a good time  
(Yo, start the show, start the show)  
Wait a minute, I see my man over there Jay-Z  
Jay-Z, Dame Dash let me hear that lil' tape of yours, and it's fat  
Why don't you come up here and kick a lil' freestyle  
Put that champagne down, and kick a lil' freestyle for me tonight  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Can I kick it?  
(Yes you can)  
Y'all motherfuckers musta hear that Tribe Called Quest, let's do it again  
Can I kick it?  
(Yes you can)  
Can I kick it?  
(Yes you can)  
Can I kick it?  
(Yes you can)  
Well I'm gone, check this out  
Too much West Coast dick-lickin' and too many niggaz on a mission  
Doin' your best Jay-Z rendition  
Too many rough motherfuckers, I got my suspicions  
That you're just a fish in a pool of sharks nigga, listen  
Too many bitches wanna be ladies, so if you a hoe  
I'ma call you a hoe, too many bitches are shady  
Too many ladies give these niggaz too many chances  
Too many brothers wannabe lovers don't know what romance is  
Too many bitches stuck up from too many sexual advances  
No question, Jay-Z got too many answers  
I been around this block, too many times  
Rocked, too many rhymes, cocked, too many nines, too  
To all my brothers it ain't too late to come together  
'Cause too much black and too much love, equal forever  
I don't follow any guidelines 'cause too many niggaz ride mine  
So I change styles every two rhymes, what the fuck?  
That's 22 two's for y'all motherfuckers out there, you know what I mean?

Shall I continue? Check it out, what?  
Can I kick it?  
(Yes you can)  
Can I kick it?  
(Yes you can)  
Can I kick it?  
(Yes you can)

Well I'm gone yo, yo, yo

Copped to reach my quota, push rock, roll up smooth like on you  
Whole groove like hold-up, swallow up  
Too many faggot niggaz, clockin' my spendin'  
Exercisin' you're, gay like minds like Richard Simmons  
If you could catch Jay right, on the late night  
Without the eight right, maybe you could test my weight, right  
I dip, speak quicker than you ever seen  
Adminster pain, next the minister's screamin' your name  
At your wake as I peak in, look in your casket  
Feelin' sarcastic, look at him, still sleepin'  
You never ready, forever petty minds stay petty  
Mines thinkin' longevity until I'm seventy  
Livin' heavenly, fuck, felony after felony, what?  
Nigga you broke, what the fuck you gon' tell me?  
Jay-Z, Jay-Z, now you know this is a fat track  
Now this is comin' on your new album  
On Roc-A-Fella Records in ninety-six  
No doubt no doubt, well, it is definitely the bomb  
But you know I do wanna say somethin' to you, I know  
You've been havin' a lot of problems with the law  
But I know you innocent, and I'm behind you 100 percent  
Mad Wednesday's, Ruby King, DJ Ace, Dang Dash  
Roc-A-Fella Records, we all behind you  
You can come back anytime, thanks a lot  
{Wait a minute, wait a minute, wait a minute, wait a minute  
Ace, turn that music down, I smell some reefer, now you see?  
That's why, our people don't have anything  
Because we don't know how to go in places and act properly  
(Hey shut the fuck up)}

{Wait a minute wait a minute who told me shut the F up?  
Who told me to shut the F up? Get him out of here  
I'm not gonna continue this show, until you throw him out  
Get him out right now, then I'ma continue my speech  
Thank you, he's out of here now, now like I was sayin'  
We gotta build our own business, we gotta get our own  
Record companies goin' like Roc-A-Fella Records, we got the}

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