

# 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 sincere  
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 niggas  
9 or 10 times stop fucking with me  
I done told you niggas  
9 albums, stop fucking with me  
I done told you niggas  
The 9 on me, stop fucking with me  
You niggas must got 9 lives  
9th wonder Put that knife in ya, take a little bit of life from ya  
Am I frightening 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 unusual musical I conducting  
You looking 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 rying me up  
For three years, they had me peeing out of a cup  
Now they bout to free me up, what you think I'm goin' be, what?  
Rehabilitated, man I still feel hatred  
I'm young black and rich so they want to strip me naked, but  
You never had me like Christina Aguilera-why  
But catch me down the Westside, driving like Halle Berry  
Or the FDR, in the seat of my car  
Screaming 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 starting to look like bread  
I send them boys at ya, I ain't talking 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 sincere, this some sincere 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 niggas, 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 thing  
 Y'all wish I was fronting, 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 nothing of it  
 Like, Castor oil, I Castor Troy you  
 Change your face or the bullets change all that for you  
 Y'all niggas 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 threatening ya, YEAH I'm threatening ya!  
 Who you thank you dealing with?  
 They call me Chris, nigga I been making 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 nunchucks held by the Jet L-I  
 I'm the one, thus meaning 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 sincere?  
 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.

Songwriters

SHAWN CARTER, SHAWN C CARTER, ROBERT S KELLY Published by

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