

Super Ugly

Jay-z

Woke up this morning
(You got yourself a gun)
Yeah, I got myself a gun
Yeah, I got myself a gun
Brooklyn, stand up, I got myself a gun
But really, I don't need the heat
Your heart pump project Kool Aid, you sweet nigga
I don't got a 2 way, you gays
This is not beef, this is rap, homey
I don't have a scratch on me
You feel Jay soft rip Jay off
Damn, I'm only worth over a hundred million
Look, I got beef with like a hundred children
Niggas with pink suits, tryin' to get cute
You a little outta line, homey, don't let the nine hold me
Put you out your mind, homey, shit just rhyme, homey
Kick your little lies, I kick my real facts
Like you sneakin' out the back of the source sound lab
We wasn't chasin' you, we had a tapin' too
We came through to do our one two thing
It wasn't a Roc-A-Fella come through thing
'Cause if it was on like that niggas would come through Queens
With Queens niggas you know how I do
Look, I got more shooters in Queensbridge than you
Niggas will tie you up on the coliseum roof
And open beer bottles off the boy chipped tooth, look here
I got myself a gun
Yeah, I got myself a gun
Listen, I'm the J, the A to the fuck this broad
Nigga never sold aspirin' how you Escobar?
Had to buy your chain back last time you got robbed
The nerve of this coward nigga oh my God
And I know rap rumors are in the windows
I bring 'em to ya live lift up your windows
Let the public peek in to your dirty laundry
Y'all don't want me to continue Hov
Super ugly
('Cause I don't give a fuck)
All I really know is your hoe wants to be with me

And she ain't playin'
And what I'm sayin'
(She creeps with me)
And sleeps, between the sheets
Me and the boy AI got more in common
Than just ballin' and rhymin' get it, more in Carmen
I came in your Bentley backseat, skeeted in your jeep
Left condoms on your baby seat
Yeah nigga, the gloves is off, the love is done
It's whatever, whenever, however nigga one
And since you infatuated with sayin' that gay shit
Yes, you was kissin' my dick when you was kissin' that bitch
Nasty shit, you though I was bonin' Vanette
You callin' Carm a hundred times I was bonin' her neck
You got a baby by the broad, you can't disown her yet
When does your lies end? When does the truth begins?
When does reality set in or does it not matter?
Gotta hurt, I'm your baby mama's favorite rapper
And ask your current girl, she knows what's up
Holla at a real nigga 'cause, nigga, I don't give a fuck
All I really know is your hoe wants to be with me
And she ain't playin'
And what I'm sayin'
(She creeps with me)
And sleeps, between the sheets

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