

I Just Wanna Love U (Jean Tonique Remix)

Jay-Z

Let's go

Hov!

Uh huh, Hov'

You, are, not, ready

Hov', unstoppable, Dynasty, young Hova I'm a hustler baby (I'm a hustler)

I just want you to know (Wanna let you know)

It ain't where I been (It aint where I been)

But where I'm bout to go (Top of the world!)

Now I just wanna love you (just wanna love you)

But be who I am (you know you love me)

And with all this cash (mo' money, mo' problems)

You'll forget your man

Now give it to me

Gimme that funk, that sweet, that nasty, that gushi stuff

But don't bullshit me

C'mon, gimme that funk, that sweet, that nasty, that gushi stuff When the Remi's in the system, ain't no tellin'

Will I fuck 'em will I diss 'em, that's what they be yellin'

I'm a pimp by blood, not relation

Y'all be chasin', I replace them, huh?

Drunk off Crist', mami on E

Can't keep her little model hands off me

Both in the club, high, singing off key

"And I wish I never met her at all"

It gets better, ordered another round

It's, about, to go, down

Got six model chicks, six bottles of Crist'

Four Belvederes, got weed everywhere

What do you say, me, you, and your Chloe glasses

Go somewhere private where we can discuss fashion

Like, Prada blouse, Gucci bra

Filth Mart jeans, take that off Give it to me

Gimme that funk, that sweet, that nasty, that gushi stuff

But don't bullshit me

C'mon, gimme that funk, that sweet, that nasty, that gushi stuff

I said give it to me

Gimme that funk, that sweet, that nasty, that gushi stuff

But don't bullshit me

Mama, gimme that funk, that sweet, that nasty, that gushi stuff Yeah, save the narrative, you savin' it for marriage

Let's keep it real ma, you savin' it for karats
You wanna see how far I'm a go
How, much I'ma spend but you already know
Zip, zero, stingy with dinero
Might buy you Crist', but that about it
Might light your wrist, but that about it
Fuck it, I might wife you and buy you nice whips
Ma, but you really gotta ride nice dick
Know how to work your hips and your head's priceless
Profess you love the Hov', and I'll never let you down
Get you bling like the Neptune sound
Okay, hot Hov', too hot to hold
Ladies love me long time like 2Pac's soul
Only way to roll, Jigga and two ladies
I'm too cold, Motorola, two way page me, c'mon Give it to me
Gimme that funk, that sweet, that nasty, that gushi stuff
But don't bullshit me
C'mon, gimme that funk, that sweet, that nasty, that gushi stuff
I said give it to me
Gimme that funk, that sweet, that nasty, that gushi stuff
But don't bullshit me
Mama, gimme that funk, that sweet, that nasty, that gushi stuff
I'm a hustler baby (uh, Hov')
I just want you to know (Hov')
It aint where I been
But where I'm bout to go (Hov', Hov')
Now I just wanna love you (young Hova)
But be who I am (know you love me)
And with all this cash (mo' money, mo' problems)
You'll forget your man Yeah, yeah, yeah
Same song, I'm back, been around the world
Ro-mancing girls that dance with girls
From, Club Cheetah, to Club Amnesia
The Peanuts in L.A., Bubblin' in Dublin
Can't deny me, why would you want to
You need me, why don't you try me
Baby you want to, believe me, Hov'! Give it to me
Gimme that funk, that sweet, that nasty, that gushi stuff
But don't bullshit me
C'mon, gimme that funk, that sweet, that nasty, that gushi stuff
I said give it to me
Gimme that funk, that sweet, that nasty, that gushi stuff
But don't bullshit me
Mama, gimme that funk, that sweet, that nasty, that gushi stuff You gotta,
Give it to me

Uh, uh huh

Songwriters

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