

# Izzo (H.O.V.A.)

Jay-Z

H to the Izz-o, V to the Izz-A  
Fo' shizzle my nizzle used to dribble down in VA  
Was hurtin' 'em in the home of the Terrapins  
Got it dirt cheap for them  
Plus if they was short with cheese I would work with them  
Brought in weed, got rid of that dirt for them  
Wasn't born hustlers, I was birthin' 'em  
H to the Izz-o, V to the Izz-A  
Fo' sheezy my neezy keep my arms so freezy  
Can't leave rap alone the game needs me  
Haters want me clapped and chromed it ain't easy  
Cops want to knock me, D.A. want to box me in  
But somehow, I beat them charges like Rocky  
H to the Izz-o, V to the Izz-A  
Not guilty, he who does not feel me  
Is not real to me, therefore he doesn't exist  
So poof, Vamoose, son of a bitch  
H to the Izz-o, V to the Izz-A  
Fo' shizzle my nizzle used to dribble down in VA  
H to the Izz-o, V to the Izz-A  
That's the anthem get'cha damn hands up  
H to the Izz-o, V to the Izz-A  
Not guilty y'all got to feel me  
H to the Izz-o, V to the Izz-A  
That's the anthem get'cha damn hands up  
Holla at me  
I do this for my culture  
To let 'em know what a nigga look like, when a nigga in a roaster  
Show 'em how to move in a room full of vultures  
Industry shady it need to be taken over  
Label owners hate me I'm raisin the status quo up  
I'm over chargin' niggas for what they did to the cold crush  
Pay us like you owe us for all the years that you hoed us  
We can talk, but money talks so talk mo' bucks  
H to the Izz-o, V to the Izz-A  
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That's the anthem get'cha damn hands up  
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Not guilty y'all got to feel me  
H to the Izz-o, V to the Izz-A  
That's the anthem get'cha damn hands up  
Yeah

Hov' is back, life stories told through rap  
Niggas actin' like I sold you crack  
Like I told you sell drugs  
No, hov' did that  
So hopefully you won't have to go through that  
I was raised in the projects, roaches and rats  
Smokers out back, sellin' they mama's sofa  
Lookouts on the corner, focused on the Ave.  
Ladies in the window, focused on the kinfolk  
Me under a lamp post, why I got my hand closed?  
Cracks in my palm, watchin' the long arm of the law  
So you know I seen it all before  
I seen hoop dreams deflate like a true fiend's weight  
To try and to fail, the two things I hate  
Succeed in this rap game, the two things that's great  
H to the Izz-o, V to the Izz-A  
What else can I say about dude, I gets busy  
H to the Izz-o, V to the Izz-A  
Fo' shizzle my nizzle used to dribble down in VA  
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Songwriters

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