

Face Off

Jay-Z

Sauce mothafuckin, jigga, feel this This goes out to my Brooklyn crew
Put ya guns up in the air if ya feel me
Fuck 'em all day, fuck 'em all night
We don't love these hoes This goes out to my Brooklyn crew
Put ya guns up in the air if ya feel me
Fuck 'em all day, fuck 'em all night
We don't love these hoes Yeah, if ya want some, put ya guns up, it's on
Ladies know that when the sun's up, I'm gone
Fuck them bitches though, digits though
Fuck, now if I bring it, niggas know what All black gat with the mack out
I take shorty to the rest, blow her back out
Sun dress, undress, throw her back out
In and out like a crack house, keep it moving Face off with the .38 scraped off
Keep shorty maced, can't throw a 4-4 eight ball
Know your place, so it starts when ya least expect
The yeast infect, you don't imitate bitches
Piece protected, so, I hear you hate bitches Love the dough, ya flow irritate niggas
Fuck them though, it's all out and have a fall out
I fucked ya girl, on top, now we call out, fuck the world
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We don't love these hoes I apologize ladies, I'm lovin' you right
You must be used to me trickin' but we fuckin' tonight
No wine, no dine, no wheelin' the whip
All night long just feelin' the dick Sauce mothafuckin', slayin', I'm sayin' with no delayin'
Can you beat that? I eat that, you just playin'
Nigga, you never know what a chick could do
Pull the trigga too, check the shit, jigga do My crew, mackin' the same bitch, I do
Back man stack grands, daddy like I you
Love them hoes jigga, ha, how that sound?
Women start to fall, we all bat around Let my whole team hit it, scatter 'round
You never seen wit it, pat 'em down
Check for cream in it, these riches
Got nothin' to do wit these bitches
Nothin' y'all can do to stop these digits

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Fuck 'em all day, fuck 'em all night
We don't love these hoes Can I touch that? What's that? Leave it for dead
Keep your arm over your face, my nigga, keep your head
Keep a mind to survive, if ya sleep ya dead
Stay fly 'til ya die nigga, deep with prayer With each word ya say, I guess, the beef is dead
Ladies and gentlemen, like impeach the prez
Val Kilmer style nigga draw heat with feds
Broad day like De Niro, shoot all day I'm the man fuckin' the tracks and you just foreplay
Get a hit, I, I come through, blow up, you spit out
What, keep it cocked faithfully like salop
With one in the drop, don't get hit up I be the four-fifth flamer and hoes bitch shamer
What clap cats a snitch, she'll give ya whole click, name up
Look, I done came up and thought a whole game up
Meet me in the square with one in the chamber
The face off, nigga This goes out to my Brooklyn crew
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Fuck 'em all day, fuck 'em all night
We don't love these hoes This goes out
Put ya guns up in the air if ya feel me, if ya feel
Fuck 'em all day, fuck 'em all night
We don't love these hoes Yeah, this goes out to my Brooklyn crew

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