

Ain't No Nigga (feat Foxy Brown)

Jay-Z

I keep it fresher than the next bitch
No need, for you to ever sweat the next bitch
With speed, I make the best bitch see the exit, indeed,
You gotta know your thoroughly respected by me,
You get the keys to the Lexus, with no driver
You gotcha own '96 suh-in, the ride
And keep your ass tighter than Versace that's why
You gotta watch your friends you got to watch me
They conniving shit
The first chance to crack the bank
They try me, all they get is 50 cent franks
And papayas, from the village to the tele
Time to kill it on your belly no question
I got more black chicks between my sheets than Essence
They say sex is a weapon, so when I shoot
Met your death in less than 8 seconds
Still poundin' in my after life
Laugin' my shit is tight
You who askin' right[Chorus]
Ain't no nigga like the one I got
No one can fuck you betta
Sleeps around but he gives me a lot
Keeps you in diamonds and leathers
Friends 'ill tell me I should leave you alone
Hah hah, hah hah, hah hah, hah ha
Tell the freaks to find a man of there own
(man a they own, man a they own)Fresh to def in Moschino, coach bag
Lookin' half black and Filipino fakin' no jacks
Got you a beeper to feel important
Surrounding your feet in Joanie Dega's and Charles Jordan
I keep ya dove but love
You know these ho's be makin' me weak
Y'all knows how it goes 'b and so I creep
Ive been sinnin' since you been playin' wit Barbie and Ken in
You can't change a players game in the 9th inning
The chrome rim spinning keeps em grinnin'
So I run way the fuck up in em
And wrinkle the face like linnin'
I play hard-eh till they say God

He's keepin' it real jigga stay hard
Lawd don't even trip
I never slip, nigga what you don't see is whatcha get
Weapons concealed what the fuck y'all feel
When you nigga play sick we can all get ill
Whats the deal[Chorus]Yo, ain't no stoppin' this, no lie
Promise to stay monogamous, I try
But love you know these ho's be makin' me weak
Y'all knows how it goes B so I stay deepWhat up boo just keep me laced in the illa snakes
Bank rolls and shit, back rubs in the french tubs
Mackin' this bitch, wife nigga
So when you flip that coke
Remember them days you was dead broke
But now your style and I raised you
Basically made you into a don
Flippin' weight, heroin and shit
You know my pussy is all that
That's why I get bagets 5 carats and all that
From Dolce Gabana to H Vendell I'm ringin' bells
So who the playa, I still keep you in the illest gators
Tailor made so we can lay up in the shade reminiscin'
On how I fuck the best a shit
Specially when I'm flippin' Baileys
Don't give a fuck about how you move with them other mamis
I push da Z, eating shrimp scampi with rocks larger than life
Fuck them Reebok broads, you made it known who your wife was
I got you frontin' in Armani sweaters
Before this rap shit
When you was in letters and bullshit berattas
And eek classes with mo in the glasses
Shows in Cali wit all the flavor suede Bally's
Now all your mens' up in your benz's
High post, I swear you be killin' me
Playin' inside my pubic hairs
I never worry bout them other chicks
Cause you proved who was your wiz
When you was spinnin' that bitch
I took a little when you was up north
Your commissary stay pilin'
How you livin' large on the island
All them collects have me vex
But when you come home
Knew I was comin' off wit half of dem checks
Now we on the rise
Your diamond mami wit the slanted eyes

Holdin' this grip cocked the green and the shit
Fucks no, I see half the dough
Made you into a star, pushin' hundred thousand dollar cars

Songwriters

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