

Bring It On

Jay-Z

[Sauce Money]

Aiyyo Jay word up; these motherfuckers
Fuckin talkin that comeback shit like they cookin crack
Shit I ain't frontin all I want my pockets green like slum change
Yaknahmsayin? Front the roll we roll back like rubbers motherfucker
For real; with no trace of AIDS
We keep our pockets fully blown, Roc-A-Fella click nigga

Aiyyo we pattin down pussy from Sugarhill to the Shark Bar
Fuck a bitch D in the marked car
We got the bad bitches gaspin for air in Aspen
Searchin for aspirin when I ask then, we swing
You cling we do our thing and bring
Sling your ding-a-ling from Bed-Stuy Brooklyn to Beijing
East coast hostess hostile colossal, money flarin
like nostrils for drug dealin apostles, huh
Al Pacino down to Nino Brown
Me Jay and Primo, got it sewed across the board like poquino
Teflon, make sure your jammy is full
Cause I heard, Sammy the Bull lamps in Miami with pull
Tropical leaves where I got a few keys
with my man I'll stock a few G's, now it's unstoppable cheese
Said we was garbage, so fuck college
Street knowledge amazin to scholars when we coin phrases for dollars
Star studded bitches with cristals, get fucked with pistols
just to see my shit, discharge puss
I drop the stellar, even acapella
I got to tell all about Roc-A-Fella

[Chorus: Fat Joe]

Yeah, bring it on if you think you can hang
And if not then let me do my thang
[repeat 4x]

[Jay-Z]

Mannerisms of a young Bobby DeNiro, spent spanish wisdoms
in a whip with dinero, crime organized like the pharoah
I cream, I diamond gleam
High post like Akiem, got a lot of things to drop
Brooklyn to Queens, I gotta keep my steam
Niggaz wanna try to hem my long jeans
Uptown fiend for Jay-Z to appear on the scene
In the meanwhile, here's somethin dope for y'all to lean
Liason for days on in
Money make the world go around so I made songs to spin
Can I Live, did dough, with my nigs, dividends flow
like the Mississippi riv', lookin jig'
Can't do for dolo, had to turn away when Tony killed Manolo
That's real, mixed feelings like a mulatto
Thug thought he was O.G. Bobby Johnson
I played him like Benny Blanco, mano a mano
you ain't ready, I find no trigger straight up shoot my guns
horizontal, get your weight up, I am
two point two pounds you're barely a hundred and twenty-five grams
Wouldn't expect y'all to understand this money
Do the knowledge, do the few dollars, I'm due to demolish

Crews Brooklyn through Hollis to a hood near you, what the fuck...

"Bring it on if you think you can hang..." - [Fat Joe]

[Big Jaz]

Money is power
I'm into cheddick with facial credit
Pure platinum fetish for cheddars
Spread letters you move you're deadish
I make moves that remove pebbles out of shoes
You suck pistol like pipe with the cristal
John Stockton couldn't assist you
Cowboys or Benzes like we foulin in the U.N.
So what the fuck you doin?
Whatever nigga Fahrvegnugen, rugged yet polished
Spankin dollars with the commas
bangin bitches out the Bahamas
On hides of llama we cry nada, fly frather
Fry hotter, you die gotta
Fuck with me witness manana
Absence of malice in my palace
Call cousin now Dallas trigger finger with the callous
Tip scales from mail to keep these niggaz off balance
Your frequent stops to O.T.B. you feedin me
Steam a nigga schemin on the wrist action with the gleams
Jewels for Pop Duke fulfill your dreams
Never put the pure brown sugar before the dirty green cream

[Chorus]

"Yeah, bring it on... bring it on..." - [Fat Joe]

[repeat 5x]