

## Pop 4 Roc

Jay-Z

[Amil (Jay-Z)]  
(Alright yeah)  
Would ya love me? (Uh-huh, alright)  
Would ya hate me? (Watch this yo)  
I know ya love me (Alright)  
I know ya hate me (Uh Clue)  
Would ya love me? (Brand new Duro)  
Would ya hate me?  
I know ya love me (Feel this yo, uh)

[Amil]  
Uh, uh, uh  
See me comin through hair done just a slinging my shit  
With something Gucci on clinging to my hips  
Frontin with the Star Tech ringing in the whip  
Icy ears, neck, fingers for years  
Got the show wild with the toes out  
Shit I don't fuck with no stingy nigga  
I rock Prada, Chanel, and Fendi nigga  
What I'mma do with your little blunts and Henney nigga?  
I'mma Major Coin with a pretty Bentley nigga  
Uh my niggas will ride for me  
You should see all the things they buy for me  
Uh, it's obvious how I spend my time  
Around ballers all day don't have to spend a dime  
Callin' up room service when it's dinner time  
Get my tan on in the tropics in the winter time nigga, uh, uh, uh

[Amil (Beanie Siegal)]  
Would ya love me? (If we couldn't cop the drop)  
Would ya hate me? (If we couldn't drop the top)  
I know ya love me (Cuz you know we pop 4 Roc)  
I know ya hate me (Cuz you know we got shit locked)  
Would ya love me? (If we couldn't cop the drop)  
Would ya hate me? (If we couldn't drop the top)  
I know ya love me (Cuz you know we pop 4 Roc)  
I know ya hate me (And you know we got shit locked)

[Beanie Siegal]  
Ay yo, we gon' stop this here  
Get this clear the general of the Roc in here  
Beanie Siegal hottest thing on the block this year  
Keep the ego we been bound to the top ya hear  
Forget about it you don't know me yo stop the stares  
I've been about it pop you then pop ya peers  
You know how I do six coup, top be clear  
You know how I play low layer Roc-A-Wear  
Catch Siegal in the kitchen balloon in the pie  
Y'all from whom to buy  
Y'all niggas know if y'all cross Mac  
Y'all soon to die  
Cuz you know I bring heat like June and July  
Spit like August  
I'm the truth I'm not lying  
I'm the reason why Jay feel comfortable retiring  
I gotta laugh cuz y'all work hard at this shit  
Think about yo I just started this shit

Just imagine if I put my heart in this shit  
Scary sight y'all niggas feel me right  
God damn yo I barely write  
But every rhyme be in check like a pair of Nikes

[Amil (Beanie Siegal)]

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Would ya hate me? (If we couldn't drop the top)  
I know ya love me (Cuz you know we pop 4 roc)  
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[Memphis Bleek]

Yo, yo, well I'm gold now  
Memph Man Coming Of Age and I'm grown now  
Sittin on chrome now  
I'm the youngest gun, I get it on with anyone  
I've been in thirty beefs shit I'm barely 21  
Guns I hold em like offensive linemen  
Bring em back to the streets like a brick on consignment  
Interlining of the Mark Buchanan  
Spark two hammers  
Memph Man gold marks the understanding

[Jay-Z]

We don't engage in war we elope  
Orange juice style beat niggas to a pulp  
We broke nigga you just told 3 jokes  
Me, Biggs, and Dame we get some things  
See the six dames me and Biggs live in the Range  
Mine's platinum his Champagne  
Niggas whisper cuz if they talk they gets slain  
Y'all's was looking for me on the charts the bricks came  
Left the same night in the morning the chicks came  
I just use rap to put shit in my name  
The death's just a matter of time the hit's been arranged  
Contracts signed the shits in your name  
Just to lame rap niggas I'm the king  
Motherfuck the ring mami kiss the chain  
I don't got game to waste on y'all  
I'm don't think with my dick or chase my balls  
I'm a hustla hit me with an eighth of raw  
And when I get on top I'mma blaze all y'all  
Keep em laced some more I know you want some things  
I drink a lot of water mami come clean  
Chicks I pump her then dump her  
Cars we got em bumper to bumper  
Rap niggas y'all days are numbered  
Nobody drop nothin' next summer, yeah

[Amil (Beanie Siegal)]

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[Jay-Z]  
Yeah R-O-C for the 2 triple O  
Ya heard me  
You are about to witness a dynasty like no other  
Beanie Siegal, The General  
Amil-lion, Diana Ross of the ROC  
Memph Bleek, Young god  
Ha, ha  
Jigga Man, get ya mind right niggas