

## Roc Boys (And the Winner Is)...

Jay-Z

And the winner is Hov...my man? SPEECH!

First of all I wan' thank my connect  
The most important person with all due respect  
Thanks for to duffle bag, the brown paper bag  
The Nike shoe box for holding all this cash  
Boys in blue who put greed before the badge  
The first pusher whoever made the stash  
The Roc Boys in the building tonight  
Oh what a feeling I'm feeling life  
Thanks to the lames, niggas bad aim  
Thanks to a little change I tore you out the game  
Bullet wounds will stop your bafoonery  
Thanks to the pastor rapping at your eulogy  
To Lil Kim and them, you know the women friend  
Who, carry the work cross state for a gentlemen  
Yeah, thanks to all the hustlers  
And most importantly you, the customer

[Chorus: Jay-Z (Kanye West)]  
The Roc Boys in the building tonight  
Oh what a feeling, I'm feeling life  
You don't even gotta bring ya paper out  
We the dope boys of the year, drinks is on the house  
(We in the house, hou-, hou-)  
The Roc Boys in the building tonight  
Look at how I'm chilling, I'm killing this ice  
You don't even gotta bring ya purses out  
We the dope boys of the year, drinks is on the house  
(We in the house, hou-, hou-)  
(We in the house, hou-, hou-, HEY)

Let ya hair down baby, I just hit a score  
Pick any place on the planet, pick a shore  
Take what the Forbes figure, then figure more  
Cause they forgot to account what I did with the raw  
Pick a time, lets pick apart some stores  
Pick a weekend for freaking for figure fours  
I figure frauds never hit a lick before  
So they don't know the feeling when them things get across  
Put ya hand out the window, feel the force  
Feel the Porsche, hit the frost  
Ice cold, jewels got no flaws  
Drop got no top, you on the top floor  
Pink Rosay, think OJ  
I get away with murder when I sling yay  
Niggas got less steps then Britney  
That means it ain't stepped on, dig me?

[Chorus (with overlapping 3rd verse towards end)]

Red Porsches, rare portraits  
Red glocks if you dare come near the fortress  
This apple sauce is from the apple orchid  
This kinda talk is only reserved for the bosses  
Which means I get it from the ground  
Which means you get it when I'm around

Rich niggas, black bar mitzvahs  
Mazel tav, it's a celebration bitches, la heim  
I wish for you a hundred years of success but it's my time  
Cheers, toast to crime  
Number one b-boy, chain nigga rhyme

[Chorus 3x]

Sweet, let that ride out!  
Bring the horns back in, yeah  
This is black super hero music right here baby  
American Gangsta  
Taking flight, coming to a town near you  
Soon as I touch down I just want ya'll to start playing the horns like...  
Hovies home...Lukey baby  
Hahahahaha...ow!