

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!