

# Squeeze 1st

Jay-Z

Uh, yeah, mmmmm  
William H. niggas  
Holla, yeah, yo

[HOOK:]

That's why I, squeeze first ask questions last  
That's how most of these so called gangstas pass  
I, squeeze first ask questions last  
Cuz when I pull up, always pop, that's why I'm livin today

[JIGGA]

Yo, when I meet ya, I heat ya down  
When I greet ya, meet ya with pound  
Not the handshake, but the kind that make ya demand a wake  
The kind that put land over your face  
I pop ya, let doctors stitch ya  
I-N-F-R-A, will not miss ya  
I move light, like my shoes too tight  
Leave niggas confused from the day to the night  
At night, see the light, when the pistol's sparkin  
Daytime it gets dark when that pistol barkin  
I keep cash 'case cops arrest me  
'case kids kidnap me, kids could get back me  
You shall repent 'fore you spend a red cent  
If not, you somebody up close to sin  
Thou shalt not fuck with raw me, or he  
Face a thousand deaths from Mr. Shawn Correy  
Carter, rap harder like I'm part of a cult  
Like Cuban cigar maker 'cept I'm hard to smoke  
And y'all choke motherfuckers

[HOOK]

[JIGGA]

I said thou shalt not fuck with raw me, or he  
Face a thousand deaths from Mr. Shawn Correy  
Carter, rap harder like I'm part of a cult  
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And y'all choke niggas

[HOOK]

[JIGGA]

Y'all don't understand  
I said thou shalt not fuck with raw me, or he  
Face a thousand deaths from Mr. Shawn Correy  
Carter, rap harder like I'm part of a cult  
Like Cuban cigar maker 'cept I'm hard to smoke  
Y'all choke niggas

[HOOK]

[JIGGA]

See when I'm low in digits, I push blow in a blizzard  
I'm a player for real, I post and pivot  
Coke distribute, be where the ghostes visit  
Where the demons live, shit my scene is vivid  
Squeamish kids, y'all get the fuck outta this verse  
It's about to get so obscene in a minute  
I seen and live it, I did some things I admit it  
Wasn't proud of it, but I was a child fuck it  
Kept a pow tucked in a brown belt  
Couldn't sit down, big gun kept stickin my pelvis  
Shit it was either that or be livin wit Elvis  
Niggas is jealous, hell is hot, you heard X  
Wanted to tell God that I don't deserve this  
Was afraid that he'd tell me I deserve less  
My life was nervous, you haven't heard stress  
Til you heard the cries of my mama, me givin her drama  
Told her I aint promised tomorrow, gotta live for the day  
And before she could say Jay...  
I was out the door, pouch full of raw, a outlaw mentality  
Men gotta do men things for men salary  
Bad Boy, not Puff or Mike Lowery, damn B.I.G. woulda been proud of me  
Ahh shit man...  
Young Hova ya heard?  
Who could fuck wit him?