

# Jigga My Nigga

Ruff Ryders

Roc-a-fella, Ruff Ryders. Swizz Beats, It's almost over ya'll, Jigga Uh, uh, uh, uh, Lights out niggas!!!

(Jigga) What's my mother fucking name?

(Jigga) And who I'm rolling with huh?

(My Niggas) uh-huh-huh-uh-huh

Niggas better get it right, bitches better get it right

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Sold the crack when I was down in AC

Back on the block Jay-Z mother fucker from the, the, the Roc

Went solo on that ass but it's still the same

Brooklyn be the place where I serve them thangs

Be my niggas was struggling, to the 'burbs they came

And then we got to hustling, muderin' thangs

I dipped in my stash, splurged on a chain

Now I'm Titianic, Iceberg's the name

Leave players on injured reserve, hurt the game

The best way to describe me in the word, insane

I dick down chicks all emerged in my fame

Jigga been dope since Slick Rick's first chain

The God, send you back to the earth from which you came

I'm baking soda, waterfire, merged with 'cane

Ladies don't know me said "I heard he's vain"

Well guess what mommies? I heard the same,

You heard the name

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Niggas better get it right, bitches better get it right

Got a license to kill so I stay the gat

Roc-a-fella, Ruff Ryders, nigga scared a that

Got a new motto this year, Don't Fuck With My Ones

Knock on your door, three in the morning, "It's just us and our guns!"

See I scrambled with priests, hustle with nuns

Got the mind capacity of a young Butch Cassidy

Niggas get fly, let 'em defy gravity

Four-five rapidly lift your chest cavity

Streets won't let me chill

Always been a clumsy nigga, don't let me spill

Mother fuckers wanna wet me still,

I remain ya'll Raw, the one, like five divided by four

Shit, this just the hate that's been provided by ya'll

Reciprocated and multiplied by more

You likely to see Jigga in a Wide Body or

Drop-top Bently is all, Holla at me ya'll

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I don't give a fuck if I sold one or one million, but I think you should  
Cause if I only sold one, then out comes the hood  
The all black, in the gloves, the outcome ain't good  
Them niggas act like wolves, how come? They could  
Cause we don't drop hits, we drop bombs that smash  
Till the wrists is lit up, the arm looks like glass  
The necklace chipped up, the charm it flash  
Could fuck up your eyes like the bombest hash  
See the reason why chicks let me palm they ass  
All I gotta do is let 'em call me Shawn de'Glass  
Let me sit up in they whip till I launch it back  
Snap they neck, then shoot 'em till they aren't sent back  
The calmest cat, trust me when I palm this gat  
Kill your mind, body and soul, push your conscience back  
Monster's back, and Flex drop a bomb to that  
And everybody sing-a-long to the track, Come on

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