

Squeeze 1St

JAY-Z

Uh, yeah, mmmm
William H. niggas
Holla, yeah, yoHOOK:
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 of close descent
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 motherfuckersHOOK
[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
Like Cuban cigar maker 'cept I'm hard to smoke
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 niggasHOOK[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?

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>