

Izzo (H.O.V.A.)

JAY-Z

Ladies and gentlemen let's put our hands together for the astonishing(*girls singing*)
H to the izz-O, V to the izz-A...Welcome ladies and gentlemen to the 8th wonder of the world

The flow of the century. oh it's timeless. HOV'!

Thanks for comin out tonight

You coulda been anywhere in the world, but you're here with me

I appreciate that. uuunnnh.H to the izz-O, V to the izz-A

Fo' shizzle my nizzle used to dribble down in VA

Was hurtin 'em in the home of the Terrapins; got it dirt cheap for them

Plus if they was short with cheese I would work with them

Brought in weed, got rid of that dirt for them

Wasn't born hustlers, I was birthin 'em

H to the izz-O, V to the izz-A

Fo' sheezy my neezy keep my arms so freezy

Can't leave rap alone the game needs me

Haters want me clapped and chromed it ain't easy

Cops wanna knock me, D.A. wanna box me in

But somehow, I beat them charges like Rocky

H to the izz-O, V to the izz-A

Not guilty, he who does not feel me

is not real to me, therefore he doesn't exist

So poof -- vamoose, son of a bitch!

H to the izz-O, V to the izz-A

Fo' shizzle my nizzle used to dribble down in VA

H to the izz-O, V to the izz-A

That's the anthem get'cha damn hands up

H to the izz-O, V to the izz-A

Not guilty y'all got to feel me

H to the izz-O, V to the izz-A

That's the anthem get'cha damn hands UP!Holla at me...

I do this for my culture

To let 'em know what a nigga look like, when a nigga in a roaster

Show 'em how to move in a room full of vultures

Industry shady it need to be taken over

Label owners hate me I'm raisin the status quo up

I'm overchargin niggaz for what they did to the Cold Crush

Pay us like you owe us for all the years that you hoed us

We can talk, but money talks so talk mo' bucks

Yeah...

Hov' is back, life stories told through rap

Niggaz actin like I sold you crack

Like I told you sell drugs; no, Hov' did that

so hopefully you won't have to go through that

I was raised in the pro-jects, roaches and rats
Smokers out back, sellin they mama's sofa
Lookouts on the corner, focused on the ave
Ladies in the window, focused on the kinfolk
Me under a lamp post, why I got my hand closed?
Cracks in my palm, watchin the long arm of the law
So you know I seen it all before
I seen hoop dreams deflate like a true fiend's weight
To try and to fail, the two things I hate
Succeed in this rap game, the two things that's great
H to the izz-O, V to the izz-A
What else can I say about dude, I gets bu-sy(*girls singing*)
H to the izz-O, V to the izz-A... (*repeat 4X to fade*)

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>