

THAT'S HOW YOU LIKE IT

Words and Music by
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DELROY ANDREWS and BRIAN BRIDGEMAN

Moderately ♩ = 69

Chorus:



That's how you like it, huh? That's how you like it, huh?

mf



1.2.3.



4.



That's how you like it, huh? That's how I like it, ba - by. That's how I like it, Ba - by. 1. I need a

Verse:



thug that - 'll have my back, Do - rag, Nike Airs to match. Ain't noth - ing wrong with that. 2. See additional lyrics



Where my thugs at? White T - shirt, I love that. Tim - ber - land boots, you



does that, it's a fact. I like the way you walk, the way you



talk, the way you dress, the way you smile. I like the way you are, the way you



ain't. I like your hon - est - y, in - teg - rit - y. It lev - els me, so please don't ev - er

Chorus:





change. That's how you like it, huh? That's how you like it, huh? That's how you like it, huh?





That's how I like it, ba - by. — That's how you like it, huh? That's how you like it, huh?


1.3.

2.

D.S. %

That's how you like it, huh? That's how I like it, ba - by. — That's how I like it, ba - by. —




4.

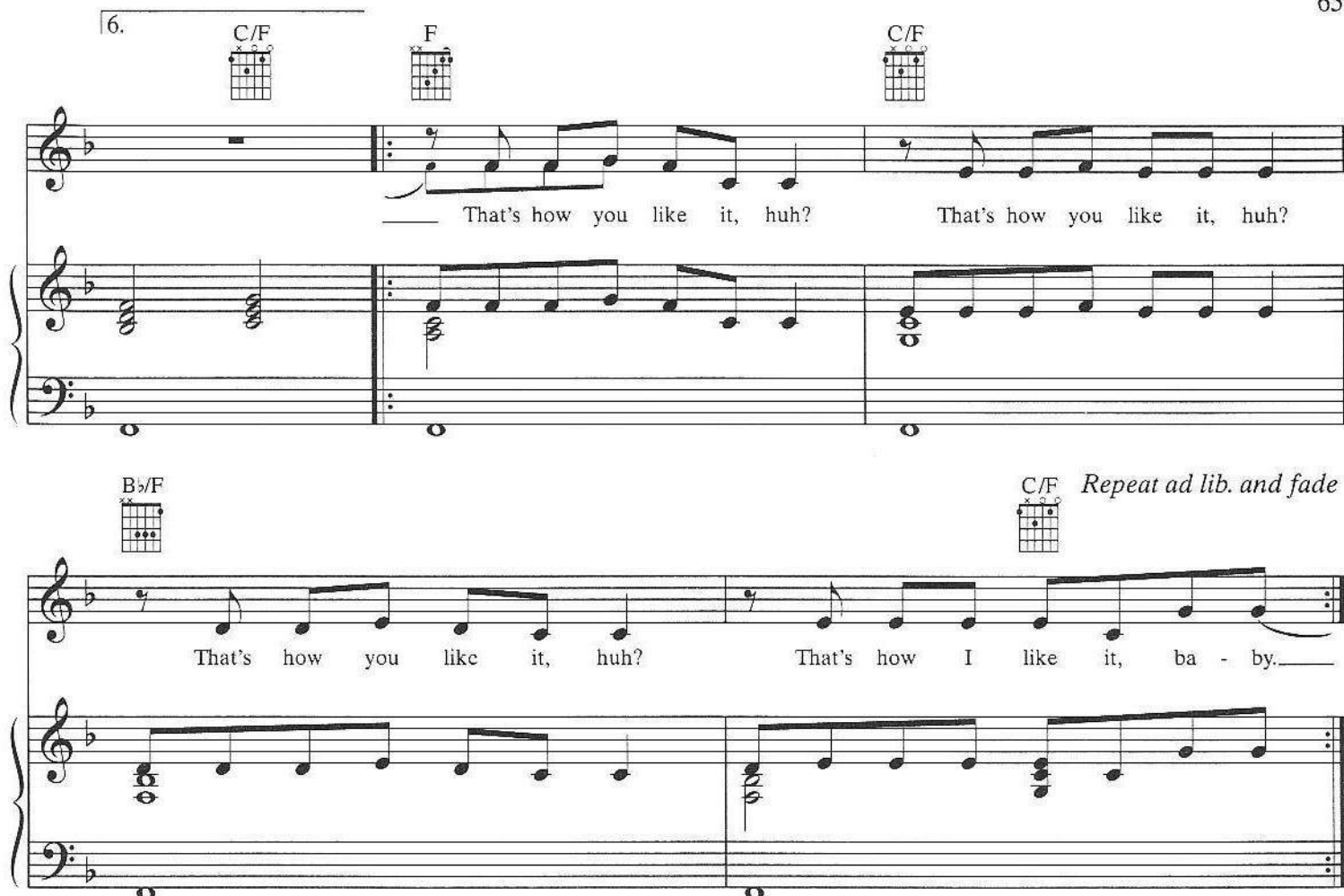



1.2.3.4.5.


That's how I like it, ba - by. —

Jay-Z's rap - See additional lyrics

6.   



That's how you like it, huh? That's how you like it, huh?

That's how you like it, huh? That's how I like it, ba - by.

Repeat ad lib. and fade

Verse 2:

I like the way you brush your hair,
 I like the stylish clothes you wear.
 It's just the real things you do,
 That's why I wanna stick with you.
 Where my girls at?
 Let them know we love that.
 Sexy way they does that (you did that).
 That's how I like it, baby.
 I hope you like my style,
 The way I dress,
 The way I flirt.
 Say yes.
 I hope you like my mind,
 The things I say.
 If I'm with you, then I'm with only you,
 My loyalty will never, ever change.
 (To Chorus:)

Rap (Jay-Z:)

I know you've heard I'm a gangsta.
 They say, "Stay away from them gangstaz,
 They never change up, or pull they pants up."
 Well, baby girl, put ya foot down.
 Don't let 'em push you around, you know what you like.
 Baby thug, you know wrong from right.
 You done felt grown before.
 This can't be what it feel like.
 And they don't really know whatcha feel like.
 For instance...
 They don't know the difference between real life
 And the music videos and the raggedy magazines.
 They have it badder than he seems.
 All they see is my baggy jeans, my attitude.
 I ain't mad at you, it's just my Clyde.
 The way I wear my hat to the side
 The way I lean real low when I ride
 That's why my minds, they like my walk,
 My accent from New York,
 My way of thinking is slightly off.
 They like the way he floss.
 Leave the block on a bike, he come back on a Porsche,
 But of course.
 Most of all, they like my honesty, integrity, my loyalty.
 Young H.O.V.A. and the letter B.
 How you like that, huh?
 (To Chorus:)