

American Gangster

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American Gangster



Pray

[Intro: Beyoncé]

Deliver me from my enemies, oh God
Defend me from all that rise up against me
Deliver me from the work of inequity
And save me from the Bloody Mary

[Jay-Z]

Look.. mind state of a gangster from the 40's
meets the business mind of Motown's Berry Gordy
Turned crack rock into a chain of 40/40's
Sorry my jewelry is so gaudy
Slid into the party with my new pair of Mauri's
America, meet the gangster Shawn Corey
Hey young world, wanna hear a story?
Close your eyes and you can pretend you're me
I'm cut from the cloth of the Kennedy's
Frank Sinatra, havin dinner with the Genovese
This is the genesis of a nemesis
Mother America's not witnessed since
the Harlem Renaissance birthed black businesses
This is the tale of lost innocence
As the incense burns and the turntables turn
And that Al Green plays
I see my mother's afro

As Mama taps her toes, as she rolls her J's
And my papa just left the house
in search of the killer of my Uncle Ray
And she's trying to calm her nerves
As I observe this is just one day
And what tomorrow has in store
we can never be sure so all we can do is... pray

[Break: Beyoncé]
Because of your strength...
While I walk the pond of Eden
For God is my deep fix (pray for me!)

[Jay-Z]
As I head to my homeroom
I observe the ruins
Dope needles on the ground
I hear a car go, "Vroom"
Drug dealer in the BM with the top down
As the girls start to giggle
I ask, "Why you laugh?"
They say, "You're too little"
"One day you'll understand
when you become a man
'bout things you have to get you"
Fast forward, freeze frame on my pistol, fistful of dollars
Ignorance is so blissful
I ain't choose this life, this life chose me
Around here it's the shit that you just do
I just left school
The same BM is pulled over by the boys dressed blue
They had their guns drawn
Screaming, "Just move"
"Or is there something else you suggest we can do?"
He made his way to the trunk
Opened it like, "Huh?"
A treasure chest was removed
Cops said he'll be back next month
What we called corrupt, he calls payin dues
Now when the rules is blurred
As they is and were
What am I to do.. but pray
Pray the Lord forgive me
Pray He guides me by for what I'm 'bout to go through... pray

[Break: Beyoncé]

Deliver me in thy righteousness
And cause me to escape
And climb thine air internal
Save me thine Lord (pray for me!)

[Jay-Z]

Geah.. anywhere there's oppression
The drug profession
flourishes like beverages
Refreshing, ahhh! Sweet taste of sin
Everything I seen, made me everything I am
Bad drug dealer or victim, I beg
What came first?
Moving chickens or the egg?
This I why I be so fresh
I'm trying to beat life 'cause I can't cheat death
Treat shame with shamelessness
And stainless at anuses
You know the game this is?
Move coke like Pepsi
Don't matter what the brand name is
I stand behind mine
Everything I do, I'm a man behind mine
I'm not an angel, I'm sure
But every night before I lay
I drop my knees to the floor and I pray

[Outro: Beyoncé]

The name shall endure forever
The name shall be continued as long as the sun (pray for me!)
Men shall be blessed in Him
All nations shall call Him blessed

In your name I pray... (pray for me!)
Lord bless us

American Dreamin'

[samples of "Soon I'll Be Loving You Again" by Marvin Gaye]

Dreamed of you this morning
Then came the dawn, and
I thought you were here with me
If youuuuu could only see
How much I love you
That's all, that's all baby

[repeat 3X in background]
Oh no-oh, I never gave up no way

[samples]
I never, felt that before
I never, felt that before
I never, felt that before
But there's always; that's all, that's all baby

[Jay-Z]
This is the shit you dream about with the homie steamin out
Back-to-back, backin them Beemers out
Seems as our, plans to get a grand
Then go off to college, didn't pan or even out
We need it now, we need a town
We need a place to pitch, we need a mound
For now, I'm just a lazy boy
Big dreaming in my La-Z-Boy
In the clouds of smoke, been playin this Marvin
Mama forgive me, should be thinkin 'bout Harvard
But that's too far away, niggaz are starvin
Ain't nuttin wrong with my aim, just gotta change the target
I got, dreams of baggin sni-dow, the size of pil-lows
I see pies everytime my eyes cli-dose
I see rides, sixes, I gotta get those
Life's a bitch, I hope to not make her a widow

[repeat 3X in background]
Oh no-oh, I never gave up no way

[Chorus: samples] + (Jay-Z)
I never, felt that before (American dreamin)
I never, felt that before (Just American dreamin)
I never, felt that before (American dreamin)
But there's always; that's all, that's all

[Jay-Z]
Uh, uhhhh~!
Now see the life's right there, and it seems right there
It's not quite near, and it's not like we're
professionals, movin the decimals
Know where to cop? Nah! Got a connect? No
Who in the F knows how to be successful
Need a "Personal Jesus," I'm in Depeche Mode
They say its celestial, its all in the stars
Like Tony LaRussa on how you play your Cards

Cause y'all ain't fuckin with me! The ironies are
At all costs bet on before he was boss
Now let's start, on your mark
Get set, let's go, get out the car
Goin in circles it's a vicious cycle
This is a crash course, this ain't high school
Wake up Muttley, you're dreamin again
Your own reality show, the season begins

[repeat 3X in background]
Oh no-oh, I never gave up no way

[Chorus]

[Jay-Z]
Step one in this process, scramble up in your projects
And head to the heights where big coke is processed
You gotta convince 'em that you're not from the precinct
Please speak slow cause he no speaky no english
If he takes a likin after a couple of trips
and your money is straight, he's gon' give you consignment
You're now in a game where only time can tell
Survive the droughts, I wish you well - hold up
Survive the droughts? I wish you well?
How sick am I? I wish you health
I wish you wheels, I wish you wealth
I wish you insight so you could see for yourself
You could see the signs when the jackers is schemin
And the cops is comin, you could read they mind
You could see from behind, you could redefine
the game as we know it, one dream at a time
I'm American dreamin

[repeat 3X in background]
Oh no-oh, I never gave up no way

[Chorus]

[Jay-Z]
American dreamin

{*instrumental continues for another 1:02*}

Hello Brooklyn 2.0

[Intro:]

Helloooooooooooooo!!!!!!! Brooklynnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnn!!!!!!!

[Chorus: Lil Wayne]

Hello Brooklyn, how you doin?
Where you goin? And can I come to?
And If I can, I'm a be your man
You could be my lady, and have my baby
And drive my cars, and drive me crazy
Wherever you goin baby girl just take me
Cause I'm so taken, if you taken
I'm just sayin baby I'm just sayin

[Verse 1: Jay-Z]

Like a mama you birth me, Brooklyn you nursed me
Schooled me with hard knocks, better than Berkeley
They said you murked me, by the time I was twenty one
That shit disturbed me, but you never hurt me
Hello Brooklyn, if we had a daughter
Guess what I'm a call her, Brooklyn Carter
When I left you for Virginia, it didn't offend ya
Cause you know I only stepped out to get dinner
And I'm eatin, so much i bought extra
So much so the dinner now turnin to breakfast
I only roll Lexus, to hug your road
I love your corners, I'm half your soul

[Chorus: Lil Wayne]

Hello Brooklyn, how you doin?
Where you goin? And can I come to?
And If I can, I'm a be your man
You could be my lady, and have my baby
And drive my cars, and drive me crazy
Wherever you goin baby girl just take me
Cause I'm so taken, if you taken
I'm just sayin baby I'm just sayin

[Verse 2: Lil Wayne] (Jay-Z)

Hello Brooklyn, what's your story?
She said she eatin' on the run but she ain't N.O.R.E.
She said she got a man but he ain't worried
But baby I'm a have to +Rob+ him like +Horry+
She said she love B.I.G. and she like 2Pac
And when I said Jay-Z she said it's The ROC
And I'm a leave it like this, like this like that
Where Brooklyn at? Where Brooklyn at?
Have you seen her?

And when she tell you somethin you better believe her
She told me she like my New Orleans demeanor
And so I said goodbye Katrina, and hello Brooklyn
But baby you are, the sweetest sight eyes could see
I said hello Brooklyn, but baby I hope you never say goodbye to me
I said hello Brooklyn, but but baby you are so damn fine to me
And I remember the time (Time) place (Place) and the weather
On the day you said hi to me and let's say hello Brooklyn

[Verse 3: Jay-Z]

Brooklyn we crazy, look how you made me
Razor blades in my mouth walkin 'round behavin
Or demented black hoodies and Timberlanded
Always schemin you see the green on that niggas pendant
Hello Brooklyn, you bad influence look what you had me doin
But I ain't mad at you, look at my attitude
It says my life too real, check out my ice grill
Baby I'm cold as ice, like I'm from Brownsville
But my Bed's in the Stuy so while I Flatten your Bush
Till we smoke a C.I. what up to the boy B.I.
You know I handle B.I. I dont half step on a Kane
Ask the dreads 'bout I, how you gwaan so?
She like it hardcore, So I grind slow
Iller than Albee Square Mall back in the 9-0
My fine hoe we got some victims to catch
So in a couple years baby I'm a bring you some Nets

[Chorus: Lil Wayne]

Hello Brooklyn, how you doin?
Where you goin? And can I come to?
And If I can, I'm a be your man
You could be my lady, and have my baby
And drive my cars, and drive me crazy
Wherever you goin baby girl just take me
Cause I'm so taken, if you taken
I'm just sayin baby I'm just sayin

[Outro: Lil Wayne]

And hello Brooklyn, but but baby you are, the sweetest thing eyes could see
Hello Brooklyn, baby I hope you never say goodbye to me
I said hello Brooklyn, but baby you are, so damn fine to me
But I remember the time, place, and the weather on the day you said goodbye to me

No Hook

Most important thing in business is honesty, integrity, hard work, family...

Never forgetting where we came from

Poor me, dad was gone, finally got my dad back
Liver bad, he wouldn't live long, they snatched my dad back
God as I never had that, streets was my second home
Welcomed me with open arms provided a place to crash at
A place to study math at, matter of fact, I learned it all
Burned it all, this music is where I bury the ashes at
Flash back, not having much, not having that
Had to get some holla bread so you can holla back, and holla that
My Jewish lawyer too enjoyed the fruit of letting my cash stack
And just in case a nigga gotta use his rat-tat-tat-tat
Own boss, own your, masters, slaves
The mentality I carry with me to this very day
Fuck rich, let's get wealthy, who else gon feed we?
If I need it, I'ma get it however, God help me
....And I don't need no hook for this shiiiiit
I'm so fa sho, it's no facade
Stay outta trouble, momma said, as momma sighed
Her fear her youngest son be a victim of homicide
But I gotta get you outta here momma, or I'ma die
...inside
And either way, you lose me momma so let loose of me
I got the rain our direction will soon change
To live and die in N-Y in the hustle game
Hustle caine, hustle clothes, I hustle music
But hustle hard in any hustle that you pick
Skinny nigga, toothpick, but, but I do lift
Weight like I'm using, rhoids, Rolls, Royce keep my movements
Smooth while maneuvering, through all the maneur in
The sewer that I grew up in
Choices, we make trying to escape
And I don't need no hook for this shiiiiit...
This is not for commercial usage
Please don't categorize this as music
Please don't compare me to other rappers
Compare me to trappers, I'm more Frank Lucas than Ludacris
And Luda's my dude, I ain't trying to diss
Like Frank Lucas is cool, but I ain't trying to snitch
I'ma follow the rules no matter how much time I'ma get
I'ma live and die with the decisions that I'ma pick
So fuck Dehaven for caving, that's why we don't speak
Made men ain't supposed to make statements
End of the story, I followed the code, cracked the safe
Other niggas ain't in the game so they practice hate
Leave that boy Hov alone, why don't cha?

You don't have to if you don't want to but don't say I didn't warn ya
Oh...
And I don't need no hook for this shiiiiit...

Roc Boys (And the Winner Is)...

And the winner is Hov... my man. SPEECH!

First of all I wanna thank my connect
The most important person with all due respect
Thanks to duffle bag, the brown paper bag
The Nike shoe box for holding all this cash
Boys in blue who put greed before the badge
The first pusher whoever made the stash
The Roc Boys in the building tonight (hey!)
Oh what a feeling I'm feeling life (hey!)
Thanks to the lames, niggas with bad aim
Thanks to a little change I tore you out the game
Bullet wounds will stop your bafoonery
Thanks to the pastor rapping at your eulogy
To Lil Kim and them, you know the women friend
Who, carry the work cross state for a gentlemen
Yeah, thanks to all the hustlers
And most importantly you, the customer

Chorus: Jay-z [Kanye West]
The Roc Boys in the building tonight
Oh what a feeling, I'm feeling life
You don't even gotta bring ya paper out
We the dope boys of the year, drinks is on the house
[We in the house, hou-, hou-]
The Roc Boys in the building tonight
Look at how I'm chilling, I'm killing this ice
You don't even gotta bring ya purses out
We the dope boys of the year, drinks is on the house
[We in the house, hou-, hou-]
[We in the house, hou-, hou-, HEY]

Let ya hair down baby, I just hit a score
Pick any place on the planet, pick a shore
Take what the Forbes figure, then figure more
Cause they forgot to account what I did with the raw
Pick a time, lets pick apart some stores
Pick a weekend for freaking for figure fours
I figure frauds never hit a lick before
So they don't know the feeling when them things get across

Put ya hand out the window, feel the force
Feel the Porsche, hit the frost
Ice cold, jewels got no flaws
Drop got no top, you on the top floor
Pink Rosay, think OJ
I get away with murder when I sling yay
Heroin got less steps than Britney
That means it ain't stepped on, dig me?

Chorus (with overlapping 3rd verse towards end)

Red Porsches, rare portraits
Red guns if you dare come near the fortress
This apple sauce is from the apple orchid
This kinda talk is only reserved for the bosses
Which means I get it from the ground
Which means you get it when I'm around
Rich niggas, black bar mitzvahs
Mazel tov, it's a celebration bitches, L'Chayim
I wish for you a hundred years of success but it's my time
Cheers, toast to crime
Number one D-boy, shame he could rhyme

chorus x 3

Sweet, let that ride out!
Bring the horns back in, yeah
This is black super hero music right here baby
American Gangsta
Taking flight, coming to a town near you
Soon as I touch down I just want ya'll to start playing the horns like...
Hovies home...Lukey baby
Hahahahaha...ow!

Sweet

[Verse 1]

Sweet - and still there's pain (pain) (pain)
If I would have grew up to be a doctor
My nephews would have grew up to do the same (same) (same)
But since I grew up through the game
And my influence is the same
And my therapy is music
They ask if you ashamed (ashamed) (ashamed)
And though I wish I could separate the two things
I cannot so my answer to you remains

I can walk down the hall of mirrors in Versailles
And be so satisfied when I look myself in the eyes
No shame, no sir
Just big boats and tearin the coast up
Tight coups like I'm wearin the roadster
For in the coup, bearhuggin the holster

[Chorus]

Hov' alright al-right
And that may not be what you call perfect but
But it's my life (uh)
The life (uh-uh) the life (uh-uh) the life
Once again it's the life

[Verse 2]

So I make no apologies, crooked policies
So a G a nigga gotta be
We playin for property no monopoly
So I'll pass go and let my nephew follow me
They say the child shall lead
So I take it far as I can and then we shall see
Shall we dance with the devil for a beat
I pray to God I ain't got two left feet
Do the hustle put keys in the street
Then I'm ballroom dancing
Ke-ke'in in the suite
Sweet, BB's on the feet
TV's in the seat, ene-mies on the creep
It's so corrupt
Soak it up it's a lesson
Every fuck up
One day you're up
Next day you're down
Long as you stay the same it'll come back around

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

I'm even better
I'm eatin better
Best thing about it is
My niggas eatin together
With each endeavor, we reachin levels
Niggas ain't seen in like forever
I'm Hyman Roth I made all my partners rich
I can't vouch for you

If you ain't a part of this
So pardon me as I pave my wrist (uh)
As I parlay my chips
HOV alright alright
American gangster gangster
Businesses like I'm white
But I'm not, I'm just bright
So fly with no fear of the flight
So if y'all hear my plight
And if you think you can make it this far without a fight
Couple mistakes here and there
Not always right, but I'm always real
That's how I sleep at night

[Chorus]

[Jay-Z]
Sweet

I Know

[Chorus - Pharrell] (Jay-Z)
And I Know And I Know
And I Know And I Know
(I know what you like)
And I Know And I Know
And I Know And I Know
(I know what you love)
Everything you like
Everything you love
Everything you like
Everything you love
And I Know And I Know
And I Know And I Know
And I Know And I Know
And I Know And I Know
I know what you like
Everything you like
 (Baby you likeHOV!)
Everything you love
 (Baby you loveHOV!)
Everything you like
 (Baby you likeHOV!)
Everything you love
 (Baby you loveHOV!)

[Verse 1]

Uh

She wants that old thing back

Uh, uh, uh

She want those heroin tracks

She likes me

She fiends for me nightly

She leans for me

Morning she rush for my touch

This is about lust

Cold sweats occur when I'm not with her

My presence is a must, must-must

Bonita Applebum, I gotta put you on

If I didn't when we cuttin', the feeling would be too strong

In any form, I'm giving you sweet dreams

That Sugar Hill, she call me her sweet thing

That Black Rain that take away your pain

Just for one night, baby, take me in vein

Now that feelin' got you trippin'

You no wanna feel no different

Said lust has got you itchin'

All wide open and its' drippin'(eh,eh,eh,eh)

I know what you like, I am your prescription

I'm your physician, I'm your addiction

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]

I am so dope

Like Louis Vuittons with the red bottoms

You gotta have 'em, you glad you got 'em

Like every color, Giuseppe's your guilty pleasure is me

Its so much fun, you shun therapy

Although it never be, the feeling is fleeting

Shopping's like coppin', you constantly need it

I'm never around, you constantly seeking

You'll never be down, I know where your peak is

9 1/2 weeks is better than 12-steps

I keep tryin' to remind you to keep tellin' yourself

Now your conscience is interfering, like "Better yourself!"

Like you better get help

But when that medicine's felt?

We're back together

Don't ever leave me

Don't ever let 'em tell you that you'll never need me

My China White, 'til we D.O.A.

Its Montega forever, baby, lets get away....

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

How could you leave me?
I thought that you needed me
When the world got too much and you pleaded with me
Who helped you immediately?
How speedy of me
How could you deny me so vehemently?
Now your body is shakin' trying to free it of me
And your soul is in control, trying to lead it from me
And your heart no longer pledge allegiance to me
Damn, I'm missing the days when you needed the D

[Chorus]

Party Life

[samples of "Does Your Mama Know" by Rudy Love & The Love Family in background]

Ohhhhhhhhhhh.. I like the party life!
The city in bright lights
Little girls dressed in the skintight

[Jay-Z over samples]

Break out the red lights, welcome to the party life
Welcome to the 70's... sah-wweet~!

[Jay-Z]

Ordered some Ptreezy, while talkin to this breezy
Brushin off my three-piece, I make this look too easy
So tall and lanky; my suit, it should thank me
I make it look, good to be this hood Meyer Lansky
Mixed with Lucky Lefty, gangster effortlessly
Papa was a rolling stone it's in my an-ces-try
I'm in a whole 'nother league, niggaz never catch me
And I sport fly shit, I should win the ESPY

[samples]

When you're blue, and got nothin to do
Welcome to the party life
If you're feelin low, we got to see the glow
Head into the party life

[Jay-Z over samples]
Hehehehe... baby I said I-I sport, fly shit
I should win the Espy
I'm really in another league, babe
I got a slick mouth, you might wanna roll with me

[Jay-Z]
I'm on the bra strap, she's on my dick
Ain't nothin' wrong with that, that's my biiitch!
I be the boss of that, I'm on her shiiit
So all you niggaz fall back, I'll split ya wiiig
She's my little quarterback - ya dig?
Cause I'm all that in the sack; yeah, ya dig?
I spoiled her, foiled it if you fakin jax
She's used to million dollar vacations
Fuck y'all gon' do with that?

[samples]
When you're blue, and got nothin to do
Welcome to the party life
If you're feelin low, we got to see the glow
Get into the party life

[Jay-Z over samples]
Ay baby, see
When you're used to filet mignon
It's kinda hard to go back to Hamburger Helper
It's your choice though baby
Head into the party life

[Interlude]
(Is you rollin, rollin, rollin)
Yeah, baby, is you rollin?
{Head into the party life}
You can stall out or ball out
(Is you rollin, rollin, rollin)
Make a choice
{Headin-headin to the party life}
It's so gangster, baby

[Jay-Z]
Sippin on my vino got me cooler than Pacino
and DeNiro put together my real life is like "Casino"
They should pay me for some B-roll
Takin G-strokes through the ghee-to
When rap-pap-pap-pid fire's just a neccessary evil

Hola Ho-vi-to, cooler than ze-ro
Be-low, fresh one blade, no chemo
Art with no easel, please it;s no equal
Your boy's "Off the Wall" these other niggaz is Tito

[samples]
Ohhhhhhhhhhh.. I like the party life!
The city in bright lights
Little girls dressed in the skintight

[Jay-Z over samples]
DAMN~! Ay baby I said I'm
I'm "Off the Wall" I'm like a young Michael Jackson
These other niggaz is Tito
Shout out to Randy, hehehehe
Real talk!

[samples]
When you're blue, and got nothin to do
Welcome to the party life
If you're feelin low, we got to see the glow
Head into the party life

[Jay-Z over samples]
I'ma just let this ride out
I might let it ride out for like seven minutes
You can groove to it, whatever
Get your two step - AOWWW!
Guru, turn the lights down
Let's keep it smooth
This that shit you roll up, like a lil' tight J to
Sip your lil' wine, whatever your vice is y'know
Whatever you like to do
Get into your comfort zone baby, get into yo' comfort zone

[samples]
When you're blue, and got nothin to do
Welcome to the party life
If you're feelin low, we got to see the glow
Head into the party life

[Jay-Z over samples]
Head into the party life
I don't even want it to stop though, f'real though

[Jay-Z]

Step into my bedroom, I, call it the red room
Cau-cause it gets hot hot hot hot...
I trust you gon' like it; see, why are we talkin all this fly shit?
Cau-cau-cau-cau-cau-cause I'm the flyest
Hovito, baby, no equal, baby
Sold perico, beat the RICO, now I'm leg-al ba-by
Hovito, baby, no equal, baby
Sold perico, beat the RICO, now can we go crazy

[samples]
When you're blue, and got nothin to do
Welcome to the party life
If you're feelin low, we got to see the glow
Head into the party life

{*fade out last 0:12*}

Ignorant Shit

[Intro: Jay-Z]
Yes sir~! Just the sound of his voice is a hit, heh heh
Y'all niggaz got me really confused out there
I make "Big Pimpin'" or "Give it to Me" one of those
Y'all hail me as the greatest writer of the 21st century
I make some thought provokin shit y'all question whether he fallin off
I'ma really confuse y'all on this one... follow!

[Verse One: Jay-Z]
When them tops come down, chicks tops come down
Like when them shots come out, make cops come around
When them blocks come out I can wake up a small town
Finish off the block then I make my mall rounds
Stares get exchanged then the fifth come out
The tough guy disappear, then the bitch come out
"That's him!" I'm usually what they whisper 'bout
Either what chick he with, or his chip amount
Cause I been doin' this since C*H*I*P*S was out
Watchin Erik Estrada, baggin up at the Ramada
Table full of powder, AC broke
'Bout to take another shower on my twenty-fifth hour
Spike Lee's everywhere, game on the flight
You might see me anywhere, day in the life
Only thing changed the tail number on the flight
I can touch down and take off the same night

[Chorus: Jay-Z]

I'm so bossy, bitch get off me
Trick get off me, you can't get shit off me
I'm so flossy, no 6's or Sprees
Laid back, Maybachs, don't even talk to me
This is that ignorant shit you like
Nigga fuck shit ass bitch trick precise, c'mon
I got that ignorant shit you love
Nigga fuck shit maricón puta and drugs, c'mon
I got that ignorant shit you need
Nigga fuck shit ass bitch trick plus weed, c'mon
I'm only tryin to give you what you want
Nigga fuck shit ass bitch you like it don't front!

[Verse Two: Jay-Z]

They're all actors
Lookin at themselves in the mirror backwards
Can't even face themselves, don't fear no rappers
They're all weirdos, DeNiros in practice
So don't believe everything your earlobe captures; it's mostly backwards
Unless it happens to be as accurate as me
And everything said in song you happen to see
Then, actually, believe half of what you see
None of what you hear, even if it's spat by me
And with that said, I will kill niggaz dead
Cut niggaz short, give you wheels for legs
I'm a K-I-double-L-E-R
See y'all in Hell, shoot niggaz straight through the E.R.
Whoa~! This ain't B.R., no
This S.C. CEO, the next Lyor, no
The next leader of the whole free world
And the first thing I'ma do is free Sigel, go

[Verse Three: Beanie Sigel]

Take off the cuffs, unlock the gate
It's that ignorant nigga that you love to hate
The oh-seven Ice Cube, B. Sig' so rude
Tell a trick get these nuts, eat dick like food
Now see if I care if this verse get aired
Even if you mute it, the curse is there, yeah
I'm so rauncy, bitch get off me
Keep my flea collar on, you lil' ticks get off me

[Verse Four: Jay-Z]

I missed the part when it stopped bein 'bout Imus
What do my lyrics got to do with this shit!
"Scarface" the movie did more than Scarface the rapper to me

So that ain't to blame for all the shit that's happened to me
Are you sayin what I'm spittin
Is worse than these celebrataunts showin they kittin, you kiddin!
Let's stop the bullshittin
'Til we all without sin, let's quit the pulpittin
"Scarface" the movie did more than Scarface the rapper to me
So that ain't to blame for all the shit that's happened to me
Now stop the bullshittin
'Til we all without sin, let's quit the pulpittin

[Chorus: Jay-Z]

This is that ignorant shit you like
Nigga fuck shit ass bitch trick precise, c'mon
I got that ignorant shit you love
Nigga fuck shit maricón puta and drugs, c'mon
I got that ignorant shit you need
Nigga fuck shit ass bitch trick plus weed, c'mon
I'm only tryin to give you what you want
Nigga fuck shit ass bitch you like it don't front!

[Jay-Z]

It's only entertainment! Hehehe

Say Hello

[Jay-Z]

Uhh, uhh, uhh

Uhh...

It's that Roc-A-Fella music, soulful

[Chorus: Jay-Z]

Say hello, to the bad guy (hello) they say I'm a bad guy
I come from the bottom, but now I'm mad fly (say hello)
They say I'm a menace (hello) that's the picture they paint
They say a lot about me, let me tell you what I ain't (say hello)
They say I'm a bad guy (hello) say hi to the bad guy
I come from the bottom, but now I'm mad fly (say hello)
They say I'm a menace (hello) that's the picture they paint
They say a lot about me, let me tell you what I ain't (say hello)
Ay (say hello), ay, ay, ay
They say a lot about me, let me tell you what I ain't

[Verse One: Jay-Z]

I ain't playin, life's short so I aim
I ain't waitin 'til lifers start betrayin 'em
It's twice as hard to get a job as payin 'em

So I ain't payin attention to what you're sayin
Raindrops keep fallin on my brain
Cousin in the drop all flames
I'm so hot even if the weather change
I don't have no top, I'm insane
'Member dark-skinned Jermaine
Who swayed in the rain, we sorta kinda the same
'Cept, I'm no lame, and you gonna know my name
Before I go the world gon' feel my pain
They sayin, I'm a bad guy, why's that?
Cause when my back's against the wall, nigga I react
Secretly though, I know you admire that
You wish you had the balls to fire back, brrrap
Say hello, uhh uh, hello, uhh uh
You wish you had the balls to fire back, brrap!

[Chorus]

[Verse Two: Jay-Z]

I ain't no ordinary nigga
Look around, this ain't what ordinary gets ya (IT AIN'T~!)
Extraordinary figures (damn)
I'm an extraordinary nigga
Before my name became Jigga
Before I sang I had that thang on slippers
Can't complain 'bout what they ain't gon' give ya
That ain't gon' get ya shit, might as well give up
Or get up, get out and get somethin nigga
Get a job my nigga, or get to dumpin
Only God can judge him, only he without sin
Tell me if my means, justified my ends
'Til then, I'm just gon' fly in the Benz
Wire my friends, through Western Union
Shhhhhh, suprisin
My system knockin, here comes the bad guy again
Say hello, uhh uh, hello, uhh uh
Hello, uhh here comes the bad guy again

[Chorus] minus last line

[Verse Three: Jay-Z]

... let me tell you what I ain't
We ain't thugs for the sake of just bein thugs
Nobody do that where we grew at, nigga duh
The poverty line we not above
So I come to mask and gloves cause we ain't feelin the love

We ain't doin crime for the sake of doin crimes
We movin dimes cause we ain't doin fine
One out of three of us is locked up doin time
You know what this type of shit can do to a nigga moms
My mind on my money, money on my mind
If you owe me ten dollars you ain't givin me nine
Y'all ain't give me 40 acres and a mule
So I got my glock 40 now I'm cool
And if Al Sharpton is speakin for me
Somebody, give him the word and tell him I don't approve
Tell him I remove the curses
If you tell me our schools gon' be perfect
When Jena Six don't exist
Tell him that's when I'll stop sayin bitch, BEEEEITCH~!

[Chorus] minus last line

Success

["Dominic Cattano" from American Gangster (film)]
"Your Success took a shot at you
what are you going to do now?
how are you gonna kill it?
you're gonna become unsuccessful?
Frank, you can be successful and have enemies uh?
be unsuccessful too, and even have friends"

[Jay-Z]
I got these niggas breezy, don't worry about it
Let that bitch breathe

I use to give a fuck, now I give a fuck less
What do I think of success?... it sucks
to much stress I guess I blew up quick
'Cause friends I grew up with
See me as a Pre'me but I'm not and my nuts big
I don't know what the fuss Is, my career is illustrious
My rep is impeccable; I'm not to be fucked with
with, shit, let that bitch breathe

I'm way to important to be talking about extorting
Asking me for a portion is like asking for a coffin
Broad daylight I'll off your on switch
You're not to bright, goodnight long kiss
bye bye my reply... BLAH, BLAH
Blast burner then pass burner to Tye-Tye

Finish my breakfast, why?
I got an appetite for destruction and you're a small fry
Now where was I?
Let that bitch breathe

I use to give a shit, now I don't give a shit more
Truth be told I had more fun when I was piss poor
I'm pissed off, and is this what success is all about?
a bunch a niggas acting like bitches with big mouths
All this stress, all I got is this big house
Couple of cars, I don't bring half of them shits out
All of this ace of spade I drank just to piss out
I mean I like the taste coulda saved myself 6 hours
How many times can I go to Mr. Childs, taos mobu
Hold up, lemme move my bouwls
I'll shit on y'all niggas, OG tell these boys
(Ya ain't about to shit on my nigga)

I got watches I ain't seen in months
Apartment at the Trump; I only slept in once
Niggas said Hova was ova, such dummies
Even If I fell I'll land on a bunch of money
Ya ain't got nothing for me
"Nas; let that bitch breathe"

[Nas]
Success, McLaren, women staring
My villain appearance sacred blood of a king
and my vein ain't spilling
Ghetto Othello, Sugar Hill Romello
Camaro driven, I climax from paper
and ask why is life worth living?
Is it to hunt for the shit that you want?
To recieve's great, but I lust giving
The best jewelers wanna make my things
I make Jacob shit on Lorraine just to make me a chain
Niggas mentioned on One Love
Came home to the paper in hand
Ain't gotta brag about the FEDS young man
Old cribs I sold, y'all drive by like monuments
Google Earth Nas; I got flats in other continents
Worst enemies wanna be my best friends
Best friends wanna be enemies like that's what's in
But I don't give a fuck walk inside the lions den
Take everybody's chips, about to cash them in
Up your catalog dawg, mine's worth to much

Like Mike Jacks ATV pub, Mottola can't touch
Let this bitch breathe

[Jay-Z & Nas]
Let this bitch breathe

Fallin'

[Chorus - Bilal]
I know I should've did that
I know it's gonna come right back
I know it's gonna destroy everything I made
It's probably gonna get ya boy sent away
But this game I play ain't no way to fix it
It's inevitable that I'm...

[Verse 1 - Jay-Z]
Said where I would stop be-
fore' I even started
When I get to one brick
Then the game I would depart with
Got to one brick then I looked to the sky like
Sorry God I lied
But give me one more try
Got the two bricks
New cars new whips
But niggas never learn till they
End up in the news clip
The irony of selling drugs
Is sort of like you using it
Guess it's two sides to what
Substance abuse is
Can't stop won't stop
Addicted to this new shit
Brand new convertibles
I'm so roofless
Front row fight night
See how big my tube is
Fuck HD nigga
See how clear my view is?
(Bilal: Fallin')... But there's a price for overdoing it
Doin' it this big will put you on the map
Stick-up kids is out to tax
Plus the FBI boys with the cameras in the back
Damn.....

[Chorus - Bilal]

I know I should've did that
I know it's gonna come right back
I know it's gonna destroy everything I made
It's probably gonna get ya boy sent away
But this game I play ain't no way to fix it
It's inevitable (Jay-Z: Now ya) Fallin'

[Verse Two - Jay-Z]

When you should've fall back
Now ya (Bilal: Fallin')
Right into they lap
Fallin' and applauding
And They screaming at the screen
Damn you fucked up like your favorite movie scene
Godfather Goodfellas Scarface Casino
You seen what that last run did to Denerio
And he can't beat the odds
Can't cheat the Gods
Can't blow to hard
Life's a deck of cards
Now ya tumbling it's humbling
Ya fallin' ya mumbling
Under ya breath like you knew this day was coming
(Bilal: Fallin')... Now let's pray that arm candy
That you left ya ex for stay down and come in handy
Cause come January it gets cold
When the letters start to slow
And ya commissary low
And lawyers screams appeal
Only thinking about a bill
And ya chances are nil
Damn gravity's ill.....

[Chorus - Bilal]

I know I should've did that
I know it's gonna come right back
I know it's gonna destroy everything I made
It's probably gonna get ya boy sent away
But this game I play ain't no way to fix it
It's inevitable (Jay-Z: But your) Fallin'

[Verse Three - Jay-Z]

And ya can't get up
All you do is push-up
Pull-up sit-up

Locked down the town now belongs to the squares
Who said they won't make the same mistake that got you there
And ya arm candy sweet on em'and the women
That you left for this heffer got a college degree coming
Bad news keeps comin'
Hard to keep something on ya stomach
Your sick 'bout what ya life is becoming
(Bilal: Fallin')... But your use-to's has-beens
Ragging bad 'bout all the new dudes
Talking tough on the Youtube
Bout what you use to do
But that's old school to the new crew
They doin' numbers like Sudoku
There're the new you
And it's damn near inevitable
They'll experience deja vu too
Fight and you'll never survive
Run and you'll never escape
So just fall for Grace
Damn...

[Chorus - Bilal]

I know I should've did that
I know it's gonna come right back
I know it's gonna destroy everything I made
It's probably gonna get ya boy sent away
But this game I play ain't no way to fix it
It's inevitable that I'm

[Bilal]

Fallin'
Seems like I'm fallin'
(repeated x7)
fades.....

Blue Magic

Roc-a-fella records
The imperial Skateboard P
Great Hova
Y'all already know what it is (Oh Shit!)

C'mon!

[Verse 1]

Yeah

So what if you flip a couple words

I could triple that in birds
open your mind you see the circus in the sky
I'm Ringling brothers Barnum and Bailey with the pies
No matter how you slice it I'm your motherfucking guy
Just like a B-Boy with 360 waves
Do the same with the pot, still come back beige.
Whether writers are par, whether powder the jar
Whip it around, it still comes back hard.
So easily do I w-h-i-p
My repetition with wrists will bring you kilo biggers.
I got kreole C.O. bitches for my niggas who slipped, became prisoners
Trees taped to the visitors
You already know what the business is
Unnecessary commissary, boy we live this shit
Niggas wanna bring the 80s back
It's okay with me, that's where they made me at
Except I don't write on the wall
I write my name in the history books, hustling in the hall (hustling in the hall)
Nah, I don't spin on my head
I spin work in the pots so I can spend my bread

[Chorus] (Pharrell)

And I'm getting it, I'm getting it
I aint talking about it, I'm living it
I'm getting it, straight getting it
Ge-ge-ge-get get get it boy
(Don't waste you time, fighting the life stay your course, and you'll understand)
Get it boy

[Verse]

It's '87 state of mind that I'm in (mind that I'm in)
In my prime, so for that time, I'm Rakim (I'm Rakim)
If it wasn't for the crime that I was in
But I wouldn't be the guy whose rhymes it is that I'm in (that I'm in)
No pain, no profit, P I repeat if you show me where the pot is (pot is)
Cherry M3's with the top back (top back)
Red and green G's all on my hat
North beach leathers, matching Gucci sweater
Gucci sneaks on to keep my outfit together
Whatever, hundred for the diamond chain
Can't you tell that I came from the dope game
Blame Reagan for making me into a monster
Blame Oliver North and Iran-Contra
I ran contraband that they sponsored
Before this rhyming stuff we was in concert

[Chorus] (Pharrell)

And I'm getting it I'm getting it
I aint talking about it, I'm living it
I'm getting it, straight getting it
Ge-ge-ge-get get get it boy
(Don't waste you time, fighting the life, stay your course, and you'll understand)
Get it boy

[Verse 3]

Push (push) money over broads, you got it, fuck Bush
Chef (chef), guess what I cooked
Baked a lot of bread and kept it off the books
Rockstar, look, way before the bars my picture was getting took
Feds, they like wack rappers, tried as they may, couldn't get me on the hook
D.A. wanna indict me
Cause fish scales in my veins like a pisces
The pyrex pot, rolled up my sleeves
Turn one into two like a Siamese
Twin when it end, I'm a stand as a man never dying or admiring these
Last of a dying breed, so let the champagne pop
I partied for a while now I'm back to the block

[Chorus] (Pharrell)

And I'm getting it I'm getting it
I aint talking about it, I'm living it
I'm getting it, straight getting it
Get get get get get get get it boy
(Don't waste you time, fighting the life, stay your course, and you'll understand)
Get it boy

American Gangster

[Intro]

And you say New York City
Uh-huh
Put your hands together
Young! Uh-huh
Yeah
Uh-huh
Yes

I'm from the 80's,
Home of the heroine,
Error of the hustlers, uh
The world is my custy
New Rich Porter

The way I flip quarters
Front on all these other rap artists, but me
Momma was a mink wearer, Papa ran numbers
So it's plain to see, where my whole plan come from
American dream, I'm living the life still
The way I shine is like a zillion dollar light bill
Still I'm grinding, army jacket lining
40 below timbs on, getting my M's on
My best friends gone, I seen bad days
Still find songs that I hear him on
Getting my Mary J. Blige +Reminisce+ on
I hear his voice in my mind, like, nigga live on
So I get on that fly shit I been on
Spin on corners in enzo with rims on
But for info, puffin' on Endo-Nesia
Give me amnesia
I ease up, that right, I'm high nigga
I want the sky,
The world when I'm done
I'm give it to my sons
Let 'em live it up, split it up, switch it up, uh
Sixes kit it up, man I did it up, done
The rest of my belongings belong in the hall of fame, a list of hits next to all my names
I came

[Bridge]

Uh-huh

I want the sky baby

I want the sky baby

If the sky should fall
And it all goes tomorrow, and they foreclose on the house and auction off all my cars
Don't cry for me Argentina, I mobbed in the beamer
Took trips abroad, got mobbed in Sardina
In Ibiza I had pizza in the club
Ladies know I'm that guy, they wanna piece of my love
Now they wanna ya boy like Mike in his prime
Billie Jean, the goddamn boy ain't mine
And the Roc break up had the people losing hope
Can't lie, they had Muhammad Hovi on the ropes
Now I'm back in the go mode, back in the go-go's
Throwing the diamond up, repping the logo
Rose gold rose flow, I'm okay though
What Don't kill me makes stronger than before so
Here we go and I'm not domino
When it all falls down, I'm like Kanye's jaw

I might break but I don't fold, till I hold the sky in my hand
Yeah that's my goal
And then I bid you Freddy Adu
Prodigal Child, y'all not ready for the fu-ture
Then I disappear in the Bermuda Triangle
My name will be viewed such
Here's to the man that refused to give up
I want the sky nigga, Chuuuuuuch