

## The Black Album

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*My 1<sup>st</sup> Song*



### Interlude

#### December 4<sup>th</sup>:

[Intro: Gloria Carter]

Shawn Carter was born December 4th  
Weighing in at ten pounds, eight ounces  
He was the last of my four children  
The only one who didn't give me any pain, when I gave birth to him  
And that's how I knew, that he was a special child

"Hi baby, what's wrong? You look like, you've lost your best friend  
Tell me, is it something that I've done again?  
You look like, you've lost your best friend  
Tell me.."

[Verse One: Jay-Z]

They say they never really miss you 'til you dead or you gone  
So on that note I'm leavin after this song  
See you ain't gotta feel no way about Jay so long  
At least let me tell you why I'm this way, hold on  
I was conceived by Gloria Carter and Adnus Reeves  
Who made love under the sycamore tree  
Which makes me, a more sicker MC and my momma would claim  
At ten pounds when I was born I didn't give her no pain  
Although through the years I gave her her fair share  
I gave her her first real scare, I made up for birth when I got here  
She knows my purpose wasn't (?), I ain't perfect, I care  
But I feel worthless cause my shirts wasn't matchin my gear  
Now I'm just scratchin the surface cause what's buried under there  
Was a kid torn apart once his pop disappeared  
I went to school, got good grades, could behave when I wanted

But I had demons deep inside that would raise when confronted  
Hold on

[Interlude: Gloria Carter]

Shawn was a very shy child growing up  
He was into sports, and a funny story is  
At four, he taught himself how to ride a bike  
A two-wheel at that, isn't that special?  
But, I noticed a change in him.. when me and my husband, broke up

[Verse Two: Jay-Z]

Now all the teachers couldn't reach me and my momma couldn't beat me  
Hard enough to match the pain of my pop not seein me SO!  
With that disdain in my membrane  
Got on my pimp game, fuck the world, my defense came  
Then the Haven introduced me to the game  
Spanish Jose introduced me to 'caine; I'm a hustler now  
My gear is in, and I'm in the in-crowd  
And all the wavy light-skinned girls is lovin me now  
My self-esteem went through the roof, man I got my swag'  
Got a vocal from this girl when her man got bagged  
Plus I hit my momma with cash from a show that I had  
supposedly - knowin nobody paid Jaz like ass  
I'm gettin ahead of myself, by the way, I could rap  
That came second to me movin this crack  
Give me a second I swear, I would say about my rap career  
'til ninety-six came, niggaz I'm here - goodbye!

[Interlude: Gloria Carter] - \*talking

Shawn used to be in the kitchen, beating on the table and rapping  
And umm, into the wee hours of the morning  
And then I brought him a boombox  
And his sisters and brothers said that he would drive them nuts  
But, that was my way to keep him close to me, and out of trouble

[Verse Three: Jay-Z]

Goodbye to the game all the spoils, the adrenaline rush  
Your blood boils, you in a spot, knowin cops could rush  
at you in the drop, you so easy to touch  
No two days are alike, except the 1st and 15th pretty much  
And trust, is a word you seldom hear from us  
Hustlers, we don't sleep, we rest one eye up  
And a drought could define a man when the well dries up  
You learn the worth of water  
Without work you thirst 'til you die - YUP!  
And niggaz get tied up for product

And little brothers ring fingers get cut up  
to show mothers they really got 'em  
And this is the stress I lived with  
'til I decided to try this rap shit for a livin  
I pray I'm forgiven - for every bad decision I made  
Every sister I played - cause I'm still paranoid to this day  
And it's nobody fault, I made the decisions I've made  
This is the life I chose, or rather the life that chose me  
If you can't respect that, your whole perspective is whack  
Maybe you'll love me when I fade to black  
If you can't respect that, your whole perspective is whack  
Maybe you'll love me when I fade to black  
Now if you can't respect that, your whole perspective is whack  
Maybe you'll love me when I fade to black  
If you can't respect that, your whole perspective is whack  
Maybe you'll love me when I fade to black.. {\*fading out\*}

**What More Can I Say:**

"Are you not entertained? Are you not entertained?"

"Is this not why you are here?"

[Jay-Z]

Uh uh-huh..

Uh uh-huh UHH

{\*crowd noise gets louder\*}

Turn the music up, turn me down  
Guru.. let's go get 'em again  
This time it's for the money my nigga  
Brooklyn, stand up

[Verse One]

There's never been a nigga this good for this long  
This hood, or this pop, this hot, or this strong  
With so many different flows there's one for this song  
The next one I switch up, this one will get bit up  
These fucks, too lazy to make up shit, they crazy  
They don't, paint pictures, they just, trace me  
You know what? Soon they forget where they plucked  
they whole style from, they try to reverse the outcome  
I'm like - TOUGH!  
I'm not a biter I'm a writer for myself and others  
I say a B.I.G. verse, I'm only biggin up my brother  
Biggin up my borough, I'm big enough to do it  
I'm that thorough, plus I know my own flow is foolish

So them rings and things you sing about, bring 'em out  
It's hard to yell when the bar-rell's in your mouth  
I'm in - new sneakers, dual-seaters  
Few divas, what more can I tell you?  
Let me spell it for you  
Double-U I, double-L, I-E  
Nobody truer than, H-O-V  
And I'm back for more, New York's ambassador  
Prime Minister, back to finish my business up

[Chorus]

What more can I sayyyyyyyyyyy?  
What more can I dooooooooooooo?  
I gave this up to youuuuuuuuu  
I know this much is truuuuuuue, truuuuuuue

[Jay-Z]

What more can I say to you?  
You heard it all

[Verse Two]

You already know what I'm about, flyin birds down South  
Movin wet off the step, "Purple Rain" in a drought  
Stuntin on hoes; brushin off my shirt  
But ain't nuttin on my clothes 'cept my chain, my name  
Young H-O pitch the yay faithful  
Even if they patrol I make payroll  
Benz paid fo', friends they roll  
Private jets down to Church and Caycos  
Crist' caseloads, I don't give a shit  
Nigga one life to live, I can't let a day go  
by without me bein fly or fresh to death  
Head to toe 'til the day I rest  
And I don't wear jerseys, I'm thirty plus  
Give me a crisp pair of jeans, nigga button up  
S. Dots on my feet make my cipher complete  
What more can I say? Guru play the beat!

We gon' let this ride into the hook  
- I'ma snap my fingers on this one  
What more can I say to you?  
- Get my grown man on  
LET'S GO!

(What more can I sayyyyyyyyyyy?)

[Verse Three]

Now you know yo' ass is Willie when they got you in the mag  
for like half a billy, and yo' ass ain't lily  
white that mean that shit you write must be illy  
Either that or your flow is silly - it's both  
I don't mean to boast, but damn if I don't brag  
Them crackers gon' act like I ain't on they ass  
The Martha Stewart, that's far from Jewish  
Far from a Harvard student, just had the balls to do it  
And no I'm not through with it  
In fact, I'm just previewin it  
This ain't the show, I'm just EQ'n it  
One-two and I won't stop abusin it  
To groupie girls, stop false accusin it  
Back to the music - the Maybach roof is translucent  
Niggaz got a problem Houston! Heh  
What up B, they can't shut up me  
Shut down I, not even P.E., I'ma ride  
God forgive me for my brash delivery  
But I remember vividly what these streets did to me  
So picture me lettin these clowns nitpick at me  
Paint me like a pickany  
I will literally kiss T.T. in the forehead  
Tell her please forgive me then squeeze until you full 'head  
I'm not the one to score points off, in fact  
I got a joint that'll knock yo' points off  
Young, Hova the God, nigga blasphemy  
I'm at the Trump International, ask for me  
I ain't never scared, I'm everywhere you ain't never there  
And nigga, why would I ever care?  
Pound for pound I'm the best to ever come around here  
Excludin nobody, look what I embody  
The soul of a hustler, I really ran the street  
A CEO's mind, that marketin plan was me  
And no I ain't get shot up a whole bunch of times  
Or make up shit in a whole bunch of lines  
And I ain't animated like say I +Busta Rhymes+  
But the real shit you get when you bust down my lines  
Add that to the fact I went plat' a bunch of times  
Times that by my influence on pop culture  
I'm supposed to be number one on everybody list  
We'll see what happens when I no longer exist  
Fuck this!

(What more can I sayyyyyyyyyyyyy?)

**Encore:**

Thank you, thank you, thank you, you're far too kind

[Chorus]

Now can I get an encore, do you want more  
Cookin raw with the Brooklyn boy  
So for one last time I need y'all to roar

Now what the hell are you waitin for  
After me, there shall be no more  
So for one last time, nigga make some noise

[Verse One]

Who you know fresher than Hov'? Riddle me that  
The rest of y'all know where I'm lyrically at  
Can't none of y'all mirror me back  
Yeah hearin me rap is like hearin G. Rap in his prime  
I'm, young H.O., rap's Grateful Dead  
Back to take over the globe, now break bread  
I'm in, Boeing jets, Global Express  
Out the country but the blueberry still connect  
On the low but the yacht got a triple deck  
But when you Young, what the fuck you expect? Yep, yep  
Grand openin, grand closin  
God your man Hov' cracked the can open again  
Who you gon' find doper than him with no pen  
just draw off inspiration  
Soon you gon' see you can't replace him  
with cheap imitations for DESE GENERATIONS

[Chorus] - 1/2

{What the hell are you waiting forrrr?}

[Verse Two]

{\*sighs\*} Look what you made me do, look what I made for you  
Knew if I paid my dues, how will they pay you  
When you first come in the game, they try to play you  
Then you drop a couple of hits, look how they wave to you  
From Marcy to Madison Square  
To the only thing that matters in just a matter of years (yea)  
As fate would have it, Jay's status appears  
to be at an all-time high, perfect time to say goodbye  
When I come back like Jordan, wearin the 4-5  
It ain't to play games witchu  
It's to aim at you, probably maim you

If I owe you I'm blowin you to smithereens  
Cocksucker take one for your team  
And I need you to remember one thing (one thing)  
I came, I saw, I conquered  
From record sales, to sold out concerts  
So muh'fucker if you want this encore  
I need you to scream, 'til your lungs get sore

[Interlude]

OWWWW! It's star time  
This man is MADE! He's KILLIN all y'all jive turkeys  
Do y'all want more of the Jigga man?  
Well if y'all want more of the Jigga man  
Then I need y'all to help me, bring him back to stage  
Say Hova, c'mon say it!  
HO-VA! HO-VA! Are y'all out there? {\*crowd chants "HO-VA! HO-VA!"\*}  
Are y'all out there? C'mon, louder!  
Yeah, now see that's what I'm talkin bout  
They love you Jigga - they love you Jigga!

[Jay-Z]

I like the way this one feel  
It's so muh'fuckin soulful man!  
(Whoaaaaaahhhh, whoahhhhhhhhhhhhhhh, whoahhhhhhhhhhhhhhh)  
Yeah {\*crowd still chanting\*} okay

[Verse Three]

So this here is the victory lap  
Then I'm lea-vin, that's how you get me back  
After a year of them 16's, it's one point two  
And that's two point four, and I'm only doin two  
You wanted to gain attention new dudes  
I can get you BET and TRL too  
You wanna be in the public, send your budget  
Well fuck it, I ain't budgin!  
Young did it to death, you gotta love it  
Record companies told me I couldn't cut it  
Now look at me, all star-studded  
Golfer above par like I putted  
All cause the shit I uttered, was utterly ridiculous  
How sick is this?  
You want to bang, send Kanye change, send Just some dust  
Send Hip a grip, then you got' spit  
A little somethin like this, WOO!

{What the hell are you waiting forrrr?}

{\*piano plays out as crowd cheers loudly\*}

**Change Clothes:**

[Jay-Z]

Wooo! Uh, uh, bounce is back  
Uhh, uh-uh uh uh, geyeah, uh, your boy is back  
(Sexy, sexy) I know y'all missed the bounce  
You need to bounce for the sexy, y'know?  
Hah, haha, uh, let's get it in  
Yeah ma

[Verse One]

Your dude is back, the Maybach Coupe is back  
Tell the whole world the truth is back  
You ain't gotta argue about who can rap  
Cause the proof is back, just go through my raps  
New York, New York! Yeah, where my troopers at?  
Where my hustlers, where my boosters at?  
I don't care what you do for stacks  
I know the world glued your back to the wall  
You gotta brawl, do that  
I been through that, been shot at, shoot back  
Gotta keep a peace/piece like a Buddhist  
I ain't a +New Jack+, nobody gon' Wesley Snipe me  
It's less than likely, move back  
Let I breathe, Jedi Knight  
The more space I get the better I write, ohh  
Whenever I write, but, if, ever I write  
I need the space to say whatever I like, now I just

[Chorus: Jay-Z] + (Pharrell)

(change clothes, and go)

You know I stay, fresh to death, a boy from the projects  
And I'ma take you to the top of the globe, so let's go  
(So let's exchange no, airs and go) Uh-huh, yeah  
{And girl I promise you, no substitutions} Just me

[Verse Two]

And I ain't gon' tell you again, let's get ghost in the phantom  
You can bring your friend, we can make this a tandem  
Or you can come by yourself if you can stand him  
Best believe, I sweat out weaves  
Give +Afro Puffs+ like R.A.G.E.  
Haul-U get a view could move it  
Back it on up like a U-Haul truck  
Then run and tell them ducks you heard Hovi new shit

He and the boy Phar-real make beautiful music  
He is to the East coast what Snoop is  
To the West, what 'Face is to Houston  
Young Hov' in the house is so necessary  
No bra with that blouse, that's so necessary  
No panties and jeans, that's so necessary  
Now why you frontin on me, is that necessary?  
Do I, to you, look like a lame  
Who don't understand a broad with a mean shoot game  
Who's up on dot dot dot and Vera Wang  
Ma are you insane? Let's just  
(What you want me to do?)

[Chorus]

[Pharrell] + (Jay-Z)  
Ha ha! Sexy sexy, ha ha! Sexy sexy  
(It's so necessary ma)  
Ha ha! Sexy sexy (woo, that's right, it's a groove)  
Ha ha! Sexy sexy (uh, uh, it's a groove, uh, bring it back)

[Verse Three]

Young Hov' in the house is so necessary  
No bra with that blouse, that's so necessary  
No panties and jeans, that's so necessary  
Why you frontin on me?  
Let's go to my hotel, cause this don't go well  
with those S. Dots, gotta stay fresh ma  
Ma, I don't shout with the rest pa  
Hoe no ma, please respecy my  
Jiggyness is probably purple label  
Or that BBC shit or it's probably tailored  
And y'all niggaz actin way too tough  
Throw on a suit, get it tapered up, and let's just

[Chorus]

[Pharrell] + (Jay-Z)  
Ha ha! Sexy sexy (uh, uh, WOO, sing along)  
Ha ha! Sexy sexy (yeah, uh.. turn your radio up)  
Ha ha! Sexy sexy (woo, put your hands in the air if you in the club)  
Ha ha! Sexy sexy (snap your fingers now)  
Ha ha!  
(your boy is back, uh-huh)  
(the bounce is back, uh, uh woo!)  
(uh, Young is back, hahahaha - PEACE!!!)

**Dirt Off Your Shoulder:**

You're now tuned into the muh'fuckin greatest  
Turn the music up in the headphones  
Tim, you can go and brush your shoulder off nigga  
I got you, yeah

[Chorus: Jay-Z]

If you feelin like a pimp nigga, go and brush your shoulders off  
Ladies is pimps too, go and brush your shoulders off  
Niggaz is crazy baby, don't forget that boy told you  
Get, that, dirt off your shoulder

[Verse One]

I probably owe it to y'all, proud to be locked by the force  
Tryin to hustle some things, that go with the Porsche  
Feelin no remorse, feelin like my hand was forced  
Middle finger to the law, nigga grippin my balls  
Said the ladies they love me, from the bleachers they screamin  
All the ballers is bouncin they like the way I be leanin  
All the rappers be hatin, off the track that I'm makin  
But all the hustlers they love it just to see one of us make it  
Came from the bottom the bottom, to the top of the pots  
Nigga London, Japan and I'm straight off the block  
Like a running back, get it man, I'm straight off the block  
I can run it back nigga cause I'm straight with the Roc

[Chorus]

[Chorus Two]

You gotta get, that, dirt off your shoulder  
You gotta get, that, dirt off your shoulder  
You gotta get, that, dirt off your shoulder  
You gotta get, that, dirt off your shoulder

[Verse Two]

Your homey Hov' in position, in the kitchen with soda  
I just whipped up a watch, tryin to get me a Rover  
Tryin to stretch out the coca, like a wrestler, yessir  
Keep the Heckler close, you know them smokers'll test ya  
But like, fifty-two cards when I'm, I'm through dealin  
Now fifty-two bars come it, now you feel 'em  
Now, fifty-two cars roll out, remove ceiling  
In case fifty-two broads come out, now you chillin  
with a boss bitch of course S.C. on the sleeve  
At the 40/40 club, ESPN on the screen

I paid a grip for the jeans, plus the slippers is clean  
No chrome on the wheels, I'm a grown-up for real

[Chorus] + [Chorus Two]

[Verse Three]

Your boy back in the building, Brooklyn we back on the map  
Me and my beautiful beeeeeeeitch in the back of that 'Bach  
I'm the realest that run it, I just happen to rap  
I ain't gotta clap at 'em, niggaz scared of that black  
I drop that +Black, Album+ then I back, out it  
As the best rapper alive nigga axe about me  
From Bricks to Billboards, from grams to Grammys  
The O's to opposite, Orphan Annie  
You gotta pardon Jay, for sellin out the Garden in a day  
I'm like a young Marvin in his hey'  
I'm a hustler homey, you a customer crony  
Got some, dirt on my shoulder, could you brush it off for me?

[Chorus] + [Chorus Two]

You're now tuned into the muh'fuckin greatest

Best rapper alive, best rapper alive

**Threat:**

[Intro]

Yo once a pimp gets threats  
That's right, that's the - the that's, that's threats them  
And I'm serious about mine, I'm so sin-surr  
And I, nigga I'll kill ya, I'll chop ya up  
Put ya inside the mattress like drug money nigga

[Jay-Z]

Yeah, I done told you niggaz  
9 or 10 times stop fuckin with me  
I done told you niggaz  
9 albums, stop fuckin with me  
I done told you niggaz  
The 9 on me, stop fuckin with me  
You niggaz must got 9 lives  
9th wonder

[Verse One]

Put that knife in ya, take a little bit of life from ya  
Am I frightenin ya? Shall I continue?

I put the gun to ya, I let it sing you a song  
I let it hum to ya, the other one sing along  
Now it's a duet, and you wet, when you check out  
the technique from the 2 tees and I don't need two lips  
To blow this like a trumpet you dumb shit  
This is a un-usual musical I conductin  
You lookin at the black Warren Buffett so all critics can duck sic  
I don't care if you C. Delores Tuck-it  
Or you Bill O'Reilly, you only rylin me up  
For three years, they had me peein out of a cup  
Now they bout to free me up, whatchu think I'm gon' be, what?  
Rehabilitated, man I still feel hatred  
I'm young black and rich so they wanna strip me naked, but  
You never had me like Christina Aguilery  
But catch me down the Westside, drivin like Halle Berry  
Or the FDR, in the seat of my car  
Screamin out the sunroof death to y'all  
You can't kill me, I live forever through these bars  
I put the wolves on ya, I put a price on your head  
The whole hood'll want ya, you startin to look like bread  
I send them boys at ya, I ain't talkin bout Feds  
Nigga them body-snatchers, nigga you heard what I said

[Chorus]

I make 'em wait for you 'til five in the mornin  
Put your smarts on the side of your garment  
Nigga stop fuckin with me  
R. -- I. -- P.

[Interlude]

That's right there nigga, nigga I'm wild  
Nigga I keep trash bags with me  
Never know when you gotta dump a nigga out  
This sin-surr, this some sin-surr SHIT right hurr!

[Verse Two]

Grown man I put hands on you  
I dig a hole in the desert, they build The Sands on you  
Lay out blueprint plans on you  
We Rat Pack niggaz, let Sam tap dance on you  
Then, I Sinatra shot ya God damn you  
... I put the boy in the box like David Blaine  
Let the audience watch, it ain't a thang  
Y'all wish I was frontin, I George Bush the button  
Front of all you in your car lift up your hood nigga run it  
Then lift up your whole hood like you got oil under it

Your boy got the goods y'all don't want nuttin of it  
Like, castor oil, I Castor Troy you  
Change your face or the bullets change all that for you  
... y'all niggaz is targets  
Y'all garages for bullets, please don't make me park it  
in your upper level, valet a couple strays  
from the 38 special, nigga, God bless you

[Chorus]

[Interlude]

Yeah I'm threatening ya, YEAH I'm threatening ya!  
Who you thank you dealin with?  
They call me Chris, nigga I been makin threats  
since I been in kindergarten nigga!  
Huh, ask about me, see if you ain't heard

[Verse Three]

When the gun is tucked, untucked, nigga you dies  
like numchuks held by the Jet L-I  
I'm the one, thus meanin no one must try  
No two, no three, no four, know why?  
Because one's four-five might blow yo' high  
You ain't gotta go to church to get to know yo' God  
It's a match made in heaven when I {\*blaow\*} 'splay the 7  
Put you on the nigga news, UPN at 11  
Where you been, you ain't heard, got the word that I'm  
{\*blaow blaow\*} that I'm so sin-surr?  
I'm especially Joe Pesci with a grin  
I will kill you, commit suicide, and kill you again  
That's right

[Chorus]

[Outro]

Whattup? Motherfucker I keep three motherfuckers what?  
Nigga I'll throw a Molotov cocktail through your momma's house  
Nigga what the - where everybody live!  
Undercover nigga take your teeth out your mouth nigga  
Chew your food up and put the shit back in your mouth nigga  
and help you swallow  
Nigga I take a mop handle off nigga  
And sweep nigga - hold on, I'll be - nigga what?

**Moment Of Clarity:**

Woo! Geah, geah (Young), geah

Uhh, turn the music up, turn the lights down  
I'm in my zone

[Chorus]

Thank God for grantin me this moment of clarity  
This moment of honesty - the world'll feel my truths  
All through my +Hard Knock Lifetime+, +A Gift and a Curse+  
I gave you +Volume+ after +Volume+ of my work  
So you can feel my truths  
I built the +Dynasty+ by bein one of the realist niggaz out  
Way beyond the +Reasonable Doubt+ - y'all can't fill my shoes  
From my +Blueprint+ beginnin to that +Black Album+ endin  
Listen close you'll hear what I'm about  
Nigga, feel my truths

[Verse One]

Pop died, didn't cry, didn't know him that well  
Between him doin heroin and me doin crack sales  
With that in the eggshell, standin at the tabernacle  
Rather the church, pretendin to be hurt, wouldn't work  
So a smirk was all on my face  
Like damn, that man's face is just like my face  
So pop, I forgive you for all the shit that I lived through  
It wasn't all your fault, homey you got caught  
Into the same game I fought, that Uncle Ray lost  
My big brothers and so many others I saw  
I'm just glad we got to see each other  
Talk and re-meet each other  
Save a place in heaven 'til the next time we meet forever!

[Chorus]

[Verse Two]

Music business hate me cause the industry ain't make me  
Hustlers and boosters embrace me and the music I be makin  
I dumbed down for my audience to double my dollars  
They criticized me for it yet they all yell "HOLLA!"  
If skills sold, truth be told, I'd probably be  
lyrically, Talib Kweli  
Truthfully I wanna rhyme like Common Sense  
But I did five mill' - I ain't been rhymin like Common since  
When your cents got that much in common  
And you been hustlin since, your inception  
Fuck perception go with what makes sense  
Since I know what I'm up against  
We as rappers must decide what's most impor-tant

And I can't help the poor if I'm one of them  
So I got rich and gave back, to me that's the win/win  
So next time you see the homey and his rims spin  
Just know my mind is workin just like them...  
... rims, that is

[Chorus]

[Verse Three]

My homey Sig' was on a tear where no tears should fall  
Cause he was on the block where no squares get off  
See in my inner circle all we do is ball  
'Til we all got triangles on our wall  
Ain't just rappin for the plat-i-num, y'all record  
I recall, cause I really been there before  
Four scores and seven years ago prepared the flow  
Prepared for war, I should fear no man  
You don't hear me though  
These words ain't just 'pared to go  
In one ear, out the other ear, no! Yo  
My balls and my word is all I have  
Whatchu gon' do to me nigga, scars or scab?  
Whatchu gon' box me homey? I can dodge a jab  
Three shots couldn't touch me, thank God for dat  
I'm strong enough to carry Biggie Smalls on my back  
And the whole BK, nigga holla back

[Chorus]

### **99 Problems:**

If you havin girl problems I feel bad for you son  
I got 99 problems, but a bitch ain't one  
I got the Rap Patrol on the gat patrol  
Foes that wanna make sure my casket's closed  
Rap critics that say he's "Money, Cash, Hoes"  
I'm from the hood stupid, what type of facts are those?  
If you grew up with holes in your zapatoes  
You'd celebrate the minute you was havin dough  
I'm like fuck critics, you can kiss my whole asshole  
If you don't like my lyrics, you can press fast forward  
Got beef with radio if I don't play they show  
they don't play my hits - well I don't give a shit, SO!  
Rap mags try and use my black ass  
So advertisers can give 'em more cash for ads, fuckers!  
I don't know what you take me as

Or understand the intelligence that Jay-Z has  
I'm from, rags to riches, niggaz I ain't dumb  
I got 99 problems, but a bitch ain't one - hit me!

99 problems but a bitch ain't one  
If you havin girl problems I feel bad for you son  
I got 99 problems, but a bitch ain't one - hit me!

The year is ninety-four, in my trunk is raw  
In my rearview mirror is the motherfuckin law  
Got two choices y'all, pull over the car or (hmm)  
bounce on the Devil, put the pedal to the floor  
And I ain't tryin to see no highway chase with Jake  
Plus I got a few dollars, I can fight the case  
So I, pull over to the side of the road  
"Son do you know why I'm stoppin you for?"  
Cause I'm young and I'm black and my hat's real low  
Or do I look like a mindreader sir? I don't know  
Am I under arrest or should I guess some mo'?"  
"Well you was doin fifty-five in the fifty-four;  
license and registration and step out of the car -  
are you carryin a weapon on you? I know a lot of you are"  
I ain't steppin out of shit, all my papers legit  
"Well do you mind if I look around the car a little bit?"  
Well my glove compartment is locked, so is the trunk in the back  
And I know my rights, so you gon' need a warrant for that  
"Aren't you sharp as a tack! You some type of  
lawyer or somethin, somebody important or somethin?"  
Child I ain't passed the bar, but I know a little bit  
Enough that you won't illegally search my shit  
"Well we'll see how smart you are when the canine comes"  
I got 99 problems, but a bitch ain't one - hit me!

99 problems but a bitch ain't one  
If you havin girl problems I feel bad for you son  
I got 99 problems, but a bitch ain't one - hit me!

99 problems but a bitch ain't one  
If you havin girl problems I feel bad for you son  
I got 99 problems, but a bitch ain't one - hit me!

Now once upon a time, not too long ago  
A nigga like myself had to strongarm a hoe  
This is not a hoe in the sense of havin a pussy  
But a pussy havin no God damn sense, try an' push me  
I try to ignore him, talk to the Lord

Pray for him, but some fools just love to perform  
You know the type, loud as a motorbike  
But wouldn't bust a grape in a fruit fight  
And only thing that's gon' happen is I'ma get to clappin and  
he and his boys gon' be yappin to the Captain  
And there I go, trapped in the Kit-Kat again  
Back through the system with the riff-raff again  
Fiends on the floor, scratchin again  
Paparazzis with they cameras, snappin them  
D.A. try to give a nigga shaft again  
Half a mill' for bail cause I'm African  
All because this fool was harassin them  
Tryin to play the boy like he's saccharin  
But ain't nuttin sweet bout how I hold my gun  
I got 99 problems B and a bitch ain't one - hit me!

99 problems but a bitch ain't one  
If you havin girl problems I feel bad for you son  
I got 99 problems, but a bitch ain't one - hit me!

99 problems but a bitch ain't one  
If you havin girl problems I feel bad for you son  
I got 99 problems, but a bitch ain't one - hit me!

.. Whoo! Whoo! Uh, uh  
Havin girl problems I feel bad for you son  
I got 99 problems and a bitch ain't one, ha ha!  
You crazy for this one Rick! It's your boy!

**Public Service Announcement (Interlude):**

This is a public service announcement  
Sponsored by Just Blaze and the good folks at Roc-A-Fella Records

"Fellow Americans, it is with the utmost pride and sincerity  
that I present this recording, as a living testament and recollection  
of history in the making during our generation."

[Jay-Z]  
Allow me to re-introduce myself  
My name is Hov', OH, H-to-the-O-V  
I used to move snowflakes by the O-Z  
I guess even back then you can call me  
CEO of the R-O-C, Hov'!  
Fresh out the fryin pan into the fire  
I be the, music biz number one supplier  
Flyer/flier than a piece of paper bearin my name

Got the hottest chick in the game wearin my chain, that's right  
Hov', OH - not D.O.C.  
But similar to them letters, "No One Can Do it Better"  
I check cheddar like a food inspector  
My homey Strict told me, "Dude finish your breakfast"  
So that's what I'ma do, take you back to the dude  
with the Lexus, fast-forward the jewels and the necklace  
Let me tell you dudes what I do to protect this  
I shoot at you actors like movie directors {\*laughing\*}  
This ain't a movie dog (oh shit)

"Now before I finish, let me just say  
I did not come here to show out, did not come here to impress you  
Because to tell you the truth when I leave here I'm GONE!  
And I don't care WHAT you think about me - but just remember,  
when it hits the fan brother, whether it's next year, ten years,  
twenty years from now, you're gonna be able to say  
that these brothers lied to you JACK!"

[Jay-Z]  
Ving ain't lie  
I done came through the block in everything that's fly  
I'm like, Che Guevara with bling on, I'm complex  
I never claimed to have wings on  
Nigga I get mine - by any means on whenever there's a drought  
Get your umbrellas out because, that's when I brainstorm  
You can blame Shawn, but I ain't invent the game  
I just rolled the dice, tryin to get some change  
And I do it twice, ain't no sense in me  
lyin as if, I am a different man  
And I could blame my environment but  
there ain't no reason why I be buyin expensive chains  
Hope you don't think users are the only abusers  
Niggaz, gettin high within the game  
If you do then, how would you explain?  
I'm ten years removed, still the vibe is in my veins  
I got a hustler spirit, nigga period  
Check out my hat yo, peep the way I wear it  
Check out my swag' yo, I walk like a ballplayer  
No matter where you go, you are what you are player  
And you can try to change but that's just the top layer  
Man, you was who you was 'fore you got here  
Only God can judge me, so I'm gone  
Either love me, or leave me alone

\* Now, back to our regular scheduled program \*

-- "Le Album Noir" - "The Black Album" --

**Justify My Thug:**

Uhh, this feel right right here Quik  
It's like it's 'sposed to happen this one right here  
Young! God damn..  
.. let me justify my thug on this one right here

[Verse One: Jay-Z]

It goes one o'clock, two o'clock, three o'clock rock  
Five six seven o'clock, eight o'clock rock  
Eleven o'clock, twelve o'clock, the party bout to pop  
Then - Roc-A-Fella y'all, it's your boy S. Dot  
And I ain't never been to jail; I ain't never pay a nigga  
to do no dirt for me I was scared to do myself  
I will never tell even if it means sittin in a cell  
I ain't never ran, never will  
I ain't never been smacked; a nigga better keep his hands  
to himself or get clapped for what's under that man's belt  
I never asked for nothin I don't demand of myself  
Honesty, loyalty, friends and then wealth  
Death before dishonor and I tell you what else  
I tighten my belt 'fore I beg for help  
Foolish pride is what held me together through the years  
I wasn't felt which is why I ain't never played myself  
I just play the hand I'm dealt, I can't say I've never knelt  
before God and asked for better cards at times to no avail  
But I never sat back feelin sorry for myself  
If you don't give me heaven I'll raise hell  
'Til it's heaven

[Chorus - imitating Madonna]

Justify my thug! {"For you!" - Run-D.M.C.\*}  
My thug.. (hoping..)  
My thug.. (praying..) for you  
to justify my thug!  
My thug.. (hoping..)  
My thug.. (praying..) for you..  
{"For you! Fresh" - Run-D.M.C.\*}

[Verse Two: Jay-Z]

Now if you shoot my dog, I'ma kill yo' cat  
Just the unwritten laws in rap - know dat  
For every action there's a reaction, don't have me relapsin  
Relaxin's what I'm about, but about mine  
Don't be actin like you can't see street action



[Jigga] So you need to change your attitude  
[Jigga] For they askin what happened to you

[Verse One]

Lord forgive him, he got them dark forces in him  
But he also got a righteous cause for sinnin  
Them-a-murder me, so I gotta murder-dem  
First emergency, doctors performin procedures  
Jesus, I ain't tryin to be facetious, but  
"Vengeance is mine" said the Lord  
You said it better than all  
Leave niggaz on death's door, breathin on  
res-por-rators for killin my best, poor haters  
On permanent, hi-atus as I skate  
in the Maybach Benz, flyer than Sanaa Lathan  
Pumpin "Brown Sugar" by D'Angelo  
In Los Angeles, like an evangelist  
I can introduce you to your maker  
Bring you closer to nature  
Ashes after they cremate you bastards  
Hope you been readin your Psalms and chapters  
Payin your tithe, bein good Catholics, I'm comin

{"Lucifer, don of de morning! I'm gonna, chase you out of - earth"}  
{"Lucifer Lucifer, don of de morning.."}

[Jigga] I'm from the murder capital, where we murder for capital

{"Lucifer Lucifer, don of de morning! I'm gonna, chase you out of - earth"}  
{"Lucifer Lucifer, don of de morning.."}

[Jigga] So you niggaz change your attitude  
[Jigga] For they askin what happened to you

[Verse Two]

Yes, this is holy war  
I wet y'all all with the holy water  
Spray from Heckler-Koch order  
Matic auto-static, child cease to exist  
like a sabbatical, I throw couple at you, take six!  
Spread love, to all of my dead thugs  
I pour out a little Louis, to a head above  
Yessir, and when I perish, the meek shall inherit the earth  
'Til that time, it's on and poppin, CHURCH  
Like Don Bishop, the fifth or palm cock either  
Lift up your soul or give you the holy ghost

Please I leave you in somebody's cathedral  
for stuntin like Evel Knievel  
I let you see where that bright light lead you  
The more you talk, the more you irkin us  
The more you gon' need memorial services  
"The Black Album" second verse, is like  
Devil's pie, save some dessert for us

[Interlude]

Man, I gotta get my soul right, uhh  
I gotta get these devils out my life, uhh  
These cowards gonna make a nigga right, uhh  
They won't be happy 'til somebody die, uhh  
Oh man, I gotta get my soul right, uhh  
'Fore I'm locked up for my whole life, uhh  
Every time it seems it's alright  
Somebody want they soul to rise  
I chase you off of this earth

[Verse Three]

Let me get serious for y'all, one second  
I got dreams, of holdin a nine milla, to Bob's killer  
Askin him why as my eyes fill up  
These days I can't wake up with a dry pillow  
Gone but not forgotten, homes I still feel you  
So, curse the day that birthed the bastard  
who caused your church mass, reverts to crash  
The first to blast then reverse the curse  
The first to date and there you are, Bobalob  
Lord forgive him, we all have sinned  
But Bob's a good dude, please let him in  
And if you feel in my heart that I long for revenge  
Please blame it on the son of the mornin', thanks again

**Allure:**

Young! For life  
Once again it's the life, yessss  
(I don't know why, I.. get so high on)  
It's intoxicatin man, y'all don't know why you do what you do  
(Get so high on, get so high - high off the life)

[Verse One]

The allure of breakin the law  
Is always too much for me to ever ignore  
I gotta thing for them big body Benzes, it dulls my senses  
In love with a V-Dub engine

Man I'm high off life, fuck it I'm wasted  
Bey Venay kicks, or them Marvin Kaye wrists  
My women friend get tennis bracelets  
Trips to Venice, get they winters replaced with  
the sun, it ain't even fun no more I'm jaded  
Man, it's just a game, I just play it to play it  
I put my feet in the footprints left to me  
Without sayin a word, the ghetto's got a mental telepathy  
Man my brother hustled so, naturally  
Up next is me, but what perplexes me  
Shit I know how this movie ends, still I play  
the starrin role in "Hovito's Way"

[Chorus]

It's just life, I solemnly swear  
To change my approach, stop shavin coke  
Stay away from hoes, put down the toast  
Cause I be doin the most.. oh no!  
But every time I felt that was that, it called me right back  
It called me right back, man it called me right back - oh no!

[Verse Two]

I'm like a Russian mobster, drinkin distilled vodka  
'Til I'm under the field with Hoffa, it's real  
Pillow-top him like a toupee  
Mix the water, with the soda  
Turn the pot up make a souflee  
All of y'all can get it like group-ays in your 2-way  
I'm livin proof that crime do pay  
Say hooray to the bad guy, and all the broads  
puttin cars in they name for the stars of the game  
Puttin 'caine in they bras and their tomorrows on the train  
All in the name of love  
Just to see that love locked in chains and the family came  
over the house to take back, everything that they claimed  
Or even the worst pain is the distress  
Learnin you're the mistress only after that love gets slain  
And the anger and the sorrow mixed up leads to mistrust  
Now it gets tough to ever love a-gain  
But the allure of the game, keeps callin your name  
To all the Lauras of the world, I feel your pain  
To all the Christies in every cities and Tiffany Lanes  
We all hustlers, in love with the same thang

[Chorus]

[Verse Three]

I never felt more alive than ridin shotgun  
In Cline's green 5 until the cops pulled guns  
And I tried to smoke weed to give me the fix I need  
what the game did to my pulse, with no results  
And you can treat your nose and still won't come close  
The game is a lightbulb with eleventy-million volts  
And I'm just a mark, addicted to the floss  
And doors lift from the floor and the tops come off  
By any means necessary, whatever the cost  
Even if it means lives is lost..  
And I can't explain why, I just love to get high  
Drink life, smoke the blueberry sky, blink twice  
I'm in the blueberry 5, you blink three times  
I may not even be alive  
How mean James Dean couldn't escape the allure  
Dyin young, leavin a good lookin corpse  
Of course

[Chorus]

Once again it's the life  
I said it's the life  
Once again it's the life - oh no!  
(I don't why I) why I (get so high on)  
get so (get so high on) uh-huh  
(get so high - high off the life!)  
Hahahahahahaha - woo!

**My 1<sup>st</sup> Song:**

[Notorious B.I.G. interview]

I'm just, tryin to stay above water y'know  
Just stay busy, stay workin  
Puff told me like, the key to this joint  
The key to staying, on top of things  
is treat everything like it's your first project, knahmsayin?  
Like it's your first day like back when you was an intern  
Like, that's how you try to treat things like, just stay hungry

[Verse One: Jay-Z]

Uhh, uhh, yes, yes  
Y'all wanna know, why he don't stop  
Y'all wanna know, why he don't flop  
Let me tell you pe-eople why  
Came from the bottom of the block I  
When I was born, it was sworn, I was never gon' be shit

Had to pull the opposite out this bitch  
Had to get my ri-ide on  
Eyes on the prize, Shawn knew I had to  
Had to had to get these chips  
Had to make moves like Olajuwon  
Started out sellin dimes and nicks  
Graduated to a brick  
No exaggeration, my infatuation with the strip  
Legendary like a schoolboy  
Crushin merely nearly every every chick  
Heavy shit - that's how schoolboy got whipped  
And got left on some "Just +Me, Myself and I+"  
On some Trugoy shit  
Had your boys threw place up, to a place of no return  
Had to play with fire and get burned  
Only way the boy ever gon' learn  
Had to lay way in the cut, 'til I finally got my turn  
Now I'm on top in the spot that I earned

[Chorus]

It's my life - it's my pain and my struggle  
The song that I sing to you it's my ev-ery-thing  
Treat my first like my last, and my last like my first  
And my thirst is the same as - when I came  
It's my joy and my tears and the laughter it brings to me  
It's my ev-ery-thing

[Verse Two: Jay-Z]

Like I never rode in a limo  
Like I just dropped flows to a demo  
Like it's ninety-two again and  
And I got O's in the rental  
Back in the Stu' again, no prob' livin was a whole lot simpler  
When you think back, you thought that  
you would never make it this far, then you  
take advantage of the luck you handed  
Or the talent, you been given  
Ain't no, half steppin, ain't no, no slippin  
Ain't no different from a block that's hidden  
Gotta get it while the getting's good  
Gotta strike while the iron's hot, 'fore you stop  
Then you gotta bid it, good riddance  
Goodbye, this is my second major breakup  
My first was, with a pager  
With a hooptie, a cookpot, and the GAME  
This one's with the stool, with the stage, with the fortune

Maybe not the fortune, but certainly the FAME

[Chorus]

It's my life - my pain and my struggle  
The song that I sing to you it's my ev-ery-thing  
Treat my first like my last, and my last like my first  
And my thirst is the same as - when I came  
It's my joy and my tears and my laughter it brings to me  
It's my ev-ery-thing  
Treat my first like my last, and my last like my first  
And my thirst like the first song I sang

[Outro: Jay-Z]

Woo! It's like the blues - we gon' ride out on this one  
Ta-tah, be-hah  
Yo Hah, 'member you was makin them dashes  
for them niggaa at radio and shit?  
Clark Kent, that was good lookin out nigga  
Carlene - who ever thought we'd make it this far homey?  
Sha, they can't stop us, knahmsayin? Lenny S  
Dame whattup? Robbin the bank  
Niggaz thought we was crazy man, 'member uhh  
You had that fucked up ass handwritin  
You was writin all the numbers that we was spendin now  
for the videos we was doin ourselves, whattup?  
Original Flavor, your accountant was crazy wrong and shit  
But we we still put it together  
Bigs, whassup? 'Member we went to St. Thomas and uh  
But y'all my nizzle, your dog peed on homey leg and shit  
at his crib - I think that was Rudy  
And they was havin a lil trouble with the pool  
You and Ta-tah was laughin  
Emory was there, whattup Emory? What up Ta?  
Hip-Hop, whattup man?  
Ay, ay Hobb, you ain't, you ain't have no uhh  
You ain't have no muh'fuckin seat on your, on your bicycle  
Now you uhh, the head of black music  
That's what I'm talkin bout right there homey - G, whattup G?  
Yessir, e'rybody in the Roc  
Hey Guru, I know you spoiled man  
I be takin them shits in one take  
You gon' have to punch niggaz shit, STICK IT, you gon' be tight  
OG One, whattup?  
I'm a little upset that you wasn't involved in this whole process  
But it's all good - whassup Dash?  
My whole family, my nephew, cousin Angie, whassup? Te-Tee

(B, B, B, B) Mom, you made the album, how crazy is that?  
Bob Allah, rest in peace  
My pops, rest in peace (Sup A.J.?)  
Biggie Smalls, rest in peace  
Uh-uh, uh-uh, uh-uh, uh-uh  
Nigga, I'm bout to go golfin man  
Ay, I might even have me a cappuccino, fuck it!  
I'm goin somewhere nice where no mosquitos at nigga  
Holla at me - it's your boy!