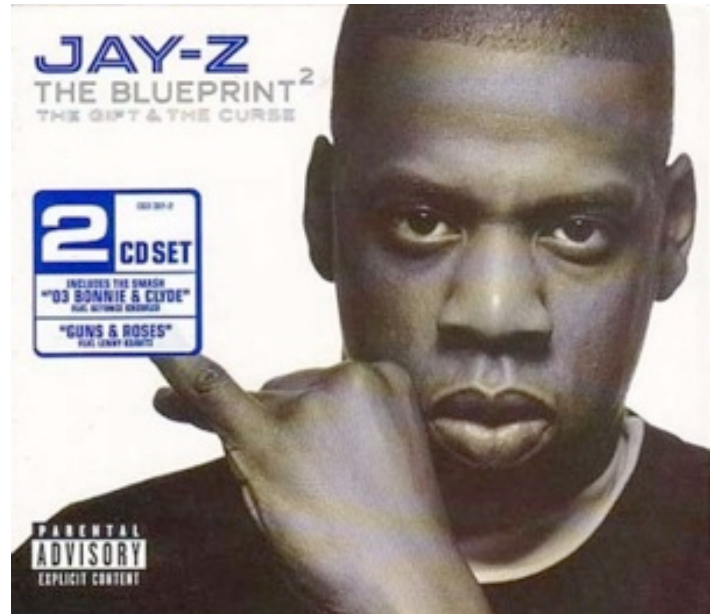


The Blueprint: The Gift and the Curse (Disc One)

A Dream
Hovi Baby
The Watcher 2
Bonnie and Clyde
Excuse Me Miss
What They Gonna Do
All Around the World
Poppin Tags
Fuck All Night
The Bounce
I Did It My Way



The Blueprint: The Gift and the Curse (Disc Two)

Diamond is Forever
Guns and Roses
U Don't Know (Remix)
Meet the Parents
Some How Some Way
Some People Hate
Blueprint 2
Nigga Please
2 Many Hoes
As One
A Ballard for the Fallen Soldier
Show You How
Bitches and Sisters
What They Gonna Do Part II

A Dream:

[Jay-Z] It was all a dream
{*scratched simultaneously: "It was all a dream" - B.I.G.*}

[Faith Evans] + (Jay-Z)
Last night I had a dream
Thoughts was racin through my head (it was all a dream)
Felt so real to me
This is what was said..

[Jay-Z]
Had a dream I said, bout who he said?
Bout B.I.G. I said, that's big he said
Dig he said, proceed he said
Indeed I said, so - breathe I did

Don't repeat what I say I said, he said nothin
He agreed with his head, he just nodded like this
What I believe to be a yes I re-peated what was said
It came to me like a .. well as even I said
"You feel playboy," was the greeting he said
First thing I wanted to know, what's the reason he was dead?
"More money, more problems, better believe it," he said
"Careful what you wish for you might receive it," he said
I see I said, jealousy I said
Got the whole industry mad at me I said
Then B.I. said, "Hov' remind yourself
nobody built like you, you designed yourself"
I agree I said, my one of a kind self
Get stoned every day like Jesus did
What he said, I said, has been said before
"Just keep doin your thing," he said, say no more

[Faith Evans]

Was it all a dream - tell me
Was it all a dream, was it a dream
Was it all a dre-eeee-eeee-eeam
I gotta know {"It was all a dream"}
Was it all a dream - was it a dream
Was it all a dream, a dream
Was it all a dre-eeee-eeee-eeam

[Notorious B.I.G.]

It was all a dream, I used to read Word Up magazine
Salt'n'Pepa and Heavy D up in the limousine
Hangin pictures on my wall
Every Saturday, "Rap Attack," Mr. Magic, Marley Marl
I let my tape rock 'til my tape popped
Smokin weed and bamboo, sippin on private stock
Way back, when I had the red and black lumberjack
with the hat to match
Remember Rappin' Duke? "Duh-ha, duh-ha"
You never thought that hip-hop would take it this far
Now I'm in the limelight cause I rhyme tight
Time to get paid, blow up like the {"World Trade"}
Born sinner, the opposite of a winner
Remember when I used to eat sardines for dinner
Peace to Ron G, Brucey B, Kid Capri
Funkmaster Flex, Lovebug Starsky
I'm blowin up like you thought I would
Call the crib, same number same hood, it's all good
Uhh, and if you don't know, now you know, nigga

They say a midget standin on the giant's shoulder can see much further than the giant.. (the giant..)
So I got the WHOLE rap world on my shoulder they tryin to see further than I am.. (than I am..)
And I have been tryin to be patient with they preoccupation with David and Goliath.. (Goliath..)
But sooner or later, that patience gonna run it's course and I'm forced to be a tyrant.. (be a tyrant..)
But bein tyrant, comin through your environment
Iron mask, nigga iron gas, nigga I am back
With "The Team," no I in that
R.O.C., y'all not eyein that
Y'all don't see, clearly cause the reign ain't gone
"The Dynasty," no not Ming but Shawn's
Dame careems, nigga it's the gangsta team
Stop your run, one of the reasons that they call us gangrene
The other reason, we got a gang of green
If there's better at gettin cheddar that remains to be seen, nigga

WOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!! Yeah, yeah

[Chorus]

Can't touch the untouchable, break the unbreakable
Shake the unshakeable (it's Hovi baby)
Can't see the unseeable, reach the unreachable
Do the impossible (it's Hovi baby)

Can't move the unmoveable, stop the unstoppable..

[Jay-Z]

Yeah, look
I'm so far ahead of my time, I'm bout to start another life
Look behind you, I'm bout to pass you twice
Back to the future and gotta slow up for the present
I'm fast, niggaz can't get past my past
How they propose to deal with my perfect present?
When I unwrap "The Gift & the Curse" in one session
Ain't no livin person can test him
Only two restin in heaven can be mentioned in the same breath as him
Seven straight summers, critics might not admit it
But nobody in rap did it, quite like I did it
If you did it I done it before, you get I had it
Got mad at it and don't want it no more
And that goes for everything from flippin that raw
Flippin whores, flippin vocal chords, don't get it twisted
Get it right, did different, did it better, did it nice

Did the impossible then did it twice (get it right)

[Chorus]

[Jay-Z]

Yup! Hovi's home, the global phone
The world is back in order the number one rap recorder is back
You cats overfelt yourself
You couldn't help yourself, now witness the reel for reel
In my absence cats get, absent-minded
Now it's time to rewind and remind 'em
why I'm in the position that I am
changin the game, my game could nail Madonna
Well after I'm gone, they'll honor
history in the makin, Pistol Pete
leave competition shakin without missin the beat
Chasin the hi-hat all over the track
The snare is scared of the air in here, BOOM!
And plus I get paper dog, don't let me forget
The watch face so blue like it's holdin it's breath
Can't see me skill for skill or check for check
It's the bow tie flow dog, I bring it to your neck
Live and correct I will bring it to your set
I got now, I don't care who got next
Rapper slash exec, Kordell Stewart
Your flow all y'all usin is mine, you're all useless
You ain't a factor, who are you foolin?
You all are faggots, you takin it backwards (takin it backwards)
I'm tryin to progress with this rap shit
Nigga, nigga your whole career is a accident
Who was gassin 'em? (Fuck outta here!)

[Chorus]

The Watcher 2:

{*whispered*} Watcher!

[Jay-Z]

Jeah.. uhh.. it's what I do for a livin nigga
Eat for a livin nigga {*watcher*}
That's how I live for a livin nigga.. {*watcher*}
Okay, let's do this {*the watcher*}

[Verse One: Jay-Z]

Things just ain't the same for gangsters
But I'm a little too famous to shoot these pranksters
All of these rap singers claimin they bangers
Doin all sorts of twisted shit with they fingers
Disrespectin the game, no home trainin or manners
I was doin this shit when you was shittin Pampers
I was movin them grams 'fore you, knew what a hand that hand was
Duckin the vans, radars, the scanners
'Fore you knew what hard white to tame was
I was hittin the turnpike, aight with the bammers
I was nice with my hands, cuss aight with them hammers
I was prickin my finger 'fore you knew what a Fam was
I had it laid out 'fore you knew what a plan was
Three hundred mill' later, now you understand us
Y'all ain't see us comin through Vegas
You ever seen so much cham' bust in one night
Grand fucked up one fight
I was on the Peter Pan bus
You was Peter Pan up in your room, y'all fuckin with whom?
Allowed me to be taught
You cowards is just now learnin the shit that we talk
You niggaz ain't know about a Robb Report
Bout a high speed Porsche, i.e.
You niggaz ain't know how to floss 'til I came through the door
like "Eric B. for Pres," respect me in this BITCH!
You can't disrespect us cause you got a little check cut
You was suckin for so long, fuckin your little neck up
Now you too big for your britches, you got a few little bitches
You think you Hugh Hefner, you just ridiculous
I blew breath for you midgets, I gave life to the game
It's only right I got the right to be king
Niggaz that got life really like what I sing
Cause they know is he really like, niggaz feel my pain
Know the shit I DON'T write be the illest shit that's ever been recited
in the game word to the hyphen in my NAME!
J, A, Y, DASH, Hoffa
The past present nigga the future, proper
The holy trinity of hip-hop is us
We give, Dre his props BUT that's where it stops
It's the Roc

[Chorus: Truth Hurts]

I know, you got your eyes on me
I feel you watchin me
But it ain't hard to see that you can't see me
You try, but what you think you saw

Ain't what you thought you saw
You bed-da off not lookin at all
(Everywhere that I go, ain't the same as befo')
(People I used to know, just don't know me no mo')
(But everywhere that I go, I got people I know)
(Who got people they know, so I suggest you lay low)

[Verse Two: Dr. Dre]

I'm still on top of the game
Still droppin flames, still cock and aim
Still at the top had the Roc for the fame
over setbacks, there's been a lot since I came
You seen it all, how I got, how I gained
The momentum when it dropped, how I got through the pain
When I roll and shock, they watched me reclaim
the streets, they made a special spot for my name
Dre, haters wanna stop to my reign
But the music lives in me, every drop in my veins
The pride and the pain
All the way back from the rise of my name
See the world clear through the eyes of the mane
See the world chear for the rhymes that I gave
When the beat bangs it'll drive them insane
The eyes that I played
The best to emerge in the game is The Watcher

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: Rakim]

I'm "Rated R," my brain contains graphics thangs
It turn traumatic teens into addicts, and fiends
It's like, watchin a movie through a panoramic screen
Which means, I can see the whole planet in the scene
Cash is the topic, the object, a fatter pocket
Some take the crack and chop it, but those that haven't got it
take away the added profit, it's catastrophic
I take the gat and cock it, and I'll sit back and watch it
These New York streets is ugly, I keep it gully
The world is mine and can't nobody keep it from me
Yo, my neighborhood is never sunny
In the place where the number one cause of death is money
You can try copin
I've seen enough shit to leave your frame of mind broken
I'm still alive and scopin
Be another hundred years 'til my skies close in
And I'ma die with my eyes open, the watcher {*echoes*}

[Chorus]

Bonnie and Clyde:

[talking]

Uhh uhh uhh.

You ready B? Let's go get 'em..

[Verse 1: Jay-Z]

Look for me! Young, B

Cruisin down the westside - high, way

Doing what we like to do - our, way

Eyes behind shades, this necklace the reason

all of my dates been blind dates

But today, I got my thoroughest girl wit me

I'm mashin the gas, she's grabbin the wheel, it's true to the heart

She rides with me - the new Bobby and Whitney

Only time we don't speak is during "Sex and the City"

She gets Carrie fever, but soon as the show is over

She's right back to being my soldier

Cause mami's a rider, and I'm a roller

Put us together, how they gon' stop both us?

What ever she lacks, I'm right over her shoulder

When I'm off track mami is keepin me focused

So let's, lock this down like it's supposed to be

The '03 Bonnie and Clyde, Hov' and B

[Chorus]

[Jay] All I need in this life of sin, is me and my girlfriend

[Bey] Down to ride 'til the very end, it's me and my boyfriend

[Jay] All I need in this life of sin, is me and my girlfriend

[Bey] Down to ride 'til the very end, it's me and my boyfriend

[Verse 2: Jay-Z]

The problem is, you dudes treat the one that you lovin

with the same respect that you treat the one that you humpin

Now they 'bout nothin - if ever you mad about somethin

It won't be that; oh no it won't be that

I don't be at, places where we comfy at

With no be-atch; oh no you won't see that

And no, I ain't perfect - nobody walkin this earth's surface is

But girlfriend, work with the kid

I keep you workin at Hermes, Birkin bag

Manolo Blahnik Timbs, aviator lens

600 drops, Hercedes Benz

The only time you wear Burberry to swim

And I don't have to worry, only worry is him
She do anything necessary for him
And I do anything necessary for her
so don't let the necessary occur, yep!

[Chorus]

[Beyonce]

(Talk to 'em B)

If I was your girlfriend
I'll be there for you, if somebody hurts you
Even if that somebody was me
Yeah-hee (break it down for 'em)
Sometimes I trip on how happy we could be
And so I put this on my life
Nobody or nothing will ever come between us
And I promise I'll give my life
and all of my trust if you was my boyfriend
Put this on my life
The air that I breathe in, all that I believe in
I promise I'll give my life
and all of my trust if you was my boyfriend

[Chorus]

Excuse Me Miss:

[Intro: Jay-Z]

You can't roll a blunt to this one
You gotta, you gotta well, ya gotta light a J
You gotta puff a J on this one {*inhales*}
You can't even drink Crist-OWL on this one
You gotta drink Crist-ALL
Buy some red wine, a little Gaja 9-7
This is for the grown and sexy, uhh

[Pharrell - over the end of Jay-Z's intro]

You're so contagious, I can't take it
Have my baby, let's just make it
Ex-cuse me; what's your name?

[Jay-Z]

Yeah, can I get my grown man on for one second?
Cause I see some ladies tonight that should be hangin wit Jay-Z, Jay-Z
(Pharrell: So hot to trot.. la-dy!)
Excuse me miss, what's your name?
Can you come, hang with me?

Possibly, can I take you out, to-night

[Verse One]

You already know what it's hittin for
Ma I got whatever outside and you know what I'm sittin on
50/50 venture with them S dots kickin off
Armada poppin now, only bring a nigga more
Only thing missin is a Missus
You ain't even gotta do the dishes, got two dishwashers
Got one chef, one maid, all I need is a partner
to play spades with the cards up, ALL TRUST
Who else you gon' run with, the truth is us
Only dudes movin units - Em, Pimp Juice and us
.. it's the Roc in here!
Maybach outside, got rocks in ears
PJ's on the runway, Young got air
I don't land at a airport, I call it the clearport
Therefore, I don't wanna hear more
back and forth about who's hot as Young, holla!

[Ph.W.] Sex-cuse me... damn!

[Ph.W.] You're so contagious, I can't take it

[Ph.W.] Have my baby, let's just make it

[Jay-Z] I got my Gaja 9-7 on right now

[Ph.W.] La-dy..

[Jay-Z] You gotta puff a J to this one

[Jay-Z] Can't roll a blunt up to this one boy

[Ph.W.] You're so contagious, I can't take it

[Ph.W.] Have my baby, let's just make it

[Ph.W.] Ex-cuse me; what's your name? (AOWW!)

[Jay-Z] Cause I see some ladies tonight

that should be rollin wit Jay-Z, Jay-Z

[Ph.W.] So hot to trot.. la-dy! What's your name?

[Jay-Z] Cause I see some ladies tonight

that should be rollin wit Jay-Z, Jay-Z

[Ph.W.] You're so foxy girl.. you're so hot to trot..

[Verse Two]

Everybody's like, "He's no item! Please don't like him.

He don't wife 'em, he one nights 'em!"

Now she don't like him, she never met him

Groupies try to take advantage of him, he won't let 'em

He don't need 'em, so he treats 'em like he treats 'em

Better them than me, she don't agree with him

She's mad at that, he's not havin that

So those opposites attract like mag-a-nets

She sees more than the Benz wagon, the friends taggin along
with a flashy nigga braggin on the song
She gets a glimpse of Shawn and she likes that
He 2-ways her, so she writes back
Smiley faces after all of her phrases
Either she the one or I'm caught in "The Matrix"
But fukkit, let the +Fish-burne+
Red or green pill, you live and you learn, c'mon!

[Ph.W.] Sex-cuse me... damn!

[Jay-Z] You gotta throw on your fine linens for this one

[Ph.W.] You're so contagious, I can't take it

[Ph.W.] Have my baby, let's just make it

[Jay-Z] You might go, you mighta gotta go get you some Scooby Doo's

[Ph.W.] La-dy..

[Jay-Z] Gotta throw on ya Scooby Doo's; those are shoes by the way

[Ph.W.] You're so contagious, I can't take it

[Jay-Z] Gotta throw on Scooby Doo's, hehehehe

[Ph.W.] Have my baby, let's just make it

[Ph.W.] Ex-cuse me; what's your name?

[Jay-Z] This for the grown and sexy, only for the grown and sexy

[Ph.W.] So hot to trot.. la-dy! What's your name?

[Jay-Z] Woo!

[Ph.W.] You're so foxy girl.. you're so hot to trot..

[Verse Three]

Love let's go half on a son, I know my past ain't one

you can easily get past, but that chapter is done

... but I'm done readin for now

Remember spades face up, you can believe him for now

But ma you got a f'real f'serious role

I'm bout to give you all the keys and security codes

Bout to show you where the cheese, let you know I ain't playin

But, before I jump out the window, what's your name?

[Ph.W.] Sex-cuse me... damn!

[Ph.W.] You're so contagious, I can't take it

[Ph.W.] Have my baby, let's just make it

[Ph.W.] La-dy..

[Ph.W.] You're so contagious, I can't take it

[Ph.W.] Have my baby, let's just make it

[Ph.W.] Ex-cuse me; what's your name?

[Ph.W.] So hot to trot.. la-dy! What's your name?

[Ph.W.] You're so foxy girl.. you're so hot to trot..

What They Gonna Do:

[Sean Paul]

Yo Yo Yo, Yo Yo Yo

Show out her wild side, stick out her backside

[Chorus: Jay-Z]

If you with me, throw the diamond up one time
Ladies, if you with me, just grind to the bass line
Homey, don't be scared to grab her from behind
And make her show out her wild side
(Sean Paul) Stick out her backside

[Verse 1: Jay-Z]

Now what the fuck they gon' do with me
Got money, got broads, got a crew with me
Real as banana clips, I got a Sue with me
Get down or lay down nigga to shoot with me
Now how the fuck they gon' deal with me
I ain't going nowhere, they gotta deal with me
Got the whole BK ready to kill with me
You scared motherfucker, keep it real with me, keep it real with me
Now what the fuck they gon say to me
Got to clap, yi mean all day with me, CLAP, yi mean
Don't play with me, CLAP, yi mean
Stay with me, don't lose me y'all
And please don't confuse me with dog, I'm different
I bought it back for a living
33 O's on a bitch back like Pippen
3 She can keep for herself and distribute
36 O's and a ki, you do the addition
Before Mitchell and Ness did it
I was moving birds like a Oriole fitted
I'm Cal Ripken Jr. let's get it

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Jay-Z]

Hon' what they gon' say to you
Got your hair did and your favorite shoes
Tell'em don't play with you, get'em away from you
You need a baller like I, call'em like I
See'em like naaaa
Move over y'all amateurs
No, you not balling that's Pro-Am shit
Oh, stop calling that's hoe-man shit
Stop falling asleep that's old man shit
I stands up in it like a champ up in it

Be up in it so long, get my calls transferred in it
No more minute man in it
Get my Soundscan, BDS, and Market and Glance in it

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Jay-Z]

What they gon do'
You got starch in your flow
I flow too many ways, got a arch in my flow
All sorts of flow, Rembrandt, Rilkey
I am art with the flow
Even if I'm filthy, you gotta pardon the flow
Niggas taking it lightly, had to darken the flow
Way I put it together, tear'em apart with the flow
I'm too smart with the flow, you just started the flow
Stop it youngin, you 106th & Park with the flow
I am pro, as you see I'm off the charts with the flow
Actually I'm number one on the charts with the flow
In some places they say this, I am God with the flow
Like my office, but they're biased, too involved with the flow
(Oh no) I am the youth spirit, I am y'all with the flow
Troubled man, dare I say, I am Mar with the flow
I come up hard but I evolve with the flow
Crossover, slam dunk, Rucker Park with the flow

[Chorus]

All Around the World:

Swear to God I just touched down

[Chorus: Jay-Z] + (LaToiya)

All around the world.. (same song)

Killa Cali nigga (same song)

A-T-L (same song)

Real-adelphia.. dude it's all around the world

[Jay-Z]

London, England, South of France
And all points between they know about your man
Konichiwa ladies when I'm out in Japan
I'm a Tokyo Giant like Ichiro, I am
piss poor nigga from the hood but I blew
Now I bounce six-fours up and down Crenshaw
Spot me the hotel, the Cap', or Capri
Bathrobe, slippers in the lobby like weed

Your man'll stand manta ray, handlin a steak
And handlin the modern stand about five-eight
Five-nine fine wine fine dine either that
or I'm mixin in Switzerland, tryin to buy time
Ballin out in Bali when it's gorgeous out in Cali
Brunchin at the 4 Seasons, off the heezy
When it's back home nigga back to the zone
Nigga back to the books to the rhymes that took me

[Chorus: Jay-Z] + (LaToiya)
All around the world.. (same song)
Brooklyn bombers (same song)
Detroit players (same song)
Chi-Town.. all around the world

[Jay-Z]
Said it's all love, Sure Club, M-I-A
Party at bungalow eight, when I stay
Pool look like a hundred Beyonce's
A couple fiances, I'm the new DeVante
"Come and Talk to Me" mami in the Ea-sy
Garant, I hope, she ain't too young
Only twenty-one and older let another nigga mold her
I'm just tryin to show her how a baller and a roller
sleep one place, sell the pie to keep the engine
runnin then I wake up in Martha's Vineyard
Same boss this year, I think I'm gon' spend Christmas
reminisce about the time my mom couldn't spend Christmas
Now I'm gon' send her on her own little wish list
Anywhere in the world, anywhere for my girl
Forever my lady, blind crippled and crazy
A ticket and you pay to see D - sweet Sade

[LaToiya]
Sade, Sade, don't you know I love you sweet Sade, Sade
All around the world

[Jay-Z]
Said it ain't where you from yo it's where you at
Real niggaz out in Brooklyn, some niggaz don't clap
It's real killers out in Cali, some niggaz just act
Hollywood like they out the hood, it's all to the good
Real players in the D-Twa, some of them throwed
Slackin on they mackin, rest haven for hoes
Real pranksters in the Chi, most of them real folks
Disciplined Gangsters, come on Charlie I know

Shit it ain't about your city or borough
It's bout if you really as thorough
And if you are, holla at your boy
I put my hand on my heart, that means I feel you
Real recognize real and you lookin familiar
I'ma Bed-Stuy nigga but I do it to death
I promise I'm as St. Thomas homey eatin at Chef's
One-twelve, A-T-L, the sun up yet?
Then we party like the sun don't set

[LaToiya]

We gon' take you all around the world.. it's the same song (same song)
Everywhere (same song)
It's the same song (same song)
We gon' take you all around the world.. same song (same song)
Same song (same song)
Same song (same song)
All around the world..

{*harmonizing to the end*}

Poppin Tags:

[Intro/Chorus: repeat 2X]

And we gon' stay hustlin on that block until we caught
And we gon' stay showin off that jewelry that we bought
And we gon' stay leavin out the stores with heavy bags
Cause we poppin tags, pimpin we be poppin tags!

[Verse One: Jay-Z]

We arose, let's go
"So Fresh So Clean" like 'Kast
Jay-Z be poppin tags
Leavin the mall with heavy bags
You know the boy got a love for the cash
Aw fuck, there he go again
Talkin bout hoes and dough again
Yup! -- Can't hold it in
I'm surprised I got so much dough to spend
But, back when I was poorer then
You wasn't focusin, about the dough I spend
But I was holdin in, I was a roller then
I was a baller back then, all of that man
Fall back, I fought that
What would you do if you was in my shoes?
Leave dudes in the rearview

V-12 engine, corners spinnin
Twinkies shinin, pinky ring
Armadale, nigga stinky stink
Top, down, my cash is up
Gold chain, I don't give a fuck
Gold brain'll get you in the truck ma
That's right, you in luck ma
You see me cruisin down, better step inside
Ain't enough room to fit you all in the ride
First come, first served basis
You know Hov' be goin to nice places
That's right, and I'm droppin cash
Leave the mall with garbage bags
Gucci this, Prada that
Roll witch a boy you'll be poppin tags

[Chorus]

[Verse Two: Twista]

It's a party when I go up in the sto'
Shoppin while I'm zooted off the dro'
Rollin like a nigga that just came up on a mill'
and I got 'em sweepin and pickin up tags off the flo'
Bag full of clothes I remember havin rocks in the hall
on the glimmer with the glock by the ball
Servin up a jab and workin security 6 to 6
Then it's straight from the block to the mall
Now what's on the wall? Go ahead and treat yo'self
When you come up on some cheddar better pop that tag
Like when I dip off in the Prada then I go off
to the lot lay the paper down and cop that Jag
I got a console full of ammunition and funds
Mink Roc-a-Wear and some guns
Petty in a fresh pair of jumps, blo-packs and Bo Jax
and Air Maxes, throw back some ones, no max for none
(When I go up in the sto' a nigga never get enough)
I'm a baller and if you want it come and get it now
(Nigga come to a race with a car you won't catch up)
And the Twista kinda wicked when I spit it now
I be choppin up cheddar with Kanye
Chop a little cheddar up with Jay
Chop it up with the O-to-the-Kizay
Poppin big tags with the flow and the dough, we get bi-zay!

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: Killer Mike]

Uh-huh, whattup? Tell you somethin bout me..
My throwback game is whiffle wicked
Saint Patties day, green pinstripe, number 20 Mark Spitz'n
Jersey ooh-wee with the matchin Nu*Wear fitted
White boys say my style is bitchin
Keepin coke in the kitchen
Keep a glock that will shock and bring the rest
tucked underneath my Mitchell & Ness
I, travellin, handlin with a forty-five cannon
It's tucked in my Marc Buchanan
Extra clips and shells in the lambskin
Two deep by Pelle Pelle
Westside how they felly fell
More G's on me, than a late 80's Gucci leather
worn by the great Rakim himself
Stitch my Dapper Dan oh man with the gun in hand
I leave your blood squirting
No offense, I'll put your face on the chest
of a sweatshirt drawn by Shirt Kings
I been fucking, a hustle, married to a racket
since the first Air Jordan's and Starter jackets
I slept with a package, under mattress
I carry guns heavy speakeasy, slight with the fight words
I'll put somethin hot through your motherfuckin iceberg
Got a project chica, named Rica
She keep a purse full of dro' reefer
Small, pinkies like that
Talk 'til the paper fat
I rock somethin, roll chief +Sacks+ like Daddy Fat!

[Chorus]

[Verse Four: Big Boi]

Pop tires in reverse, you'll be needin a nurse
Leave you layin on your back in a Cadillac hearse
Now your momma in all black with a matchin purse
I know you wanna blow up, but a funeral hurts
What's worse, you can hit the mall and ball 'til you fall
Have to make a collect call, but your cell cut off
Trot to the mailbox thinkin a check but the mail's run short
No more MD, DD, LD
That means Movie Date, Dinner Date, Lunch Date, help me please
My sheets is gone
Long bread to the short bread, word is bond
Meticulously pimpously serve the song

Act a damn donkey
Like the pilgrims when they popped a tag on the indians home
Drop top rag-o with the weed gone
Chillin, bags in the trunk full of FEO Schwartz for the chill'uns
Spent a few shillings
Sip a few chickens, lick a few kittens, just kiddin
A fresh bowl of milk is in the fridge and
Can you pop the tags on the honeycombs
Or are you actin mad cause the money done
slowed, down, just a little bit
Dipped, poked out, did some shull-bit
Actin like a pitfall bull-pit
Dead game is the pul-pit
Leave a motherpumper with his John Doe toe tag clipped
Imperial classic, a lyrical thrashin
A miracle happenin
Jay-Z, Killer Mike and Big Boi rappin and rhymin and smabbin
Pop that tag on some of this game
Holla-tic, swallow and keep the change

[Chorus]

Fuck All Nite:

[Intro/Chorus: Pharrell Williams]
You used to all the attention, huh? (Yeah!)
But you don't want no commitment, huh? (Uh-uh!)
Why not? You should be comin home with me
Sittin in this lap with the luxury
Now you be, comin home while I'm wakin up (Yeah!)
Actin like you behave and stuff
Uh-huh, you should be comin home with me
Sittin in this lap with the luxury, now check it

[Verse One: Jay-Z] + (Pharrell)

Yes.. a lime to a lemon, my V-A women
walk in Manolo Blahniks cause my condo with elevators in 'em
She wanna wrinkle my linens
So I sprinkle her with gin and then we begin sinnin, uhh
Blasphemy, oh my God, every sentence
She keeps scratchin me like she have tiger in her
This is exact-a-ly, why I had to pin her
to the bed like a wres-tl-er, had to pretzel her, uhh
Her man kept pagin, stressin her
So I told her what to say just in case he question her
(Situations.. will arise, but you gotta be smart about it)
No matter what you do, don't talk about us

Don't give him no info, he'll be lost without it
Just keep your mouth shut, we could do this again
Bring a friend!

[Chorus]

[Verse Two: Jay-Z]

Guess who's back in my motherfuckin house
Half black, half white chick, I call her Minnie Mouse
Whooh! We always hook up when we out
We do what we like to do and then we out
But lately I've been havin the strangest feelings
Your boy Young Hov' catchin feelings
and it's messin up my dealings cause mami's not willin
to leave her boyfriend, she call me her toy-friend
Said, "We was just 'sposed to hook up and have a blast"
She called me her emergency dick-in-a-glass
Hehehe.. I had to laugh for a second
Had to check myself, get my mackin back in perspective
I slack for a second but I'm back, no question
Like I walk with a +Kane+, "Ain't No Half-Steppin"
... Yeah, and on that note
Iceberg Slim is back to rock a boat, c'mon!

[Chorus]

[Ph.W.] Let's just - fuck all night! Yeah

[Jay-Z] Until we both start yawnin

[Ph.W.] Yeah

[Jay-Z] To the bright Shirley Murdock mornin

[Ph.W.] Yeah

[Jay-Z] Until we both start yawnin

[Ph.W.] Let's just - fuck all night! Yeah

[Jay-Z] Let's have breakfast baby

[Ph.W.] Yeah

[Jay-Z] Have lunch, have dinner, back to breakfast baby

[Ph.W.] Yeah

[Jay-Z] Let's have breakfast baby

Have lunch, have dinner, back to breakfast maybe

[Verse Three: Jay-Z]

This is - if that kid don't get too suspicious
Stop blowin up your digits
Showin up livid, claimin he wanna fight
But Shawn all business with his type (uh-uh) naw!
Shawn just tryna keep the friendship tight

Shawn to Sean Paul 'em if you "Gimme the Light"
And this way you can stay for life, aight?

..

[Chorus]

[Ph.W.] Let's just - fuck all night! Yeah

[Jay-Z] Until we both start yawnin

[Ph.W.] Yeah

[Jay-Z] To the bright Shirley Murdock mornin

[Ph.W.] Yeah

[Jay-Z] Until we both start yawnin

[Ph.W.] Let's just - fuck all night! Yeah

[Jay-Z] Let's have breakfast baby

[Ph.W.] Yeah

[Jay-Z] Have lunch, have dinner, back to breakfast baby

[Ph.W.] Yeah

[Jay-Z] Let's have breakfast baby

[Chorus]

The Bounce:

Uhh, just point out the bounce

Uh-huh, show me the bounce, yeah

Just point out the bounce, yeah

Timbo the king, yeah

Young Hov' the king, yeah

Just point out the bounce..

Yes, just point out the bounce nigga

Yo, listen

[Jay-Z]

Rumor has it "The Blueprint" classic

Couldn't even be stopped by Bin Laden

So September 11th marks the era forever

of a revolutionary Jay Guevero

Now it's a whole museum of, Hov' MCers

Everybody dupin the flow, you see 'em

Everybody loopin up soul

It's like you tryin to make "The Blueprint 2" before Hov'

Shout out to Just Bleezy and, Kan-yeezy

See how we adjusted the game so easy

Chicks barely dancin, glancin every chance they get

Like - oh shit, he's so handsome

Still in demand in the longest run standin

Kidnap rap seven years, no ransom
Can't one nigga get it back no rap
Young Hov's goin to Canton, I'm now eligible

[Chorus]

Point out the bounce - and show you how to get this dough in
large amounts 'til it's hard to count

Point out the bounce - I turn a 8 to an ounce
to a whole ki to the R.O.C.

Point out the bounce - Timbo the king nigga

Uhh, yeah, uhh

Point out the bounce - jeah, Young Hov' the king nigga

Uhh, I got y'all..

[Jay-Z]

For those that think Hov' fingers bling bling'n
Either haven't heard the album or they don't know english
They only know what the single is, and singled that out
to be the meaning of what he is about

And bein I'm about my business, not minglin much
runnin my mouth, that shit kept lingerin

But no dummy, that's the shit I'm sprinklin

The album width to keep the registers ringin

In real life, I'm much more distinguished

I'm like a bloke from London, England

Jeah, you jinglin baby

See I go right back and I bring 'em in baby

Business mind of a Ross Perot, but never lost my soul

Crossed the line, I bought pop across the row

Then I walk through the hood, where they up to no good

Slangin them O's like a real O.G. should

Oh, he's good, no he would never sell out he's so young

[Chorus]

[Verse Three]

Magazines call me a rock star, girls call me cock star

Billboard, pop star, neighborhood block star

Chi-Town go-gettin pimps, we mobsters

Gingerbread Man even said, "You're a monster!"

Yeah, that's how I feel

To be down, you must appeal

To the crew, we're rated R

O.C., O.G., Bobby Johnson son

Ask me, "Rey-Rey, is that yo' car?"

I seen MTV, I know who you are
You did "Takeover," do you got beef with Nas?
I did take over the game, brought back the soul
Got tracks to go, got plaques that's gold
Platinum to go, yeah that's the flow
All I, know, I got the flow
And I don't play cause I'm from Chicago

[Chorus]

Point out the bounce {*repeat 5X*}

I Did It My Way:

[singing: Paul Anka] + (Jay-Z)
Now, the end is near (Can you believe this shit Guru?)
So I face (I'm from the hood man) the final curtain
(No the REAL hood the hood, not the RAP hood)
(The REAL hood, like three pair of pants)
My friends, I'll say it clear (pair of sneakers)
(My moms is bustin her ass) State my case
(Nigga I'm goin to Japan tomorrow!) Which I'm certain
(You understand what I'm sayin? Can you believe that?)
I lived a life that's full (They have people, waitin)
(at the airport like five days like I'm a Beatle or somethin)
(That's really somethin!) And I travelled each, and every highway
(Seen the best of the best, the worst of the worst) and more
Much more than this (still here) I did it myyyyyy wayyyyyyy
Let's try this one

[Jay-Z] + (singer)
Uhh, yeah... gangsta nigga!
Put my hustle down, tore the game up nigga
Took your high score down, put my name up nigga
Tore the doors down 'til the Hall of Fame is Jigga
I did it my way (and more.. much more than this)
That's right, it's a beautiful thing man!
(I did it myyyyyy wayyyyyyy) I did it my way -- Hovi baby!

Momma's youngest and strongest, survived summers like saunas
Mastered a corner like Deion in his uniform
Pop hurtin assertive, flirted with death
Damn near murdered before my first album hit the shelf
Grandma's favorite, she could not understand
how there's people in the world who wouldn't want me as a neighbor
Has to explain to her, you think these folks want me in the penthouse

as a reminder that I make top paper?
Black entrepreneur, nobody did us no favors
Nobody gave us shit, we made us
The Rap Pack, I'm Sinatra, Dame's Sam Davis
Big's the smart one on the low like Dean Martin
We came in this game, not beggin niggaz pardon
Demandin y'all respect, hand over a check
And while y'all at it, hand over the jet
We the reason they ain't hand over Def Jam so quick
They new every year I was droppin new product
I was raisin the stock up, while buildin the Roc up
But that's alright, cause they knew they had to see us
When it was time for us to re-up, make us multi-million-ires
Je-je-yeah!

(And more, much more than this; I did it myyyyyy wayyyyyyy)

Yeah! "In My Lifetime"
I caught smaller cases, but I had capital
Hypocritic system let me right back at you
You better hope a rich rapper never attacks you
Not even that scratches you, 'specially if you black dude
They don't give a shit unless the accused just happen to rap
And they can look good by paintin him as bad news
Cause in my past, I seen dudes get half of they views
exposed to the curb and nobody said a word
So imagine how disturbed I was
When I seen how big they made my fight scene at the club
Let me explain exactly how this shit was
This nigga Un yo I scratched him, he went home without an aspirin
But it's cool cause he's back friends, and half-inning is over
It's in the past and I'm glad, now I'm back to bein Hova
Me back with the chaffeur, laid back
Helicopter seat, feat inclined, shit feelin like a sofa
Helicopter meet me, Teta Vero(?) take me over
somewhere peaceful for the weekend now it's back to speakin of vultures
So the next time that page six approaches us
Here's a quote from Jay, nigga I did it my - way

(And more, much more than this; I did it myyyyyy wayyyyyyy)

Diamond is Forever:

Can you hear me now? Good! (Blueprint 2 baby!)
The best of times, it was the worst of times (aoww)
It's "The Gift & the Curse"

[Chorus: Jay-Z]

R.O.C. YEAH, number one click HERE
If you represent US, throw them diamonds up YEAH
Now let's be CLEAR, I ain't goin no-WHERE
Now that you KNOW, holla at your boy
HOV'.. (Hov', Hov', Hov')
(Hov', Hov', Hov', Hov')

[overlapping first Chorus]

Yeah, Roc-A-Fella Records
You know what diamond is
We ain't goin nowhere, put your diamonds up

[Jay-Z]

Standin in my b-boy stance
Free, Beans, Memphis where you at nigga?
(Right here) Snatch Cam and it's a rap
This here rap belong to us, nobody strong as us, it's a fact
Hold up I'm just warmin up, gimme a second to get it back
Young Chris, Neek what? Oschino and Sparks
Next summer's yo' summer, tear this motherfucker up
Young is eternal, my young'uns'll burn you
"The Blueprint" birthed, nigga I earthed you, you can't be serious
Young cause I'm thirty-two, dressed like I'm twenty-two
Flow like a 18, do what I wanna do
Goin on my 8th ring, got Phil Jackson's and
flow is black magic, I'm at it again
Rose Bowl with black karats, "Horse & Carriage" to spend
like Mason Betha, chasin this cheddar, to the end
of the road because the end I'm told is nearer than we know
What can I say but live for today, HOV'!

[Chorus]

[Jay-Z]

Yeah, "The Blueprint 2" homey, follow the moves
You put on two tube socks, you couldn't walk in my shoes
I was dealt a bad hand, fuck what else could I do
but keep somethin up my sleeve that'll help me through
But can you believe, everywhere I'm at, models come through
Cat-fightin, cat-walkin, it happens often
It's true how society don't want me to move
into the penthouse building with spectacular views
They're like uhh, "He's a menace he could never be a tenant"
I'm like ooh, what's a young nigga to do?
I bring the brothers to the building give a feeling that I don't

give a fuck we just chillin watchin chandelier ceilings high as fuck
Old lady, don't blow my high
'specially if you don't know my life, don't make me bring
Sharpton in it cause I'm dark-skinned or
dude with the 'fro and the Rainbow Coalition, I'ma
victim of a single parent household, born in a mousehole
Mousetrap, niggaz wanna know
How so, how Jay get up out that, here, yeah
I snatched purses I per-se-vered, yeah
I had work, fiends purchased, it was clear
I was out there sellin hope for despair, but stop there
I swear, I only make good from my mouth to God's ears
Had to get out the hood
And I can't justify genocide
But I was born in the city where the skinny niggaz die
Born in the city where the skinny niggaz ride
And as a skinny nigga I had beef with high size

[Chorus]

Guns and Roses:

Yeah it's magic
Uhh, Jay-Z and Lenny Kravitz
And it's a Heavy D production you bastards
Come on
Ha hey yo stop playin man
This is real serious
Ha (It's the rock) yeah yo

[Jay-Z]

Let's go
Post Postatono, Hov' hangin with Bono
U2 can live like Salvatore Ferragamo
And U2 can cool out poolside at the Delano
And U2 flow like you was out of your mind yo
Cause who knew dude that loved apple pies from McDonalds
Would soon be the boss of the Big Apple, ya know
And who knew dude that played ball for the NBA
Would make a mistake on the who knew estates, throw it away
Who knew that would be his last shot, who drew up that play
They giveth and they taketh life is cruel that way
But even a broken clock is right at least two times a day
You could have turned Guns into Roses like two times today
Now here's something you gotta say two times to Jay
I got my shades on waiting for the sun to shine my way
Got my boom box, suntan lotion waiting for action

They say when you play with skills, good luck could happen
Let's go

(C'mon) It's the Roc (repeat 4X)
That's right

[Jay-Z]
Things got too hot so I jumped off in this rap shit
You got it kris-krossed ain't no turning me backwards
Too many District Attorneys concerned with the actions
Of one individual he's criminally attached
I turned in all my rap chips I'm earning my bachelors
While dating all the models and actresses
I'm learning all the potholes in every single barrio
Trying not to mess up my axis kid
On the road to the riches through trafficking
Through rapping and whatever's happening
Roc-a-wear I'm the young black Ralph Lauren
Every time I get out they put me right back in
The Michael Corleone of the microphone
The Michelangelo of flow I paint pictures with poems
I gather no moss like a rolling stone
Case the Grim Reaper visits my home, nigga I'm gone c'mon

(C'mon) It's the Roc (3X)
(C'mon) That's right (C'mon)

[Lenny Kravitz: repeat 2X]
Life is all about Guns and Roses
Bittersweet like friends and foes
Some get left behind and some get chosen
Just like life, Guns and Roses

[Jay-Z]
Tote more Guns then Roses, foes is,
visibly shook of the invisible bully, let's go
Flowers need water to grow, it gotta rain
And in order to experience joy you need pain
Every time a baby is born, somebody's slain
You know the saying, somebody's lose is another's gain
The sun comes out when the water goes down the drain
A rainbow then the clouds come out we do it again
Everything evens up, you just wait
Even a garbage can gets a steak
You ain't even a garbage can you have faith
But when it turns your way before it turns away

Gotta turn that into something you gotta learn from Jay
You will get return in your investment if attention you pay let's go

(C'mon) It's the Roc (3X)
(C'mon) That's right (C'mon)

[Lenny Kravitz: repeat 2X]
Life is all about Guns and Roses
Bittersweet like friends and foes
Some get left behind and some get chosen
Just like life, Guns and Roses

Life is all about Guns and Roses

U Don't Know (Remix)

[Jay-Z]
You gotta let this one breathe Just
Just let it breathe for a second
"I'm not trying to give you, no advice"
Yup, Hovi's home! The newest addition to The Roc, M.O.P.
"I don't claim to be"
The Blueprint 2 is on it's way
"Noooooooooooo philosopher"
I know y'all hear my footsteps out there, I'm comin
"But I sure know, this is life"
Let's go get 'em Just!

[Lil' Fame]
Time to dump (FIYAH) dump (FIYAH)
Dump (FIYAH) dump (FIYAH) dump (FIYAAAAAAHHH!)
"You don't know, what you're doing - doing - doing - doing.."
It's the Mo' P. (YES!!) And the zip code is 1 (1) 2 (3)
THREE, and motherfucker we comin, 100 miles and gunnin
I'm still runnin with cats that rob
From the era of XL 80's and hatchback Saabs
(SAME GAME!) Operation for this "Industry Lockdown"
We still tote hammers that go BLAK-OWW, run up if you wanna
Believe me dawg, these hammers with they owners
Fuck ya G up, have ya with blue Pampers in a coma, and
Your family now moan, look, 70 pounds gone
A little fuck, shriveled up, with a hospital gown on
(WE HOLDIN IT DOWN HOLMES!) Keep pushin we fell bastards
To get over, we prowl with slippery shell tactics
Jiminy frail bastards, your tracks need tune-ups
Lil' niglette! What the fuck you recordin, "My Nig' Jr.?"
(THE GAME AIN'T CHANGED!) It just got harder

Plus we sponsored by Laze, Dame Dash and Mr. S dot Carter
Brownsville (YEP!) We stomp through this bitch all day
Rock with my cock out, face the crowd and piss off stage

[Billy Danze]

Uh, uh, uh

I'm from the G side of thangs (OHH) where we ride and bang
With a heat dat'll flame, that's how we got the name
(WARRIORS!) Embedded in ya brains
And someone should be tellin 'em the veterans have came
And we're better in the game, YOU BET I'LL MAKE IT RAIN
("27 a gram") My man, it's better than cocaine
Now everything will change and this Family will rule the world
And you haters can eat a dick up till you hiccup and ear!
A decade on the grind, nigga I paid mine
So it's my time to shine and for you to ride the pine
I wont sit back and rap like these dumb-ass kids
I been around, I put it down, I aint these young-ass kids
(M.O.P.) The O.G.'s repped and survived around this motherfucker
(FIRST FAMILY!) We kept it live around this motherfucker
When it's crunch time, we do it our wizzay
For shizzle my nigga, learn to grip pistols in B.K.

[Jay-Z]

WOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!

Turn my music high, high, high, high-er
MO' fire, more Roc-a-wear attire
MO' money, MO' murder now that M.O.P.'s hired
MO' further for the Roc Empire, y'all won't serve us
Y'ALL nervous, know them guns on full service, ready to fire
One body, two body, three body, four
Young sittin on paper, I'm above the law
Young shittin on haters, I ain't fuckin with y'all
For my Brownsville neighbors, "How About Some Hardcore?"
And it just get worser, every time I sign my signature in cursive
Just add another million to these verses
One million, two million, three million, four
And the money's really worthless, I'm pissin you off on purpose
My nephew's situated, and my mom is straight
So I'm ready for whatever drama should come my way
And you niggaz rappin to me, so your drama is fake
You dudes is noodles, I got more ziti to bake
You dudes is cake, I keep two biscuits on the waist
Razor blades under the tongue, I will eat your face
Appetite for destruction, I am starvin today
Got a money hungry lawyer that'll eat the case

And that's just food for thought, don't let it go to waste
Nigga bite the bullet until you stuffin ya face, ha
I done forgot more than you ever learned
What you don't know will make your home a permanent urn, nigga!

"Do you believe it!!!"

"You don't know, what you're doing - doing - doing - doing.."

"Do you believe it!!!"

"You don't know, what you're doing - doing - doing - doing.."

"Do you believe it!!!"

Meet The Parents:

Woo! Uhh, uhh

It's "The Gift & the Curse"

Uhh, uhh yea

First they love me then they hate me then they love me again

.. they love me again

Let's take a trip down.. I gotcha

Let's take a trip down memory, lane at the cemetery
Rain grey skies, seems at the end of every
young black life is this line, "Damn - him already?
Such a good kid," got us pourin Henn' already
Liquor to the curb for my, niggaz up above
When it, cracks through the pavement that's my way of sendin love
So, give Big a hug, tell Aa-liyah I said hi
'Til the next time I see her, on the other side
He was just some thug that, caught some slugs
And we loved him cause, in him we, saw some of us
He walked like ussss, talked like ussss
His back against the wall, nigga fought like us - damn
Poor Isis, that's his momma name
Momma ain't strong enough to raise no boy, what's his father name?
Shorty never knew him, though he had his blood in him
Hot temper, momma said he act just like her husband
Daddy never fucked with him, so the streets raised him
Isis blamin herself, she wish she coulda saved him
Damn near impossible, only men can raise men
He was his own man, not even him can save him
He put his faith in a, thirty-eight in his waist
But when you live by the gun you die by the same fate
End up, dead before thirty-eight and umm
That's the life of us raised by winter, it's a cold world
Old girl turned to coke, tried to smoke her pain away
Isis, life just, ended on that rainy day

When she got the news her boy body could be viewed
down at the City Morgue, opened the drawer, saw him nude
Her addiction grew, prescription drugs, shift and brew
Angel dust, dipped in WOO!
She slipped into, her own fantasy world
Had herself pregnant by a different dude
But reality bites and, this is her life
He wasn't really her husband, though he called her wife
It was just this night when, moon was full
And the stars were just right, and the dress was real tight
Had her soundin like Lisa Lisa - I wonder if I take you home
will you still love me after this night?
Mike was the hardhead from the around the way
that she wanted all her life, shit she wanted all the hype
Used to hold on tight when he wheeled on the bike
He was a Willie all her life he wasn't really the one to like
It was a, dude named Shy who would really treat her right
He wanted to run to the country to escape the city life
But I-sis, liked this, Broadway life
She loved the Gucci sneakers, the red green and whites
Hangin out the window when she first seen him fight
She was so turned on that she had to shower twice
How ironic it would, be some fight that
turned into a homicide that'll alter their life
See Mike at thirty-two was still on the scene
Had a son fifteen that he never saw twice
Sure he saw him as an infant, but he dissed on him like
"If that was my son, he would look much different.
See I'm light-skinned and that baby there's dark
so it's, momma's baby; poppa's maybe."
Mike was still crazy out there runnin the streets (fuck niggaz want?)
Had his old reliable thirty-eight gun in his reach
It's been fourteen years, him and Isis ain't speak
He runnin around like life's a peach, 'til one day
he approached this thug that, had a mean mug
And it looked so familiar that he called him "Young Cuz"
Told him, get off the strip but the boy ain't budge (fuck you)
Instead he pulled out a newer thirty-eight snub
He clearly had the drop but the boy just paused (hold up)
There was somethin in this man's face he knew he seen before
It's like, lookin in the mirror seein hisself more mature
And he took it as a sign from the almighty Lord
You know what they say about he who hesitates in war
(What's that?) He who hesitates is lost
He can't explain what he saw before his picture went blank
The old man didn't think he just followed his instinct

Six shots into his kid, out of the gun
Niggaz be a father, you're killin your son
Six shots into his kid, out of the gun
Niggaz be a father, you killin your sons

Meet the parents.. {*echoes and slows down as it fad

Some How Some Way:

[Chorus]

(Please believe that) Some how some way
We gotta make it up out the hood some day
Some how some way
We gotta make it up out this life
Some how some way
We gotta make it up out this life
Some way we gotta make it up out this life

[Jay-Z]

Weather we dribble out this motherfucker
Rap metaphors and riddle out this motherfucker
Work second floors, hospital out this motherfucker
Some how we gotta get up out this motherfucker
Some day the cops will kill a motherfucker
I don't always want to be this drug dealing
Motherfucker damn
Wish I could take us all on this magic carpet ride
Through the sky I
Use to play the hall up fifth floor me and my boys we
All poor getting high I
seen the worst of the worst I deserve every blessing
I received I'm from the dirt
I planted my seed on unfertile land Myrtle Park
Marcy, Flushing and Nostrand and
Still I grew some how I knew the sun will shine through
And touch my soul take hold of my hand
Look man a tree grows in Brooklyn

[Chorus]

Some how some way
I gotta make it up out the hood someday
Some how some way
I gotta make it up out this life
Some way I gotta make it up out this hood someday

[Beanie Sigel]

Talking:(To old Nell, Sigel street I ain't forget you)

Twenty niggas on the block trying to chase that buck
Nosey neighbors and haters keep their face on stuck
Cops roll up on the pavement break the dice games up
Behind smoke kids can't chase the ice cream truck
Girls fighting over Rollie young boys hype things up
Niggas fighting over Cold young boys light things up
All the petty ass wars fuck the night scene up
Remember Lil' Eddie man how he light mean up
Then they wonder why we light green up
Back to back steamers trying to relax but I can't
I lean up ain't the L or the refer that steam up
It's my head stress to the point I get a fever
Thinking bout the block and all the mothers and kids
That can't leave and how the Chinks gotta feed'em
For the rest of their life fucking wings fried
Vegetable rice(gotta be kidding)
No breakfast Cap'n Crunch at night
Our kids eating lunch at night
In their beds all bunched in tight
No less than three or four(you know how it go)
Two by the foot two by the headboard
Man I'm getting scared for them (Yeah I know)
Thats how I feel for them
And we gotta grip the shorties on the block
All they do is smoke weed and drink forties
Cop their quarties
Enough to get the latest ROC, newest glock, and old Jordies

[Chorus]

Some how some way
We gonna make it up out the hood someday
Some how some way
We gonna make it up out this life
Some how some way
We gonna make it up out the hood one day
Some way we gonna make it up out this life

[Scarface]

Right here another lil' story bout this click I claimed
Another chapter based on how I get that game
Hanging round my neighborhood and bang my street
Sit and watch the passer-bys play my sweep
South-side sunny side
Blocks I run South Vegas, South Paul
Nigga all got guns

Over here we got this poor (?) get that there
We know tomorrow ain't promise so we get that there
Fuck sitting in the living room guarding the steps
Working inside a slump house starving to death
Serving these nigga flippers, quarter-ounces and
Zippers agents snapping your picture neighbors
Plotting to get ya
Situations is critic I was out here to get it
Living it like a savage cause nigga I gotta have it
And holding back all the mothers for a minute
Pumping hard dog
Erase enough to walk it down and fuck it all dog
Love being willied and your creek gonna rise
I'm be a nigga and these streets gonna rise
(Some how some way)
(Some how some way)
I'm be a nigga and these streets gonna rise

[Chorus]

Some how some way
We gotta make it up out the hood some day
Some how some way
We gotta make it up out this life
Some how some way
We gotta make it up out the hood some day
Some way we gotta make it up out this life

** Whistling**

Some People Hate:

[unknown singing]

That old fashioned word.. it's a word called LOVE!
Called loooooove, called looo-oooo-oooo-oooo-ove

[Jay-Z]

Oh! This must be the way the nigga 'Pac felt when he made
"Me Against the World," "All Eyez on Me"
Y'all niggaz got me feelin like all eyes on me, me against the world
Mmm, y'all got me on my shit
Thought niggaz would appreciate what I did to this game
Bein that, I'm flesh of your flesh, blood of your blood
Come from the same hood you come from
We share basically the same stories
Thought niggaz would appreciate what I came and did
since ninety-six, every year
Somethin must be seriously wrong with the world

I know y'all ain't hatin

(Some people hate!) Don't tell me niggaz is hatin
(Some people hate!) Nah.. you know what I think?
(Some people hate!) I think..
(I think they've lost their minds) Think y'all lost your mind
Y'all got me on my shit

Raw rough and rugged, when addressin the mass public
My attitude is fuck it cause motherfuckers love it
Got a, chip on my shoulder the size of the Golden Nugget in Vegas
And fuck bein famous, I came to get the butters
I came from the gutter, my success in this game
is sort of like "Pro-jectic Justice," a payment for brushes
with police officers, a peace offering
From the Gods for the streets I was tossed in
'Til I'm deceased in a coffin
I'ma be a beast on these beats, releasin early and often
Please, your disdain for the brothers ain't gon' change the numbers
It's the strengthenin of chain among us
Please, we ain't afraid of none of yas, who want it with us?
Ain't nuttin changed since the ninety-six summers, c'mon

(Some people hate!) Yeah, uh, yeah
(Some people hate!) Uh, uhh, uhh
(Some people hate!) Yeah.. you know what I think?
(I think they've lost their minds) They say success breeds envy

I guess it's just the penalty of leadership
I guess I'm what niggaz wanna be and shit
Or niggaz just bored, wanna be in shit
'Fore they get to rappin, start believin it
Think they Ali and shit
I roll with the punches so I survive
I bob and weave, move my feet from side to side
I'm back, stronger than ever, surprise surprise
They try to take me out the game, but I's alive
It's like a old negro spiritual, but I mastered Tobey
With a splash of Monster Kody, shoot faster than Kobe, nigga
You bastards know me, the one and only
Big homey from the Roc, I think you pastors lonely
You need Jesus in your life.. it's either that
or y'all gon' make me put the double Desert Eagles in your life, nigga!

(Some people hate!) I know niggaz are hatin man, let me find out
(Some people hate!)

Jealousy's a weak emotion, y'all gotta overcome that man
(Some people kill their brothers)
C'mon man be stronger than that.. you know what I think?
(I think they've lost their minds) You'll be aight though

Au contraire nigga, I am here cause I earned the shit
By ridin out, when niggaz had learner's permit
We bring the knives out, or we let them burners spit
I bring them pies out if niggaz wanna burn the strip
Bring your rides out, bring your buggy eyes out, turn your 6
I laid back in the Maebach
Nigga this the payback, I know you bitch niggaz from way back
Niggaz wanna clown but the pound it don't play dat
Get yourself found, drowned, where the lake at
Run up on 'em +Notoriously+, "Take that!" (take that)
And then we comin where your wake at
Eight maniac cats strapped with gats, you can hate that
Face facts, fake rap cats
can't take back what I took back to the Brook', look

(Some people hate!)
(Some people hate!)
(Some people kill their brothers)
(I think they've lost their minds)
(And I'm hung up.. ohh..)

Blueprint 2:

[Jay-Z]
Jay-Z this, Jay-Z that (Jay-Z won't hold my hand no more)
Jay-Z this, Jay-Z that
Jay-Z that, Jay-Z this (Jay-Z won't give me no money)
Get off Jay-Z dick
What y'all niggas get front page articles, y'all mention Jay-Z name
(This thing on?) Jay-Z, Jay-Z, in Jay-Z news
I understand what y'all trying to do
I brought the flutes this time, though
I unleashed the flutes on them, guru
Gimme some more music in the headphone
Let's get the proceedings proceeding this evening
Let's do this thing (let's do it right this time)
C'mon

H, O V A
I got my mojo back baby, oh behave
Naw, naw, don't be afraid

Y'all and your articles, hard to spit at Jay
Y'all from afar threw thoughts my way
What you thought, I would naught have nothing to say? Nope!
Y'all fell into the booby trap
I set the trap just to see dude react, and now
And now you'se can't leave
You opened the door god, I'm at you annually
And I'm sorry Miss Rosie Perez
I call a spade a spade, it just is what it is
But you can't give cred to anything dude says
Same dude to give you ice and you owe him some head
(Shortyyyy!) It's time to wake up the dead
You sound a little naive in them articles that I read

[Hook] (x2)

H, O V A

The Blueprint 2 baby, on the way

H, O V A

I got my mojo back baby, oh behave

[Jay-Z]

Can't y'all, see that he's fake, the rap version of TD jakes
Prophesizing on your CDs and tapes
Won't break you a crumb of the little bit that he makes
And this is with whom you want to place your faith?
I put dollars on mine, ask Columbine
When the Twin Towers dropped, I was the first in line
Donating proceeds off every ticket sold
When I was out on the road, that's how you judge Hov, no?
Ain't I supposed to be absorbed myself?
Every time there's a tragedy, I'm the first one to help
They call me this misogynist, but they don't call me the dude
To take his dollars to give gifts at the projects
These dudes is all politics, depositing checks
they put in they pocket, all you get in return is a lot of lip
And y'all buy the shit, caught up in the hype
Cause the nigga wear a coofie, it don't mean that he bright
Cause you don't understand him, it don't mean that he nice
It just means you don't understand all the bullshit that he write
Is it "Oochie Wally Wally" or is it "One Mic"?
Is it "Black Girl Lost" or shorty owe you for ice?
I've been real all my life, they confuse it with conceit
Since I will not lose, they try to help him cheat
But I will not lose, for even in defeat
There's a valuable lesson learned, so it evens it up for me
When the grass is cut, the snakes will show

I gotta thank the little homie Nas for that though
Saving me the hassle of speaking to half of these assholes
And I'ma let karma catch up to Jaz-O, whoa
I'm back before you had a chance to miss me
My mama can't save you this time, niggas is history
Who you know flow vicious as me?
Yet so religiously, that's why they call me Hov
I get the spoils cause the victor is me (me, nigga)
You're an actor, you're not who you're depicted to be
The street dreamin, all y'all niggas living through me
I gave you life when niggas was forgetting you emcee
I'm a legend, you should take a picture with me
You should be happy to be in my presence, I should charge you a fee
I'm Big Dog, Glenn Rob, listen God you a flea
And the little homey Jungle is a garden to me
What's the problem B? You not as hard as me
Nigga hard as we, nigga R O C, nigga
That's why they follow me, they feel my pain and my agony, nigga
I won't rest till you on one knee
You want war then it's war's gonna be, nigga
Until you on one knee, you want war then it's war's gonna be, nigga

Hook (x2)

Nigga Please:

[Pharrell]

What, uh, c'mon.. uh
Keep the change, my nigga (it's too late)
It's too late for that
Don't gotta to spit that game
Keep the change, my nigga, it's too late for that
Keep the change, my nigga, it's too late for that

[Jay-Z: speaking over Pharrell]

Uh, uh, young, Neptunes, Young Chris, ROC
Uh, pimp stroll, pop my collar, hug the block, get dollars
Pimp stroll, pop my collar, hug my nuts, bitch holla

[Chorus: Pharrell]

My nigga, please - you ain't signin no checks like these
My nigga, please - you pushin no wheels like these
My nigga, please - you ain't holdin no techs like these
My nigga, please - you don't pop in vest like these

[Jay-Z]

My nigga please, uh-huh, uh
This my world, pimp stroll, let's do this

[Verse One: Jay-Z]

Nigga please, you ain't start out from your trunk
Then reach the roof, just to put your roof in your trunk
Nigga please, chumps don't tour like us
You on the road a million hours, I fly over your bus
Nigga please, you ain't got your neck all froze
With the same logo that you got sketched on your clothes
Nigga please, you don't be getting no hoes
With La Perla on they cheeks, can't be messin with cheap chicks
Nigga please, you seldom seen with chicks in 7 jeans
Manolo Blahnik, I'm goin through they body like an ultrasonic
You ain't got 'em blowin no chronic
Divine intervention, y'all can't prevent me from shinin
Nigga please, I been around the world
I damn near beat Jordan in around-the-world
Nigga please, you can't even hold my shoes
I got wannabes who wannabe me that sound (nigga) better than you

[Chorus] + ad libs

[Verse Two: Jay-Z]

Ahhh! Pimp strollin on 'em
Black diamonds, rose goldin on 'em, paper foldin on 'em
Snuck pass the dog noses with the Folger's on 'em
Ki's, Saran Wrap with petroleum on 'em
Snitch got pinched but he told it on 'em
Lawyers got it adjourned, 'til I schools him on 'em
There's no witnesses, it's no holdin on 'em
Just George Jefferson strollin on 'em, uhh
Nigga please, this is me, this is real as it be
My, videos is like Real TV
That chick, that's me, that 6, that's me
That boat, I had it on the Mediterranean sea
Nigga please

[Chorus] + ad libs

[Verse Three: Young Chris]

Yo, yo
Nigga please, y'all ain't seein no checks like these (no)
Y'all don't run up in record labels demandin respect like we
Y'all don't rock your Roc-A-Wear Nike checks like we
Y'all coach class, y'all never private jet like we

My nigga please, y'all don't smoke the sour diesel like us
You don't go to Pop and get ya flour cheaper than us
Knock it off in three hours and repeat it like us
And repeat it we must, y'all don't re-up like us
Ay, y'all ain't bein like us, 'cause y'all don't see it like us
The move the D's when they rush
My nigga please, they must be on E's and dust
Then niggas f'in with pills, y'all don't get G's like us
My nigga please, y'all young'ns ain't got O.G.s like me
B. Sig, Young Hov', Dame Dash, Kareem
Nigga please, somebody must've gassed your team
Think a nigga outrun or outlast gangrene (GangGreen)
My nigga please

[Chorus] + ad libs

[Pharrell]

Amazin man, got your aerosol
I made my money! I don't trouble the law
I keep the womens around
I drive the gremlins crazy
You wanna know the time?
Better have your shades, see
My nigga please

[Chorus] + ad libs

2 Many Hoes:

Uhh, yeah, uh-uhh-uh
Uh-huh, uh-uh-uhh, uhh, uhh
I ain't tryin to be RUDE DUDE
but give a nigga some space
I ain't tryin to be rude dude
Just, give a nigga some space
Just tryin to talk honey dog
I ain't got time to waste (check it)

{*Jay-Z sings*}

Why is you over here lookin at me
while all these girls up in here?

[Jay-Z]

What you gay? Nigga Jay straight like indian hair
Y'all don't want me to spray the semi in here
I mean if you a fan I consider you fam'
But shake a nigga hand, but shit god damn

All that ("Do you remember me dawg?") Nah I'm drawin a blank
You got me feelin like a fish, in a fish tank
Just think, if you came to a club
Tryin to find a little hon for some one-night love
'Stead you got another nigga all up in your mug
You make me uncomfortable thug, go thatta-way!
And kill the ice grill homes
Cause I keep enough heat to melt THAT away
I came in some sweats, I came to get met
Tryin to find a chick that make it hard for me to "next!"
We exit stage left, hope in the Lexus
Treat me like a baby, mouth on her breast-es
.. may I suggest that it's
a lot of long-legged chicks in short-ass dresses
.. go find you one
Go get your dance on, go grind on one, damn
.. go find you one
Go get your dance on, go grind on one

[Chorus]

Quick question - yo, why you over here?
So many hoes in here
My office hours 9 to 5, whyon'tcha call me there
It's so many hoes in here
I ain't tryin to be rude dude, whyon'tcha dissapear?
There's so many hoes in here
I understand you got issues but I really don't care
There's so many hoes in here

[Jay-Z]

Yea yea yea I know you rap and your sister spit too
You been callin the office and you can't get through
I understand all that, but now ain't the time
I came to the club to get that off my mind
And all you thugs with your war stories startin to bore me
I ain't tryin to hear about your guts and glory
I'm tryin to hear B.I.G. and some cuts from Nore
And you keep talkin over the beat like Clue ("Do you remember?")
.. go find somethin to do
You're a janitor, go find somethin to screw
Disappear like Copperfield, go cop a feel
Play hide and seek witchaself for real, huh
The chick came dressed up just to get messed up
She got her hair done, just to get it sweated up
Shit I'm tryin to help her out
Whyon'tcha help me out and be out?

[Chorus]

[Jay-Z]

Jeah, jeah, jeah

[Timbaland: repeat 3X]

You're invadin my space

You need to, be easy, ahh

You're invadin my space

C'mon dawg, be easy, ahh

[Timbaland]

Uh-uh, I don't know why they do that

Heh, I don't understand

Heh, what you need to do, is..

[Timbaland: repeat 3X]

Stop spittin in my face and go talk to them hoes in here

C'mon dawg, stop spittin in my face and go talk to them hoes in here

Be easy

As One:

[Rell]

We're the ones with the flame (Jay-Z: "Yeah")

We're the fire that remains (Jay-Z: "Turn Rell up a little bit")

We're controllin' the game from now on (Jay-Z: "Huh")

[Jay-Z]

Yeah! It's the world reknown

Internationally connected

Locally accepted

Roc-A-Fella Records

Don't get it confused (Rell: "Roc, baby")

Doin' what we do (Rell: "It's The Roc, baby")

B. Sig., Rell, Peedi Crakk, Free, Young H-O, Bleek (Rell: "You understand")

Introducin'

[Young Chris]

It's Young C (Neef: "Young C!")

Home of Philly, young and hungry

All the girlies wanna fall in lust with me

And every hood in the world discussin' me

I hated once when I didn't give it up to Neef

[Neef]

It's Neef Buck (Chris: "Neef Buck!")

Out the cut (Chris: "Out the cut!")

All the haters wanna claim that they fuck with us

It ain't a game, niggas know that they Toys R Us

They can't fuck with us

[Young Chris]

AAAWWWWWW

[Sparks]

I'm the one

Man I'm money, hoes, clothes and shows

To do with your ho all wrapped in one

I'm not done

Man, I'm the shit after its all said and done

The one to cop one, come back for another one

Quick fast, like rapid refund

I'm the grrrrrrr mean green out the money machine

I'm not done

I'm Omilio, and interviews thought you could hold Sparks in the hood

[Jay-Z]

And you like it

[Young Chris]

All those haters talkin shit we don't like it

[Beanie Sigel]

We love it

That black mask, black glove shit

Roll up on him don't budge, bitch

With my mack, and my tech

And my vest, just like that

For them niggas thinkin' Mack Milli not really from the streets

I'm that gallstone trapped in the belly of the beast

[Rell]

Those seen here we'll lead you forever

And we will not leave you, never

And our voices will ring (Sparks: "rrriinnngg") together

As one

[Young Chris]

AAAWWWWW

[Freeway]

It's young Free
Move, workin' the wheel
Hand jerkin' the V
Busters don't let you crossed the line
Thinkin I'm off my job
But I'm on like Chris when he popped his cuz
Thinkin them slugs'll fly

[Peedi Crakk]

Call me P.C.
Tempers feelin', I peel
Look how I'm killin' the wheel
The fitted tilt to the left
The shirt blend with the sweats
Your girls skirts invest
She undressin', don't stare
Check the picture nigga

[Jay-Z]

I'm the one
Young H-O, a game of one
What you think I'd do to the brain of that dame you brung
Listen hon, twist one, this Armi, sip some
It's only 40 proof, it feel like 151
When I'm done
Make a run with The Roc
Rock Air Force 1's
Rock a bun, hide shit in her hair when I come
Through customs, cops can't bust him
It's Hov the Hustler, I'm having one hell of a run

[Jay-Z]

And you like it

[Young Chris]

All those haters talkin' shit we don't like it

[Memphis Bleek]

No, we love it
I got a mommy with a body, don't touch it
You can't fuck wit
Young Easy, I on the Just Blaze production
You get nothin'

We get enough spins
Can't stop us from coppin bottles while we clubbin'
It's the R-O-C forever, tell the public, huh!

[Rell]
Those seen here we'll lead you forever
And we will not leave you, never
And our voices will ring (Sparks: "rrriinnng") together
As one

[Young Chris]
AAAWWWWW

A Ballard for the Fallen Soldier:

[Jay-Z]
This here's a ballad for all the fallen soldiers
I'ma bout ta show you how a hustlers life
(this is life man) and a soldier's life, parallel
And the one thing they got in common is pain
(forget about me for a second)
Picture split screen
On one side we got a hustler getting ready for the block (human beings)
Other side you got the soldier getting ready for boot camp (soldiers)
They're both at war (this is life)
Stay with us

[Chorus]
Did you ever notice, before you think, life goes fast
So don't you worry, about what you see, it will pass

[Verse 1]
You lost him mama, the war's callin him
Feel it's his duty to fall in line with all of them
He's a soldier
Rose through the ranks as the head of your household
Now its time to provide bank, like he's supposed ta
Now just remember while he's going to November
There's part of him growing up
His shirts soaks up your tears as he holds ya
Your heart beatin so fast speeding his pulse up
Yeah I know it sucks, Life aint a rosebud
A couple of speed bumps, you gotta take your lumps
Off to boot camp, the worlds facing terror
Bin Laden been happenin in Manhattan
Crack was anthrax back then, back when
Police was Al'Qaeda to black men

While I was out there hustling sinning with no religion
He was off the wall killing for a living

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]

Days turn to nights, nights turn to years
Years turn to, "How the fuck we make it in here?"
My barracks average couple fights a day
Get you locked in a hole wont see the light of day
And I feel like I'm just writing my life away
I never thought shit could end up quite this way
There's a war going on outside no man is safe from
I'm here for the good fight only the fakes run
I'm here for the purple heart, if I cant take one
For my team or my siblings whats my reason for living?
I love my niggaz more then anything else
This war's about my family, me needin the wealth
You dont understand how useless as men we felt
Till you become a 5 star general
Shout out to my niggaz that's locked in jail
P.O.W.'s thats still in the war for real

[Chorus]

Your baby boy is getting grown
So your baby boy is moving on
I've gotta chase (gotta chase it)
If I'm gonna make it (gonna make it)
Your baby boy is getting grown
So your baby boy is moving on
I'm gonna make it
Even if I gotta take it (gotta take it)

[Verse 3]

Mama said pray your sons becoming a man
This wars taxin to 'em like Uncle Sam
He ain't gon' always make the right choice, understand
Every choice that he make he makes it for his fam
It's death before dishonor
And if hes gone you should honor his memory
Don't cry we all gonna die eventually
But if he's locked in the penitentiary send him some energy
They all winners to me
(What's up kid?)

[Chorus]

Show You How:

[Jay-Z]

Catch up, niggas

Damn you fadin' hov, how you gave 'em that?
All the martika, with the alligator strap
Sick of y'all niggaz with ya now or later raps
Rap about it now, hope you get it later
Do a couple shows, hope you niggas is savin' up
I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO DO THIS SON
This particular watch be a one of one
That means none before it, none to come
The homie that's rappin' be the only one that has it
I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO DO THIS SON
You ain't heard? I push the sixes when the fives is out
You can't fight me, in the porsche I'll box you out
I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO DO THIS SON
We don't drive X5's we give 'em to baby-mammas
Push the big top that shake like the canvas, chickens snackbox
I get it crackin' when I'm backing out the garage
A 360 drop farage, shutdown manhattan
Bucket low, like fuck it, though
Nights on, daytime, lights on, hell yeah I'm frontin' but you love it, though
I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO DO THIS SON
Nigga I'm a check writer your royalty recievers
Y'all eaten off Pa Dem, on the low like a cesar
Pay ya taxes, you niggaz is husttlin' backwards
I cop and crash whips, Jay is a bastard
I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO DO THIS SON
How you want it, my jeans is 300
This ain't Diesel, nigga, these is Evisu
Top is rock, you know the rest
A big bucket of frozen water on my chest
I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO DO THIS SON
Get a crate, some crack, and some house slippers
A newspaper, look out boy, and get ya chips up
Or get a gun, a mask an escape route
Some ducttape'll make 'em take you to the house
And ma don't give him nothin', unless he treatin' you special
Soon he'll get desperate, and go down and bless you
And when he come up for air, with a mouth full of hair
Just grab your coach bag and get the fuck outta there, yeah
I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO DO THIS HON
Look, think big, fuck getting your nails done

Think cars, cribs, jewels, some shit for your son
Don't let 'em give you, hard dick and bubble gum
Make him cop the Lex bubble, 2001 hon
I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO DO THIS HON
And if your man got you bangin' up, it could be worse
Just put a little in the baggy, put a little in the purse

Bitches and Sisters:

(Let's describe a certain female)
(Let's describe a certain female)
(Let's describe a certain female)

[Jay-Z]

(Bitch) you know my name and the company I own
(Bitch) you like my style and you smell my cologne
(Bitch) don't try to act like my track-record ain't known
(Bitch) you probably gotta couple CD's in your home
(Bitch) don't make me say it twice, you acting all up tight
Also diddy like, like, like
You ain't a (Bitch), I ain't no ball player, you ain't gonna get pregnant again
Hit off with paper, you gonna get hit off and slid off
Before the neighbors take off to go to work
So just, take off your shirt, don't hit me with that church shit
(Bitch) I got a sister who schooled me to shit you chickens do
Tricking fools, got a whole Robin Givens crew that I kick it to
They be hippping dudes, how you chickens move, I be listening to
(Bitch) (Bitch) (Bitch)
Don't make me say it thrice, you acting all up tight
Also diddy like, like
You ain't a (Bitch), You ain't no better cuz you don't be fucking rappers
You only fuck with actors, you still getting fucked backwards
(Bitch) Unless you fucked a dude on his own merit
And not the way he dribbles or ball or draw leverage
You're a (Bitch), No ma, you're a (Bitch)

(Let's describe a certain female)
(Let's describe a certain female)
(Let's describe a certain female)

Say Jay-Z, why you gotta go and disrespect the women for? Uh

[Jay-Z]

(Bitch) Sisters get respect, bitches get what they deserve
Sisters work hard, bitches work your nerves
Sisters hold you down, bitches hold you up
Sisters help you progress, bitches will slow you up
Sisters cook up a meal, play their role with the kids

Bitches in street with their nose in your biz
Sisters tell the truth, bitches tell lies
Sisters drive cars, bitches wanna ride
Sisters give-up the ass, bitches give-up the ass
Sisters do it slow, bitches do it fast
Sisters do their dirt outside of where they live
Bitches have niggers all up in your crib
Sisters tell you quick "you better check your homie"
Bitches don't give a fuck, they wanna check for your homie
Sisters love Jay cuz they know how 'Hov is
I love my sisters, I don't love no bitch

What They Gonna Do Part II:

Oh yeah, uh oh
Y'all know who it is (he's back)

If you with me, throw the diamond up one time
Ladies, if you with me, just grind to the bass line
Niggas, don't be scared to grab her from behind
And make her show out her wild side, stick out her backside

Now what the fuck they gon' do with me
Got money, got broads, got a crew with me
Real as banana clips, I got a Sue with me
Get down or lay down nigga to shoot with me
Now how the fuck they gon' deal with me
I ain't going nowhere, they gotta deal with me
Got the whole BK ready to kill with me
You scared motherfucker, keep it real with me, keep it real with me
Now what the fuck they gon say to me
Got to clap, yi mean all day with me, CLAP, yi mean
Don't play with me, CLAP, yi mean
Stay with me, don't lose me y'all
And please don't confuse me with dog, I'm different
I bought it back for a living
33 O's on a bitch back like Pippen
3 She can keep for herself and distribute
36 O's and a ki, you do the addition
Before Mitchell and Ness did it
I was moving birds like a Oriole fitted
I'm Cal Ripken Jr. let's get it

[Chorus]

Hon' what they gon' say to you
Got your hair did and your favorite shoes

Tell'em don't play with you, get'em away from you
You need a baller like I, call'em like I
See'em like naaaa
Move over y'all amateurs
No, you not balling that's Pro-Am shit
Oh, stop calling that's hoe-man shit
Stop falling asleep that's old man shit
I stands up in it like a champ up in it
Be up in it so long, get my calls transferred in it
No more minute man in it
Get my Soundscan, BDS, and Market and Glance in it

[Chorus]

What they gon do'
You got starch in your flow
I flow too many ways, got a arch in my flow
All sorts of flow, Rembrandt, Rilkey
I am art with the flow
Even if I'm filthy, you gotta pardon the flow
Niggas taking it lightly, had to darken the flow
Way I put it together, tear'em apart with the flow
I'm too smart with the flow, you just started the flow
Stop it youngin, you 106th & Park with the flow
I am pro, as you see I'm off the charts with the flow
Actually I'm number one on the charts with the flow
In some places they say this, I am God with the flow
Like my office, but they're biased, too involved with the flow
(Oh no) I am the youth spirit, I am y'all with the flow
Troubled man, dare I say, I am Mar with the flow
I come up hard but I evolve with the flow
Crossover, slam dunk, Rucker Park with the flow

[Chorus]