

## **The Blueprint:**

*The Rulers Back*  
*Takeover*  
*Izzo (H.O.V.A.)*  
*Girls, Girls, Girls*  
*Jigga That Nigga*  
*U Don't Know*  
*Hola Hovito*  
*Heart Of The City (Ain't No Love)*  
*Never Change*  
*Song Cry*  
*All I Need*  
*Renegade*  
*Blueprint (Momma Loves Me)*  
*Breathe Easy (Lyrical Exercise)*  
*Girls, Girls, Girls, (Remix)*



## **The Rulers Back:**

[Jay-Z]

Uh-huh uhh, uhh, uh-uhh  
Uh-huh uhh, uhh, uhh  
Whoo! Whoo! Whoo! Whoo!  
I, am, back, niggaz  
Ha ha ha ha ha.. uh-oh, uh-oh - whoo!  
Ladies and gentlemen.. H, to the Izzo  
I wanna thank everybody out there for they purchase  
I surely appreciate it - whoo!  
What you about to witness is my thoughts  
Just my thoughts man - right or wrong  
Just what I was feeling at the time, uhh  
You ever felt like this, you vibe with me  
Walk with a nigga man - just vibe with me

Yo, gather round hustlers that's if you still livin  
And get on down, to that ol' Jig rhythm  
Here's a couple of jewels to help you get through your bid in prison  
A ribbon in the sky, keep your head high  
I, Young 'Vito, voice of the young people  
Mouthpiece for hustlers I'm back motherfuckers  
Your reign on the top was shorter than leprechauns  
Y'all can't fuck with Hov', what type of X y'all on?  
I got great lawyers for cops so dress warm  
Charges don't stick to dude he's teflon  
I'm too sexy for jail like I'm Right Said Fred  
I'm not guilty, now GIMME back my bread  
Mr. District Attorney I'm not sure if they told you

I'm on TV every day, where the fuck could I go to  
plus - Hov' don't run, Hov' stand and fight  
Hov's a soldier, Hov' been fightin all his life so  
What could you do to me? It's not new to me  
Sue me; fuck you - what's a couple dollars to me?  
But you will respect me, simple as that  
Or I got no problem goin back  
I'm representin for the seat where Rosa Parks sat  
Where Malcolm X was shot, where Martin Luther was popped  
So off we go, let the trumpets blow  
And hold on, because the driver of the mission is a pro  
The ruler's back

Uhh, uh-huh uhh uhh  
I, am, BACK, niggaz - whoo! whoo! whoo! whoo!  
Yeah, yeah, yeah  
Turn the motherfuckin music up  
The ruler's back  
I, am, back, niggaz  
Yeah, geah, yeah, geah, yeah, geah, yeah

Well in these times, well at least to me  
There's a lot of rappers out there tryin to sound like Jay-Z  
I'll help you out, here's what you do  
You gonna need a wide lens cause that's a VERR' big shoe  
And you got a couple of +Beans+ and you don't have a +Clue+?  
You situation is +Bleek+, I'ma keep it +Rell+ cause  
Fuckin with me, you gotta drop +Amil+  
Cause if you gonna cop somethin you gotta cop freal  
Don't only talk it, walk like it - from the Bricks to the booth  
I can predict the future like Cleo the psychic  
You can't date skee-os and wife it (uh-uh)  
And you can't sell me bullshit, we know the prices  
So what your life is? We gon' roll  
'til the wheels fall off, y'all muh'fuckers check the tires  
Off we go, let the trumpets blow  
And hold on, because the driver of that Bentley is a pro  
The ruler's back

Uhh, uhh  
I, am, back, niggaz  
Feels good! Ha  
Pah, holla at me!  
The ruler's back  
Yeah.. whoo!  
Yeah.. yeah.. yeah..

Now bounce, c'mon, bounce  
Uhh, whoo! Whoo!  
Bounce, c'mon, bounce  
Uhh, uhh, yeah, yeah  
Bounce, c'mon, bounce  
Uhh, yeah, just my thoughts ladies and gentlemen  
Just what I'm feelin at the time, you know what I mean?  
Knahmean? {\*music fades w/ ad libs\*}

**Takeover:**

[Jay-Z]  
R.O.C., we runnin this rap shit  
Memphis Bleek, we runnin this rap shit  
B. Mac, we runnin this rap shit  
Freeway, we run this rap shit  
O & Sparks, we runnin this rap shit  
Chris & Neef, we runnin this rap shit

The takeover, the break's over nigga  
God MC, me, Jay-Hova  
Hey lil' soldier you ain't ready for war  
R.O.C. too strong for y'all  
It's like bringin a knife to a gunfight, pen to a test  
Your chest in the line of fire witch a thin-ass vest  
You bringin them Boyz II Men, HOW them boys gon' win?  
This is grown man B.I., get you rolled into triage  
Beatch - your reach ain't long enough, dunny  
Your peeps ain't strong enough, fuck a  
Roc-A-Fella is the army, better yet the navy  
Niggaz'll kidnap your babies, spit at your lady  
We bring - knife to fistfight, kill your drama  
Uh, we kill you motherfuckin ants with a sledgehammer  
Don't let me do it to you dunny cause I overdo it  
So you won't confuse it with just rap music

R.O.C., we runnin this rap shit  
M-Easy, we runnin this rap shit  
The Broad Street Bully, we runnin this rap shit  
Get zipped up in plastic when it happens that's it  
Freeway, we runnin this rap shit  
O & Sparks, we runnin this rap shit  
Chris & Neef, we runnin this rap shit  
{\*"Watch out!! We run New York" -> KRS-One\*}

I don't care if you Mobb Deep, I hold triggers to crews  
You little FUCK, I've got money stacks bigger than you  
When I was pushin weight, back in eighty-eight  
you was a ballerina I got your pictures I seen ya  
Then you dropped "Shook Ones," switch your demeanor  
Well - we don't believe you, you need more people  
Roc-A-Fella, students of the game, we passed the classes  
Nobody can read you dudes like we do  
Don't let 'em gas you like Jigga is ass and won't clap you  
Trust me on this one - I'll detach you  
Mind from spirit, body from soul  
They'll have to hold a mass, put your body in a hole  
No, you're not on my level get your brakes tweaked  
I sold what ya whole album sold in my first week  
You guys don't want it with Hov'  
Ask Nas, he don't want it with Hov', nooooo!

R.O.C., we runnin this rap shit  
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I know you missin all the - FAAAAAAAME!  
But along with celebrity comes bout seventy shots to your frame  
Nigga; you a - LAAAAAAAME!  
Youse the fag model for Karl Kani/Esco ads  
Went from, Nasty Nas to Esco's trash  
Had a spark when you started but now you're just garbage  
Fell from top ten to not mentioned at all  
to your bodyguard's "Oochie Wally" verse better than yours  
Matter fact you had the worst flow on the whole fuckin song  
but I know - the sun don't shine, then son don't shine  
That's why your - LAAAAAAAME! - career come to a end  
There's only so long fake thugs can pretend  
Nigga; you ain't live it you witnessed it from your folks pad  
You scribbled in your notepad and created your life  
I showed you your first tec on tour with Large Professor  
(Me, that's who!) Then I heard your album bout your tec on the dresser  
So yeah I sampled your voice, you was usin it wrong  
You made it a hot line, I made it a hot song  
And you ain't get a coin nigga you was gettin fucked and  
I know who I paid God, Serchlite Publishing

Use your - BRAAAAAAAIN! You said you been in this ten  
I've been in it five - smarten up Nas  
Four albums in ten years nigga? I can divide  
That's one every let's say two, two of them shits was due  
One was - NAHHH, the other was "Illmatic"  
That's a one hot album every ten year average  
And that's so - LAAAAAAAME! Nigga switch up your flow  
Your shit is garbage, but you try and kick knowledge?  
(Get the fuck outta here) You niggaz gon' learn to respect the king  
Don't be the next contestant on that Summer Jam screen  
Because you know who (who) did you know what (what)  
with you know who (yeah) but just keep that between me and you for now

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A wise man told me don't argue with fools  
Cause people from a distance can't tell who is who  
So stop with that childish shit, nigga I'm grown  
Please leave it alone - don't throw rocks at the throne  
Do not bark up that tree, that tree will fall on you  
I don't know why your advisors ain't forewarn you  
Please, not Jay, he's, not for play  
I don't slack a minute, all that thug rappin and gimmicks  
I will end it, all that yappin be finished  
You are not deep, you made your bed now sleep  
Don't make me expose you to them folks that don't know you  
Nigga I know you well, all the stolen jew-els  
Twinkletoes you breakin my heart  
You can't fuck with me - go play somewhere, I'm busy  
And all you other cats throwin shots at Jigga  
You only get half a bar - fuck y'all niggaz

**Izzo (H.O.V.A.):**

[Jay-Z]  
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### **Girls, Girls, Girls:**

[Jay-Z]  
Course I love you.. I love all y'all  
Hehehe, hehehe, freal

[Biz] I love girls, girls, girls, girls  
Girls, I do adore

[Jay] Yo put your number on this paper cause I would love to date ya  
Holla at ya when I come off tour, yeah

[Jay-Z]  
I got this Spanish chica, she don't like me to roam  
So she call me cabron plus marricon  
Said she likes to cook rice so she likes me home  
I'm like, "Un momento" - mami, slow up your tempo  
I got this black chick, she don't know how to act  
Always talkin out her neck, makin her fingers snap  
She like, "Listen Jigga Man, I don't care if you rap  
You better - R-E-S-P-E-C-T me"  
I got this French chick that love to french kiss  
She thinks she's Bo Derek, wear her hair in a twist  
\_Ma cherie amore, tu es belle\_  
Merci, you fine as fuck but you givin me hell

I got this indian squaw the day that I met her  
Asked her what tribe she with, red dot or feather  
She said all you need to know is I'm not a ho  
And to get with me you better be Chief Lots-a-Dough  
Now that's Spanish chick, French chick, indian and black  
That's fried chicken, curry chicken, damn I'm gettin fat  
Arroz con pollo, french fries and crepe  
An appetitite for destruction but I scrape the plate  
I love

[Tip] Girls, girls, girls, girls (uh-huh)

Girls, I do adore

[Jay] Yo put your number on this paper cause I would love to date ya

Holla at ya when I come off tour

[Tip] I love girls, girls, girls, girls

Girls all over the globe

[Jay] I come scoop you in that Coupe, sittin on deuce-zeroes

Fix your hair in the mirror, let's roll - c'mon

[Jay-Z]

I got this young chick, she so immature

She like, "Why you don't buy me Reeboks no more?"

Like to show out in public, throw tantrums on the floor

Gotta toss a couple dollars, just to shut up her holla

Got a project chick, that plays her part

And if it goes down y'all that's my heart

Baby girl so thorough she been with me from the start

Hid my drugs from the NARCs, hid my guns by the parts

I got this model chick that don't cook or clean

But she dress her ass off and her walk is mean

Only thing wrong with ma she's always on the scene

God damn she's fine but she parties all the time

I get frequent flier mileage from my stewardess chick

She look right in that tight blue dress, she's thick

She gives me extra pillows and seat back love

So I had to introduce her to the Mile High Club

Now that's young chick, stewardess, project and model

That means I fly rough early, plus I know Tae-bo

That means I'm new school, pop pills and stay in beef

But I never have a problem with my first class seat

I love

[Rick] Girls, girls, girls, girls

Girls, I do adore

[Jay] Yo put your number on this paper cause I would love to date ya

Holla at ya when I come off tour

[Rick] I love girls, girls, girls, girls  
Girls all over the globe

[Jay] I come scoop you in that Coupe, sittin on deuce-zeroes  
Fix your hair in the mirror, let's roll

[Jay-Z]

I got this paranoid chick, she's scared to come to the house  
A hypochondriac who says ouch before I whip it out  
Got a chick from Peru, that sniff Peru  
She got a cousin at customs that get shit through  
Got this weedhead chick, she always catch me doin shit  
Crazy girl wanna leave me but she always forgets  
Got this Chinese chick, had to leave her quick'  
Cause she kept bootleggin my shit - man  
I got this African chick with Eddie Murphy on her skull  
She like, "Jigga Man, why you treat me like animal?"  
I'm like excuse me Ms. Fufu, but when I met your ass  
you was dead broke and naked, and now you want half  
I got this ho that after twelve million sold  
Mami's a narcoleptic, always sleepin on Hov'  
Gotta tie the back of her head like Deuce Bigalow  
I got so many girls across the globe..

[Biz] I love girls, girls, girls, girls  
Girls, I do adore

[Jay] Yo put your number on this paper cause I would love to date ya  
Holla at ya when I come off tour

[Tip] I love girls, girls, girls, girls  
Girls all over the globe

[Jay] I come scoop you in that Coupe, sittin on deuce-zeroes  
Fix your hair in the mirror, let's roll

[Rick] I love girls, girls, girls, girls  
Girls, I do adore

[Jay] Yo put your number on this paper cause I would love to date ya  
Holla at ya when I come off tour

[Jay]

I love girls, girls, girls, girls  
Girls, girls..

### **Jigga That Nigga:**

Roc-A-Fella y'all

[Jay] It's the Roc!

Jigga, Jigga, that nigga Jigga

[Jay] R.O., R.O.C. niggaz, R.O.

Jigga, Jigga, that nigga Jigga  
[Jay] Hov'! R.O.C. niggaz, R.O., whoo!  
Jigga, Jigga, that nigga Jigga  
[Jay] It's Hov'! R.O.C. niggaz  
Jay-Z..

[Jay-Z]  
Come on the track duh duh da-da  
With a throwback jersey and a fitted  
Might blow a bag of hershey in the sidd-ix  
Or might take sips of army with a chidd-ick, I'm so sick widdit  
Lampin in the Hamptons, the weekends man  
The Stan Smith Adidas and the Campers  
Or playin guts on the cruise, Hermes bow shoes  
The Izod bucket on I'm so old school  
Yellow wrist watch, Gucci flip flops  
Six top model chicks, who is this hot?  
J-A, ladies help me say it now  
Y-Z, mami why you playin with me?  
Ride with me, get high as me  
It's how it's supposed to be, when you rollin with G's, Hov'!  
Back up in this bitch like whoa  
Jigga get this whole bitch jumpin like six-fo's

[Chorus]  
(Hov'!) V is I, and I am him  
(Jigga, Jigga, that nigga Jigga!)  
Slim with the tilted brim on twenty inch rims  
(Jigga, Jigga, that nigga Jigga!)  
And if y'all got love for me I got love for y'all  
(Jigga, Jigga, that nigga Jigga!)  
And if y'all go to war for me I go to war wit y'all  
(Jigga, Jigga, that nigga Jigga!)

[Jay-Z]  
Hov'! And so I breeze through, jeans is Evisu  
She's respondin, top of C. Bronson  
We in Luan (who!) gettin our groove on  
Buyin out the bar, on our way to Spa'  
She never seen a hundred on the wrist before  
Never seen twenty-two's on the 6 before  
I am, killin 'em out there, they needin first aid  
Cause the boy got more 6's than first grade  
The crib got, killer views and square feet  
You have to film MTV Crips for a week  
So, sleep if you need to, mami I will leave you

Right where you stand, nah I don't wanna dance (I'm good)  
I just wanna see what's in your Frankie B pants  
Waist is low enough to let your waist show  
Top like a rock star, I got a fast car  
We can cruise the city, doin a buck-sixty

[Chorus]

[Jay-Z]  
"He did it again!" Haters no like  
But they gotta fuck with it cause the flow's so tight  
Gnarly dude! I puff Bob Marley dude  
All day, like Rastafari's do  
Now I'm stuck to the point I could hardly move  
You fuckin up my high, don't bother me dude  
But Red Rover, send your hoes over  
She can do WHATEVER, sip somethin with soda  
She can leave WHENEVER, sip somethin with Hova  
We can play HOWEVER, slay bed or sofa  
And the prognosis, sex is explosive  
Left her with wet bedsheets, nigga I'm focused

[Chorus]

[Jay-Z]  
R.O., R.O.C. niggaz..  
R.O.C. niggaz  
(Roc-A-Fella y'all!)

### **U Don't Know:**

[Jay-Z]  
Turn my music high, high, high, high-er  
{\*"You don't know.. what you're doing, doing, doing.."}  
Sure I do..

I'm from the streets where the  
hood could swallow a man, bullets'll follow a man  
There's so much coke that you could run the slalom  
And cops comb the shit top to bottom  
They say that we are prone to violence, but it's home sweet home  
Where personalities clash and chrome meets chrome  
The coke prices up and down like it's Wall Street homes  
But this is worse than the Dow Jones your brains are now blown  
all over that brown Brougham, one slip you are now gone  
Welcome to hell where you are welcome to sell  
But when them shells come you better return 'em

All scars we earn 'em, all cars we learn 'em like the back of our hand  
We watch for cops hoppin out the back of van  
Wear a G on my chest, I don't need Dapper Dan  
This ain't a sewn outfit homes, homes is about it  
Was clappin them flamers before I became famous  
For playin me y'all shall forever remain nameless  
I am Hov'

Sure I do, I tell you the difference between me and them  
They tryin to get they ones, I'm tryin to get them M's  
One million, two million, three million, four  
In just five years, forty million more  
You are now lookin at the forty million boy  
I'm rapin Def Jam 'til I'm the hundred million man  
R., O., C.

{\*"You don't know.. what you're doing, doing, doing, doing.."}  
That's where you're wrong

I came into this motherfucker a hundred grand strong  
Nine to be exact, from grindin G-packs  
Put this shit in motion ain't no rewindin me back  
Could make 40 off a brick but one rhyme could beat that  
And if somebody woulda told 'em that Hov' would sell clothin  
Heh, not in this lifetime, wasn't in my right mind  
That's another difference that's between me and them  
Heh, I'm smarten up, open the market up  
One million, two million, three million, four  
In eighteen months, eighty million more  
Now add that number up with the one I said before  
You are now lookin at one smart black boy  
Momma ain't raised no fool  
Put me anywhere on God's green earth, I'll triple my worth  
Motherfucker - I, will, not, lose

{\*"You don't know.. what you're doing, doing, doing, doing.."}  
Put somethin on it

I sell ice in the winter, I sell fire in hell  
I am a hustler baby, I'll sell water to a well  
I was born to get cake, move on and switch states  
Cop the Coupe with the roof gone and switch plates  
Was born to dictate, never follow orders  
Dickface, get your shit straight, fucka this is Big Jay  
I.. hahahaha..

{\*"You don't know.. what you're doing, doing, doing, doing.."}  
.. will, not, lose, ever.. FUCKA!

### **Hola Hovito:**

[Jay-Z]

(J) uhh (A) uh-uh (Y) uh uh-uh  
Ah ch-ch ah, ch-ah, ah uh-uh  
Ah ch-ch ah, ch-ah, ah uh-uh  
It's that hop I'm talkin bout right here Timbo!

I can't be stopped when it hop like this family, uhh!  
(Uno, dos, tres, cuatro!)

They say hola' hovito  
That's what they sayin when I roll up with my people  
My music bangin like - them vatos locos got rap in a chokehold  
And I won't surrender it with, beats by Timbaland  
Calle-te la boca, my baby  
All I wanna, do is, stroke ya all crazy  
My, dick game is vicious, insane at bitches  
Mami keep comin back cause mami came vicious  
Catch Hov' in the drop, nasty thang lane switchin  
Once you turn your neck for a sec your dame's missin  
Bujando, bujando, the cops is comin  
Got that rap patrol behind yo, get to runnin  
I'm unstoppable Hov', untoppable flows  
I'm the compadre, the Sinatra of my day  
Ol' Blue Eyes my nigga, I did it my way  
If y'all not rollin with Hov' then hit the highway

[Chorus] \*

(Hola' hovito!) Yeah, yeah (Hola' hovito!)  
Yeah that's what they sayin when that music get to bangin  
Put it down for my PEO-PLE!  
(Hola' hovito! Hola' hovito!)  
Yeah that's what they sayin when that music get to bangin  
Put it down for my PEO-PLE!

\* an extra "yeah" before the 5th line first time, 2nd line second,  
and the 5th line the third time

[Jay-Z]

Yeah, yeah, yeah  
Yeah naw I don't fuck around, stay on my J.O.  
Hov' been about that dough since I was a day old

Oh, push perrico if I need to for the rule of evil  
Was born in the belly that's the way the streets breed you  
One life to live - notice you get no sequel  
So I truly got to live this like my last movie  
Six oohie, jewels drippin, big tooie  
I ball for real, y'all niggaz is Sam Bowie  
And with the third pick - I made the earth sick  
M.J., hem Jay, fade away perfect  
I rhyme sicker than every rhyme spitter  
Every crime nigga that rhyme or touch a mic because my mind's quicker  
I'm a eighty-eighter, nine-six to "Reasonable Doubt"  
Temper short, don't take much to squeeze you out  
Yeah you shinin but the only thing you're leavin out  
You're a candle in the sun - that shit don't even out

[Chorus]

[Jay-Z]

Hold up; naw muh'fuckers - y'all muh'fuckers  
better run to the post office and get a job muh'fuckers  
or starve muh'fuckers, cause Jay's been the only one  
eatin thus far sub-par muh'fuckers  
Naw even though y'all hate I love y'all muh'fuckers  
"Friend or Foe," y'all all my muh'fuckers  
If you haven't heard, I'm Michael Magic and Bird  
all rolled in one - cause none got more flows than Young  
Plus got more flows to come  
And if I ain't better than Big, I'm the closest one  
So move over - hoes, choose Hova  
My food for though so hot it give you dudes ulcers  
Rovers, roasters, poseurs  
gettin it in with me, livin like they supposed tah  
Watches, chain, front row at the game  
Sold out arena, all screamin my name, c'mon

[Chorus]

### **Heart of the City (Ain't No Love):**

[Jay-Z]

Uh, uhh, listen  
First the Fat Boys break up, now every day I wake up  
Somebody got a problem with Hov'  
Whassup y'all niggaz all fed up cause I got a little cheddar  
and my records movin out the sto'?  
Young fucks spittin at me, young rappers gettin at me  
My nigga Big predicted the shit exactly

"Mo' Money, Mo' Problems" - gotta move carefully  
Cause faggots hate when you gettin money like athletes  
Yung'uns ice-grillin me, ohh - you not feelin me?  
Fine; it cost you nothin - pay me no mind  
Look, I'm on my grind cousin, ain't got time for frontin  
Sensitive thugs, y'all all need hugs  
Damn though mans I'm just tryin do me  
If the record's two mill' I'm just tryin move three  
Get a couple of chicks, get 'em to try to do E  
Hopefully they'll menage before I reach my garage  
I don't want much, fuck I drove every car  
Some nice cooked food, some nice clean drawers  
Bird-ass niggaz I don't mean to ruffle y'all  
I know you waitin in the wing but I'm doin my thing  
Where's the love?

"Ain't no love, in the heart of the city.."  
I said where's the love?  
"Ain't no love, in the heart of town.."  
Yeah..

And then the Fugees gon' break up, now everyday I wake up  
Somebody got somethin to say  
What's all the fuckin fussin for? Because I'm grubbin more  
and I pack heat like I'm the oven door?  
Niggaz pray and pray on my downfall  
But everytime I hit the ground I bounce up like roundball  
Now I don't wanna have to kill sound bar  
Don't wanna have to cock back the four pound bar  
Look scrapper I got nephews to look after  
I'm not lookin at you dudes, I'm lookin past ya  
I thought I told you characters I'm not a rapper  
Can I live? I told you in ninety-six  
that I came to take this shit and I did, handle my biz  
I scramble like Randall with his  
Cunning-ham but the only thing runnin is numbers fam  
Jigga held you down six summers; damn, where's the love?

"Ain't no love, in the heart of the city.."  
Niggaz, where's the love?  
"Ain't no love, in the heart of town.."  
Holla at me!!  
"Ain't no love" (take 'em to church) "in the heart of the city.."  
Uh, uh, uh - my nigga where's the love?  
"Ain't no love, in the heart of town.."  
Fuck

Then Richard Pryor go and burn up, and Ike and Tina Turner break up  
Then I wake up to more bullshit  
You knew me before records, you never disrespected me  
Now that I'm successful you'll pull this shit  
Nigga I'll step on your porch, step to your boss  
Let's end the speculation, I'm talkin to alla y'all  
Males shouldn't be jealous that's a female trait  
Whatchu mad cause you push dimes and he sell weight?  
Y'all don't know my expenses, I gotta buy a bigger place  
Hehehe, and more baggies, why you all aggie?  
Nigga respect the game, that should be it  
What you eat don't make me shit - where's the love?

Where's the love?

"Ain't no love, in the heart of the city.."  
"Ain't no love, in the heart of town.."  
"Ain't no love, in the heart of the city.."  
"Ain't no love, in the heart of town.."  
"Ain't no love, in the heart of the city.."  
"Ain't no love, in the heart of town.."

"Ain't no love.."

**Never Change:**

{\*"Never, never, never, never change"\*}  
Ain't never changed, this is Jay every day  
{\*"I never change!"\*}  
I never change, this is Jay every day  
{\*"I never change!"\*}  
I never change, this is Jay

[Jay-Z]

I am a, Roc representer  
Hov', summer to winter, Hov', dead or alive  
Twenty-four/seven, three-sixty-five  
One CD or three-hundred and sixty pies  
Whassup to E and Kirk? Welcome home to Taj  
Let no amount of money ruin this thing of ours  
We run streets like drunks run street lights  
We collidin with life as we speak  
We knee deep in coke, we ki deep in ice  
We flood streets with dope, we keep weed to smoke  
We all fish, better teach your folk  
Give him money to eat, then next week he's broke

Cause when you sleep, he's reachin for your throat  
Word on the skreet, you reap what you sew  
Not out of fear but love, love for the game  
Roc family first, we never change mayn

[Chorus]

{\*"Never, never, never, never change"\*}  
[K] I'm still fuckin with crime cause crime pays  
{\*"I never change!"\*}  
[K] Out hustlin, same clothes for days  
{\*"I never change!"\*}  
[K] I never change, I'm too stuck in my ways, I never change  
[J] Who you know like Hov'?  
{\*"Never, never, never, never change"\*}  
[K] I'm still fuckin with crime cause crime pays  
{\*"I never change!"\*}  
[K] Out hustlin, same clothes for days  
{\*"I never change!"\*}  
[K] I never change, I'm too stuck in my ways, I never change

[Jay-Z]

What's up to my Miami and St. Thomas connects (whattup)  
I'll never mention your name, I promise respect  
Death before dishonor correct? - Yup  
That's what you promised me, since the (?)lee  
Along with, if we stay strong  
We can get paper longer than Pippen's arms  
Plead the fifth when it comes to the fam  
I'm like a dog - I never speak, but I understand  
Where my dogs at? Where my soldiers at war?  
Where your bars at? Whoa, gotta pause that - whoa  
Lost 92 bricks had to fall back  
Knocked a nigga off his feet, but I crawled back  
Had A-1 credit, got more crack  
From the first to the fifth, gave it all back  
If, I'm not a hustler what you call that?  
This is before rap, this is all fact  
I never change

[Chorus]

[Jay-Z]

What, the streets robbed me, wasn't educated properly  
Well fuck y'all, I needed money for Atari  
Was so young my big sis' still playin with Barbie  
Young brother, big city, eight million stories

Old heads taught me, yung'un, walk softly  
Carry a big clip, that'll get niggaz off me  
Keep coke in coffee, keep money smellin mothy  
Change is cool to cop but more important is lawyer fees  
(Uhh) That's how it is now (uhh) that's how it always be  
(Uhh) I never change, this is always me  
From the womb to the tomb, from now until my doom  
Drink army from one cup pass it around the room (That's a family nigga)  
That's the ritual (yup) Big Ran, I ain't forget you fool  
And all that bullshit you tryin to get through  
This is crew love, move music or move drugs  
Rival crews get your black suits up - I never change

[Chorus]

[Jay-Z]

This is Jay, everyday  
Who you know like Hov', nigga?

**Song Cry:**

The most incredible baby  
Uhh - mmm, mmm, mmm, mmm  
Yeah, yeah.. uhh

I can't see 'em comin down my eyes  
So I gotta make the song cry  
I can't see 'em comin down my eyes  
So I gotta make the song cry

[Jay-Z]

Good dudes - I know you love me like cooked food  
Even though a nigga got move like a crook move  
We was together on the block since free lunch  
We shoulda been together havin 4 Seasons brunch  
We used to use umbrellas to face the bad weather  
So now we travel first class to change the forecast  
Never in bunches, just me and you  
I loved your point of view cause you held no punches  
Still I left you for months on end  
It's been months since I checked back in  
Well somewhere in a small town, somewhere lockin a mall down  
Woodgrain, four and change, Armor All'd down  
I can understand why you want a divorce now  
Though I can't let you know it, pride won't let me show it  
Pretend to be heroic, that's just one to grow with  
But deep inside a nigga so sick

[Chorus]

I can't see 'em comin down my eyes  
So I gotta make the song cry  
I can't see 'em comin down my eyes  
So I gotta let the song cry  
I can't see it comin down my eyes  
So I gotta make the song cry  
I can't see it comin down my eyes  
So I gotta make the song cry

[Jay-Z]

On repeat, the CD of Big's "Me and My Bitch"  
Watchin Bonnie and Clyde, pretendin to be that shit  
Empty gun in your hand sayin, "Let me see that clip"  
Shoppin sprees, pull out your Visa quick  
A nigga had very bad credit, you helped me lease that whip  
You helped me get the keys to that V dot 6  
We was so happy poor but when we got rich  
That's when our signals got crossed, and we got flipped  
Rather mine, I don't know what made me leave that shit  
Made me speed that quick, let me see - that's it  
It was the cheese helped them bitches get amnesia quick  
I used to cut up they buddies, now they sayin they love me  
Used to tell they friends I was ugly and wouldn't touch me  
Then I showed up in that dubbed out buggy  
And then they got fussy and they don't remember that  
And I don't remember you..

[Chorus]

I can't see it comin down my eyes  
So I gotta make the song cry  
I can't see it comin down my eyes  
So I gotta make the song cry  
Yeah I seen 'em comin down your eyes  
But I gotta make the song cry  
I can't see it comin down my eyes  
So I gotta make the song cry

[Jay-Z]

A face of stone, was shocked on the other end of the phone  
Word back home is that you had a special friend  
So what was oh so special then?  
You have given away without gettin at me  
That's your fault, how many times you forgiven me?  
How was I to know that you was plain sick of me?

I know the way a nigga livin was whack  
But you don't get a nigga back like that!  
Shit I'm a man with pride, you don't do shit like that  
You don't just pick up and leave and leave me sick like that  
You don't throw away what we had, just like that  
I was just fuckin them girls, I was gon' get right back  
They say you can't turn a bad girl good  
But once a good girl's goin bad, she's gone forever..  
And more forever  
Shit I gotta live with the fact I did you wrong forever

[Chorus]

I can't see 'em comin down my eyes  
So I gotta make the song cry  
I can't see 'em comin down my eyes  
So I gotta let the song cry  
I know I seen 'em comin down your eyes  
But I gotta make the song cry  
I can't see 'em comin down my eyes  
So I gotta make the song cry

[Jay-Z]

It's fucked up girl..

### **All I Need:**

It's the Roc! Wooo!  
My gear is right... (check)  
My bucket is low... (check)  
My Rocawear is fittin' incredible...

Fuck it...

I guess I got my swagger back  
Mama that said I killed her man  
Well I guess I got the dagger back  
It's the Roc bastards we are BACK!  
In the heezy  
Jiggaman, B. Sieg to M-Easy (what up fam?)  
Oskino and Sparks and Freewezy (holla!)  
Mickey, Mallory, Chris and Neef, hey!  
All I need is the love of my crew  
The whole industry can hate me I thugged my way through  
And all...I...need is a chick to hold a jimmy like  
Meth and Mary, like, Marvin and Tammi, unnnh...  
Now understands we can't be stopped  
From blowin' Swisher Sweets outta candy drops

Like we underground kings, ridin' dirty  
A nigga been focused since I said hi to 30 (what up?)  
Young niggas ya'll can't hurt me  
Better watch and observe me  
And learn how to earn better, I burn cheddar  
I set fire to your empire  
I blow smoke in your face, burn rubber off the rim tires  
Yes I-ah...Jay I-ah...  
Double G-A livewire nigga holla back

#### CHORUS

All I need...  
Rocawear... (check)  
Nike Airs... (check)  
Mean bucket... (uh huh)  
Armada in the club couple o' duckets (yeah)  
Couple chicks by my side, let's ride  
All I need...  
That new coupe (got that)  
A doo-rag and a pocket full o' loot (got those)  
A sunny day some chicks that wanna play  
And I'll be on my way

C'mon...now...

All I need in this world o' sin  
Is me and my girlfriend! (ha ha)  
I got a little two-two I call 'er Peggy Sue  
When I'm off in the club she fit right in my shoe (wooo!)  
Gotta switch her to my waist, just in case (uh huh)  
A clown wan' flip gotta reach for my bitch  
Wanna act out a movie I could give you a clip (buk!)  
But no adlibbin' nigga stick to the script  
Now all...I...need is a high-priced lawyer  
Cuz it's foul ways nowadays everybody saw you  
And they comin' to court too, I thought you knew  
Can't even steal on a nigga muhfuckas'll sue  
In this time and age, cuz real muhfuckas'll do  
When I'm surrounded by squeal muhfuckas like you  
But real niggas don't fret cuz the number one crew?  
R to the O to the C comin' true

#### CHORUS

Listen...  
The cream too long, my team too strong  
Bleek is too hot, Beans is gone

Ya'll niggas in the crosshair, the beams is on (see ya'll)  
Ya'll whole block deserted, ya'll fiends are gone (bye bye!)  
The whole Roc is jumpin', we reached our zenith  
Got fiends throwin' up on themself like Willy Beaman (\*giggle\*)  
Any given Sunday gunplay's optional  
However niggas want it like Soul II Soul (however do you waaaaant it)  
Whoever got hops get blocked go to the hole  
Dikembe Mutumbo of this rap shit  
Plus the jab is sick, and its Zab quick  
Left hand'll lean 'em like a little past six  
Now run along wit'cha little ass hits  
Read my rap sheet nigga, THREE CLASSICS  
Shut ya bumba' got A-Rod numbers  
All you muddaskunks get buried in the trunk  
When I blast the pump, I leave you relaxed  
In the hospital lookin' at M\*A\*S\*H for months  
Then I dumps dough on the D.A. desk  
And I flee scotch free and pee pee on the steps...  
We've got no respect  
No law or governin' why you fuckin' wit' him?  
Matta'fact, why you fuckin' wit' them?  
All ya'll need is the R-O-C baby

#### CHORUS

Listen...  
(All I need)  
Rocafella Records...  
Freeway...  
Oskino and Sparks...  
Chris & Neef  
(All I need)  
Mickey and Mallory...  
Broad Street Bully...  
M-Extra Money, ha...  
YOUNG!  
(All I need)  
H to the izzo...  
CLUE!  
Rell...  
Uh huh...yeah, yeah...  
(All I need)

#### [Jay-Z]

Motherfuckers -  
say that I'm foolish I only talk about jewels (bling bling)

Do you fools listen to music or do you just skim through it?  
See I'm influenced by the ghetto you ruined  
That same dude you gave nothin, I made somethin doin  
what I do through and through and  
I give you the news - with a twist it's just his ghetto point-of-view  
The renegade; you been afraid  
I penetrate pop culture, bring 'em a lot closer to the block where they  
pop toasters, and they live with they moms  
Got dropped roasters, from botched robberies niggaz crotched over  
Mommy's knocked up cause she wasn't watched over  
Knocked down by some clown when child support knocked  
No he's not around - now how that sound to ya, jot it down  
I bring it through the ghetto without ridin 'round  
hidin down duckin strays from frustrated youths stuck in they ways  
Just read a magazine that fucked up my day  
How you rate music that thugs with nothin relate to it?  
I help them see they way through it - not you  
Can't step in my pants, can't walk in my shoes  
Bet everything you worth; you lose your tie and your shirt

[Eminem]

Since I'm in a position to talk to these kids and they listen  
I ain't no politician but I'll kick it with 'em a minute  
Cause see they call me a menace; and if the shoe fits I'll wear it  
But if it don't, then y'all'll swallow the truth grin and bear it  
Now who's these king of these rude ludicrous lucrative lyrics  
Who could inherit the title, put the youth in hysterics  
Usin his music to steer it, sharin his views and his merits  
But there's a huge interference - they're sayin you shouldn't hear it  
Maybe it's hatred I spew, maybe it's food for the spirit  
Maybe it's beautiful music I made for you to just cherish  
But I'm debated disputed hated and viewed in America  
as a motherfuckin drug addict - like you didn't experiment?  
Now now, that's when you start to stare at who's in the mirror  
and see yourself as a kid again, and you get embarrassed  
And I got nothin to do but make you look stupid as parents  
You fuckin do-gooders - too bad you couldn't do good at marriage!  
(Ha ha!) And do you have any clue what I had to do to get here I don't  
think you do so stay tuned and keep your ears glued to the stereo  
Cause here we go - he's {\*Jigga joint Jigga-chk-Jigga\*}  
And I'm the sinister, Mr. Kiss-My-Ass it's just the

[Chorus: Eminem + Jay-Z]

[Em] RENEGADE! Never been afraid to say  
what's on my mind at, any given time of day  
Cause I'm a RENEGADE! Never been afraid to talk

about anything (ANYTHING) anything (ANYTHING), RENEGADE!

[Jay] Never been afraid to say  
what's on my mind at, any given time of day  
Cause I'm a {RENEGADE} Never been afraid to holler  
about anything {anything?} Anything {ANYTHING!}

[Jay-Z]

I had to hustle, my back to the wall, ashy knuckles  
Pockets filled with a lot of lint, not a cent  
Gotta vent, lot of innocent of lives lost on the project bench  
Whatchu hollerin? Gotta pay rent, bring dollars in  
By the bodega, iron under my coat, feelin braver  
Doo-rag wrappin my waves up, pockets full of hope  
Do not step to me - I'm awkward, I box leftier often  
My pops left me an orphan, my momma wasn't home  
Could not stress to me I wasn't grown; 'specially on nights  
I brought somethin home to quiet the stomach rumblings  
My demeanor - thirty years my senior  
My childhood didn't mean much, only raisin green up  
Raisin my fingers to critics; raisin my head to the sky  
Big I did it - multi before I die (nigga)  
No lie, just know I chose my own fate  
I drove by the fork in the road and went straight

[Eminem]

See I'm a poet to some, a regular modern day Shakespeare  
Jesus Christ the King of these Latter Day Saints here  
To shatter the picture in which of that as they paint me  
as a monger of hate and Satan a scatter-brained atheist  
But that ain't the case, see it's a matter of taste  
We as a people decide if Shady's as bad as they say he is  
Or is he the latter - a gateway to escape?  
Media scapegoat, who they can be mad at today  
See it's easy as cake, simple as whistlin Dixie  
while I'm wavin the pistol at sixty Christians against me  
Go to war with the Mormons, take a bath with the Catholics  
in holy water - no wonder they try to hold me under longer  
I'm a motherfuckin spiteful, DELIGHTFUL eyeful  
The new Ice Cube - motherfuckers HATE to like you  
What did I do? (huh?) I'm just a kid from the gutter  
makin this butter off these bloodsuckers, cause I'm a muh'fuckin

[Chorus] - repeat 2XRenegade:

**Blueprint (Momma Loves Me):**

Yeah, yeah..

Uhh, right, right, right  
Right, right, right, right

Uhh uhh uhh, feel me now, listen  
Momma loved me, pop left me  
Mickey fed me, Annie dressed me  
Eric fought me, made me tougher  
Love you for that my nigga no matter what brah  
Marcy raised me; and whether right or wrong  
Streets gave me all I write in the song  
Hootie babysitted, changed my diapers  
Gil introduced me to the game that changed my life up  
East Trenton grew me, had me skippin school  
Valencia's boyfriend Vovo had me makin moves  
Momma raised me, pop I miss you  
God help me forgive him I got some issues  
Mickey cleaned my ears, Annie shampooed my hair  
Eric was fly - shit, I used to steal his gear  
I was the baby boy, I could do no wrong  
Yeah it's goin past fast - let's move along  
Kitchen table - that's where I honed my skills  
Jaz made me believe the shit was real  
Labels turned me down, couldn't foresee  
Clark sought me out, Dame believed  
Primo laced me, Ski did too  
"Reasonable Doubt" - classic, shoulda went triple  
Momma loved me, pop left me  
Grandma dressed me, plus she fed me  
banana puddin, what's in the hood then  
Puffin on L's, drinkin pink champelle  
Ty rolled with a nigga, V.A. spot  
Tone, Mike 'Zo and them niggaz, V.A.'s locked  
Biggs fucked with a nigga, whassup Hoff?  
B-High hated the fact I put rap to the back  
Money pourin in, clientele growin now  
Birth of my first nephew, time to slow it down  
October 21st, Lavelle came to the world  
Followed by three more boys and then a baby girl  
Momma loved me, T.T. Uncle Jay  
loves you to death won't let no trouble come your way  
Oh, can't forget my man down in Maryland  
He's gone 'til November, how can I not remember?  
Tell your moms I'm there for her and Tiembra  
And your son too - there's nothin I won't do  
Unless you was me, how could you judge me?  
I was brought up in pain, y'all can't touch me

Police pursued me, chased cuffed and subdued me  
Talked to me rudely; cause I'm young rich and I'm black  
and live in a movie, not livin by rules  
New rap patrollin the city, follow my crews  
Bleek you're still with me - nigga what did I say?  
The time is comin; you one hit away  
Beans I ain't tryin to change you - just give you some game  
to make the transition, from the street to the fame  
My momma loves me..

**Breathe Easy (Lyrical Exercise):**

(talking)

So I had to memorize these rhymes until I got home  
Ya understand? Once you memorize a sentence  
It's like an exercise (echoes)

\*heavy breathing\*

(talking)

Ya niggas can't be serious right now  
I'm the all time heavy weight champion of flowers  
I'm leading the league in at least six statistical categories right now  
Best flow, Most consistent, Realest stories  
Most charisma, I set the most trends  
And my interviews are hotter  
Holla

I jog in the graveyard  
Spar in the same ring  
Now it's house by the building  
Where Malcolm X was slain  
I spring train in the winter  
Round early December  
Run suicide drills over and over  
With the weight of the world on my shoulder  
That's why they call me "Hova"  
I'm far from being God  
But I work goddamn hard  
I wake up the birds who in the nerves is sleep  
I'm catching my second wind the second the first one end  
I am "focused man"  
And I'm not afraid of death  
And I'm going all out  
I circle the vultures in a van and  
I run the block (run)

Pull up in a drop (pull up)  
Push up on my money (push up)  
I'm in great shape dunny  
I keep jacks jumping thirty six sets  
Like a personal trainer I teach coke to stretch  
I pump and rock sweats  
All white trainers  
The ghettos, Billy Blanks  
I show you niggas what pain is  
Maintain your stamina  
Hov will damage ya  
Spot you two rhymes y'all niggas is amateurs  
The fifth  
A dead lift if  
Niggas don't want to get shot then y'all niggas better squat  
I drop your set for rep  
No need to hit the showers  
The spit from the fifth leave you wet  
Lyrical exercise  
(hard breathing)  
Y'all niggas ain't tired right?

(Chorus 4X)

One, One  
Two, Two  
Three, Three  
Four, Breathe Easy

Suckers  
Get your weight up  
Not your hate up  
Jigga man is diesel  
When I lift the eight up  
Y'all ain't ready to workout with the boy  
Your flow is brain on drugs  
Mines is rap on steroids  
I lift every voice when I sing  
My ability  
Make yours look like an exercise in futility  
Bring your squad  
Biceps, Triceps, and Quads  
We don't struggle with undeveloped muscles  
Y'all ain't real  
That's y'all Achilles Heel  
Same routine when you see me you know the drill  
I spot ya

I lift the weight of the watch off your arm  
Remain nice and calm  
Put down your things  
Trinidad of the game know my way around your ring  
No matter how many pounds you bring  
It sounds like the same old thing  
R-O-C is the strongest team

(Chorus 4X)

**Girls, Girls, Girls (Remix):**

"I'm not a one girl's guy... [real talk for ya, peep game]  
And they know it, when it comes to love I don't lie [we don't lie man]  
and the girls respect me for it [you gotta respect that]  
Ain't gonna say my nose can't be open [I may never say never]  
But right now it's just too many fine ladies out there  
to choose one from [too many ladies, ha]  
I'm tryin' girls out, just tryin' girls out

HOOK: I love girls, girls, girls, girls, girls I do adore  
Yo put your number on this paper cuz I would love to date ya  
Holla at ya when I come off tour

[Verse 1]

Whoo! Who you lovin, who you wanna be huggin, heh  
who you wit, who you wanna be fuckin  
got this smarty art chick to whom I pose this question  
I read a couple books to add to her soul's progression  
to put this in laymen's term, I gave her some knowledge  
she gave me, brains in return, she had to drop out of college  
knowin she does this homework, I give her in house tutoring  
in and out I'm movin through her student body union and  
she, call me professor, say daddy come and test her  
so she could fail on purpose and repeat the semester  
I'm like, at this rate ma you never graduate  
she said, I aint no fool I make it up in summer school

HOOK:

I love girls, girls, girls, girls, girls, I do adore  
Yo put your number on this paper cuz I would love to date ya  
Holla at ya when I come off tour  
Now let the people sing  
I'm tryin girls out, [just tryin girls out] just tryin girls out  
Yo put your number on this paper cuz I would love to date ya  
Holla at ya when I come off tour

[Verse 2]

Heh, who you lovin, who you wanna be fuckin  
who said what, why you trippin girl, why's you fussin?  
got this model slash actress slash part time waitress  
spend a whole day she hangin round with part time haters  
all they do is diss dirt and put a up on my latest  
itinerary, but since I tend to vary see  
I tend to carry, more rumors than ten Mariah Careys  
tend to hurries in ten places at once  
plus she can't front just peep how I run mines  
ma, our time together is our time together, and uh  
our time apart is our time apart  
so love Jay with your mind girl and not your heart  
and some day I slow down, but for now I get around  
like the late Makiavelli or Perelli twenty inches  
or caine and O-dog, stick up tape from menace  
you tell 'em chicks if they must know my buisness

HOOK:

I'm tryin girls out, just tryin girls out  
put your number on this paper cuz I would love to date ya  
holla at ya when I get off tour  
I'm tryin girls, girls, girls, girls, girls I do adore  
yo put your number on this paper cuz I would love to date ya  
holla at ya when I come off tour

[Verse 3]

I'm lookin for, southern girl that cook like Patti LaBelle  
big ghetto booty, scarf over doobie  
Chanell under the louie, Gucci over booty  
Vicki covered titties, attitude of the city  
pretty, witty, girly, whirly  
one who likes to party but come home early  
light kinda dark, short sorta tall  
slim, kinda thick I swear I love 'em all  
she can cook the coke and got hook up on the license  
but she can get you first class seats for coach prices  
isn't this great, my flight leaves at eight  
her flight lands at nine, my game just rewinds

HOOK:

I'm tryin girls out, just tryin girls out  
put your number on this paper cuz I would love to date ya  
holla at ya when I get off tour  
I'm tryin girls, girls, girls, girls, girls I do adore  
yo put your number on this paper cuz I would love to date ya

holla at ya when I come off tour

"I'm not a one girl's guy, and they know it  
when it comes to love, I don't lie, and the girls respect me for it  
aint gona say my nose? can't be over,  
but right now it's just too many fine ladies out there to choose one from  
I'm tryin girls out, waiting patiently,  
just tryin girls out, until I find the one for me"