

Kingdom Come

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The Prelude

[Intro: snippets of Eddie in "Super Fly"]

You know, you've got this.. fantasy in yo' head about
gettin outta the life and, settin the corporate world on its ear
What the FUCK you gonna do except hustle?
Besides pimpin... and you really ain't got the stomach for that

[Jay-Z]

The game's fucked up
Nigga's beats is bangin, nigga your hooks did it
Your lyrics didn't, your gangster look did it
So I would write it if y'all could get it
Bein intricate'll get you wood, critic
On the internet, they like you should spit it
I'm like you should buy it, nigga that's good business
Hehe, forget this rap shit I need a new hustle
A little bit of everything, the new improved Russell
I say that reluctantly cause I do struggle
As you see I can't leave so I do love you
But I'm just a hustler disguised as a rapper
In fact you can't fit this hustle inside of a wrapper
Back when crack was
What these pills are, I was a real star
Complete with real, cars, no video ones
You can come and set up a camera, let the video run

And my real life, complete with real, ice
VVS boulders oh they're visibly set
Head and shoulders, my invisible neck
You see Hova, wasn't digital yet
Befo' Steve Jobs, made the iPod
Was gettin head, jobs, we call that intimate
Back when rappers wouldn't dare play lyrical roulette
With a automatic weapon I was reppin with a tec
+Fresh+ like +Mannie+ be, chain like anti-freeze
Shoebox full of cash, dealer man hand me ki's
Pantries full of Arm & Hammer, don't take Nancy Drew to see
what it do, I'm a damn G
Just sent a million dollars through a hands free
That's big money talk, can you answer me?
Before the answer was a 3
I was down in Georgetown with a Hoya chick, lawyer chick
Sure he's rich now cause he saw the shit, all this shit
That's why they call him Hov', cause he came before all this shit
Bought a 6, quarter seven, skipped on them quarter eights
Bought a 9 for non-stop glock work all the time
Woo! Guess who's back?
Since this is a new era, got a fresh new hat
Ten year veteran, I've been set
I've been through with this bullshit game but I never quit
I used to think rappin at 38 was ill
But last year alone I grossed 38 mill'
I know I ain't quite 38 but still
The flow so +Special+ got a +38+ feel
The real is back, hehehehe

Oh My God

You are tuned in
To the greatest
Young H-O-V
Let's go get em again Just
Oh my God

Pops sped off, left mom with a bundle of
Joy, ya boy smacked dab in the jungle
Took tunnel vision, but he would soon become a mogul
But first he brought that crack back like a yo-yo
Don't play with my yo-yo, loco niggas in the hood
First niggas hating on me, it's all good
I'm buying things like my shit don't stink, Gucci links in Gucci goose's
Watching too many movies, bulletproof this

Had some nerve, like pulling tooth'ses
When your 16, coming through roofless
Yea your boy "ruthless", like Ice Cube was
Turn the whole city on, I'm the new blood
So if this is your first time hearing this
You're about to experience someone so cold
A journey seldom seen, the American dream
From the bottom to the top of the globe they call me Hov

[Chorus]

They gunning for me, wanna see me fall
You know my story, I've been through it all
Night's I've felt like dying, but I ain't crying
What didn't kill me, made me strong as iron
Iron, iron (Oh my God, Hov)

Now I'm knee deep in the concrete
Like a street's made a quicksand, it's beyond deep
I got a "chemical romance", two left feet
So now I dance with the devil, please G-O-D
Save me from the "black parade", release me
My life like Grant Theft Auto, PSP
I'm in that Volvo, puffing on that la-la
Ducking from the po-po, everytime I drive by
Say hi to the bad guy, all my momma's friends was like
"Mmm, mmm, mmm" would you just look at him
So sorry dear momma for your embarrassment
But give me a couple years and pray I'll never sin again
Got all these rival dealers trying to do me in
And all these little rappers don't know how prepared for them I am (I am)
I'm feelin like the world's against me Lord
Call me crazy, but strangely I love the odds

[Chorus]

Now these baby ballers, toy rappers/toy wrappers
Callin out my name to bring the boy backwards
Shooting air-balls at the basket
What you call money, I pay more in taxes
I got crowned king down in Africa
Out in Niger, do you have any idea
Sold out shows out in Seoul, Korea
Jo'burg, Dublin, Tanzania
Lunch with Mandella, dinner with Cavalli
Still got time to give water out to everybody
Everybody, fall back

Y'all rapping, I'm reenacting
CNN, you see it's accurate
ESPN, see me in action
Monday night's, when the half ends
When you 10 years in, holla back then

[Chrous]

(Good Lord, good Lord, good Lord
Good Lord, I said I feeeeeeeeeel like I'm dyiiiiiiiiing)

Kingdom Come

[Intro] (Sample courtesy of "Superfreak" by Rick James)
I don't know what life will be in H.I.P. H.O.P.
Without the boy H.O.V. (I will be, I will be)
Not only N.Y.C. I'm hip hop's savior (Yeah)
So after this flow you might owe me a favor (Yeah)
When kingdom come, you ready? (I will be)
When kingdom come, I'm ready (I will be)
When kingdom come (Yeah, yeah) I'm ready
(Hey! Hey! Hey Hey Hey!!!)

[Verse 1: Jay-Z]
Now everywhere I go they like HOV you back
Up out the corner office out the coldasack
Where's Iceberg Slim he was the coldest cat
Get your swag back daddy where your focus at
Got to admit a little bit I was sick of rap
But despite that the boy is back
And I'm so evolved I'm so involved
I'm showing growth, I'm so in charge
I'm C.E.O. and yeah going god
I'm so indebted, I should have been deaded
Sellin blow in the park, this I know in my heart
Now I'm so enlightened I might glow in the dark
I been up in the office you might know him as Clark
But, just when you thought the whole world fell apart
I - take off the blazer losen up the tie
Step inside the booth Superman is alive

[Chorus: Jay-Z] (Sample courtesy of "Superfreak" by Rick James)
(I will be) The King Of New York (I will be) New York
Not only N.Y.C. I'm hip hop's savior (Yeah)
So after this flow you might owe me a favor (Yeah)
When kingdom come, you ready? (I will be)

When kingdom come, uh huh (I will be)
Not only N.Y.C. I'm hip hop's savior (Yeah, yeah)
So after this flow you might owe me a favor
(Hey! Hey! Hey Hey Hey!!!)

[Verse 2: Jay-Z]

I hear "hurry up Hov" when I'm out in the public
Cause niggas like it, you love it; We be it, you're of it
You breathe it, we need it; bring it back to the hustlas
Had to dust off the Hammer, dance - can't touch this
C'mon playboys, bring the cars back out
Cause ya boy Hov is back, you know them broads comin out
Got 'em dancing on the bankhead, like they from Bankhead
Fuck Cristal, so they ask me what we drinking
I thought dudes remark was rude okay
So I moved on to Dom Cuvée Rose
And it's much bigger issues in the world, I know
But I first had to take care of the world I know
I'm from the bottom, so I still feel em from the bottom
Underdog before my cape, still couldn't stop him
Flash Gordon when recording, spark the light in the dark
Peter Park, Spiderman, all I do is climb the charts

[Chorus: Jay-Z] (Sample courtesy of "Superfreak" by Rick James)

(I will be) The King Of New York (I will be) New York
Not only N.Y.C. I'm hip hop's savior (Yeah)
So after this flow you might owe me a favor (Yeah)
When kingdom come, you ready? (I will be)
When kingdom come, uh huh (I will be)
Not only N.Y.C. I'm hip hop's savior (Yeah, yeah)
So after this flow you might owe me a favor
(Hey! Hey! Hey Hey Hey!!!)

[Verse 3: Jay-Z]

Just when they thought it was all over
I put the whole world on my back and broad shoulders
The War-Hova, but who you know took over tracks like that
Guess what New York, New York - we back
And I ain't never been afraid of a drought
Since I was six, seventeen been gettin money down south
Bout it, bout it, Master P
Ask the nigga Pimp C, ask my homey Bun B
I run the streets the streets don't run we
Y'all run, we chill still waters run deep
I repeat, sing a long with me
I run the streets the streets don't run we

Ladies sayin where you been Superman?
When niggas spendin ten million in media on my hands
The Bruce Wayne of the game have no fear
When you need me just throw your ROC signs in the air, yeah!

[Chorus: Jay-Z] (Sample courtesy of "Superfreak" by Rick James)
(I will be) The King Of New York (I will be) New York
Not only N.Y.C. I'm hip hop's savior (Yeah)
So after this flow you might owe me a favor (Yeah)
When kingdom come, you ready? (I will be)
When kingdom come, uh huh (I will be)
Not only N.Y.C. I'm hip hop's savior (Yeah, yeah)
So after this flow you might owe me a favor
(Hey! Hey! Hey Hey Hey!!!)

Show Me What You Got

[Intro]
This is State Of Emergency
What you want me to do? Im sorry!
I'm back..hehehe
UH, huh uh, lets go get 'em Just

[Chorus]
HEY HEY HEY HEY HEY HEY
Show me what you got, lil mama
Show me what you got, pretty lady
Show me what you got, shorty
Show me what you got, baby
Hands up and.. waves, waves, waves, waves

[Verse 1]
Give the drummer some
I already gave the summer some
It's the winter's turn
Hovie Hov is the coldest, I'm just getting better with time
I'm like Opus One
Young, no two alike like a snowflake
OK! Show me what you got baby
Words is slurring engine purring
Mami frontin but I'm so determined
Shots of Patron, now she's in the zone
I ain't talking about the two-trhee
Mami in the zone like the homie 2-3
Jordan or James, makes no difference
Boo I'm ballin the same

I am the Mike Jordan of recording
You might want to fallback from recording
But you right it's not important
So it forced him to go for the hype
For being brave and may applaud him
Well misery I will assure them
Oh baby just ignore them
Truth or dare mami listen and learn
I got a drop I just took off the top, it's your turn

[Chorus 2X]

[Verse 2]

H.O.V.A., gold bottles of that ace of spade
Why even fool with these other guys, they all stingy
All these dudes know how to say is gimme
Gimme some ass, gimme some brain
Gimme your number, gimme your name
But if I get one night baby girl I swear
I'll make you tell these other dudes gimme got you here
I'll take you shopping, take long trips
I'll take the cork off, you can take sips
I'll take you there, take my time
Take you clothes off, I'll take off mine
Ma, show me what you got
Hovie in the spot tried to told you I was hot
Tell these other dudes it's a wrap
Get the fuck out the throne you clone, the King's back!
Y'all got less than 2 months to get y'all thing together
Good luck!

[Chorus 2X]

Ladies and gentlemen the most incredible!
H-O, uh huh
H-O, uh huh
Is back!
Justin Blaze
You Blaze that
Roc-A-Fella Records
Dynasty continues, y'all die
Uh Huh, peace!

Lost One

Artist: Jay-Z f/ Marsha

Album: Kingdom Come
Song: Lost One
Typed by: the_rence@hotmail.com

Uh, uh, uh, uh
It's not a diss song, it's just a real song
Feel me?

I heard motherfuckers saying they made Hov
Made Hov say, "Ok so, make another Hov"
Niggaz wasn't playing they day role
So we parted ways like Ben and J-Lo
I shoulda been did it but I been in a daze though
I put friends over business end of the day though
But when friends, business interests they go
Ain't nothing left to say though
I guess we forgot what we came fo'
Shoulda stayed in food and beverage
Too much flossing
Too much Sam Rothstein
I ain't a bitch but I gotta divorce them
Hov have to get the shallow shit up off him
And I ain't even want to be famous
Niggaz is brainless to unnecessarily go through these changes
And I ain't even know how it came to this
Except that fame is
The worst drug known to man
It's stronger than, heroin
When you could look in the mirror like, "There I am"
And still not see, what you've become
I know I'm guilty of it too but, not like them
You lost one

(Chorus w/ Marsha) [Jay-Z]
Lose one, let go to get one
Left one, lose some to win some [You lost one]
Sorry I'm a champion, sorry I'm a champion
You lost one

I don't think it's meant to be, be
But she loves her work more than she does me
And honestly, at twenty-three
I would probably love my work more than I did she
So, we, ain't we
It's me, and her
'Cause what she prefers over me, is work

And that's, where we, differ
So I have to give her
Free, time, even if it hurts
So breathe, mami, it's deserved
You've been put on this earth to be
All you can be, like the reserves
And me? My time in the army, it's served
So I have to allow she, her, time to serve
The time's now for her
In time she'll mature
And maybe we, can be, we, again like we were
Finally, my time's too short to share
And to ask her now, it ain't fair
So yeah, she lost one

Lose one, let go to get one
Left one, lose some to win some [Oh yeah, she lost one]
Sorry I'm a champion, sorry I'm a champion
You lost one

My nephew died in the car I bought
So under the belief it's partly my fault
Close my eyes and squeeze, try to block that thought
Place any burden on me, but please, not that lord
But time don't go back, it goes forward
Can't run from the pain, go towards it
Some things can't be explained, what caused it?
Such a beautiful soul, so pure, shit!
Gonna see you again, I'm sure of it
'Til that time, little man I'm nauseous
Your girlfriend's pregnant, the lord's gift
Almost lost my faith, that restored it
It's like having your life restarted
Can't wait for your child's life, to be a part of it
So now I'm child-like, waiting for a gift
To return, when I lost you, I lost it

Lose one, let go to get one
Left one, lose some to win some [Colleek, I lost one]
Sorry I'm a champion, Colleek, you're a champion
You lost one

Do U Wanna Ride

Artist: Jay-Z f/ John Legend
Album: Kingdom Come

Song: Do U Wanna Ride
Typed by: OHHLA Webmaster DJ Flash

[Intro]

This is the operator with a collect call from "Emory Jones"
To accept the charges, press one now

[Jay-Z]

Uhh, woo!
Emory whattup?
Told you I ain't too good with writin letters and all
Shit I don't even write rhymes
But what I will do
I'ma send you this opus scribed through the airwaves
Vibe with me

[Chorus: John Legend]

I knowwww.. I knowwww
Some places we can go, some places we can go
I knowwww.. I knowwww!
Some places we can go, some places we can go
Do you wanna riiiiide... with me
Do you wanna RIIIIIDE... with me

[Jay-Z - over Chorus]

Uh-huh, uh-huh
Yeah nigga I bet we was kids and had dreams of bein here
I said "we" cause I'm here, you here!
Uhh
Yeah, ride with me, your spot is reserved family
Cigarette boats, yachts, ain't nowhere we can't go
We in South Beach and the Hamptons too baby!

[Jay-Z]

You know why they call The Projects a project, because it's a project!
An experiment, we're in it, only as objects
And the object for us to explore our prospects
And sidestep cops on the way to the top - yes!
As kids we would daydream, sittin on our steps
Pointin at cars like yeah that's our six
Hustlers, prophets, made our eyes stretch
So on some +Dr. Spock+ shit, we +star+ted our +trek+
Some of us made it, most of us digressed
In the name of those who ain't made it my progress
Show success please live through me
See I'm the eyes for Emory, keep him alive

(This is a collect call) So everytime I press five
All he wanna hear is his boy talk fly
Up in the fed, and still holdin his head
So when he hits the streets he gon' eat through this bread
Now let's ride

[Chorus]

[Jay-Z - over Chorus]

Uh-huh, geah
I'm crushin 'em all for Jones
MTV, BET, the Grammys, crushed linen, purple label
All that fly shit we talked about
Give him some nice pinky rings with the blue diamonds and e'rything
Hehehe, that's what we talked about right?
Uh-huh... tried to told you, ride with me

[Jay-Z]

International Hov', I told you so
Forty 40's out in Tokyo
Singapore, all this from singin songs
Comin up though we thought slingin raw
was the end all be all of bein rich didn't we
Little did I know my mo' potent delivery
would deliver me, kingpin of the inkpen
Monster of the double entendre, Coke is still my sponsor
Heh, the Cola, yeah
Hova still gettin it in with soda
Diet, no sir, I ain't lose no weight
Started from the crates now I'm sittin on a whole case
Since they got you sittin on that old case
Our dreams is on hold like Tivo
So I can't wait 'til you get your date
I got some temp plates outside of the gate
We gon' ride

[Chorus]

[Jay-Z - over Chorus]

Uh-huh, uh-huh
Geah
Don't even worry about it though, you ain't missed nuttin
It only gets better, they got the Maybach Coupe now
Look like the Batmobile, the Phantom the top just comes off that joint
It only gets better
They caught your body they can't trap your mind

Keep your spirit alive read your books
Matter of fact, let me take you somewhere
Vibe with me, c'mon

[Jay-Z]

Now me and my lil' mama, Kita and Tata
Juan and Dez out in San Tropez
Jay round in Gabana, sneakin marijuana
You know that Mary J. give you +No More Drama+
Lost a couple friends this whole shit got weird
But when you get home you know your spot's reserved, ya heard?
I put my niggaz on, my niggaz put they niggaz on
Now we all somewhere foreign, chillin sippin somethin
I ain't forget you cousin, hehe
Yeah nigga y'all can wear sneakers on the beach if you want to
Y'all nigga come and c'mon, playin money marathon
My young'n is LeBron, you know what that makes me baby
Big Homey! Hehe, Emory what's up?

[Chorus] - starts over last few lines of above

[Jay - over Chorus]

Wan' ride with us? You're more than welcome
We ain't on no bullshit, uhh
Put your feet up
Big Tye I see you boy
Guru, I don't usually do this but
Roll me up somethin man
Let me get mellow on this shit right here
Uh-huh, yeah
Uh-huh, white paper though nigga
Can't even fuck with those blunts
White paper baby, old school nigga gimme a joint
Smooth it out, Young H.O.
Henry Jones
Word to my momma we livin!

30 Something

Artist: Jay-Z

Album: Kingdom Come

Song: 30 Something

Typed by: gouveiar@dickinson.edu

You aint got enough stamps in ya passport to fuck with Young H-O
(Heh-Heh-Heh)

International . . . (uhh)
Show young boys how to do this thing
The maturation of Jay-Z-Z (heh)
Check me out . .

30's the new 20 nigga I'm so HOT STILL (Uhh)
Better broad, better automobile (Uhh)
Bet a yard (Naw) Bet a hundred mil
Then by the songs end I'll probably start another trend
I know everything you wann' do
I did all that by the age of twenty-one
By twenty-two, I had that brand new Ac' coupe
I guess you could say that my legend just begun, I'm
Young enough to know the right car to buy
Yet grown enough not to put rims on it
I got that six-deuce with curtains, so you can't see me
And I didn't even have to put tints on it
I don't got the bright watch, I got the right watch
I don't buy out the bar, I bought the nightspot
I got the right stock, I- got
Stockbrokers that's movin' it like white tops
I know you like fuck! this is child abuse
Call DYFS, I might just be gettin' nicer
You young boys ain't ready for real
30's the new 20 nigga, I'm so HOT STILL

[Chorus I]

I used to let my pants sag, not givin' a fuck
Baby boy now I'm all grown up
I used to cruise the used car lot, put chrome on the truck
Baby boy now I'm all grown up
I used to play the block like dat (like dat)
I used to carry knots like dat (like dat)
Now I got Black cards, good credit and such
Baby boy 'cause I'm all grown up

30's the new 20 nigga, I'm on fire still
These young boys is like fire drills (Uhh)
False alarms (Uhh), the next don (Naw)
He ain't got it (Uhh), on to the next one (Young)
Still here (Yeah), still here like Mike
Gotta stop playin' with these children (Chea)
I'm a bully with the bucks (boots)
Don't let the patent leather shoes fool you young'n
I got the fully in the tux

That was my past, now I'm so grown up
I don't got one gun on me
Gotta a sum army to hire a gun army, get ya spun like laundry
And I'll be somewhere under palm trees, calmly, listenin' to R&B
When we get the call he's, no longer with us, fire ya babysitters
You little fucks fall back fa' real
30's the new 20 nigga, I'm so hot still

[Chorus II]

I used to let my pants sag, not givin' a fuck
Baby boy, now I'm all grown up
I used to cruise the used car lot, put chrome on the truck
Baby boy, now I'm all grown up
I used to wear my hoodie like dat (like dat)
Pile deep in a hooptie like dat (like dat)
Now I got Black cards, good credit and such
Baby boy 'cause I'm all grown up

(Heh-Heh-Heh)

Y'all roll blunts, I smoke Cubans all day
Y'all youngin's chase, I'm Patron'n it straight
I like South Beach, but I'm in San Tropez
Y'all drink Dom, but not Rosé (hey)
Ya chick shop at the mall
My chick burnin' down Bergdorf's
Comin' back with Birkin bags
Ya chick is like, "What type of purse is that?"
I'm from the era where niggaz don't snitch
You from the era where snitchin' is the shit
I'm afraid of the future (why?)
Y'all respect the one who got shot, I respect the shooter
Y'all go to parties to ice grill
I go to parties to party with nice girls
Young boys gotta chill
30's the new 20 nigga, I'm so hot still

[Chorus III]

I used to let my pants sag, not givin' a fuck
Baby boy, now I'm all grown up
I used to cruise the used car lot, put crome on the truck
Baby boy, now I'm all grown up
Ya, we used to ball like dat (like dat)
Now we own the ball team, holla back (holla back)
Now I got Black cards, good credit and such
Baby boy 'cause I'm all grown up

I Made It

Artist: Jay-Z

Album: Kingdom Come

Song: I Made It

Typed by: garenbingham104@hotmail.com *

* send corrections to the typist

I told you Ms. Carter... here we are

(Mama I made it)

You know how I do it like the doc do it I fly through it

That's how I operate (Mama I made it)

Ghetto like the grease when you getting ya hairbraided

Sweeter than ya Sister kool-aid is

Hooray!! It's the underdog now my feet

On the desk I'm the Presidential favorite

Can't believe I got away with

My earliest stages to being on stages

Having my way with the world Congratulations !!

Your baby boy's a made man I'm a hold the fam down like three generations

I'm talking when spaceships are around and ya great-great grands

Reminiscing bout the foundation you gave em

For repairing my relationship with my pops before he passed

All I ask is you raise your glass in this celebration

Toast to the most beautiful girl in the world

My inspiration thanks for the information

[Chorus]

Mama I made it... Mama I made it

Out in BK where

It aint everyday that you make it out

Be on top of yachts waving

I remember you saving for the light bill paid the rent with the light bill

Now our crib dark as a basement

Had to lock up the phone when you wasn't home

We was communicating like the money you made wasn't basic

Our cable was basic no HBO WHT just Ralph Mcdames on the station

I aggravated you for Atari and Colico vision pin stripe Lee's

When the first day of school came in

I was ok with not having everything

long as Saturdays you had the commodores playing

The expression on your face was priceless

Still with me till this day baby girl I won't erase it
I go to my grave with the memory of the sacrifice you made
You deserve a standing ovation

[Chorus]

Now your lil ms. Fit make sure everyday is Christmas write out your wish list
6's wrist is glistening you don't even like jewels
But you could get missing anyway you like to
Where the waters light blue anything you order
Sign it to your nice room leave a extra tip ma be extra nice to em
Ceo of carter foundation Wow!!!
I know pop looking down I know Carlique somewhere up in the clouds like
Go get em grandma make me proud
Didn't have a man in the house so you made one
So I act like your husband and I'm only your son
I told you one day I'd get you a home
I didn't know it could possibly be in Rome
Told me don't wait on nobody get your own
So with me myself and my microphone I made it

[Chorus]

Anything

Artist: Jay-Z f/ Pharrell Williams, Usher

Album: Kingdom Come

Song: Anything

Typed by: wilkinsmorillo@yahoo.com *

* send corrections to the typist

[Verse One]

Ooh you so nasty
Amateur pole dancing
Come and get this cash from me
They call me rain man
She tried to rain dance
Money so long it will drown you girl
Buried under so much stacks
They had to pull back about 50 thou
Before they found ya girl
I brought book bags of that bankroll
I'm a D boy baby they know
I'm an original D boy
They go bankrupt if they try to keep up

No roof in my car but I got mirrors on the ceiling
I'll spread bread on the bed
Ever had sex on a million
Tell me

[Chorus]

Anything you want girl
I'll bet you never seen it like this
Just stay up on that floor girl
And I'll grant all your wishes
You know, you know, you know
You know, you know, you know
You hot
Especially when you bounce, bounce
I really like it when you bounce, bounce

[Verse Two]

Red light, TLC
Through the left eye
My POV
On the eye chat
How's that for computer love
She rolled her eyes back
I'm like ooh you're so nasty
You turned my Maybach back seat
Into the Hotel De'Paris
I ain't gotta go
Down to the go go
You got a private show that's like magic city
I got stacks of fifties
I got piles of hundreds
That's role play
Act like you want it
You know you know you hot like fire
You throw that body
I'll throw them dollars
But not them 1's and not no 5's
Have you ever seen a Grover Cleveland
That's a thousand dollars

[Chorus]

[Verse Three]

Girl
You know
You hot like fire

As I blow some dough
You might retire
Take it slow like Ne-Yo
When shots was fired
In the Matrix have patience
Got lots of bottles
Rock-a-bye baby JAY-Z got notes like Mariah
Got no 1's got no 5's
My D notes are higher
I'm a D boy, they decoys
They money is lighter
Like Nicole Richie
Come with me
They on the diet baby

[Chorus]

Hollywood

Artist: Jay-Z f/ Beyoncé
Album: Kingdom Come
Song: Hollywood
Typed by: Iceberry_1@hotmail.com

[Intro: Jay-Z] + (Beyoncé)
IT AIN'T FOR EVERYBODY!
(Uhhhh) Welcome to Hollywood baby
(Take a picture) Uh huh
You coming with? (Let's not even talk about it)
Let's do it (Let's Go!)

[Bridge 1: Beyoncé] + (Jay-Z)
(Uh huh) I see your jealousy as you watching
(I see you watching me baby) You watching (It's all good)
It's kinda sexy to me how you watching (I love it) You watching
(Uh huh come on)
I see your face (I see your face)
You wanna touch it (You wanna touch it)
Come to my place (Come to the crib)
And let's discuss it (Let's chop it up)
Tonight you'll be (Tonight you gon' be a superstar baby)
a superstar
come let me sign you up
(let's get into it)

[Chorus: Beyoncé] + (Jay-Z)

Ooh it's the lights (You blinded by the)
Action! (You need that)
Hollywood
Ooh it's the lights (You blinded by the)
Satisfaction! (You need that)
Hollywood
(Uh huh come on)

[Verse 1: Jay-Z]

Paparazzi spots me
In the lobby
Of my high-rise
I hide
Behind my shades
Cause the fame is blinding my eyes
My god
I know how Ozzie Oz
Once had felt when he was as high
As I have got
I have got
To make this stop
People often warn me
That the fame ain't for the vain if heart
It'll change those
Who they had love for you
Into strangers
When your fame starts
It's a chain reaction
Locomotion like when the train departs
Stranger
Things have happened
Rapping
Stacking
Platinum plaquin'
Born in Brooklyn got a place in Manhattan
Going back to Brooklyn
To escape the madness
When your friends is
Chris and Gwyneth
When your girl is more famous
Then you then is
Time to get all your windows tinted
Keep your eyes squinted
It's gon' flash any minute
The music biz is like musical chairs
Its about where you standing when the music stop spinning

In a

[Chorus]

[Beyoncé Verse] + (Jay-Z)

You got to get it

oh oh oh oh

oh oh oh

Do you want it

oh oh oh oh

oh oh oh

But you don't need it

oh oh oh oh

oh oh oh

What do you do (now that you got what you want)

oh oh oh

What do you do (oh you want more?)

oh oh oh

Hey

[Verse 2: Jay-Z]

Hey mista

Pay sixa

A lista

You're in the mist of

The ride of your life

But you gotta keep them hits up

Can't put your guard down

Gotta keep your mitts up

Take a sip sir

It's so in toxicating

ain't it

Try not pick you jaded

Hollywood's been good to ya

Startin' feel like birds to ya

Don't lie

Gon' fly

You addicted to the lights

Without the fame

How you gon survive

It's like livin on

Heroin

You so high

[Bridge 2: Beyoncé] + (Jay-Z)

And everybody warning you about it (Try to told you)

And once you taste you can't live without it (It's addictive)
Not cause you choose to not live without it (Sure you want this baby)
It's now a part of you (It's a part of you)
It's now a part of you
And everybody warning you about it (I see you blinded)
And once you taste you can't live
{Chorus (with minor ad-libs from Beyoncé)}
Ooh it's the lights (It's the lights)
Action! (Action)
Hollywood (Hollywood)
Ooh it's the lights (Satisfaction)
Satisfaction! (So addictive)
(Hey) Hollywood (Hollywood)

[Verse 3: Jay-Z]

Wanna be seen
Male groupies
What you once despised
James Dean
John Belushi
Blow your whole life
Tryna live in the lights
Heroin followin Marilyn
Hoppin' over the edge
just like Janice Joplin
River Phoenix
Jimi Hendrix
All of them ended by
Hollywood
Thank God for Hollywood
Hollywood
Sure you want this baby?
{Throughout end of verse 3}
(Oh oh oh oh
oh oh oh)

[Outro: Jay-Z]

Hollywood
Most addicted drug in the world
Want the fame
Want the lights
Ha Ha Ha

Trouble

Artist: Jay-Z

Album: Kingdom Come
Song: Trouble
Typed by: Tupaclypse@gmail.com

[Intro:]
I done gotten in Trouble again...

[Jay-Z]
What the fuck... Hehehe...I tried... I'm back
Fuck I tried!

I done gotten in Trouble again...

[Chorus: Jay-Z]
I try to pretend that I'm different but in the end we're all the same (All the same)
I pray to God, Father forgive a nigga I'm never gonna change (Gonna change)
I try to pretend that I'm different but in the end we're all the same (All the same)
I pray to God, Father forgive a nigga I'm never gonna change (Gonna change)

[Jay-Z]
Now the singer Rob calls the police on me
Y'all niggaz ran out and copped the CD
See what I discovered is y'all snitch lovers
I might speak, but I don't fuck with nobody
See what Doug, Jimmy & L.A. don't know
These young'uns crossed the line with Hov, I'm lettin' it blow
Had the papers writing stories like: "Didn't they know?"
This what happen when they made that rapper CEO"
I know, its just a matter of time before the steady hate
Starts to overflow, then the levee breaks
And my conscience go, "You escaped the RICO
Why throw everything away over ego?"
You paper chasin', they paper hatin'
Billionaire Hov, you on the pace to make it
Fuck that, exclamation, comma
Quotation's "I love drama", period

[Chorus: Jay-Z]
I try to pretend that I'm different but in the end we're all the same (All the same)
I pray to god, father forgive a nigga I'm never gonna change (Never gonna change)
I try to pretend that I'm different but in the end we're all the same (All the same)
I pray to god, father forgive a nigga I'm never gonna change (Never gonna change)

[Jay-Z]
Smelling like Patron, singing dirty rap songs
Tip-toeing in the crib like six in the morn'

Everyday it's the same
I said in +Blueprint+ that I'd +Never Change+, it's just a part of the game
Respect me I'm a thug, I might cool out for a sec
But expect me to bug, it's in my blood
But if my chick leave me she gon' leave me for something
She gon' leave me cause Halle, she ain't gon' leave me for nothing
Picture me gettin up with something sleazy
Something, something, so easy
You could take out of speed like nut in something
Soon as you finish cuttin', you like, "leave me please"
Not me, I need Angelina Jolizeey comfy
So I ain't gon' make a move unless I got a Plan B
That'll happen the day I have a baby by Free
Not to say that anything is wrong with Free
Just to say that ain't nothing wrong with me
If my hand's in the cookie jar, know one thing
I'ma take the cookie, not leave my ring
If my hands in the cookie jar know one thing
I'ma take (laughs) y'all know what I mean

[Chorus: Jay-Z]

I try to pretend that I'm different but in the end we're all the same (All the same)
I pray to god, father forgive a nigga I'm never gonna change (Never gonna change)
I try to pretend that I'm different but in the end we're all the same (All the same)
I pray to god, father forgive a nigga I'm never gonna change (Never gonna change)

[Jay-Z]

Unh
You little niggaz ain't deep you dumb
You niggaz ain't gangsta, you gum, I chew lil' niggaz
Hock-too, spew lil' niggaz
I can only view lil'niggaz like lil' niggaz
But in lieu of lil' niggaz trying to play that boy
I *phew, phew* lil' niggaz with the latest toy
Unlike you lil' nigga, I'm a grown ass man
Big shoes to fill nigga, grown ass pants
Probably hustled with your pops, go ask your parents
It's apparent you're staring at a legend who
Put a few lil' niggaz in their place before
Trying to eat without saying their grace before
Blasphemous bastard get your faith restored
You're viewing your version of the Lord
God--MC lil' nigga, applaud, or
Forever burn in the fire that I spit at y'all
I rebuke you lil' nigga, the meek shall perish
I'll roof you lil' nigga, I'm a project terrorist

Cute, you lil' niggaz think you in my class
Substitute lil' niggaz soon feel my wrath
I mute you lil' nigga, you a lil' nigga
I shall abuse you lil' nigga, I'm a ill nigga
Now shoot you lil' niggaz, go somewhere and play
Cause the day I lose to you lil niggaz, no day

[Chorus: Jay-Z]

I try to pretend that I'm different but in the end we're all the same (All the same)
I pray to god, father forgive a nigga I'm never gonna change (Never gonna change)
I try to pretend that I'm different but in the end we're all the same (All the same)
I pray to god, father forgive a nigga I'm never gonna change (Never gonna change)

Dig a Hole

Artist: Jay-Z f/ Sterling Simms
Album: Kingdom Come
Song: Dig a Hole
Typed by: triz92@hotmail.com

[Jay-Z]

Dig a hole bury yourself nigga
Go ahead, keep going I got some nice dresses for you guys

[Hook: Sterling Simms] and (Jay-Z)

Told you to get your money when you see a boss coming (Yes)
Thought shit was funny but what you see now (what you see now)
Nothing left to accomplish I done came out of Compton (king... Compton)
And what's that you talking 'bout we gon' see now (we gon see now)

Dig a hole (dig a hole)
Dig a hole (dig a hole) go ahead
Dig a hole (dig a hole) motherfucker
Dig a hole (dig a hole) bury yourself
Dig a hole
Dig a hole
Dig a hole

[Verse 1]

I'm still here mon frere I know the cross I bear
They like, that's why they call you Hov I'm like yea
I'm like air, little shots go through me, won't tear
Want tissue no tears, no tissue not an issue
Don't cry for me I peep these niggaz from deep
Got a front row seat even if you don't speak
Silent partner I hear you loud and clear

You left your fingerprint you aint got to be there
I'm just waiting till you dig a hole big enough to put your whole body in
then I'm gon' body them
Its nothing but a hobby to him
Simple as serve and volley to him
Niggaz like, "Hov, why don't you get at old boy?"
Why kill a puppet and leave Gepetto alive?
Why not wait to catch 'em all together?
This way you dig one big hole, one time

[Hook]

[Verse 2]

How's niggaz dissing me? (I made it possible)
For niggaz to make history (How is this possible)
Please explain the shit to me (How is it logical)
Have we forgotten our history (Let's open our Bibles)
It's like the disciples dissin Jesus becoming his rivals
Shunning the one thing that they owed their life to
You let that man hype you to go against your idol
Knowing good and goddamn well this what I do
Think I'm in the office I'm off my grind
That's how kids become orphans (you lost your mind?)
I keep my enemies close, I give 'em enough rope
They put themselves in the air I just kick away the chair

[Hook]

[Verse 3]

Hov gon' get you I ain forget your lil' disrespect
No ho, Daddy gon' spank you for that shit you said
It's hard to do when you got nothing to prove
Everybody know you better you in a lose lose
Cuz even when you win ultimately you lose
Real niggaz like, "Why Hov talking to dude?"
You selling little tools, only time you went plat
My chain was on your neck, that's a natural fact
So I'm praying that it spills outside of the booth
That's when ya'll niggaz outside of your truth
Outside of your league that's not what you do
Niggaz throwing Roc signs outside of your coupe (hah)
Don't look at Hov like he done something wrong to 'em
Cuz he's onto 'em, he just took what belonged to him
Niggaz playing checkers with chess playing Hov
This game is over I don't know if you know
You in a Hole!

[Hook]

Minority Report

Artist: Jay-Z f/ Ne-Yo

Album: Kingdom Come

Song: Minority Report

Typed by: people_equal_lovely@hotmail.com

[Intro - excerpts from News Reports]

"The damage here along the Gulf coast is catastrophic
There's a frantic effort underway tonight to find
survivors. There are an uncounted number of the dead tonight."

"People are being forced to live like animals"

"Please ... send stuff here. We are desperate."

"No-one says the federal government is doing
a good job"

"... and hundreds and hundreds and hundreds of people ..."

"No water ... yeah, and I fought for my country for years"

"We need help. We really need help"

"In Baghdad, they-they drop, they-they airdrop - water, food to people. Why can't
they do that for their own people?"

"... the same idiots can't get a bottle of water into
a major American city in three days are trying to win a war"

[Jay-Z]

People was poor before the hurricane came
When the downpour poured it was like when Mary J. sang
Everyday it rained, so everyday the pain
But ignored 'em, and showed 'em the risk was to blame
But life is chain, cause and effected
Niggaz off the chain, because they affected
It's a dirty game, it's whatever is effective
From weed to sellin' 'caine, gotta put that in effect
Wouldn't you loot? If you didn't have the loot
Baby needed food and you was stuck on the roof
And helicopters swoop down just to get a scoop
Through his telescopic lens, but he didn't scoop you
For the next five days, no help ensued
They called you a refugee because you seek refuge
And the Commander-in-Chief, just flew by
Didn't stop, 'though he had a couple seats
Just proved Jet blue, he's not, jet flew by the spot
But if he ran outta jet fuel and just dropped
Huh, that'd've been somethin' to watch

Helicopters doin' fly-bys to take a couple shots
Couple portraits, then ignored him
He'd be just another Bush surrounded by a couple orchards
Poor kids, just 'cause they was poor kids
Left them on they porches, same old story in New Orleans -
Silly rappers, 'cause we got a couple Porsches
MTV stopped by to film our fortresses
We forget the unfortunate
Sure, I ponied up a mil' but I didn't give my time
So in reality I didn't give a dime
or a damn, I just put my monies in the hands
of the same people that left my people stranded
Nothin' but a bandit, left my folks abandonned
Damn, money we gave just a band aid
Can't say we better on than we was before
In synopsis, this is my Minority Report
Can't say we better on than we was before
In synopsis, this is my Minority Report

[Ne-Yo]

So many times I'm, coverin' my eyes
Peekin' through my fingers, tryin' to hide my
Frustration, at the way, that we treat
(Seems like we don't even care)
Turn on the TV, seein' the pain
Sayin' such a shame, then tryin' to go on with my life
Of that, I tooooooo, am guilty
(Seems like we don't even care)
So we send a little money, tell 'em it's alright
'Til we able to sleep at night
You will pay that price, but some of these folks
has lost they whole liiiiiiiiife
(Seems like we don't even care)
And then it wasn't on the nightly news no mo'
Suddenly it didn't matter to you no mo'
It went on and almost nothin' changed
What the hell were they there for?
(Seems like we don't even care)

[Outro - more news excerpts (Ne-Yo)]

Bush: "Buses are on the way to take those
people from New Orleans, to Houston" (Seems like we don't even care)
"They lie"
"People are dying, at the Convention Center" (ohh)
"Their government has failed them" (ohh)
Kanye West: "George Bush doesn't care about

black people"

(Seems like we don't even care)
(Seems like we don't even care)

Beach Chair

Artist: Jay-Z f/ Chris Martin (Coldplay)

Album: Kingdom Come

Song: Beach Chair

Typed by: miker0xx@hotmail.com, Tupaclypse@gmail.com

G-yeah, yeah

[Verse One]

Life is but a dream to me
I don't wanna wake up
Thirty odd years without having my cake up
So I'm about my paper
24/7, 365,366 in a leap year
I don't know why we here
Since we gotta be here
Life is but a beach chair
Went from having shabby clothes
Crossing over Abbey Roads
Hear my angels singing to me
Are you happy HOV?
I just hope im hearing right
Karma's got me feearing life
Colleek are you praying for me
I got deamons in my past
So i got daughters on the way
If the prophecy's correct
Then the child should have to pay
For the since of a father
So i barter my tommorows
Against my yesterdays
In hopes that she'll be OK
And when im no longere here
The shade of face from the flare
I'll give her my share of Carol's Daughter
and a shiny new beach chair

[Chorus: Chris Martin]

I hear my angels sing...

Life is just a dream and you really don't wanna wake up, wake up (I hear my angels sing)

Life is but a dream and you really don't wanna leave (I hear my angels sing)
Life is just a dream and you really don't wanna wake up, wake up (I hear my angels sing)
Life is but a dream and you really don't wanna leave

[Verse Two]

Life is but a dream to me
Gun shots sing to these
Other guys but lullabys
Don't mean a ting to me
I'm not afraid of dyng
I'm afraid of not trying
Everyday hit every wave
Like im Hawaiian
I don't surf the net
No i never been on myspace
Too busy letting my voice vibrate
Carving out my space
In this world of fly girls
Cutthroats & diamond cut ropes I twirls
Benzs round corners
Where the sun don't shine
I let the wheels give a glimpse
Of hope of one's grind
Some said HOV, how you get so fly
I said from not being afraid to fall out the sky
My physical's shell
So when i say farewell
My soul will find an even
Higher plane to dwell
So fly you shall
So have no fear, just know that
Life is but a beach chair

[Chorus]

[Verse Three]

Life is but a dream can't mimic my life
I'm the thinnest cut slice
Intercut, the winner's cup
With winters rough enough
TO interrupt life
That's why I'm both
The saint & the sinner
Nice
This is Jay everyday
No compromise

No compass comes with this life
Just eyes
So to map it out
You must look inside
Sure books can guide you
But your heart defines you
Chica
Your reason is what brought us home
In great shape like Heidi Klum
Maricon, I am on
Permanent Vaca
Life is but a beach chair
This song is like a Hallmark card
Until you read each here
So till she's here
And she declared
The air
I will be prepared
A blueprint for you to print
A map so you can back
A guide for your eyes
And so you won't lose scent
I'll make a stink for you to think
I ink these verses full of prose
So you won't get connect out of 2 cent
My last will and testament I leave my heir
My share of Roc-AFella Records and a shiny new beach chair

[Chorus] - 2X

I hear my angels sing {*3X*}