

Reasonable Doubt

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Can't Knock The Hustle

Bounce.. bounce, bounce, Jay-Z huh?
Yeah, yeah, yeah, Roc-A-Fella y'all, ha ha
Bounce, bounce, bounce, Roc-A-Fella y'all
Check, check

[Jay-Z]

Yo, I'm makin short term goals, when the weather folds
just put away the leathers and put ice on the gold
Chilly with enough bail money to free a big willie
High stakes, I got more at stake than Philly
Shoppin sprees, copin three
Deuce fever IS's fully loaded, ah yes
bouncin in the lex luger, tires smoke like buddha
50 G's to the crap shooter, niggaz can't fade me
Chrome socks beamin
Through my perephreal I see ya schemin
Stop dreamin, I leave your body steamin
Niggaz is fiendin, what's the meanin?
I'm leanin on any nigga intervenin
with the sound of my money machine-in {*brrrr*}
My cup runneth, over with hundreds
I'm one of the best niggas that done it, six digits and runnin
Y'all niggas don't want it, I got the Godfather flow
The Don Juan DeMarco; swear to God, don't get it fucked up

[Chorus: Mary J. Blige]

I'm takin out this time
to give you a piece of my mind (cause you can't knock the hustle)
Who do you think you are?
Baby one day you'll be a star

[Jay-Z]

Last seen out of state where I drop my slang
I'm deep in the South kickin up top game
Bouncin on the highway switchin fo' lanes
Screamin through the sunroof - money ain't a thang
Your worst fear confirmed
Me and my fam' roll tight like The Firm
Gettin down for life, thats right, you better learn
Why play with fire, burn
We get together like a choir, to acquire what we desire
We do dirt like worms, produce G's like sperm
'til legs spread like germs
I got extensive hoes, with expensive clothes
and I sip fine wines and spit vintage flows
What y'all don't know?
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, cause you can't knock the hustle

[Chorus: Mary J. Blige]

But until the late thang I'm the one who's crazy
cause that's the way you're makin me feel
(cause you can't knock the hustle)
I'm just tryin to get mine, I don't have the time
to knock the hustle for real

[Jay-Z]

Yo, y'all niggaz lunchin, punchin the clock
My function is to make much and lay back munchin
Sippin Remy on the rocks, my crew, somethin to watch
Nothin to stop, un.. ..stoppable
Scheme on the ice, I gotta hot your crew
I gotta, let you niggaz know the time like Movado
My motto, stack rocks like Colorado
Auto off the champagne, Cristal's by the bottle
It's a damn shame what you're not though (who?) Me
Slick like a gato, fuckin Jay-Z
My pops knew exactly what he did when he made me
Tried to get a nut and he got a nut and what
Straight bananas; can a nigga, see me?
Got the US Open, advantage Jigga

Serve like Sampras, play fake a rappers like a campus
Le Tigre, son you're too eager
You ain't havin it? Good, me either
Let's, get together and make this whole world believe us huh?
At my arraignment, screamin
all us blacks got is sports and entertainment, until we even
Thievin, as long as I'm breathin
Can't knock the way a nigga eatin - fuck you even!

[Chorus: Mary J. Blige]
I'm takin out this time
to give you a piece of my mind
Who do you think you are?
Baby one day you'll be a star
But until the late thang I'm the one who's crazy
cause that's the way you're makin me feel
I'm just tryin to get mine, I don't have the time
to knock the hustle for real

{*Mary J. Blige ad libs to fade*}

Politics As Usual

You know how we do, Roc-a-Fella... forever... You can catch me
skatin through your town puttin it down y'all relatin
No waitin I'll make your block infrared hot I'm like Satan
Y'all feel a nigga's struggle, y'all think a nigga love to
hustle behind the wheel, tryin to escape my trouble
kids stop they greetin me, I'm talkin sweet to keys
Cursin the very God, that bought this wreath to be
My life is, based on sacrifices, jewels like ices
and fools that think I slip, you fuck around
you get your guys hit, they built me to be filthy
on some I-do-or-die shit, for real
The price of leather's got me, deeper than ever and
just think, winter's here, I'm tryin to feel mink nig-ga

Politics as us-ual... I took my
Frito to Tito in the district, blessed me with some
VS somethins I can live with, stop frontin
And for the dough I raise, gotta get shit appraised
No disrespect to you, make sure you word is true
I'm takin wages down in Vegas just in case Tyson
have a major night off, that's clean money, the tax write-off
You ain't seen money in your life, when it

comes to this cheese y'all like Three Blind Mice
A smokin bro, who pump Willie Ike spokes
The furthest you Chiles been is the Pocanos
My portfolio reads: leads to Don Corleone, nigga please
Ten year feleon, heavy on the wrist, our face used
with the diamond blooded Jesus and blind your face
youse for life... sharight, Jigga, I keep it tight nig-ga

Politics as us-ual...

You feel my triumph never, feel my pain I'm lyin
Low in the leather Zion, the best that's ever came
The game changes like, my mind just ain't right
We 'gwan get this dough, I guess it ain't your night
Suckin me in like a vacumn, I remember
tellin my family I'll be back soon, that was December
Eighty-five and, Jay-Z rise ten years later
got me wise still can't break my underworld ties
I wear black a lot, in the Ac', act a lot
Got matchin VCR's, a huge Magnavox
to nitch, green like spinach pop wines that's vintage
It's a lot of big money in my sentence
Hittin towards a mil', lip a, written I kill like that
chick faked me one-two cat, yeah, I do dat
Ain't no stoppin the champagne from poppin
the drawers from droppin, the law from watchin, I hate em

Politics as us-ual

Brooklyn's Finest

[Pain In Da Ass]
{*gunshots*} OKAY, I'M RELOADED!!!
You motherfuckers, think you big time?
Fuckin with Jay-Z, you gon' die, big time!
Here come the "Pain"! {*gunshots*}

[Jay-Z]
Jigga... (Jigga), Bigga... (Bigga)
Nigga, how you figure... (how you figure)
Yeah, yeah, yeah, aiyyo

Peep the style and the way the cops sweat us (uh-huh)
The number one question is can the Feds get us (uh-huh)
I got vendettas in dice games against ass betters (uh-huh)
and niggaz who pump wheels and drive Jettas

Take that witcha..

[Notorious B.I.G.]

.. hit ya, back split ya
Fuck fist fights and lame scuffles
Pillow case to your face, make the shell muffle
Shoot your daughter in the calf muscle
Fuck a tussle, nickel-plated
Sprinkle coke on the floor, make it drug related
Most hate it..

[Jay-Z]

.. can't fade it
While y'all pump Willie, I run up in stunts silly
Scared, so you sent your little mans to come kill me
But on the contrilli, I packs the mack-milli
Squeezed off on him, left them paramedics breathin soft on him
What's ya name?

[Notorious B.I.G.]

.. Who shot ya? Mob ties like Sinatra
Peruvians tried to do me in, I ain't paid them yet
Tryin to push 700's, they ain't made them yet
Rolex and bracelets is frostbit; rings too
Niggaz 'round the way call me Igloo Stix (Who?)
Motherfucker!

[Chorus]

Jay-Z and Biggie Smalls, nigga shit ya drawers
(Where you from?) Brooklyn, goin out for all
Marcy - that's right - you don't stop
Bed-Stuy.. you won't stop, nigga!

[Jay-Z]

What, what, what?
Jay-Z, Big' Smalls, nigga shit ya drawers
Brooklyn represent y'all, hit you fold
You crazy, think your little bit of rhymes can play me?
I'm from Marcy, I'm varsity, chump, you're JV
(Jigga) Jay-Z

[Notorious B.I.G.]

.. and Bigga baby!
My Bed-Stuy flow's malicious, delicious
Fuck three wishes, made my road to riches
from 62's, gem stars, my moms dishes

Gram choppin, police van dockin
D's at my doors knockin

[Jay-Z]

What? Keep rockin
No more, Mister, Nice Guy, I twist your shit
the fuck back with them pistols, blazin
Hot like cajun
Hotter than even holdin work at the Days Inn
with New York plates outside
Get up outta there, fuck your ride

[Notorious B.I.G.]

Keep your hands high, shit gets steeper
Here comes the Grim Reaper, Frank Wright
Leave the keys to your In-tegra (That's right)
Chill homie, the bitch in the Shoney's told me
You're holdin more drugs than a pharmacy, you ain't harmin me
So pardon me, pass the safe, before I blaze the place
and here's six shots just in case
(Brooklyn... Brooklyn... Brooklyn...)

[Chorus]

Jay-Z and Biggie Smalls, nigga shit ya drawers
(Where you from?) Brooklyn goin out to all
(Crown Heights...) You don't stop
(Brownsville...) You won't stop, nigga!
(Brooklyn... Brooklyn... Brooklyn...)
Hah hah! Jay-Z and Biggie Smalls, nigga shit ya drawers
(Where we from?) Brooklyn goin out to all
(Bushwick...) You don't stop
(Fort Greene...) You won't stop, niggaz!

[Jay-Z]

Yeah, yeah, yeah
For nine six, the only MC with a flu
Yeah I rhyme sick, I be what you're tryin to do
Made a fortune off Peru, extradite, china white heron
Nigga please, like short sleeves I bear arms
Stay out my way from here on (CLEAR?) Gone!

[Notorious B.I.G.]

Me and Gutter had two spots
The two for five dollar hits, the blue tops
Gotta go, Coolio mean it's gettin "Too Hot"
If Fay' had twins, she'd probably have two-Pac's

Get it? .. Tu-pac's

[Jay-Z]

Time to separate the pros from the cons
The platinum from the bronze
That butter soft shit from that leather on the Fonz
A S1 diamond from a eye class don
A Cham' Dom' sipper from a Rosay nigga, huh?!
Brook-Nam, sippin on

[Notorious B.I.G.]

Cristal forever, play the crib when it's mink weather
The M.A.F.I.A. keep canons in they Marc Buchanans
Usually cuatro cinco, the shell sink slow, tossin ya
Mad slugs through your Nautica, I'm warnin ya
(Hah, what the fuck?)

[Chorus]

Jay-Z and Biggie Smalls, nigga shit ya drawers
(Where you from?) Brooklyn goin out to all
(Flatbush...) You don't stop
(Redhook...) You won't stop, nigga!
(Brooklyn... Brooklyn... Brooklyn...)
Jay-Z and Biggie Smalls, nigga shit ya drawers
(Where you from?) Brooklyn goin out to all
(East New York...) You don't stop
(Clinton Hill...) You won't stop, nigga!
{*"Is Brooklyn in the house?"*}

[Outro]

Uhh, Roc-A-Fella, y'all, Junior M.A.F.I.A.
Superbad click, Brook-lyn's Finest, you re-wind this
Represetin BK to the fullest

Dead Presidents II

Chorus:

"Presidents to represent me" --> Nas "Get money!"
"I'm out for presidents to represent me" "Get money!"
"I'm out for presidents to represent me" "Get money!"
"I'm out for dead *fuckin* presidents to represent me (Whose...)"

Rock... on, Roc-A-Fella y'all
The saga continues

Ahh, who wanna bet us that we don't touch leathers
Stack cheddars forever, live treacherous all the et ceteras
To the death of us, me and my confidants, we shine
You feel the ambiance, y'all niggaz just rhyme
By the ounce dough accumulates like snow
We don't just shine, we illuminate the whole show; you feel me?
Factions from the other side would love to kill me
Spill three quarts of my blood into the street, let alone the heat
Fuck em, we hate a nigga lovin this life
In all possible ways, know the Feds is buggin my life
Hospital days, reflectin when my man laid up
On the Uptown high block he got his side sprayed up
I saw his life slippin, this is a minor set back
Yo, still in all we livin, just dream about the get back
That made him smile though his eyes said, "Pray for me"
I'll do you one better and slay these niggaz faithfully
Murder is a tough thing to digest, it's a slow process
and I ain't got nothin but time
I had near brushes, not to mention three shots
close range, never touched me, divine intervention
Can't stop I, from drinkin Mai-Tai's, with Ta Ta
Down in Nevada, ha ha, Poppa, word life
I dabbled in crazy weight without rap, I was crazy straight
Potnah, I'm still spendin money from eighty-eight... what?

Chorus

Geyeah, know what? I'll make..
you and your wack mans fold like bad hands
Roll like Monopoly, ad-vance you copy me
like white crystals, I gross the most
at the end of the fiscal year than these niggaz can wish to
The dead presidential, canidate
with the sprinkles and the presidential, ice that'll offend you
In due time when crime fleas my mind
All sneak thieves and playa haters can shine
But until then I keep the trillion cut diamonds shinin brilliant
I'll tell you half the story, the rest you fill it in
Long as the villian win
I spend Japan yen, attend major events
Catch me in the joints, convinced my iguanas is bitin
J-A-Y hyphen, controllin, manipulatin
I got a good life man, pounds and pence
Nuff dollars make sense, while you ride the bench
Catch me swinging for the fence

Dead Presidents, ya know

Chorus

Uh-huh, yeah, uh-huh, so be it
The Soviet, The Unified Steady Flow
You already know, you light I'm heavy roll, heavy dough
Mic macheted your flow, your paper falls slow
like confetti, mines a steady grow, bet he glow
Pay five dead it from blow, better believe I have
eleven sixty to show, my doe flip like Tae-Kwon
Jay-Z The Icon, baby, you like Dom, maybe this Cristal's
to change your life huh, roll with the winners
Heavy spenders like hit records: Roc-A-Fella
Don't get it corrected this shit is perfected
from chips to chicks just drivin a Lexus
Make it without your gun, we takin everything you brung
We cake and you niggaz is fake and we gettin it done
Crime Family, well connected Jay-Z
And you fake thugs is Unplugged like MTV
I empty three, take your treasure, my pleasure
Dead presidentials, politics as usual
Bla-ouw!

"Dead *fuckin* presidents to represent me (Whose...)"

"Dead *fuckin* presidents to represent me (Whose...)"

"Dead *fuckin* presidents to represent me (Whose...)"

"Dead *fuckin* presidents to represent me (Whose...)"

Chorus 2X

Feelin' It

[Chorus]

I'm feelin it fill the glass to the top with Moet
Feelin it feel the Lex pushin up on the set
I'm feelin it through the high that you get from the lye
Feelin it if you feel it raise your l in the sky

[Verse 1]

I keep it realer than most I know your feelin it
Cristal on ice I like those toes I keep spillin it
Bone crushers I keep real close I got the skill for this
On my back the fliest clothes lookin ill and shit
Transactions illegitimate cause life is still a bitch

And then you die but for now life close your eyes and feel this dick
Since diapers had nothin to live for like them lifers but
Makin sure every nigga stay rich within my cipher
We paid the price to circular success they turned my mic up
I bout to hit these niggas that'll light they life up
If every nigga in your clique is rich your clique is rugged
Nobody will fall cause everyone will be each others crutches
I hope you fools choose to listen I drop jewels bust it
These are the rules I follow in my life you gotta love it
Jiggy jigger lookin gully in the joint
If y'all niggas ain't talkin 'bout large money what's the point?

(Chorus)

[Verse 2]

Even if it ain't sunny hey I ain't complainin
I'm in the rain doing a buck 40 hydroplanin what shorty
(Where you disappear son?)
Maintainin puttin myself in a position most of these rappers ain't in
I'm livin the ill streets blues got you hunger painin
Nothin to gain and a whole lot to lose you still singin fool
I'm thorough in every boro my name be ringin
Warmin it up for the perfect time to hit your brain and
Ya Feelin it? to all the girls I bought the girdle to conceal my bricks
No doubt they can vouch my life is real as shit
95 south and poppy on the hill and shit
And all the towns like Cambridge that I killed wit shit
And all the thorough ass niggas that I hustle wit
Throw your joints in the air one time and bust your shit
These fake rappers cant really know I'm lovin it ya feelin it

(Chorus) - repeat 2X

[Verse 3]

What y'all ain't heard that nigga Jay hot?
The Cristals they keep me wet like Baywatch
I keep it tight for all the nights my mom prayed I'd stop
Said she had dreams that snipers hit me with a fatal shot
Those nightmares mom
Those dreams you say you got give me the chills
But these mils make me hot y'all feel me
Enough to stop the illin right?
But at the same time these dimes keep me feelin tight
I'm so confused
OK I'm gettin weeded now I know I'm contradicting myself
Look I don't need that now

It just once in a blue moon when there's nothin to do and
The tension's too thick for my sober mind to cut through
I get to zonin - me and the chick on the L and then we're bonin
I free my mind sometimes I here myself moanin
Take one more toke and I leave that weed alone man
It got me goin shit

(Chorus) - repeat 3X

D'Evils

[Verse One]

This shit is wicked on these mean streets
None of my friends speak
We're all trying to win, but then again
Maybe it's for the best though, cause when they're seeing too much
You know they're trying to get you touched
Whoever said illegal was the easy way out couldn't understand the mechanics
And the workings of the underworld, granted
Nine to five is how to survive, I ain't trying to survive
I'm trying to live it to the limit and love it a lot
Life ill, poison my body
I used to say 'fuck mic skills'
And never prayed to God, I prayed to Gotti
That's right it's wicked, that's life I live it
Ain't asking for forgiveness for my sins, ends
I break bread with the late heads, picking their brains for angles on
all the evils that the game'll do
It gets dangerous, money and power is changing us
And now we're lethal, infected with D'Evils...

[Verse Two]

We used to fight for building blocks
Now we fight for blocks with buildings that make a killing
The closest of friends when we first started
But grew apart as the money grew, and soon grew black-hearted
Thinkin back when we first learned to use rubbers
He never learned so in turn I'm kidnappin his baby's mother
My hand around her collar, feeding her cheese
She said the taste of dollars was shitty so I fed her fifties
About his whereabouts I wasn't convinced
So I kept feedin her money 'til her shit started to make sense
Who could ever foresee, we used to stay up all night at slumber parties
Now I'm tryin to rock this bitch to sleep
All the years we were real close

Now I see his fears through her tears
Know she's wishin we were still close
Don't cry, it is to be
In time, I'll take away your miseries and make 'em mine, D'Evils...

[Verse Three]

My flesh, no nigga could test
My soul is possessed by D'Evils in the form of diamonds and lexuses
The Exorcist, got me doing skits like Homie
You don't know me, but the whole world owe me - strip!
Was thought to be a pleasant guy all my fucking life
So now I'm down for whatever, ain't nothing nice
Throughout my junior high years it was all friendly
But now this +Higher Learning+ got the +Remy+ in me
Liquors invaded my kidneys
Got me ready to lick off, mama forgive me
I can't be held accountable, D'Evils beatin me down, boo
Got me runnin with guys, making G's, tellin lies that sound true
Come test me, I never cower
For the love of money, son, I'm giving lead showers
Stop screamin, you know the demon said it's best to die
And even if +Jehovah Witness+, bet he'll never testify, D'Evils...

22 Two's

{*people clapping*}

Yo whassup everybody this is Maria Davis, Mad Wednesday's
We here tonight to have a good time
("Yo! Start the show! Start the show!")
Wait a minute; I see my man over there Jay-Z
Jay-Z, Dame Dash let me hear that lil' tape of yours, and it's fat
Why don't you come up here and kick a lil' freestyle
Put that champagne down, and kick a lil' freestyle for me tonight

[Jay-Z]

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Can I kick it? (Yes you can!) *repeat 3X*
Y'all motherfuckers musta hear that Tribe Called Quest, let's do it again
Can I kick it? (Yes you can!) *repeat 3X*
Well I'm gone... check this out
Too much West coast dick-lickin, and too many niggaz on a mission
Doin your best Jay-Z rendition
Too many rough motherfuckers, I got my suspicions
that you're just a fish in a pool of sharks nigga, listen
Too many bitches wanna be ladies, so if you a hoe

I'ma call you a hoe, too many bitches are shady
Too many ladies give these niggaz too many chances
Too many brothers wannabe lovers don't know what romance is
Too many bitches stuck up from too many sexual advances
No question; Jay-Z got too many answers
I been around this block, too many times
Rocked, too many rhymes, cocked, too many nines, too
To all my brothers it ain't too late to come together
Cause too much black and too much love, equal forever
I don't follow any guidelines cause too many niggaz ride mine
so I change styles every two rhymes, hah, what the fuck
That's 22 too's for y'all motherfuckers out there, yaknahmean?
Shall I continue? Check it out, what?

Can I kick it? (Yes you can!) *repeat 3X*
Well I'm gone... yo, yo, yo
Copped to reach my quota, push rock, roll up smooth like on ya
Whole groove like hold-up, swoll up
Too many faggot niggaz, clockin my spendin
Exercisin you're, gay like minds like Richard Simmons
If you could catch Jay right, on the late night
without the eight right, maybe you could test my weight, right
I dip, speak quicker than you ever seen
adminster pain, next the minister's screamin your name
At your wake as I peak in, look in your casket
feelin sarcastic, "Look at him, still sleepin"
You never ready, forever petty minds stay petty
Mines thinkin longevity until I'm seventy
Livin heavenly, fuck, felony after felony, what?
Nigga ya broke, what the fuck you gon' tell me?

("Ooooooooooooooh!")

Jay-Z, Jay-Z, now you know this is a fat track (aight)
Now this is comin on your new album, on Roc-A-Fella records in ninety-six
(no doubt no doubt) well, it is definitely the bomb
But you know I do wanna say somethin to you, I know
you've been havin a lot of problems with the law
But I know you innocent, and I'm behind you 100%
Mad Wednesday's, Ruby King, DJ Ace, Dang Dash
Roc-A-Fella Records, we all behind you, you can come back anytime
(Hah, thanks a lot)
Wait a minute wait a minute wait a minute wait a minute
Ace, turn that music down
I smell some reefer, now you see?
That's why, our people don't have anything

Because we don't know how to go in places and act properly
("Hey shut the fuck up!")
Wait a minute wait a minute who told me shut the eff up?
Who told me to shut the eff up? Get him out of here
I'm not gonna continue this show, until you throw him out
Get him out right now, then I'ma continue my speech
Thank you, he's out of here now, now like I was sayin
We gotta build our own business, we gotta get our own
record companies goin like Roc-A-Fella Records...

Can I Live

Yeah, hah, yeah Roc-A-Fella
We invite you to, somethin epic y'all know?
Well we hustle out of a sense of, hopelessness
Sort of a desperation
Through that desperation, we 'come addicted
Sorta like the fiends we accustomed to servin
But we feel we have nothin to lose
so we offer you, well, we offer our lives, right
What do you bring to the table?

While I'm watchin every nigga watchin me closely
my shit is butter for the bread they wanna toast me
I keep my head, both of them where they supposed to be
Hoes'll get you sidetracked then clap from closed feet
I don't sleep, I'm tired, I feel wired like codeine, these days
a brother gotta admire from four fiends away
My pain wish it was quick to see, from sellin 'caine
til brains was fried to a fricaisse, can't lie
At the time it never bothered me, at the bar
gettin my thug on properly, my squad and me
lack of respect for authority, laughin hard
Happy to be escapin poverty, however brief
I know this game got valleys and peaks, expectation
for dips, four percent pertation we stack chips, hardly
The youth I used to be, soon to see a mill'in
No more, Big Willie my game has grown prefer you call me William
Illin for revenues, Rayful Edmond like
Channel 7 news, round seven jewels, hand dead in the mic
Forgettin all I ever knew, convenient amnesia
I suggest you call my lawyer, I know the procedure
Lock my body can't trap my mind, easily
explain why we adapt to crime
I'd rather die enormous than live dormant that's how we on it

Live at the main event, I bet a trip to Maui on it
Presidential suites my residential for the weekend
Confidentially speakin in codes since I sense you peekin
The INXS rental, don't be fooled my game is mental
We both out of town dog, what you tryin to get into?
Viva, Las Vegas, see ya, later at the crap tables
meet me by the one that starts a G up
This way no fraud Willie's present gambling they re-up
And we can have a pleasant time, sippin margaritas
Ge-ge-geyeahhh, can I live?
Can I live?

My mind is infested, with sick thoughts that circle
like a Lexus, if driven wrong it's sure to hurt you
Dual level like duplexes, in unity, my crew and me
commit atrocities like we got immunity
You guessed it, manifest it in tangible goods
Platinum Rolexed it, we don't lease
we buy the whole care, as you should
My confederation, dead a nation, EXPLODE
on detonation, overload the mind of a said patient
When it balls to steam, it comes to it
we all fiends gotta do it, even righteous minds go through this
True this, history school us to spend our money foolish
Bond with jewellers and, watch for intruders
I stepped it up another level, meditated like a buddhist
Recruited lieutenants with ludicrous, dreams of
gettin cream let's do this, against T-D-S
So I keep one eye open like, C-B-S, ya see me
stressed right? Can I live?
Can I live?
Can I live?
Can I live?
Ha-hah, Roc-A-Fella y'all

Ain't No Nigga

[Jay-Z]
I keep it fresher than the next bitch
no need..for you to ever sweat the next bitch
..with speed, I make the best bitch see the exit..indeed,
you gotta know your thoroughly respected by me,
you get the keys to the Lexus, with no driver
you gotcha own '96 suh-in..the ride
and keep your ass tighter than Versace thats why

you gotta watch your friends you got to watch me
they conniving shit
the first chance to crack the bank
they try me, all they get is 50 cent franks
and papayas, from the village to the tele
time to kill it on your belly no question
I got more black chicks between my sheets than Essence
they say sex is a weapon, so when I shoot
mmet your death in less than 8 seconds
still poundin in my after life..
laugin my shit is tight
you who askin right...

Chorus:

Aint no nigga like the one I got
no one can fuck you betta
sleeps around but he gives me alot
keeps you in diamonds and leathers
friends 'ill tell me I should leave you alone
hah hah, hah hah, hah hah, hah ha
tell the freaks to find a man of there own
(man a they own, man a they own)

[Jay-Z]

Fresh to def in Moschino, coach bag
lookin half black and filipino fakin no jacks
got you a beeper to feel important
surrounding your feet in Joanie Dega's and Charles Jordan
I keep ya dove but love
you know these ho's be makin me weak
yall knows how it goes 'b and so I creep
Ive been sinnin since you been playin wit Barbie and Ken in
you can't change a players game in the 9th inning
the chrome rim spinning keeps em grinnin
so I run way the fuck up in em
and wrinkle the face like linnin
I play hard-eh till they say God..
he's keepin it real jigga stay hard
lawd don't even trip
I never slip, nigga what you dont see is whatcha get
weapons concealed what the fuck yall feel
when you nigga play sick we can all get ill
-whats the deal-

Chorus

[Jay-Z]

Yo, aint no stoppin this, no lie
promise to stay monogamous, I try
but love you know these ho's be makin me weak
Y'all knows how it goes B so I stay deep

[Foxy Brown]

What up boo just keep me laced in the illa snakes
bank rolls and shit, back rubs in the french tubs
Mackin this bitch, wiffee nigga
so when you flip that coke
remember them days you was dead broke
but now your style and I raised you
basically made you into a don
flippin weight..heroin and shit
you know my pussy is all that
thats why I get bagets 5 carats and all that
From Dolce Gabana to H Vendell I'm ringin bells
so who the playa, I still keep you in the illest gators
Tailor made so we can lay up in the shade reminiscin
on how I fuck the best a shit
specially when Im flippin Baileys
dont give a fuck about how you move with them other mamis
I push da Z, eating shrimp scampi with rocks larger than life
Fuck them Reebok broads, you made it known who your wife was
I got you frontin in Armani sweaters
before this rap shit
when you was in letters and bullshit berattas
and eek classes with mo in the glasses
shows in Cali wit all the flavor suede Bally's
now all your mens' up in your benz's
high post, I swear you be killin me
playin inside my pubic hairs
I never worry bout them other chicks
cuz you proved who was your wiz
when you was spinnin that bitch
I took a little when you was up north
your comisary stay pilin
how you livin large on the island
all them collects have me vex
but when you come home
knew I was comin off wit half of dem checks
now we on the rise
your diamond mami wit the slanted eyes
holdin this grip cocked the green and the shit

Fucks no, I see half the dough
Made you into a star, pushin hundred thousand dollar cars

Chorus

Friend or Foe

check one check two, you know what to do
primo, cold crush when i give it to you
friend or foe yo, state your biz
ya tend to dough, ah , there it is
me, i run the show, oh, and these kids
don't like nobody commin around here fuckin wit they doe for shit
you enterprisin though,
and i like it
but fuck with the big dogs though, i gotta bite ya,
look, its out of my hands
and you gettin money round here, its not in the plans
so hop yo ass out of that van, head back to kansas
i'm sendin niggas back up in campuses
chance is slimmer than that chick in calvin klien pantses
let me guess, they said it was money round here
and the rest is me stoppin you from gettin it, correct?
sorry to hear that, my guess is you got work at the hotel
i'll take care of that , you'll see, now please
give me the room key
you're twitchin, don't do that, you makin me nervous
my crew, well, they do pack, them niggas is murderous
so would ya, please put your hand back in sight
they don't like to see me nervous you can understand that, right?
you draw, better be picasso, y'know the best
cause if this is not so, ah, god bless
you leave me no choice, i leave you no voice
believe me son i hate to do it just as bad as you hate to see it done
now calm your boys,
cause i'm findin it a little hard to concentrate with all the noise
get the point, i'll let ya go,
before ya leave,i guess i aughta let you know, i need those keys
and promise you never, no matter the weather
evaevaevaevaevaevaevaevaeva come around here no mo'

Coming of Age

[Jay-Z]

Yeah...

Come experience... life as we know it
As some of you should know it, yeah, yeah
Place, Marcy, Brooklyn
Actions... well, y'all know the actions

Uhh, I got this shorty on my block always clockin my rocks
He likes the style and profile I think he wanna mock
He likes the way I walk, he sees my money talkin
to honies hawkin I'm the hottest nigga in New York and
I see his hunger pains, I know his blood boils
He wanna, run with me, I know this kid'll be loyal
I watched him make a few ends, to cop his little sneakers and gear
then it's just enough for re-up again
I see myself in his eyes, I moved from Levi's
to Guess to Versace, now it's diamonds like Liberace
That's just the natural cycle, nobody wanna be like Michael
where I'm from, just them niggaz who bounce from a gun
We out here trying to make hard white into cohhhhld green
I can help shorty blow out like Afro-Sheen
Plus I can relive my days of youth which is gone
That little nigga's peeps, it's time to put him on

Chorus: Jay-Z and Memphis Bleek

It's time to come up (and hold my own weight, defend my crown)
Gots to lock it down and when they rush (stand my ground)
It's time to come up (stick up my chest, and make some loot)
Gots to lock it down and when they rush (stand on my own two)

[Memphis Bleek]

I'm out here slingin bringin the drama, tryin to come up
in the game and add a couple of dollar signs to my name
I'm out here servin disturbin the peace, life could be better
like my man reclined in plush leather seats
He's sellin weight, I'm sellin eight... balls
sixteen tryin to graduate to pushin quarters y'all
I ain't gon' sweat him I'ma let him come to me
If he give me the nod then these niggaz gon' see
I'm tired of bein out here round the clock
and breakin day, and chasin crackers up the block for my pay
I'm stayin fresh, so chickens check
I'm tryin to step up to the next level, pushin Vettes to the Jets
Diamonds reflect from the sun, directly in your equilibrium
and stunned I'm waitin for my day to come
I got the urge, to splurge, I don't wanna lifetime sentence

just give me the word

Chorus

[JZ] Hey fella I been watchin you clockin
[MB] Who me holdin down this block it ain't nothin
 You the man nigga now stop frontin
[JZ] Hahahh I like your style
[MB] Nah, I like YO' style
[JZ] Let's drive around awhile
[MB] Cool nigga
[JZ] Here's a thou'
[MB] A G? I ride witchu for free
 I want the longterm riches and bitches
[JZ] Have it all; now listen to me
 You let them other niggaz get the name, skip the fame
 Ten thou' or a hundred G keep yo' shit the same
[MB] On the low?
[JZ] Yeah, the only way to blow
 You let your shit bubble quietly
[MB] AND THEN YOU BLOW!
[JZ] Hey keep your cool
 The only way to peep a fool is let him show his hand
 Then you play your cards
[MB] Then he through dealin I understand
[JZ] Don't blow your dough on hotties
[MB] The only thing I got in this world is my word and my nuts
 and won't break em for nobody!
[JZ] Hah, I like resume, pick a day, you can start
[MB] From now until death do us part...

Chorus 2X

Cashmere Thoughts

[Jay-Z has a conversation with some cat]
Hah, hah, hah, hah, yeah, yeah
What it is player?
 You player, it's all about you
How you gon' say that man
If I had your hand I'd turn mine in
 Far as I'm concerned, if I had your hand, I cut mines off
Hah man, you know man, I'm just dealin that hoe money
You know hoe money is slow money but it's sho' money
 Check this out man, when you run up on your bitch

this this is what you tell her
Stick they hands in they panties, grab that knot
Stick they arm in a car window, drop it like it's hot

[Jay-Z]

Uhh, I talk jewels and spit diamonds, all cherry
like a hymen, when I'm rhymin with remarkable timin
Caviar and silk dreams, my voice is linen
Spittin venom up in the, minds of young women
Mink thoughts to think thoughts type similar
Might you remember, my shit is col-l-l-ld like December
Smoother than Persian rugs, the cashmere
chromosomes make a nigga Jigga Jay-Z lethal drugs
Eighteen carat gold pen, when it hits the sheets
Words worth a million like I'm rappin em through platinum teeth
I got the Grey Poupon, you been warned
Cause all beef return well done filet mignon
The Don, smell of Dom on my breath as I
yawn, (slow) when you hoes try to con a pro
As if you didn't know, Jay's about gettin dough
Spittin flow like fine wines down your earlobe
I'm smooth but deadly like a pearl handled pistol
Honies hum in melody when I, rub it like crystal
The proper ettiquette, when I drop the subject verb
then the predicate, with this rich nigga preterite
I'm solid gold, I rap like a mink stole
I stick pearl tongues your world'll never know
From New York, to Paris, the vocal style vary
From nice to deadly like a bad bag of D, now
Notice, the child swift like a Lotus
Focus on the loc' I be the greatest nigga that wrote it
Return of the Jedi, from Rio Degenero on da red eye
Yet I, still feel the need to be fly
I did die when I'm rappin then slide like satin
You know the black eye white china in the brain cabinet
I never cry if I did I'd cry ice
From my nigga Sauce, I hit you with this advice
Life's short, so play hard and stick hard
and the only time you love em is when your dick hard

Whoooh! That's cashmere baby
Nah, you know, that's just laid back man
Man, shit, J to the A to the Y to the Z
Yeah baby
Motherfuckin pimp that's what he be
Cashmere baby

Don't get no hotter than that
Sho' you're right
Them niggaz know

Check it out, check it out
Ghettos, Errol Flynn, hot like heroin
Young pimps is sterile when I pimp through your burough in
I gotta keep your tricks intact
Cause I walk like a p-iyimp, talk like a mack man
The star player, the golden bar layer
The sweet Ms. Fine Thing puh-layah, sho' yo right
I'm game tight, so watch it it change to night
Go tell your peeps dawg I'm lethal til it ain't right
I pimp hard on a trick, look
Fuck if your leg broke bitch, hop up on your good foot

Bring It On

[Sauce Money]
Aiiyyo Jay word up; these motherfuckers
Fuckin talkin that comeback shit like they cookin crack
Shit I ain't frontin all I want my pockets green like slum change
Yaknahmsayin? Front the roll we roll back like rubbers motherfucker
For real; with no trace of AIDS
We keep our pockets fully blown, Roc-A-Fella click nigga

Aiiyyo we pattin down pussy from Sugarhill to the Shark Bar
Fuck a bitch D in the marked car
We got the bad bitches gaspin for air in Aspen
Searchin for aspirin when I ask then, we swing
You cling we do our thing and bring
Sling your ding-a-ling from Bed-Stuy Brooklyn to Beijing
East coast hostess hostile colossal, money flarin
like nostrils for drug dealin apostles, huh
Al Pacino down to Nino Brown
Me Jay and Primo, got it sewed across the board like poquino
Teflon, make sure your jammy is full
Cause I heard, Sammy the Bull lamps in Miami with pull
Tropical leaves where I got a few keys
with my man I'll stock a few G's, now it's unstoppable cheese
Said we was garbage, so fuck college
Street knowledge amazin to scholars when we coin phrases for dollars
Star studded bitches with cristals, get fucked with pistols
just to see my shit, discharge puss
I drop the stellar, even acapella

I got to tell all about Roc-A-Fella

[Chorus: Fat Joe]

Yeah, bring it on if you think you can hang
And if not then let me do my thang
(repeat 4X)

[Jay-Z]

Mannerisms of a young Bobby DeNiro, spent spanish wisdoms
in a whip with dinero, crime organized like the pharoah
I cream, I diamond gleam
High post like Hakeem, got a lot of things to drop
Brooklyn to Queens, I gotta keep my steam
Niggaz wanna try to hem my long jeans
Uptown fiend for Jay-Z to appear on the scene
In the meanwhile, here's somethin dope for y'all to lean
Liason for days on in
Money make the world go around so I made songs to spin
Can I Live, did dough, with my nigs, dividends flow
like the Mississippi riv', lookin jig'
Can't do for dolo, had to turn away when Tony killed Manolo
That's real, mixed feelings like a mulatto
Thug thought he was O.G. Bobby Johnson
I played him like Benny Blanco, mano a mano
you ain't ready, I find no trigger straight up shoot my guns
horizontal, get your weight up, I am
two point two pounds you're barely a hundred and twenty-five grams
Wouldn't expect y'all to understand this money
Do the knowledge, do the few dollars, I'm due to demolish
Crews Brooklyn through Hollis to a hood near you, what the fuck...

("Bring it on if you think you can hang..." --> Fat Joe)

[Big Jaz]

Money is power
I'm into cheddick with facial credit
Pure platinum fetish for cheddars
Spread letters you move you're deadish
I make moves that remove pebbles out of shoes
You suck pistol like pipe with the cristal
John Stockton couldn't assist you
Cowboys or Benzes like we foul in the U.N.
So what the fuck you doin?
Whatever nigga Fahrvegnugen, rugged yet polished
Spankin dollars with the commas
bangin bitches out the Bahamas

On hides of llama we cry nada, fly frather
Fry hotter, you die gotta
Fuck with me witness manana
Absence of malice in my palace
Call cousin now Dallas trigger finger with the callous
Tip scales from mail to keep these niggaz off balance
Your frequent stops to O.T.B. you feedin me
Steam a nigga schemin on the wrist action with the gleams
Jewels for Pop Duke fulfill your dreams
Never put the pure brown sugar before the dirty green cream

Chorus

"Yeah, bring it on... bring it on..." --> Fat Joe
(repeat 5X)

Regrets

Stress
Sunshine, geyeah

I sold it all from crack to o-pium, in third person
I don't wanna see em, so I'm rehearsin
with my peoples high to GM, from a remote lo-cation
in the BM, scopin the whole situation like, "Dayamm!"
Metamorphic, as the dope turns to cre-am
but one of these buyers got eyes like a Korean
It's difficult to read em, the windows to his soul
are half closed, I put the key in
Pulled off slow, hopin my people flee-in
Chink tried to knock the only link that tied me in
Coppers was watchin us through nighttime binoculars
This time they got us on tape, exchangin dope for dollars
Make me wanna, holler back at the crib in the sauna
Prayin my people bailed out like Time/Warner
Awaitin call, from his kin not the coroner
Phone in my hand, nervous confined to a corner
Beads of sweat second thoughts on my mind
How can I ease the stress and learn to live with these regrets
This time... stress... givin this shit up... fuck

Chorus One:

This is the number one rule for your set
In order to survive, gotta learn to live with regrets

On the, rise to the top, many drop, don't forget
In order to survive, gotta learn to live with regrets
This is the number one rule for your set
In order to survive, gotta learn to live with regrets
And through our travels we get seperated, never forget
In order to survive, gotta learn to live with regrets

As sure as this, Earth is turning souls burning
in search of higher learning turning in every direction seeking direction
My moms cryin cause her insides are dyin
her son tryin her patience, keep her heart racin
A million beats a minute, I know I push you to your limit
but it's this game love, I'm caught up all in it
They make it so you can't prevent it, never give it
you gotta take it, can't fake it I keep it authentic
My hand got this pistol shakin, cause I sense danger
like Camp Crystal Lake and
don't wanna shoot him, but I got him, trapped
within this infrared dot, bout to hot him and, hit rock bottom
No answers to these trick questions, no time shit stressin
My life found I got ta live for the right now
Time waits for no man, can't turn back the hands
once it's too late, gotta learn to live with regrets

Chorus Two:

You used to hold me, told me that I was the best
Anything in this world I want I could posess
All that made me want is all that I could get
In order to survive, gotta learn to live with regrets... (when I was young)
(repeat 2X)

I found myself reminiscin, remember this one
when he was here he was crazy nice with his son
I miss him, long as I'm livin he's livin through memories
He's there to kill all my suicidal tendencies
In heaven lookin over me, or in hell, keepin it cozy
I'm comin life on these streets ain't what it's supposed to be
Remember Newton, mutual friend well me and him feudin
On your life I tried to talk to him
But you know niggaz, think they guns can stop foe niggaz
Frontin like they're, Big Willie but really old niggaz
Hoe niggaz, this year I'm sho' niggaz think I'm slippin
I'm bought to send you a roommate, no bullshittin
for my hustle's goin too well to hit him
You was right niggaz want you to be miserable wit em

Anyway, I ain't tryin to hear it, I think I'm touched
this whole verse I been talkin to your spirit, a little too much

Chorus One: repeat 2X

Roc-A, Roc-A, Roc-A, Roc-A-Fella y'all

Can I Live II

[Jay-Z]

Geyeah, y'all nigaas finished yo
Is y'all niggas finished
Got your little radio play your little BDS, huh
You finished nigga, huh huh, y'all finished
Can I live, huh
Can I live, Joe your bein' stingy with the music bin yo

[Jay-Z]

Yo, yo...yo, I blacks out, I pulls the mack out
Scream "Whats that about," then I clap out
I get my plot on, in my drop on
Through the rotten, don't even hate on those who hate me
I got 'Pac on, feelin' it (feelin' it)
Chickens are ice grillin' it
Cops pullin' it over, Jigga react militant
Speed off, officer told me to turn the beat off
I turned it a level higher, then return the devils fire
I'm raised different, reactin' situations
Niggas lay stiff and, rookies blame it on the age difference
My subliminal flows create criminal O's
Sing along if you with me, til the end of the road
I'm cynical when in the view of the public
And this is because, I'm defensive when I'm in interviews
The percentage who dont understand is higher than the percentage who do
Check yourself, what percentage is you?

Can I live

For all my niggas with all white airforce ones and black guns, stack ones yo
Can I live

For all my chicks, pigeons, hoes stand bow legged like the bulldog, know what
I mean, huh?

Can I live

To all the ce-lo champs, two green dice and one red stop the bank and roll
heads yo

Can I live

To all my niggas who drink hennesy straight, cop mix tapes, and sell weight niggas

[Jay-Z]

I got the feds sending me letters 'cause Im schooling the youth
But they cant lock me down 'cause my tool is the truth
Yeah I sold drugs for a living, thats a given
Why is it? why dont y'all try to visit the neighborhoods I lived in
My mind been through hell, my neighborhood is crime central
Where cops lock you more than try to defend you
I push you to the limit when I'm needing the wealth
And all I see is life cycle just repeatin' itself
Ran into shorty boppin' down the ave
On his way to clockin' mad then
He proceeded to show me a block of slab and said

[Memphis Bleek]

Aiyyo theres money I there I just gotta have
When I catch up to these feinds Im'a knock 'em on they ass
Not to brag, sometimes I look at life and laugh
How I think about school and it taught me not a ???
When I backed out, let one one, let the barrel turn
Holla at you faggots that its my block to burn
That credit you dead it, I know heads gettin' annoyed and knew all
About a dope feind before reading donald goings
Flipping boying, using the right cut
One thing thats fucked up is bad dope that I cant pump
This slab gotta re-up and rebag, blend it in with the raw
Bubble it fast cop more, once I get it I got it I lock it
Nobody pop shit, selling twenties on my block bitch
For some blacktop shit
What you want nigga, what you want nigga
What you want, what you want nigga

Can I live...

To all my niggas that hold coke and they bubble coat
Tryin' to win in the construction Timbs yo

Can I live...

Yo USA, all my chicks that strip, boo's, go to the store with the dewey pins
still in

All my chicks with the credit card scams, two kids, one job, and no man

All my chicks gettin' that washing set with their welfare check

All the mommies dame besa, alright?

All my niggas rockin' them fifty cats, tryin' to get at this rap

Know what I mean?

All my cats with open cases, big cars, and no licenses, I like that shit,

I'll see y'all

All my niggas at St. Pauls after they say some fucked up shit

Rock on and uh, Jigga shit, Rockafella forever yo

Uhh, Major Coins, yeah, uhh huh

Memph Bleek nigga