

The Blueprint 3

What We Talkin' About
Thank You
D.O.A. (Death of Autotune)
Run This Town
Empire State of Mind
Real as it Gets
On to the Next One
Off That
A Star Is Born
Venus vs. Mars
Already Home
Hate
Reminder
So Ambitious
Young Forever



What We Talkin' About

(Jay-Z Talking)
Blueprint trios

[Verse 1]

Yeah Yeah What we talkin' bout real shit?
Or we talkin' bout rhymes
You talkin' bout millions Or you talkin' bout mine
What we talkin' bout Cuz I ain't got time
For what people be talkin' bout all the time
What we talkin' bout fiction Or we talkin' bout fact
You talkin' bout fiction? Hold up pardon my back
I'm talkin' bout life And all I hear is
Oh yeah he keeps talkin' bout crack
I ain't talkin' bout profit I'm talkin' bout pain
I'm talkin' bout despair I'm talkin' bout shame
I ain't talkin' bout gossip I ain't talkin' bout Game
I ain't talkin' bout Jimmy I ain't talkin' bout Dame
I'm talkin' bout real shit Dem people playin'
What is you talkin' bout I don't know what y'all sayin'
People keep talkin' bout Hov take it back
I'm doin' better than before Why would I do that?
Ain't nothing cool bout carryin' a strap
Bout worryin' your moms And buryin' your best cat
Talkin' bout revenge While carryin' his casket
All teary-eyed Bout to take it to a mattress

I'm talkin' bout music I ain't talkin' bout rap
You talkin' bout who's hot I ain't talkin' bout that
The conversation is changed Lets yap about that
I don't run rap no more I run the map

(Hook)

They Talk, We Live, We see what They say, They say, They say
They Talk, We Did, Who cares what They say, They say, They say

[Verse 2]

Still they can't focus on them They be talkin' bout me
Talkin' bout what I wear Talkin' bout where I be
Check out my hair These ain't curls these is peas
Peasey head still get paid I'm combin' through G's
Please, We ain't focused on naps
Cuz I don't run rap no more I run the map
A small part of the reason the President is black
I told him I got him when he hit me on the jack
Talkin' bout progress I ain't lookin back
You know I run track Try not to get lapped
People keep talkin' bout Hov left em flat
Try to re-write history Lets talk about facts
Dame made millions Even Jaz made some scraps
He could've made more But he didn't sign his contract
As far as street guys We was dealin' crack
That's just how the game goes I don't owe nobody jack
Grown men want me to sit em on my lap
But I don't have a beard and Santa Claus ain't black
I repeat, You can't sit on my lap
I don't have a beard Now get off my sack
Scream at me

(Repeat Hook)

[Verse 3]

Blueprint 3

And now that that's that Lets talk about the future
We have just seen the dream as predicted by Martin Luther
Now you could choose ta Sit in front of your computa
Posin' with guns Shootin YouTube up
Or you could come with me to the White House get your suit up
You stuck on being hardcore I chuck the duece up
Peace out Medusa
Welcome to the Blue-ah-Print-ah Tre piece Jay-Z your tutor
Toota of my own horn Beep beep move-ya
Ras clot when rude boy come through with the roof up

So I could see the sky
Cause everybody talkin' Hov I think we know why

(Repeat Hook)

Thank You:

(Jay-Z Talking)

Thank you, thank you very much
For comin' out this evening

[Verse 1]

Thank you, Thank you, Thank you
You're far too kind
Hold you're applause
This is your song not mines
Thank you, thank you, thank you
Please hold your applause
For I just applied logic Keys keys open doors
Now I'm balcony, Opera, Black Tux, Binocula
Black luxe, Stop it I shouldn't be so popular
Name keep poppin' up Face keep poppin' up
On the tube I'm just watchin' Pacquaio box 'em up
How would I know HBO would get a shot of us
Sitting so close that we almost got snot on us
Please don't bow in my presence How am I a Legend?
I just got 10 #1 albums Maybe now 11
More hits than a Now! 11
That is no reason to treat me like I'm somehow from outta heaven
Heaven knows that I've made my mistakes
Thank God, what a guy as I say my grace
Who woulda thought by making birds migrate
For the winter I be fly all summer Might I say

(Hook)

Thank you, Thank you, thank you You're far too kind
Hold your applause This is your song not mines
Thank you, Thank you, thank you You're far too kind
Do me a favor, don't do me no favors I'll handle mines

[Verse 2]

Hovi Baby
We are really high, really high tonight
We tip the waiter a hundred dollars
To keep the ice cold, alright?
We the last guys to keep the Wise guys code alive
If I can't live by my word Then I'd much rather die

No no don't thank me, This is just how my suit is stitched
I'm cut from a different cloth, I'm just who the shoe fits
For the Color Of Money like a Tom Cruise flick
'Cept I put 8-balls in corners without using pool sticks
Beautiful music when champagne flutes click
Beautiful women sippin' through rouge lips
Dangers approaches We're like wait who's this?
Let us save you some trouble son
What size suit you is?
This way after the Ruger shoots through a few clips
You can lay in your casket just as you is
We appreciate the target practices
We'll be sure to send flower baskets kid

(Repeat Hook)

[Verse 3] I was gonna kill a couple rappers
But they did it to themselves
I was gon' do it with the flow
But they did it with their sales
I was gon' 9/11 'em, but they didn't need the help
And they did a good job them boys is talented as hell
Cuz not only did they brick they put a building up as well
They ran a plane into that building and when that building fell
Ran to the crash site with no masks and inhaled
Toxins deep inside their lungs until both of them was filled
Blew a cloud out like a L into a jar then took a smell
Cuz they heard that second hand smoke kills
Niggas thought they was ill found out they was...ILL
And it's like you knew exactly how I wanted you to feel

(Hook)

[Jay-Z]
We are really high, really high tonight
Lucky Lefty, kiss the wife tonight for me

D.O.A. (Death of Autotune):

(Chorus)

Only nigga to re-write history without a pen
No ID on the track let the story begin, begin, begin

[Verse 1]

This is anti autotune, death of the ringtone,
This ain't for iTunes, this ain't for sing alongs
This is Sinatra at the opera, bring a blonde

Preferably with a fat ass who can sing a song
Wrong, this ain't politically correct
This might offend my political connects
My raps don't have melodies
This should make niggas wanna go and commit felonies
Get your chain taken
I may do it myself, I'm so Brooklyn
I know we facing a recession
But the music y'all making going make it the great depression
All y'all lack aggression
Put your skirt back down, grow a set man
Nigga this shit violent
This is death of autotune, moment of silence

(Chorus)

[Verse 2]
This ain't a number one record
This is practically assault with a deadly weapon
I made it just for Flex and...
... Mister Cee, I want niggas to feel threatened
Stop your bloodclot crying
The kid, the dog, everybody dying, no lying
You niggas' jeans too tight
You colors too bright, your voice too light
I might wear black for a year straight
I might bring back Versace shades
This ain't for z100
Ye told me to kill y'all to keep it 1 hundred
This is for Hot 97
This shit's for Clue, for Khaled, for we the best in
Nigga this shit violent
Death of autotune, moment of silence

(Chorus)

[Verse 3]
This shit need a verse from Jeezy
I might send this to the mixtape Weezy
Get somebody from BMF to talk on this
Give this to a blood, let a crip walk on it
Fifty thou' to style on this
I just don't need nobody to smile on this
You niggas singing too much
Get back to rap you t-paining too much
I'm a multi-millionaire

So how is it I'm still the hardest here
I don't be in the project hallway talking about how I be in the project all day
That sound stupid to me
If you a gangsta this is how you prove it to me
Nigga just get violent
This is death of autotune moment of silence

Run This Town:

[Intro - Rihanna]

Feel it comin' in the air (yeah)
Hear the screams from everywhere (yeah)
I'm addicted to the throw (I'm ready)
It's a dangerous love affair (wassup)
Can't be scared when it goes down (c'mon)
Got a problem, tell me now (wassup)
Only thing that's on my mind (wassup)
Is who's gonna run this town tonight... (wassup)
Is who's gonna run this town tonight... (wassup)
We gonna run this town

[Verse 1 - Jay-Z]

We are, yeah I said it, we are
This is Roc Nation, pledge your allegiance
Get y'all black tees on, all black everything
Black cards, black cars, all black everything
And our girls are blackbirds, ridin' with they dillingers
I'd get more in depth, if you boys really real enough
This is La Familia, I'll explain later
But for now let me get back to this paper
I'm a couple bands down and I'm tryin' to get back
I gave the other grip, I lost a flip for five stacks
Yeah I'm talkin' five comma
six zeros
dot zero
Here it go...
Back to runnin' circles 'round niggas
Now we squared up
Hold up

[Chorus - Rihanna]

Life's a game but it's not fair
I break the rules so I don't care
So I keep doin' my own thing
Walkin' tall against the rain
Victory's within the mile
Almost there, don't give up now

Only thing that's on my mind
Is who's gonna run this town tonight
Heeeey-hey-hey-hey-hey-hey
Hey-hey-hey-hey-hey
Heeeey-hey-hey-hey-hey-hey
(Is who's gonna run this town tonight)
Hey-hey-hey-hey

[Verse 2 - Jay-Z]

We are
Yeah I said it
We are
You can call me Cesar
In a dark Czar
Please follow the leader
So Eric B. we are
Microphone fiend
It's the return of thee god
Peace God...
(Auh! Auh!)
And ain't nobody fresher
I'm in Mason
(Ah!)
Martin Margiela
On the tape we're screamin'
Fuck the other side, they jealous
We got a bankhead full of broads
They got a table full of fellas... (ewww)
And they ain't spending no cake
They should throw they hand in
'Cause they ain't got no spades... (ewww)
My whole team got dough
So my bankhead is lookin' like Millionaire's Row (ewww)

[Chorus - Rihanna]

Life's a game but it's not fair
I break the rules so I don't care (wassup)
So I keep doin' my own thing (uh uh)
Walkin' tall against the rain (yeah)
Victory's within the mile (wassup)
Almost there, don't give up now
Is who's gonna run this town tonight
Heeeey-hey-hey-hey-hey-hey
Hey-hey-hey-hey-hey
(wassup)Heeeey-hey-hey-hey-hey-hey
(Is who's gonna run this town tonight)

Hey-hey-hey-heyyy

[Verse 3 - Kanye West]

It's crazy how you can go from being Joe Blow
To everybody on your dick, no homo
I bought my whole family whips, no Volvos
Next time I'm in church, please no photos
Police escorts
Everybody passports
This the life that everybody ask for
This a fast life
We are on a crash course
What you think I rap for
To push a fucking Rav 4?
But I know that if I stay stun-ting
All these girls only gonna want one thing
I could spend my whole life good will hun-ting
Only good gon' come is as good when I'm cumm-ing
She got a ass that'll swallow up a g-string
And up top, unh... two bee stings
And I'm beasting, off the riesling
And my nigga just made it out the precinct
We give a damn about the drama that you do bring
I'm just tryin' to change the color on your mood ring
Reebok, baby, you need to drop some new things
Have you ever had shoes without shoe strings?
What's that 'Ye? Baby, these heels
Is that a May? What?! Baby, these wheels
You trippin' when you ain't sippin', have a refill
You feelin' like you runnin', huh?
Now you know how we feel

[Outro - Rihanna]

We gonna run this town tonight!

[Outro - Jay-Z]

Wassup!

Empire State of Mind:

Yea

[Verse 1: Jay-Z]

Yea I'm out that Brooklyn, now I'm down in TriBeCa
right next to Deniro, but I'll be hood forever
I'm the new Sinatra, and... since I made it here
I can make it anywhere, yea, they love me everywhere

I used to cop in Harlem, all of my Dominicano's
right there up on Broadway, pull me back to that McDonald's
Took it to my stashbox, 560 State St.
catch me in the kitchen like a Simmons with them Pastry's
Cruisin' down 8th St., off white Lexus
drivin' so slow, but BK is from Texas
Me, I'm out that Bed-Stuy, home of that boy Biggie
now I live on Billboard and I brought my boys with me
Say whattup to Ty-Ty, still sippin' mai tai's
sittin' courtside, Knicks & Nets give me high five
Nigga I be Spike'd out, I could trip a referee
Tell by my attitude that I'm most definitely from...

[Chorus: Alicia Keys]

New York, concrete jungle where dreams are made of
There's nothin' you can't do
Now you're in Neww Yooorrrrkkk
These streets will make you feel brand new
Big lights will inspire you
Let's hear it for New York, New York
Neeeww Yooorrrrkkkk

[Verse 2: Jay-Z]

Catch me at the X with OG at a Yankee game
Shit, I made the Yankee hat more famous then a Yankee can
You should know I bleed blue, but I ain't a Crip though
but I got a gang of niggas walkin' with my clique though
Welcome to the melting pot, corners where we sellin' rock
Afrika Bambataa shit, home of the hip-hop
Yellow cab, gypsy cab, dollar cab, holla back
for foreigners it ain't fair they act like they forgot how to act
8 million stories, out there in the naked
city is a pity, half of y'all won't make it
Me I gotta plug Special Ed "I Got it Made"
If Jeezy payin LeBron, I'm payin Dwayne Wade
Three dice cee-lo, three card molly
Labor Day Parade, rest in peace Bob Marley
Statue of Liberty, long live the World Trade
Long live the King yo, I'm from the Empire St. that's

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Jay-Z]

Lights is blinding, girls need blinders
so they can step out of bounds quick, the sidelines is
lined with casualties, who sip the life casually

then gradually become worse, don't bite the apple Eve
Caught up in the in-crowd, now you're in style
Anna Wintour gets cold, in Vogue, wit'cha skin out
City of sin, it's a pity on the whim
Good girls gone bad, the city's filled with them
Mami took a bus trip, now she got her bust out
Everybody ride her, just like a bus route
Hail Mary to the city, you're a virgin
And Jesus can't save you, life starts when the church end
Came here for school, graduated to the high life
Ball players, rap stars, addicted to the limelight
MDMA got you feelin' like a champion
The city never sleeps, better slip you an Ambien

[Chorus]

[Bridge: Alicia Keys]

One hand in the air for the big city
Street lights, big dreams, all lookin' pretty
No place in the world that could compare
Put your lighters in the air
Everybody say "yeaaaa, yeaaa, yeaaa, yeaaaa, I'm from"

[Chorus]

Real as it Gets:

[Intro: Young Jeezy]

Yeah, see it's that
It's that Blueprint 3 shit right here
It's that TM 103 shit right here
You ready? You ready Hov'? Let's go! (Hands up!)

[Verse 1: Young Jeezy]

Allow me to re-introduce myself
At the same time re-introduce my wealth
At the same time rejuvenate the game
It's for my ol' dog niggas that's used to 'caine
Not what B-dawg said, I respect the game
GD's, vice lords, the crips the same
And I know you're 'bout to say this off the chain
Tell 'em fake trappin' ass niggas stay out my lane
See I ain't dead or in jail, I can't complain
And when these fake niggas gone, I shall remain
And if you just tunin' in, let me explain
You know I keep that 47, Uday Hussein

These niggas way too far, I played the game
And if you listen hard enough I say some things
And when that sack got low, I shave them things
And put 'em right back together, I made them things

[Chorus: Young Jeezy]

Now put your sacks in the air if you represent your click
Money in the air if you ever hit a lick
Baby hands in the air, if you know that you that bitch
Say you lookin for the real, hey well this is real as it.. gets

Hey! Hey! Ohh! Ohh! (x2)
This is real as it.. gets
Hey! Hey! Ohh! Ohh! (x2)
This is real as it.. gets

[Verse 2: Jay-Z]

Wassup, wassup (x3)
I got it Jeezy
Now where the Southside at, wassup, wassup
Where the West coast at, put your W's up
Where my East coast niggas that hustle to live
And all my niggas up north that's doin' a bid
Oh yeah I'm rare, I'm aware that I'm rare
I rap and I'm real, I'm one of the few here
These other boys lyin', I wonder if y'all care
They stories out this world, I wonder if y'all hear
But don't really matter as long as they stay clear
Clear of the real shit we doin' over here
When my nigga get home, I'm gonna send him a Lear
For all the time he been down, get him right up in the air
With a couple of broads get him right up in the air
Mile high club get him right up in there
Send my nigga some gear like he never missed a year
By the time you hear this song, he'll be standin right here
Real nigga shit there!

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Jay-Z]

A hundred million to the good and I'm still talkin' yayo
At a snails pace I won this race that y'all trail
Uh, uh, Blueprint's for sale
Followin' my footprints you can't fail
Set sail, I used to duck shots but now I eat quail
I'll probably never see jail

Each tale contains more of the truth
Of the statute allows me to go into detail
Uh, close your eyes you can smell
Hov's the audio equivalent of braille
That's why they feel me in the favelas in Brazil
And water-house 'cause real recognize real
Rrraaahhh!

[Young Jeezy]

You know me, I don't need no introduction
Call me make a lil' somethin' out of nothin'
Anywhere you go, we're the topic of discussion
Damn, that's gotta be disgusting
Err, shit make me wanna throw up
It's big boy music, it should make me wanna grow up
Flows like syrup, it just make me wanna pour up
And is it just me or this makes you wanna roll up
A big fat one, then unpack one
Then unwrap one, peel back one
They use to call me Jizzle with the stamp in the middle
And you can tell the color when it's damp in the middle
Wassup!

[Chorus]

On To The Next One:

"On to the next one, on to the next one" - *repeat in background* }

[Intro: Swizz Beatz] + (Jay-Z)

I got a million ways to get it (uh-huh, geah)
... Choose one (choose one, hey)
Ay, bring it back, bring it back (uh-huh)
Now double your money and make a stack
I'm on to the next one, on to the next one
I'm on to the next one, on to the next one
I'm on to the next one, on to the next one
I'm on to the next one, on to the next one
(Hold up) Freeze! Ay!
Somebody bring me back the money please, hey

[Jay-Z]

Hov' on that new shit, niggaz like "How come?"
Niggaz want my old shit, buy my old album
Niggaz stuck on stupid, I gotta keep it movin
Niggaz make the same shit, me I make +The Blueprint+
Came in the Range, hopped out that Lexus

Every year since, I been on that next shit
Traded in the gold for the platinum Rolexes
Now a nigga wrist match the status of my records
Used to rock a throwback, ballin on the corner
Now I rock a teller suit, lookin like a owner
No I'm not a Jonas, Brother I'm a grown-up
No I'm not a virgin, I use my cojones
I move onward, the only direction
Can't be scared to fail, searchin perfection
Gotta keep it fresh girl, even when we sexin
But don't be mad at him when he's on to the next one

[Chorus: Swizz Beatz]

Freeze! Ay!
Somebody bring me back the money please, hey
I got a million ways to get it
... Choose one
Ay, bring it back, bring it back
Now double your money and make a stack
I'm on to the next one, on to the next one
I'm on to the next one, on to the next one
I'm on to the next one, on to the next one
I'm on to the next one, on to the next one
(Hold up) Freeze! Ay!
Somebody bring me back the money please, hey

[Jay-Z]

Fuck a throwback jersey cause we on to the next one
And fuck that Auto-Tune cause we *onnnnn*
And niggaz don't be mad cause it's all about progression
Loiterers should be arrested
I used to drink Cristal, the muh'fucker's racist
So I switched gold bottles on to that Spade shit
You gon' have another drink or you just gon' baby-sit
On to the next one, somebody call the waitress
Baby I'm a boss, I don't know what they do
I don't get dropped, I drop the label
World can't hold me, too much ambition
Always knew it'd be like this when I was in the kitchen
Niggaz in the same spot, me I'm dodgin raindrops
Meanin I'm on vaca', chillin on a big yacht
Yeah I got on flip-flops, white Louie boat shoes
Y'all should grow the fuck up, c'mere let me coach you
Hold up

[Chorus]

[Jay-Z]

Uhh, +Big Pimpin'+ in the house now
Bought the land, tore the muh'fuckin house down
Bought the car, tore the muh'fuckin roof off
Ride clean, I don't ever take the shoes off
Bought the jeep, tore the muh'fuckin doors off
Foot out that bitch, ride the shit like a skateboard
Navigation on, tryin to find my next thrill
Feelin myself, I don't even need an X pill
Can't chill but my neck will
Haters really gon' be mad off my next deal
Uhh, I don't know why they worry 'bout my pockets
Meanwhile I had Oprah chillin in the projects
Had her out in Bed-Stuy, chillin on the steps
Drinkin quarter waters, I gotta be the best
M.J. at Summer Jam, Obama on the text
Y'all should be afraid of what I'm gon' do next
Hold up

[Chorus]

Off That:

[Intro: Jay-Z] + (Timbaland)

Welcome (welcome)
To the (to the) future, uhh (Blue-print, 3, ay-ay, oh, hey-hey)
Hey, count me in (Blue-print, 3, ay, hey, hey-hey)
Find me a nice soft place to land (I got you Hov', ay ay-ay)
I'm so high (yeah, hey hey, hey, hey, c'mon)
Find me a place to land
(Fricky-fricky uhh, ahhhhh, c'mon now, c'mon now)
Yeah, right there, yeah (fricky-fricky Hov')

[Jay-Z]

I'm so tomorrow the Audemar says yesterday
Which means you on time than late
So even if I slow it downwwwn
My sound is fast forward – hold up
I'm just a runway show
But I wear that so my plane need my runway clothes
Hehe, Cashmere sweats
They come out next year but these my last year's sweats
And my hoe's so sick
Your new chick can't fuck with my old bitch
And you know this shit

I'm professional, they know this is
I just may let you borrow this
This the Blueprint, nigga follow this
This what what tomorrow is
Welcome to tomorrow BIIIIIIIIII..

[Chorus: Drake] + (Jay-Z)

Whatever you about to discover we off that
You about to tell her you love her we off that
Always wanna fight in the club and we off that
But you can't bring the future back, back
Y'all are steady chasin the fame and we off that
Oversized clothes and chains we off that
Niggaz still makin it rain and we off that
Cause you can't bring the future back, back
Tell them haters get off me, the Cris' we off that
Timb's we off that, rims we off that
(Yeah we off that, is you still on that?)
(And we still makin money cause we still on that)

[Jay-Z]

This ain't black vs. white, my nigga we off that
Please tell Bill O'Reilly to fall back
Tell Rush Limbaugh to get off my balls
It's 2010, not 1864
Uhh, yeah we come so far
So I drive around town, hard top and that's all
Uhh, in my TriBeCa loft
With my high brown ahh, and my high yellow broad
Uhh, and my dark-skinned sis
In my best white mink, say what's up to Chris
Uhh, how's that for a mix?
Got a black president, got green presidents
"Blueprint's" in my white iPod
Black diamonds in my Jesús piece, my God
Uhh, we ain't trippin off that
This a Benetton hat, nigga been up off that, uhh

[Chorus]

[Jay-Z]

Uhh, uhh, uhh
I don't give a fidduck abiddout the riddade
you used to move, what you used to do
And I don't give a fidduck abiddout the bitches
that you used to screw, what your future do

And we don't really care what you used to say
Unless that affects your future pay
I'm on a practice field runnin Two-A-Days
So I don't drop the ball when it's threw my way
So I don't give a fidduck abiddout the shit
that you probably did, who you probably is
The only time I deal in past tense
Cause I'm past rims, and I'm past tints
If you drivin it, I drove it
You got it, cause I sold it
You copped it, I bought it back
And we don't give a fidduck, nigga we off that

[Chorus]

[Outro: Timbaland]

Hey, hey, hey, hey
Hey, hey, hey, hey
Hey, hey, hey, hey
Hey, hey, hey...

A Star is Born

[Chorus: J. Cole] (Jay-Z)

Everyday a star is born!!!!

(Clap for 'em, clap for 'em, clap for 'em, clap for 'em, HEY!!!!)

Everyday a star is born!!!!

(Clap for 'em, clap for 'em, clap for 'em, clap for 'em, HEY!!!!)

[Verse One: Jay-Z]

I seen Mase do it, I seen 'Ye do it
X came through, caught lighter fluid
Still I came through it, clap for 'em
But I'm the blueprint, I'm like the map for 'em
I dropped another classic, made Puff pass it,
Nobody could touch Puff back when Puff had it
Wayne scorchin, I'll applaud him
If he keep goin, pass the torch to him
50 came through, like hurricanes do
I thought I finished his ass at Summerjam Two
I had the Illmatic, on bootleg
The shit was so ahead, thought we was all dead
Wayne did a milli, 50 did a milli
'Ye too but what Em did was silly
The white boy blossomed after Dre endorsed him
His flow on "Renegade," fuckin awesome, applaud him

[Chorus: J. Cole] (Jay-Z)

Everyday a star is born!!!!

(Clap for 'em, clap for 'em, clap for 'em, clap for 'em, HEY!!!!)

Everyday a star is born!!!!

(Clap for 'em, clap for 'em, clap for 'em, clap for 'em, HEY!!!!)

[Verse Two: Jay-Z]

Hey, Snoop Dogg did, Nelly came down

Facemob kept the ghetto for the H-Town

Luda moved digits after he moved bitches

Drake's up next, see what he do wit it

Rule had a run, couple movie parts

T.I. literally wanted to shoot up the charts

Waddup Jeezy? What it do

Ya remind me of us in early '92

OutKast landed, 3 Thou' was ill

Like a male version, of Lauryn Hill

Mobb Deep +Shook+ it, but Prodigy took it

a lil' too far, can't fuck wit Brooklyn

Wu-Tang gangbanged it, Meth ate

Rae took on the date with the Purp' Tape

Passed on to Ason and then Ghostface

They had a hell of a run, standing ova- aaaaaaaay!

[Chorus: J. Cole] (Jay-Z)

Everyday a star is born!!!!

(Clap for 'em, clap for 'em, clap for 'em, clap for 'em, HEY!!!!)

Everyday a star is born!!!!

(Clap for 'em, clap for 'em, clap for 'em, clap for 'em, HEY!!!!)

[Verse Three: Jay-Z]

And I am one, of one

Can't you see just how long my run?

My rain knew {?} sun-shine

Been a star since I was back in one, time

One time give it up for him

December 4th, a star was born

Clap for him, he went from movin that corner

to, this corner office, so enormous

Heeeeeeeey! Pres Carter

Watchin her get her Monica on all day

Heeeeeeeey!

...Got so many different Monicas, but only one Jay

They come, they go

Some real, some faux

Some friends, some hoes

But no I, goes nowhere, it's Hov

[Chorus: J. Cole] (Jay-Z)

Everyday a star is born!!!!

(Clap for 'em, clap for 'em, clap for 'em, clap for 'em, HEY!!!!)

Everyday a star is born!!!!

(Clap for 'em, clap for 'em, clap for 'em, clap for 'em, HEY!!!!)

[Verse Four: J. Cole]

And could I be a star?

Does fame in this game have to change who you are?

Or could I be the same one who came from a far away life

Just to make it in this Broadway lights

Now I'm shinin in the broad, day-light - go figure

A slow transition from a lil' broke nigga from the 'Ville

Got a deal, a real life saver

Dreams of being behind the wheel like, Jada

I chill now, cop a lil' ice later

Cole, you got a glow like a lil' Lightsaber

So, clap for him, then applaud Hov

He gave 'em a platform

Flow so sick thought he wrote the rap for him - no sir

The flow cold as a shoulder of a gold diggin hoes

When a broke nigga 'proaches

Told ya I'm focused man, I'll let you muh'fuckers soak it in

Clap for him

Venus vs. Mars:

[[Jay-Z]

If Hov's a Blackberry Bold, then shorty is a Sidekick

She used to have a man, I used to have a side chick

Shorty got wind, I had to blow the chick off

We got rid of him, they both took the shit hard

Shorty played the piano, me I play with white keys

Shorty from the South – oh, I think she like me

Shorty like 'Pac; me? Big Poppa

She screamin "Hit 'Em Up", I'm screamin "Who Shot Ya?"

I'm on that red wine, shorty like white

Same shit different toilet, we both gettin nice

Me I'm from the Apple which means I'm a Mac

She's a PC, she lives in my lap

[Chorus: Jay-Z] + (Beyoncé)

Shorty get it in (but daddy go hard)

Shorty get it in (da-d-daddy go hard)

Shorty get it in (but daddy go hard)

Shorty get it in (da-d-daddy go hard)
Shorty get it in (but daddy go hard)
Shorty get it in (da-d-daddy go hard)
Shorty get it in (but daddy go hard)
Shorty get it in, Venus vs. Mars

[Jay-Z]

Whether black or white, we both like Mike
We both like Jordans, we both feels Nikes
I finish my breakfast, shorty's out to lunch
Yeah we both eatin, it's better than brunch
Shorty like Pepsi, me I'm the Coke man
Body like a Coke bottle, I crush it like a Coke can
Started at the +window+, end up at the +wall+
The Ying to my Yang, I +skeet skeet+ off
Then it's salt-n-pepper back, shorty like the front
The Bonnie to my Clyde, both ridin shotgun
Both covered in gold, like C-3PO
James and Florida Evans – let the +Good Times+ roll (yeah)

[Chorus]

[Jay-Z]

Thought shorty was the truth – found out she was a cheater
We were supposed to "Takeover" – I caught her bumpin "Ether"
I thought shorty like Mike, found out she like Prince
Thought she was Adrian, it's been +Rocky+ ever since
My dollars was down, she left me for some euros
Took my whole flavor, I call her Coke Zero
We were co-MVP's, like Kobe and Shaq
Left me for the +Heat+, we were winnin back-to-back
Said I party too much, shorty got fed up
Shorty got Britney, shaved her whole head up
We used to make out, kissin each other's face off
Went for the Ponzi scheme - damn shorty just made off

[Chorus]

Already Home:

Yeezy !!! Hova !!!
Let's Go
Yeezy !! Hova !!

[2X]

Love me or leave me alone
Either love me or leave me alone

[Chorus: Kid Cudi]

Ohhh, they want me to fall (fall)
Fall from the top (top)
They want me to drop (drop)
They want me to stop (stop)
They want me to gooo (goooo)
I'm already gone (already)
The shit that I'm onnn
I'm already homeeee

[Jay-Z]

Hey, I'm already home
Hey I'm already home
Hey, I'm already home
now one mo' gin

[Chorus]

[Verse 1: Jay-Z]

These niggas want me to go
Don't they know that I'm gone?
They know I'm space shuttle level
They need ox-y-g-g-g-gen
Don't they know that they borin'?
Don't they know that I yawn
Only time they excitin' is when they're mentionin' Shawn
You seen "Single White Female" when she dyed her hair blond?
Sometimes I look at these rappers, the movie remind me of them
Somebody turn these boys off
Don't they know that I'm on
Can't they see that it's foolish to try to kill me with songs?
WTF are they Lauryn? you "Killing Me Softly"
You talk me to death, only thing you could do to him
I opened the door for them, what else could I do?
These niggas want me to walk for them
But somebody talk to them
before I go off on them...

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Jay-Z]

I taught 'em 'bout fishscale, they want me to fish for them
They want me to catch, clean... and cook up the dish for them
All of this just for them or they got a diss for him
They want me to disappear, like it's gon' shift for them

They say that I'm in the way, they want me to sit for them
But what they admitting is, they ain't got shit for him
And really the fact is, we not in the same bracket
not in the same league, don't shoot at the same baskets
Don't pay the same taxes, hang with the same bitches
So how am I in the way, what is it I'm missin'?
Nigga I been missin', nigga I been gone
The shit that you just witnessin' end, I been on
And as for the critics, tell me I don't get it
Everybody could tell you how to do it, they never did it
Now these niggas is mad, oh, they call me a camel
But I mastered the drought, what the fuck, I'm an animal
Half man, half mammal
My sign is a Sag, this is just what I planned to do
Oh don't be maddddd

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

I'm in the Hall already, on The Wall already
I'm a work of art, I'm a Warhol already
On another level, on another plane already
H-O-V, I got my own lane, already (already)
..I done cooked up "The Roc" already
So why the fuck can't y'all get hot already? (already)
Put your name in the pot already
Niggas compare me with Biggie & 'Pac already (already)
Like I'm gone already
And I am, nigga I'm "Already Home" already (already)
If y'all can't already see
I ain't worried bout y'all cuz I'm already me
Yea...do you already
Enough with the complainin', boo-hoos already
...Eat food already
Ain't nothin' given, you gotta claim your shoes already

Yea

So information, I don't know who you racin'
I'm already at the finish line with the flag wavin'
c'mon

[Chorus: 2x]

Hate:
(Jay-Z Talking)

Haters Haters, These niggas is haters
And I made myself so easy to love

[Kanye Verse 1]

How much they hate it? VERY
Kiss girls like Katy Perry
I am never sprung
But I spring her....Jerry
Don't try this at home
Results may vary
KING like T.I.
But in the Chi....Larry

[Jay-Z Verse 1]

Hoover....Hova
Both are American Gangsters
You choose whose colder
Rappers get nasty in the booth but I'm grosser
I can't even stomach myself ulcer
More realer cuz I'm closer
Had girlies in girdles wearin' more than they 'spose to
Poser....No sir
My hustle? So Russell
I stretch work....Yoga
You know I got it down dog
Al Roker I used to knock pounds off
It ain't nothing for me to knock nouns off
And these emcees prayin' for my down fall
They just haters, I wave at you I'm so player
I never be done, Im so RA-RE

[Kanye West Verse 2]

We killin the game it's not FAI-R
You motherfuckers stay right THE-RE
Cuz we too high up in the AI-R
We blastin' off just like a Laser
Nigga pyoom-pyoom-pyoom!
Gimme back Gimme room-room-room
DB-9 like vroom-vroom-vroom
Young Hov what we doin-doin-doin?

[Jay-Z Verse 2]

We ballin'....bitches
Eatin' y'all food leavin' dishes
Why these niggas always talkin' Lear talk 'Ye?
Why I never see 'em at the clear port 'Ye?

Why I always hear they at the airport?
While I fly daily like I'm in the Air Force
Therefore...please stop my ears off
With millionaire talk you haters
Mad at me cuz your paper
Need to get its muthafuckin' weight up
Hold up wait up....I ain't done
Name one thing that I ain't done
It hurts when you say that I ain't the one
You haters....How do I gain your FA-VOR
I need to know cuz I CA-RE
I need you to love me I swear look hey-er
See 'Ye is runnin' the Chi like Gale Sayers
I'm running New York I got the MA-YOR
On my PA-GER Ya can't fade us
You hate us, I need you stay the-re
I breathe you like AI-R....Yay-er
Yeah, yeah, yeah Yayer
Yeah, yeah, yeah Yayer
Where are my haters? I love all my haters
Love all my haters, I love all my haters
Where all my haters? Hater....Yayer

Reminder

[Jay-Z]
All rhymer's with Alzheimer's line up please
All mami's with mind freeze please line up please
All bloggers with comments please, I come in peace
Let's see if we can kill your amnesia by the time I leave
All mami's I hugged before'll vouch for me
Tell 'em 'bout the time on your momma's couch mami
All hustlers who ever, bought a eighth from me
Take this time out, to set the record straight for me
'Member me? Silver bullet, hard top, mentally
They think I'm out of shape so I have to jog they memory
Think with indelible ink, I let the pen go
Verses permanently tattooed serve as momentos
Uhh, I'm so mental
My track record speaks for itself, I'm so instrumental
Allow me to rekindle, let's all "Reminisce" like Mary did
I think I have to send you a reminder, here it is

[Chorus: K. Briscoe] + (Jay-Z)
Reminder (uhh) reminder (uhh)
I got it if you needed a reminder (uhh)
Reminder (uhh) reminder (uhh)

I think I better give you a reminder (uhh)
Reminder (uhh) reminder (uhh)
I got it if you needed a reminder (uhh)
Reminder (uhh) reminder (uhh)
Cause I can give you a friendly reminder (uhh)

[Jay-Z]
What the hell have y'all done
... to even have an opinion on what I've been doin
What the hell have y'all won?
... Only thing you can identify with is losing
Ten #1 albums in a row, who better than me?
Only The Beatles, nobody ahead of me
I crush Elvis and his +Blue Suede Shoes+
Made the Rolling Stones seem sweet as Kool-Aid too
'96, '97, '98, '99
2000, 2001 and beyond
Oh-two, oh-three, oh-four, oh-five
Oh-six and seven, oh-eight, oh-nine
Back-to-back, double plat', I did what you won't
Men lie, women lie, numbers don't
Ain't nothin changed for, me 'cept the year it is
I think I have to send you a reminder, here it is

[Chorus]

[Jay-Z]
Do what I've done without cryin
in the environment and what y'all did it in without dyin my nigga
Then rap like I rap without lyin
then tie 'em both together like I am my nigga
Then write sixteens in between runnin sixteen bid'nesses
All the while showin these young punks what the bid'ness is
As if, I'ma let you niggaz style on me
As if, now everybody's senile on me
Throwbacks, I threw 'em back, remember those, button-ups?
Young Hov', tell them ordinary Joes +Budden+ up
I destroy your 4-point-ohs
And Benz 500's at all points that OWE!
Now you niggaz 'member me, tell me how could you forget
Back of Johnny's album cover, red and blue Gucci shit
Ain't nothin changed but the year it is
I think I have to send you a reminder, here it is

[Chorus]

So Ambitious:

[Pharrell]

Yeah 3 in the morning on the Westside highway, top down baby, fuck y'all
The motivation for me was them telling me what I couldn't be, oh well

[Jay-Z]

This a special dedication
i wanna thank you for the fuel
no really thank you

[Verse 1 - Jay-Z]

I felt so inspired by what my teacher said
said I'd either be dead or be a reefer head
now sure if thats how adults should speak to kids
especially when the only thing I did was speak in class
I'll teach his ass
even betters what my uncle did
I pop my demo tape in start to beat my head
peaked out my eye, see if he was beating his
he might as well say beat it kid, he's on the list
its like I'm searching for kicks like a sneaker head
he gon keep pushing me until I reach the ledge
and when I reach the ledge I'll tell em all to eat a dick
take a leap of faith and let my eagle wings spread
spread spread

[Chorus - Pharrell]

Motivation for me was them telling me what I could not be, oh well
I'm so ambitious
I might hit two sisters
hey I'm on a mission
no matter what the conditions
Forget the personal issues
when you been what I been through
hey if you believe it
then you could conceive it

[Verse 2 - Jay-Z]

I had to lace up my boots even harder
Father is too far away to father
Further-more all the kids either smoke reefer
or either move white, there's few writers in my cypher
So they made light of, my type of
dreams seem dumb, they said wise up
How many guys-a, you see makin it from here
The world don't like us, is that not clear? Alright but

I'm different, I can't base what I'm gon' be
offa what everybody isn't, they don't listen
Just whisperin behind my back
No vision, lack of ambition, so whack!

[Chorus]

[Verse 3 - Jay-Z]

Had a couple of meetings no office yet
maybe I ain't good enough for these offices
back to the drawing board ducking officers
it's all good cause the streets is A&R'ing this
so with or without any of your involvement
coming for all of this, respect my conglomerate
I went from pauper to the President
every deal I made said President
niggas thought I'd fall without old buddy
oh buddy, what I do is make more money
Dear Teacher, your probably somewhere near a speaker
I'm balling outta control, can you hear my sneakers
fuck y'all

[Chorus]

[Outro]

You see, the motivation for me
was them telling me what I could not be

Forever Young:

[Mr. Hudson]

Let's dance in style, let's dance for a while
Heaven can wait, we're only watchin the skies
Hopin for the best but expecting the worst
Are you gonna drop the bomb or not?
Let us die young, or let us live forever
We don't have the power but we never say never
Sitting in a sand pit, life is a short trip
The music's full of sad men

[Chorus: Mr. Hudson]

Forever young; I wanna be, forever young
Do you really want to live forever, forever, and ever?
Forever young; I wanna be, forever young (forever young)

Do you really want to live forever, forever, forever young?

[Jay-Z – over Chorus]

Uhh, Young!

Ay may the best of your todays
Be the worst of your tomorrows
But we ain't even thinkin that far
Knahmean?

[Jay-Z]

So we livin like a video (video)
Where the sun is always out and you never get old
And the champagne's always cold, and the music's always good
And the pretty girls just happen to stop by in the hood
And they hop they pretty ass up on the hood of that pretty-ass car
Without a wrinkle in today, cause, there's no tomorrow
Just a picture perfect day that last a whole lifetime
And it never ends cause all we have to do is hit rewind
So let's just stay in the moment, smoke some weed, drink some wine
Reminisce, talk some shit, forever young is in your mind
Leave a mark they can't erase, neither space nor time
So when the director yells cut, I'll be fine
I'm, forever young

[Chorus]

[Jay-Z]

Fear not when or fear not why, fear not much while we're alive
Life is for livin not livin uptight, 'til you somewhere up in the sky
Fear not die, I'll be alive for a million years, bye-bye
So now for legends I'm forever young, my name shall survive
Through the darkest blocks over kitchen stoves over Pyrex pots
My name shall be passed down to generations while debatin up in barbershops
Young slung, hung here, show that the nigga from here
With a little ambition just, what, we can become here (yeah)
And as the father passed the story down to his son's ears
Younger get, younger every year, yeah
So if you love me baby this is how you let me know
Don't ever let me go, that's how you let me know, ba-by

[Chorus]

[Jay-Z]

Just let it run..
Slammin Bentley doors, hoppin out of Porsches
Poppin up on Forbes list, gorgeous – hold up

Niggaz thought I lost it, they be talkin bullshit
I'll be talkin more shit, they nauseous – hold up
I'll be here forever, you know I'm on my fall shit
And I ain't with foreclosure, I will never forfeit
Less than four bars, Guru bring the chorus in
Did you get the picture yet? I'm paintin you a portrait of Young

[Chorus] – latter half