

## In My Lifetime, Vol. 1

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### **A Million and 1 Questions**

[somebody whispering]

Somebody's pulling me closer to the ground  
I ain't panicked, I been here before  
Seems like only yesterday when I got up on that stage  
In front of that crowd  
And showed them who was who, and what was what  
Man look at these suckers  
I ain't no rapper, I'm a hustler  
It just so happens that I know how to rap  
Okay, I'm reloaded!  
(music drops in)

[Jay-Z]

I did it again niggaz  
Fucked up, right? I know  
I know what y'all niggaz asking yourself  
Is he gonna ever fall off?  
No...

...a lot of speculation  
on the monies I've made, honeys I've slayed  
How is he for real? Is that nigga really paid?  
Hustlers I've met or, dealt with direct  
Is it true he slay the beef and slept with a tech?

What's the position you hold? Can you really match  
a triple platinum artist buck by buck by only a single goin gold?  
Roc-A-Fella ship fold, and you're left out in the cold  
Is it back to charging motherfuckers 11 for an O  
For the millionth time askin me  
Questions like Wendy Williams, harrassin me  
then get upset when I catch feelings  
Can I get a minute to breathe? And in that minute you leave  
While I'm looking at my Rol' ice spinnin on my sleeve  
Uh, nice watch, do you really have a spot?  
Like you said in Friend or Foe and if so, what block?  
What you doin in L.A., with phillipinos and ese's  
Latinos and Cheve's, down by Pico withh Frederico  
I answer all your questions but then y'all got to go  
Now the question I ask you is how bad you want to know? BLAOW!

Roc-A-Fella y'all, uhh, uh  
Know my style

Motherfuckers can't rhyme no more, bout crime no more  
Til I'm no more, cause I'm so raw  
My flow expose holes that they find in yours  
Wasn't for me, niggaz still be dying for whores  
But I hate when a nigga sit back, admirin yours  
Young blood you better get that, we frying baccars  
Niggaz don't want to be confined to riding the iron horse  
And don't listen to the rappers, they dying to floss  
I used to be O.T., applyin the force  
Shoot up the whole block, then the iron I toss  
Come back with the click playing Diana Ross  
I'm the boss and this is how it's gonna be  
Burnt the turnpike, wild miles on the V  
I got mouths to feed till they put flowers on me  
And kiss my cold cheek, chicks crying like I was Cochise  
Tombstone read 'He Was Holdin No Leaks'  
Started from the crack game and then so sweet  
Freaked it to the rap game, Jigga the old-G  
On MTV, telling em how I sold D  
And used to back work up out of apartment 4-B  
Me and my homie, started out coldies  
Picked the mailbox lock cause I ain't have no key  
Had the cable with the anchor when Jaz made 'Sophie'  
Then I went low key, but now I'm back it's on  
Motherfuckers  
Jigga, uh-huh, yeah  
Roc-A-Fella y'all

Uhh, feel this

### **The City is Mine**

[Jay-Z]

Uh-uhh-uh, ge-ge-geyeah

Chorus: Blackstreet

You belong to the city (Uh-uhh-uh, what what)  
You belong to the night (Uh-uhh-uh, ge-ge-geyeah)  
In the river of darkness  
He's a man of the night

Verse One: Jay-Z

Uhh, yeah  
What the deal playboy, just rest your soul  
I be holding it down yo still love the dough  
Got these ladies on the cock now you know how we go  
Got the whole world on lock down you know how we flow  
Don't worry about Brooklyn I continue to flame  
Therefore a world with amnesia won't forget your name  
You held it down long enough, let me take those reigns  
And just like your spirit the commision remains  
Niggaz can cross the T's and, dots the I's  
Now that I got too popular to cop them pies  
I'm takin this rap shit serious, to my demise  
Jay shit's like cake mix, watch me rise  
Basics in the basement, waste it  
Asking my dog for advice so when he can't say shit  
my hatred is, fueled just give me a sign  
And I let the world know that the city is mine, what?

Chorus: Blackstreet

You belong to the city (The city is mine, what-what-what)  
You belong to the night (Ge-ge-geyeah, uh-uhh-uh, pa-pau)  
In the river of darkness  
He's a man of the night (The city is mine, that's right...)

Verse Two: Jay-Z

Y'all want to know how I flow just seek and you find  
I'm like a brain in the voicebox, I speak my mind  
About to redefine rap mami, either I'm

the illest nigga doing it or these niggaz is losin it  
I read a article that said I was ruinin shit  
But every time I look, I'm movin units in quick  
So I'ma hit y'all, with these last two and split  
and leave niggaz with nothing but my influences-es  
Soon it's the Jigga, I ain't mad yeah, bite my shit  
Sell half of what I sell because it's not quite my shit  
I'm the type to buy a Roley and just ice my shit  
on the spot, fuck comin back twice to shit  
How real is that? My floss game, still intact  
Boss game, you lame dudes can't feel that  
Like the first dude to cop the 850 and 89  
and drove it up to 55th, the city is mine, what?

Chorus: Blackstreet

You belong to the city (The city is mine)  
You belong to the night (Yeah, uhh, the city is mine)  
In the river of darkness (Pa-pa, feel me)  
He's a man of the night (Yeah, yeah, bounce, bounce)

Verse Three: Jay-Z

I snatch your girl cause your arm ain't strong enough  
Plus ya don't stay in the studio long enough  
I make hits while y'all stay hatin and take bricks  
Had it locked til I came in the club, Take 6  
Got your chick cause you swore she was innocent  
Got her a Chinese manicure hair done by Dominicans, all for what  
So I could be in a dark corner, all in the butt  
at the bar alchoholing her up  
I represent the lifestyle of those who thirst cream  
A buck fifty a shot, Louis the Thirteenth  
Jay-Z, Roc-A-Fella yo, know the name  
I ain't a player get it right, I'm controllin the game  
From now until they blow holes in my frame  
I'ma stand firm, holdin my aim, feel me?  
I'm the focal, point like Biggie in his prime  
on the low though - shhhhh, the city is mine!

Chorus w/ variations to end

### **I Know What Girls Like**

[Verse One: Jay-Z]  
Peep the scripts, Scoped honey from the whip

Jumped out like YO! Who the fuck you with?  
Flash the jewels cause that's the rule  
Damn I like a girl who spend a little cash for her shoes  
Face natural - can I get at you?  
Saw a spot on the body look nice with a tattoo  
With my name, but didn't want to jump the gun  
I Didn't Know how many niggas was humping hon  
I said I never seen a face like yours before  
And I been around some cute whores before  
That either me or my boys tore it up before  
So I'm hoping you different  
Let you push the 6  
And give you a different life and  
Baby if it's right jump on it in the morning  
And ride it 'til the night  
Want to buy you real jewelry when it hits the light  
Bitches'll momentarily lose they sight  
She said

[Chorus]

I know what boys like  
I know what they want  
I know what boys like, boys like  
I know what boys like  
I know what they want  
I know what boys like, boys like me

[Verse Two: Lil' Kim]

So want a cutie with a booty like POW!  
Deeper than a MILE! Earrings shine like TADOW!  
But I'm a real bitch so you know I do real things  
Only real bitches live like queens - Get it?  
Safety deposit in the walk-in closet  
Marvel Forts is for matching Rolls Royce's  
In the driveway from Monday to Friday  
I be the richest, shitting on these bitches  
While chickens cluck giving up the butt  
I plays the cut with the Daddy Warbucks  
You can call me a slut, who gives a fuck  
That's fine nigga shit, I'm a good with mine  
I can tell by your shoes you know what I want  
Fuck a pre-nup give me half up front  
My sex be the best so we split these costs  
You can stop saying mine  
And start saying ours

[Chorus]

I know what girls like  
I know what they want  
They want to sex me  
They think I'm sexy  
I know what girls like, girls like me

I know what boys like  
I know what they want  
They want to sex me  
They think I'm sexy  
I know what boys like, boys like me

[Verse Three: Jay-Z]

Got the bomb place, fireplace John Blaze  
Victoria Secret lingerie, ice like Don Kay  
The price was like eight digits a long way, shit  
Got the beachfront view, V1 too  
Cop you one cop me one too  
On the place, jet ski's park by the lake  
No neighbors, make all the noise you want to make  
Invite your friends over  
Let 'em make their way through the Benz's and the Rovers  
before they reach the door  
Vacate, hey wait, a week or more  
First class to and fro, freakin off  
Got to have things locked, champagne popped  
Cruise around the world 'til the damn thing stop  
Cop Rembrandt, hang 'em, pay the lot  
Can't complain, we ballin, true or not ma?

[Chorus: 2x]

I know what girls like  
I know what they want  
I know what girls like, girls like  
I know what girls like  
I know what they want  
I know what girls like, girls like me

I know what boys like  
I know what they want  
I know what boys like, boys like  
I know what boys like  
I know what they want  
I know what boys like, boys like me

## Imaginary Players

Yeah

I mean like

I gotta be like the pioneer to this shit, you know

I was popping that Cristal

when all y'all niggaz thought it was beer and shit, you know

Wearing that platinum shit

when all y'all chicks thought it was silver and shit

I got to be the pioneer of this shit

Bottom line

I'm going to show you how to do it

Check it

[Verse One]

I spit that other shit

That's the nice motherfucker shit

Fed time follow me around, deep cover shit nigga

You beer money, I'm all year money

I'm popping, you ain't got to count it, it's all there money

I never change money 'cause niggas got strange money

NARC'd up, marked up, fucked up in the game money

I got bail money, XXL money

You got flash now, one time we'll reveal money

I spit the hottest shit, you need it I got it shit

That down South Master P, Bout It Bout It shit

I got blood money, straight up thug money

That brown paper bag under your mattress drug money

You got show dough, little to no dough

Sell a bunch of records and you still owe dough

I got 900 and 96 plus 4 more dough

You crazy, you fugazy I'm loco with dough papo

Chorus: (4x)

Imaginary Players

[Verse Two]

And now you got these young cats acting like they slung cats

All in they dumb rap, talking about how they funds stack

When I see them in the street, I don't see none of that

Bad playboy, where the fuck is the hummer at?

Where is all the ice with all the platinum under that?

Those ain't rolex diamonds, what the fuck you done to that?

Y'all rapping-ass niggas, y'all funny to me

Selling records, being you but still you want to be me

I guess for every buck you make it's like a hundred for me  
And still you running around thinking you got something on me  
But I done did it  
And y'all want to take my flow, and run with it  
That's cool, I was the first one with it  
Original, jiggas the future flow digital  
Still busting a gat when she gets critical  
Sit it down, I don't want y'all to get it confused  
I rip it down, like I ain't got nothing to lose

Chorus

[Verse Three]

Groupies I leave them all fucked; niggaz, awe struck  
Your single was 99 cents, mines was 4 bucks  
Last year, when niggas thought it was all up  
But this year I've done it again, jigga!  
What the fuck  
Nigga stop whining, jigga, still shining  
Niggas kept complaining so I copped more diamonds  
Rock more Versace, ain't nothing sweet  
I still throw t'ree in your body, fleeing the party  
Y'all can't go with me, nope, flow with me  
Bet 50, not dollars either I brought some dough with me  
I flow like the 5 series, in various areas  
And blow holes in your weak niggas theories  
It's funny how one verse can fuck up the game  
You bought a 4.0 you better get your change  
Ain't no platinum in those Cartiers, switch your frame  
Ain't no manicurist on board, then switch your plane

Chorus

### **Streets is Watching**

\* album version is inexplicably censored

[Intro]

Uh-huh uh huh uh  
Gee-gee-geyeah  
Baby, watchin, streets ("You boys are soft like bread")  
Uh-huh uh huh uh  
You don't have to look  
Uh-huh uh  
The streets is watching  
Check it, check

Uh-huh uh, check

[Verse One]

Look, if I shoot you, I'm brainless  
But if you shoot me, then you're famous -- what's a n\*ggaz to do?  
When the, streets is watching, blocks keep clocking  
Waiting for you to break, make your first mistake  
Can't ignore it, that's the fastest way to get extorted  
But my time is money, at twenty-five, I can't afford it  
Beef is sorted like Godiva, chocolates  
N\*ggaz you bought it, I pull the slide back and cock it  
Plan aborted, you and your mans get a pass  
This rhyme, you're operating on f\*ck time  
Y'all n\*ggaz ain't worth my shells, all y'all n\*ggaz  
tryin to do is hurt my sales, and stop trips to John McNale  
The type to start a beef then, run to the cops  
When I see you in the street got, one in the drop  
When I'd rather be on tour gettin a, hundred a pop  
Taking pictures with some b\*tches, in front of the drop  
The streets is watching

[Chorus]

When the, streets is watching  
Blocks keep clocking  
Waiting for you to break, make your first mistake  
Can't ignore it

[Verse Two]

Now it's hard not to kill n\*ggaz  
It's like a full time job not to kill n\*ggaz, can't chill  
the streets is watchin.. when you froze your arms  
N\*ggaz wanna test you and your gun goes warm  
Can't get caught with your feet up, gotta keep your heat up  
Sweet n\*ggaz running 'round swearing sh\*t is sweeter  
Once you're tagged lame the game is follow the leader  
Everybody want a piece of your scrilla, so you gotta keep it realer  
Kidnap n\*ggaz wanna steal ya  
Broke n\*ggaz want no cash, they just wanna kill ya  
for the name, n\*ggaz don't know the rules  
Disrespectin the game, want you to blow your cool  
Force your hand, of course that man's plottin  
Smarten up, the streets is watchin, it's on

[Chorus]

[Verse Three]

My street mentality flip bricks forever, know me and money  
we like armed co-defendants, n\*gga we stick together  
Sh\*t whatever for this cheddar ran my game into the ground  
Hustle harder to see it if indictment time came around  
And you can look up and down the streets and I can't be found  
Put in twenty-four hour shifts but, that ain't me now  
Got a face too easy to trace, n\*ggaz mouths got slow leaks  
Had to hide between my workers, couldn't play those streets  
She out of space like Mercury you jerkin me? Hectic  
Had to call upon my wolves to send, n\*ggaz the message  
I said this: 'Let's play fair and we can stay here  
I'm trying to transform you Boyz II Men like daycare'  
Hey there's money to be made and, n\*ggaz got the picture  
Stopped playing with my paper and, we got richer  
Then hard times fell upon us, half of my staff  
had warrants, the other half, in the casket lay dormant  
I felt like life was cheating me, for the first time  
in my life I was getting money but it was like my concious was eating me  
Was this a lesson God teaching me? Was he saying that?  
I'm playing the game straight from Hell from which few came back  
like bad coke, pimp or die, was my mindframe bad  
Was n\*ggaz thinkin simplify was turning cocaine crack?  
Ain't a whole lot of brain to that, just trying to maintain a stack  
and not collide like two trains that's on the same track  
But, get my life together like the oars I bring back  
In the bottom of the pot where no, water gets hot  
Got my transporter take it 'cross the border then stop  
To set up shop with a quarter of rock - here's the plan!  
For three straight weeks, n\*ggaz slaughtered the block  
But you know the game is 'lluted, f\*cked up me and my dues  
One drop can wipe a n\*gga out, faster than the cops  
and this unstable way of living just, had to stop  
Half of my n\*ggaz got time, we done real things  
By ninety-four became the subject of half of y'all n\*ggaz rhymes  
Public apologies to the families of those caught up in my street  
But that's the life for us lost souls brought up in the streets  
The life and times of a demonic mind, excited with crime  
And the lavish luxuries that just excited my mind  
I figured, 'Sh\*t why risk myself I just write it in rhymes  
And let you feel me, and if you don't like it then fine'  
The mindstate, of a n\*gga who boosted the crime rate  
so high in one city they send National Guards to get me  
Ya dig?

The streets

## Friend or Foe '98

Verse One:

I'm done talking  
Ran up in the spot gun smoking  
Shot it in the air, one woke him  
Sun-soaking, sweating in his bed like Dunlo  
Thinking to himself what done provoked him  
His thoughts is racing like a vulcan  
I swear I saw a lightbulb when  
He finally figured out who was the culprit  
I said yeah, remember me from Friend or Foe when  
I told you don't ever ever come around here no more  
Time to pay now, you try to rise, I wave the gun - lay down  
This time you're really going to listen to Jay now  
I try to talk sensibly, hoping that eventually you realize  
I had this locked and it just wasn't meant to be  
Plus I had sympathy when we all wore rams with your keys  
And it wasn't afterthought that maybe you'll try to revenge me  
But I was like "Nah", Chromes had to know he was wrong  
And if you caught me on the foul now you would sing me the same song  
Plus you promised  
And that's really no fun  
Yeah I find you in this Motel 6 with all these guns  
And all your goons, lined up in adjoining rooms  
Like some wild cowboys coming to get me at high noon  
But my mind's like a flower in bloom  
\*\*\* my eyes just scower the room  
I'm alert, plus I paid the clerk I got it laid out  
You think you the first nigga I played out, in a 2 hotel town?  
Come on now, I peep your Lexus at you  
Left the exit got some niggas on that side of the town  
Money well invested, rudely interrupted  
Jamaican accents \*\*\*  
A gun in your face and that's all you can come up with?  
I'm done talking, back up and clap them, one in the abdomen  
Do me a favor dude, get 2 ice cubes I pass them  
Take that ice up, for the nicest MC  
And please yo, tell BIG, he's unbelievable  
Friend or foe BIOTCH!

## Lucky Me

How can you fairly assess something from the outside looking in?  
There's gotta be them times you'll be wrong. Nah Mean?

How can a mother fucka go round and hate a nigga  
he never even met that he dont even know and shit?  
I think this rap shit is all beef

Y'all dont even know every day I'm livin with stress  
Got up out the streets you think a nigga could rest  
Can't even enjoy myself at a party unless  
I'm on the dance floor hot ass vest  
You think I'm freakin' these chicks right?  
I try not to brush against they chest  
You get a lawsuit for shit like that, I feel trapped  
Swear to everything when I leave this earth  
It's gon' be on both feet, never knees in the dirt  
You could try me fucka but when I squeeze it hurts, fine  
We'll lose two lives, yours and mines  
Gimme any amount of time dont let Ms. Carter grieve  
at the funeral parlor drippin' tears on my sleeve  
Told the judge didn't budge it was him or me  
and I ain't trying to be hard but I'm guilty as charged  
Put my mercy on this court and my faith in God  
And pray hard none of my nephews wanna be stars...Lucky Me

Chorus: Karen Anderson

You only know what you see,  
You dont understand what it takes to be me.

I hate all girls with alterior motives  
That's why I'm twenty plus years old, no sons no daughters  
Hate putting my life in the hands of fake promoters  
Hear the hate in my voice right? I hate that you noticed  
Niggas wanna strip to the bone for shit you own  
Hate a nigga like that faggot, get your own  
Hate that I can't roam the street without the clip and chrome  
Knowing one day Im'a have to flip, c'mon  
You know the shit don't stop 'til the Crist don't pop  
And you have to kill a nigga and your wrist don't lock  
I'm trapped the whole worlds against me in fact,  
It aint no turning back. Bring It On  
Hate the price of fame cause it cost too much  
Can I live without y'all niggas saying I floss too much?  
Hate the way you make this hate flow all through us  
Steady looking for flaws through us.... Lucky Me

Chorus: Karen Anderson, Jay-Z

You only know what you see,  
You dont understand what it takes to be me  
You only know what you see,  
(Since I was 4 years old, I been told, everything that glitters ain't gold)  
You dont understand what it takes to be me  
(And now that I've arrived  
I see those truths unfold before my eyes in this world so cold)

Nigga see you in the street, pretend to be friendly  
But I know any type of success breeds envy  
I know in the back of your mind your conjuring ways to hen me  
Leave my friends in a circle pouring out Henny  
But G's is heaven bound so how I'm gon' receive  
Anything y'all pour to the ground next time throw it up  
And ain't nothing changed so even in my afterlife I show it up  
Dont grieve for me my art remains  
like a dart from the speaker to your heart  
Spiritually through the portal now my words as a mortal  
Plan to leave without a fight I plant a seed I give life  
Though I can't see past the girls greed to call her wife  
Next time your thinking heist better be precise  
Cause I'm fully prepared. One of us is gon' leave here  
I have no regrets even though I wanna see grow  
My godsons Boogie, Sonny and Rimo

Chorus x 4

### **Sunshine**

[Jay-Z]  
What, tssh, y'all, what  
Jigga, uhh uhh uhh, uh-huh  
Pa-pa, uhh, pa-pa, uhh  
The G, Roc-A-Fella y'all

Who be, in a Japanese restaurant, eating sushi  
Drinking saki, it's me, and my mami with the doobie  
Cutie, smellin like Tiaka, half-Phillipine thing  
For now, let's call her Suki, got me this booty bangin  
Properly, in Versace pants, cocky bow-legged stance  
A thing of beauty, watch me, body crazy  
Tits Firm like Nature, Foxy, Nas and AZ  
Truly reason to bug the toolie and keep laced in jewelry watch me  
Girlie tried to lure me and lock me you gotta get up early  
Cause who's gettin played is not me  
"Surely you jest," she said, "if you thought I was purely

out for the bucks you woulda bucked stuck and dropped me"  
I said maturely, "You right  
but better safe than sorry, but for the lovebirds  
can move to the suburbs, I need to double check your story  
To make sure that you one of a kind  
And you deserve to be my Sunshine"

Chorus: Babyface (variations not listed except for first time)

Touch me with, a heart of gold (uh-huh)  
I can't go a day without my sunshine (uh-huh) ahh-haaa (say what? uhh)  
Touch me with, a smile of gold (yeah)  
I can't go a day without my sunshine, sunshine (uhh, uhh, uhh)

[Jay-Z], (Foxy Brown)  
A year gone, and she seein things most chicks only  
hear in songs (uh-huh) keep in gear phenom  
Lots of ice in the air, round the neck the charm (that's right)  
Risked a four to life bid to keep that shit on her arm  
Keep her impressed at all times, cats would love to creep (uh-huh)  
just to say they crept with mine, slept with mine, she said

[Foxy Brown], (Jay-Z)  
I ain't deaf nor blind, niggaz stressin  
Hatin cause they less than mine, they wanna sex me  
We chose each other, you actin like you chose me  
They oppose you then, they oppose me  
We could creep at a low speed, the gat in the hosiery  
Double cross you they got to triple cross me  
(I'm thinking that's the way it's supposed to be) Uh-huh  
(One more thing:  
If I ever go broke, would you hit the block for me?) Fo' sho'  
(She replied, eyes open wide) Uhhhh  
(Put that on everything?) I put that on my life  
(Right)

Chorus

[Jay-Z], (Foxy Brown)  
If I needed would you, give me your kidneys? (Uhh, uhh, fo' sho')  
Catch a case you catch it with me? (Mmm, fo' sho')  
Pawn your jewlery to come get me? (You better know)  
Catch me with a chick, forgive me? (Uhh, now that, I don't know)  
They spread rumors, will you defend me, tooth and nail? (Uh-huh)  
They try to frame me, will you be there, till the truth prevail? (uhh)  
(But would you be the same dude, when you blow the roof off sales

that you was, throwin rocks, at the Roof at 12, nigga?)  
This is the truth I shell, till the loot gets frail  
I put this on my nephews, from the smallest to the pale  
Me and you ballin, from the heavens, or the hell  
Won't let you hit the ground if I'm fallin myself  
Now picture me leavin you in this cold world, rollin for delf  
It's me and you in this old girl, we takin the belt  
From the lows, to the highs, to the foes we shine  
Just continue to be my Sunshine (uhhh)

Chorus 2X

### **Who You Wit II**

Uh-huh, yeah hah  
Never Sprung huh?  
Jigga, Roc-a-Fella y'all  
Never Sprung huh?  
Yeah, peep the repertoire  
Peoples, feel me on this one  
Peoples, feel this  
Never Sprung huh? Know my style

I love bitches, thug bitches, shy bitches  
Rough bitches, don't matter you my bitches  
Gold diggers witcha eyes on my riches  
Can't Knock Your Hustle for real, exotic bitches  
I'm game tight, see it all through the platinum french  
frames with the french name in the same night  
Pull you and your tight friend  
lift your little dress like light wind, hah, then I slide right in  
You know the whole repertoire, U.S. to the U-S-S-R  
Sexin in a Lexus car  
Match wits with the best of y'all the rest of y'all  
is like vege-tables in my presence, check it  
Reminescin to nuttin you ever heard, Iceberg  
Slim baby ride rims through the suburbs  
Funds come in lump sums never ends deferred  
Get money like I'm down South Wednesday the 3rd, it's on

\*chorus\*

Dough to get, more shows to rip  
I suggest you all roll with the click, who you wit  
Frozen wrists and it's flows that's sick  
More O's than you know exist, bitch who you wit

Can't scheme on em, Roc-a-Fella got a team on em  
Chicks dream on him trick cream on him  
Lose it when dudes think it's just music  
Lean on em flash green on em and diamond rings on em  
Sex around the way girls down to mida's  
I'm somethin every girl gotta have like Levi's  
Chiquita, me got more, see I brawl  
You can love me or hate me, either or  
I'ma stay winnin, rock the custom drop Bentleys  
Never eat at Denny's and party like Lil Penny  
can he live? Trick or main chick but if she leave  
just as quick, indian give, ha-hah  
Now what I look like? Givin a chick half my trap  
like she wrote half my raps, yeah, I'm havin that  
you be the same chick when you leave me  
the bankbook and the credit cards and take everything you came wit       \*chorus\*

\*chorus\*

Here's somethin niggaz gon find, not at all funny  
We takin all ya bitches, takin all ya money  
Jay-Z rated A.G. baby that's All Good  
I sink this ball in your hole, I'm Tiger Woods  
If the money was the grass and your ass was tee  
when I hit it with this club love you comin with me  
Grip you right up under your ass, put your back on the wall  
Kinda tipsy, seein triple, so I'm fuckin ya all  
You remind me of this dream I had the night before  
I'm kinda hopin the condom break to have a reason to go raw  
I'm playin, hit the showers, hit the money spot  
Where all the models play and big money is dropped  
Drop the top, let her feel the moonlight it entranced her  
She jumped all in my seat like some private dancer  
I tell you somethin new, if you don't hop down off that  
butter soft shit with your shoes, I'ma step on the gas  
She laughed, put her ass back in the proper place  
She said, 'I played my cards right and look I got the ace'  
I told her \*beatboxes\* 'Slow down baby'  
You dealin with a baller, who, hold ground crazy it's on

\*chorus\* (repeat 4X)

Beyatch! Fucka  
Jigga, nine-seven shit, next millenia  
Recognize, realize, it's on

Roc the block y'all  
Laugh  
It's on

### Face Off

{\*\*\*Jay-Z , (Sauce)\*\*\*}

Jay-Z talking: Sauce mothafuckin, jigga, jigga feel this...

Chorus

This goes out to my Brooklyn crew put ya guns up in the air if ya feel  
me  
(If ya feel me) Fuck 'em all day fuck 'em all night we don't love these  
hoes

(This goes out to my Brooklyn crew put ya guns up in the air if ya feel  
me)  
If ya feel me (Fuck 'em all day fuck 'em all night we don't love these  
hoes)

Verse 1

Yeah (If ya want some put ya guns up it's on)  
Ladies know that when the sun's up I'm gone  
(Fuck them bitches though digits though)  
Fuck, now if I bring it niggas know whaat  
(All black gat with the mack out)  
I take shorty to the rest blow her back out  
sun dress undress throw her back out (biotch)  
(in & out like a crack house) keep it moving  
(Face off with the .38 scraped off)  
keep shorty maced can't throw a 4-4 eight ball  
know your place (so it starts when ya least expect)  
(the yeast infect) you don't imitate bitches  
(piece protected) so I hear you hate bitches?  
(love the dough, ya flow irritate niggas)  
fuck them though, it's all out and  
have a fall out I fucked ya girl  
(On top now we call out fuck the world)  
(Face Off!)

Chorus

(This goes out to my Brooklyn crew put ya guns up in the air if ya feel  
me)  
If ya feel me (Fuck 'em all day fuck 'em all night we don't love these  
hoes)

This goes out to my Brooklyn crew put ya guns up in the air if ya feel me  
(If ya feel me) Fuck 'em all day fuck 'em all night we don't love these hoes

#### Verse 2

(I apologize ladies I'm lovin' ya right)  
you must be used to me trickin' but we fuckin' tonight  
(No wine no dine) no wheelin' the whip  
all night long just feelin' the dick be-i-itch  
(Sauce mothafuckin' slayin' I'm sayin' with no delayin')  
(Can you beat that? I eat that) you just playin'  
nigga you neva know what a chick could do  
(pull the trigga too) check the shit jigga do  
(My crew) mackin' the same bitch (I do)  
(back man stack grands) daddy like I you  
(Love them hoes jigga?) Ha how that sound?  
women start to fall we all bat around  
Let my whole team hit it (scatter 'round)  
you never seen wit it (pat 'em down)  
check for cream in it (These riches)  
got nu'hin to do wit these bitches  
(Nothin' y'all can do to stop these digits)  
(Face Off!)

#### Chorus

This goes out to my Brooklyn crew put ya guns up in the air if ya feel me  
(If ya feel me) Fuck 'em all day fuck 'em all night we don't love these hoes

(This goes out to my Brooklyn crew put ya guns up in the air if ya feel me)  
If ya feel me (Fuck 'em all day fuck 'em all night we don't love these hoes)

#### Verse 3

(Can I touch that?) what's that? Leave it for dead.  
Keep ya arm over ya face my nigga (keep ya head)  
(keep a mind to survive if ya sleep ya dead)  
Stay fly 'til ya die nigga deep with prayer  
(with each word ya say I guess the beef is dead)  
Ladies & gentlemen (like impeach the Prez)  
(Val Kilmer style nigga draw heat with feds)  
(broad day like De Niro shoot all day)

I'm the man fuckin' the tracks and you just foreplay  
get a hit I, I come through, blow up, you spit out  
What keep it cocked faithfully like salop  
with one in the drop don't get hit up  
(I be the 4-5th flamer hoes bitch shamer)  
(clap cats a snitch she'll give ya whole click name up)  
Look I done came up (and) thought a whole game up  
meet me in the square with one in the chamber  
(The Face Off nigga)

Chorus

This goes out to my Brooklyn crew put ya guns up in the air if ya feel  
me  
(If ya feel me) Fuck 'em all day fuck 'em all night we don't love these  
hoes

(This goes out to my Brooklyn crew put ya guns up in the air if ya feel  
me)  
If ya feel me (Fuck 'em all day fuck 'em all night we don't love these  
hoes)

This goes out to my Brooklyn crew put ya gun up (in the air) if ya feel  
me  
Fuck 'em all day (fuck 'em all night) we don't love these hoes

<"Track Masters" is whispered softly 8X in background>  
(This goes out... put ya guns up in the air) if ya feel me if ya feel  
(Fuck 'em all day fuck 'em all night we don't love these hoes) Yeah!!

This goes out (to my Brooklyn crew)...

### **Real Niggaz**

Artist: Jay-Z f/ Too \$hort  
Album: In My Lifetime, Vol. 1  
Song: Real Niggaz  
Typed by: OHHLA Webmaster DJ Flash

[Jay-Z]  
Real niggaz do real things  
Hangin with the honies is the song I sing  
Real niggaz do real things  
On the road to riches and diamond rings  
Real niggaz do real things  
Bustin my toast off the roof drinkin 90 proof til spring  
Real niggaz do real things, check

We started out makin, small time bacon  
Two little niggaz bakin, talkin bout whippin cakes  
Get clothin and big cheddar, hopin it gets better  
We had no knowledge of this shit we just was with whatever  
In front of your buildin clockin, thought I was makin a killin  
Right in front of your children, eightball in my side pocket  
They was corrupt too, disrespectin the fiends I used to  
look up to, take it or leave it, fuck you  
In different parts of the planet, Oakland to New York  
I'm hollerin Lifetimes, he hollerin Life's Too \$hort  
Parallel lives and jew-els held high  
To the Range, to the Rove, get exchanged, for your souls  
You know how the game goes, slang to get G's  
and speak in Chinese everybody gains the same dough  
Get your shit scarred fuckin with my sick squad  
from Marcy, to the Bay y'all, we get large, keep in charge

On the road to riches and diamond rings  
Real niggaz do real things  
Hangin with the honies is the song I sing  
Real niggaz do real things  
On the road to riches and diamond rings  
Real niggaz do real things  
Bustin my toast off the roof drinkin 90 proof til spring  
Real niggaz do real things

[Too \$hort]

So now you own a record label, I got one too  
We on a roll now, can't nobody stop our crew  
You can treat us like convicts, you know we got records  
On the shelf and on the charts the double deckers  
The fat donkey house down the block, belongs to me  
You criticize the way I walk, you wanna see my bankbook?  
I'm not a crook, I flipped the script and changed my ways  
so I can get paid, everyday  
I see the same old shit, I see in the streets  
I know you think I'm sellin keys but I only sell beats  
Dopefiend music, it's drug related  
You can buy it on the corner get a radio and play it  
It always sounds better when you turn it up loud  
Rap music let these motherfuckers know what we about  
I know these gay ass record labels keep fuckin niggaz  
It's just like in the streets main, how much you get?

[Jay-Z]

On the road to riches, and diamond rings  
Real niggaz do real things  
Hangin with the honies is the song I sing  
Real niggaz do real things  
On the road to riches and diamond rings  
Real niggaz do real things  
Bustin my toast off the roof drinkin 90 proof til spring  
Real niggaz do real things

[Too \$hort]  
That's right, I been a hustler for a long time  
Always got the right beats, never saying wrong rhymes  
I started off with nothing ended up with everything  
Now we sip Hennessie in first class on every plane  
Ask Jay-Z, he know what I'm sayin  
Always see me at the bank and yes I'm goin again  
There ain't no dollar amount, that can make me happy  
Fine women, a big house, a truck and a Caddy

[Jay-Z]  
Now peep, how sweet, niggaz lives can get  
Put beef aside, the East and Westside connect  
\$hort Dawg, and Jigga with the, fo'-fo' flow  
I got love for y'all motherfuckers y'all just don't know  
I know y'all got a thing for them rag six-fo's  
I like the five speed drops pop the clutch then go  
If you want it, keep ballin, and if you jealous stop  
I want Biggie to rest in peace, as well as 'Pac  
How real is that?

On the road to riches and diamond rings  
Real niggaz do real things  
Hangin with the honies is the song I sing  
Real niggaz do real things  
On the road to riches and diamond rings  
Real niggaz do real things  
Bustin my toast off the roof drinkin 90 proof til spring  
Real niggaz do real things  
And I'm out

[Too \$hort] Beyotch! \$hort Dawg's in the house  
[Jay-Z] Jigga  
[Too \$hort] Much love  
[Jay-Z] \$hort Dawg, get your money main  
[Too \$hort] All the way from the West coast  
[Jay-Z] Uhh, how real is that

## Rap Game/Crack Game

Uhh...

Uhh, yeah

Won't stop niggaz

"Somehow the rap game remind me of the crack game" --> Nas

Jigga! Feel me

People, told ya motherfuckers, told ya

"See that rap shit is really just like sellin smoke" --> OutKast

Uhh, Roc-a-Fella

Geyeah

We treat this rap shit just like, handlin weight  
What they want we give it to em, what they abandon we take  
Hit a rapper with consignment, let him know it's at stake  
Put his ass in the studio, let him cook up a cake  
When it's hot, get on my money spot in every state  
Like the wiz in Camelot, the mom-and-pop's is the gate  
But first we scope shit, advertise in every area  
Let the fiends know hey, we got some dope shit  
Gon' need a middle man, so we look to radio  
Let em test the product, give em a promo show  
Just a breeze, not enough to catch a real vibe  
Then we drop a maxi single and charge em two for five  
Ain't tryin to, kill em at first just, buildin clientele  
So when the album drops the first weeks it's on sale  
But when demand grows it's time to expand yo  
You don't want no garbage papi it's ten grand per blow, fo' sho'

"Somehow the rap game reminds me of the crack game" --> Nas

"See that rap shit is really just like sellin smoke" --> OutKast

(repeat 3X)

Ge-ge-geyeah

I got that uncut raw to make a fiend's body jerk  
Got your whole block now, pumpin my work  
My CD's is like keys for you Willie's who  
like to floss my cassette tapes in sixty-two's  
And my singles like gems, you know the treys  
Get you high for a while, but the, high don't stay  
You need another fix, you better cop these last two bricks  
Cause when this shit flip, I'ma get on some other shit  
Never pitchin for a label, Jigga's the hook-up  
You know my shit is fish scale, y'all niggaz is cook up  
Just blow up, scream my name from Brooklyn to Da-kota

They know my shit stretch without the baking soda  
Went from an eighth, to a quarter, to a half a key  
Priority's work wasn't right so I switched factories  
Now I'm the new nigga, who figured I'd get the game locked  
Now watch how the prices of your cocaine drop, ha ha

"Somehow the rap game reminds me of the crack game" --> Nas  
"See that rap shit is really just like sellin smoke" --> OutKast  
(repeat 4X)

\*cuts and scratches\*

### **Where I'm From**

[Jay-Z]

uh-huh, je-je je-je-yeah  
ye-ye-yeah, ye-ye-yeah  
How real is this, how real is this  
Uh-huh huh, Inspect this here, check

Verse One:

I'm from where the hammer's rung, New's cameras never come  
You and your man houndin' every verse in your rhyme  
where the grams is slung, niggas vanish every summer  
Where the blue vans would come, we throw the work in the can and run  
Where the plans was to get funds and skate off the set  
To achieve this goal quicker, sold all my weight wet  
Faced with immeasurable odds still I get straight bets  
So I felt some more something and you nothing check  
I from the other side with other guys don't walk to much  
And girls in the projects wouldn't fuck us if we talked too much  
So they ran up town and sought them dudes to trust  
I don't know what the fuck they thought, those niggas is foul just like us  
I'm from where the beef is inevitable, Summertime's unforgettable  
Boosters in abundance, buy a half-price sweater new  
Your world was everything, So everything you said you'd do  
You did it, Couldn't talk about it if you ain't lived it  
I from where niggas pull your car, and argue all day about  
Who's the best MC's, Biggie, Jay-Z, and Nas  
Where the drugs czars evolve, and thugs always are  
At each other's throats for the love of foreign cars  
Where cats catch cases, hoping the judge R and R's  
But most times find themselves locked up behind bars  
I'm from where they ball and breed rhyme stars  
I'm from Marcy son, just thought I'd remind y'all

Chorus: {5x}

Cough up a lung, where I'm from, Marcy son, Ain't nothing nice  
Mentally been many places but I'm Brooklyn's own

Verse Two:

I'm from the place where the church is the flakiest  
And niggas is praying to god so long that they Atheist  
Where you can't put your vest away and say you'll wear it tomorrow  
Cause the day after we'll be saying, damn I was just with him yesterday  
I'm a block away from hell, not enough shots away from straight shells  
An ounce away from a triple beam still using a hand-held weight scale  
Your laughing, you know the place well  
Where the Liquor Store's and the base well  
And Government, fuck Government, niggas politic themselves  
Where we call the cops the A-Team  
cause they hop out of vans and spray things  
And life expectancy so low we making out wills at eight-teen  
Where how you get rid of guys who step out of line, your rep solidifies  
So tell me when I rap you think I give a fuck who criticize?  
If the shit is lies, god strike me  
And I got a question, are you forgiving guys who live just like me?  
We'll never know  
One day I pray to you and said if I ever blow, Let 'em know  
Mistakes ain't exactly what takes place in the ghetto  
Promise fulfilled, but still I feel my job ain't done  
Cough up a lung, where I'm from, Marcy son, ain't nothing nice

Chorus {4x}

Verse Three:

I'm from where they cross-over and clap boards  
Lost Jehovah in place of rap lords, listen  
I'm up the block, round the corner, and down the street  
From where the Pimps, Prostitutes, and the Drug Lords meet  
We make a million off of beats, cause our stories is deep  
And fuck tomorrow, as long as the night before was sweet  
Niggas get lost for weeks in the streets, twisted off weed  
And no matter the weather, niggas know how to draw heat  
Whether your four-feet or Minute size, it always starts out with  
Three dice and shoot the five  
Niggas thought they douce was live, now hit 'em with trips  
And I reached down for their money, pa forget about this  
This time around it's platinum, like the shit on my wrist  
And this glock on my waist, y'all can't do shit about this  
Niggas will show you love, That's how they fool thugs

Before you know it your lying in a pool of blood

Chorus {4x}

### **You Must Love Me**

Kelly Price (Jay-Z)

Talking: Throughout my life (uh huh uh huh uh)

no matter what I've done.(Right)

You've been merciful and your love endureth (yeah)

through all things (ye yeah) For that

I am eternally grateful.

Verse 1

Since my date of birth

bought you nothing but hurt

play those video games

stole change from ya purse

Sat on the cold court bench

'til I was arraigned in ya skirt

Saw the pain in ya face

through you maintained a smirk

All you did was motivate me

don't let 'em hold you back

What I do I turned around

and I sold you crack

I was a bastard for that

still I'm drowning in shame

Just remember one thing now

you're not to blame

You was newly seperated

tryin' to escape ya world

and through my thirst

I didn't help you

I just made things worse

I hated me and everybody

that created crack

Had me thinkin'

the newest kicks and the latest gat

Still haven't apologized

so please play this back

while I try to come to terms

with such a heinous act

you know in more than one way

cocaine numbs the brain

All I did was think about

how the funds once came  
then I ran across this memory  
and it stung the brain  
How can you ever destroy the beauty  
from which one came  
That's a savage you're the reason  
why me and these beats make a marriage  
why I rhyme above average and  
I ain't shit  
Glad you got yourself together  
no thanks to me  
Strong and beautiful the way things should be  
You must love me

Chorus (K. Price) (You must love me repeats in background)  
Say that you love me  
All I know say that you must love me.  
Ohh yeah

Verse 2  
We used to fight every night  
but I never would suffer  
just smile my big brother's  
tryna make me tougher  
As we grew fussing and fighting continued  
as I plundered through ya stuff  
and snuck ya clothes to school  
Got intense real intense  
as we got older  
Never believed it would lead  
to be popped in one of ya shoulda  
With my rings knew you had it  
'cause you took too long  
as Mickey, Andy, and the girl that bought it looked on  
Huffin' and puffin' gun in my hand  
told you step outside  
Hoping you said no but you hurt my pride  
made our way down the steps  
maybe you thought it was just a threat  
or maybe ya life was just that crazy  
and you was beggin' for death  
try to justify this in my young mind  
but ya drillin' it  
and my ego hurt combined  
drove me berzerk  
Saw the devil in your eyes

high off more than weed  
confused I just closed  
my young eyes and squeezed <gunshot>  
What a sound  
opened my eyes just in time  
to see ya stumbling to the ground  
Damn what the fuck I done now  
runnin' around in a circle  
thinking I'm assed out  
hot gun burnin' my waist  
ran straight to Jazz' house  
Like a stranger damn I just shot my nigga  
and ran off into the night as if it was not my nigga  
Left the scene how could I go out that way  
Still you asked to see me in the hospital ya next day  
You must love me.

Chorus (You must love me repeats in background)  
What after all the wrong I've done  
I know you must

Verse 3 (Starts over last line of chorus)  
Everything in my power and within my frame  
to protect you from this life and  
keep you away from the game  
But you was one of the few people  
that I can trust  
and the fact of the matter I slang  
these pies for us  
You put the pressure on me dearly  
rarely would you let it go  
Was a thousand and one times  
I had to tell you no  
When it was one of those days  
when nobody was around  
and I needed emergency trip  
out of town  
Searched my mental rolodex  
for all the numbers I know  
As you stared in my face  
asking me could you go  
I'm agreed said sender  
everything'll go smooth  
just tell her what to do  
and everything'll go through  
Strapped her body with them thangs

as you boarded the plane  
Couldn't explain these strange feelings  
that I caught and the pain  
I'm thinkin' why would I send you  
when I knew it ain't right  
I'm thinkin' what would  
make you sacrifice ya life  
You must love me

Chorus (You must love me repeats in background)  
After everything that I've done wrong  
I know inside you must love me  
I know that you love me  
You showed me I know it  
I know  
Say that you love me  
say that you love me  
I know you must love me  
Oh yes you do  
Inside I know it  
you've always shown it  
you love me yea yeah  
Oh yeah  
I know that you love me