

The Ruler's Back

Jay-Z

I am back niggaz
Ladies and gentlemen H, to the Izzo
So I wanna thank everybody out there for they purchase
I surely appreciate it
What you about to witness is my thoughts
Just my thoughts man right or wrong
Just what I was feeling at the time
You ever felt like this, you vibe with me
Walk with a nigga man just vibe with meYo, gather round hustlers that's if you still livin'
And get on down, to that ol' jig rhythm
Here's a couple of jewels to help you
Get through your bid in prison
A ribbon in the sky, keep your head high
I, young Vito, voice of the young people
Mouthpiece for hustlers I'm back motherfuckers
Your reign on the top was shorter than Leprechauns
Y'all can't fuck with Hov', what type of X y'all on?I got great lawyers for cops so dress warm
Charges don't stick to dude he's Teflon
I'm too sexy for jail like I'm Right Said Fred
I'm not guilty, now gimme back my bread
Mr. District Attorney I'm not sure if they told you
I'm on TV every day, where the fuck could I go to
Plus hov' don't run, Hov' stand and fight
Hov's a soldier, Hov' been fightin' all his life soWhat could you do to me? It's not new to me
Sue me, fuck you what's a couple dollars to me?
But you will respect me, simple as that
Or I got no problem goin' back
I'm representin' for the seat where Rosa Parks sat
Where Malcolm X was shot, where Martin Luther was popped
So off we go, let the trumpets blow
And hold on, because the driver of the mission is a pro
The ruler's backI am back niggaz
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Turn the motherfuckin' speakers up
The ruler's back
I am back niggaz
Yeah, geah, yeah, geah, yeah, geah, yeahWell in these times, well at least to me
There's a lot of rappers out there tryin' to sound like Jay-Z
I'll help you out, here's what you do

You gonna need a wide lens 'cause that's a verr' big shoe
And you got a couple of beans and you don't have a clue
You situation is bleek, I'm a keep it real 'cause
Fuckin' with me, you gotta drop a milk
'Cause if you gonna cop somethin' you gotta cop f'real
Don't only talk it, walk like it from the bricks to the
booth
I can predict the future like Cleo the psychic
You can't date skills and wife it
And you can't sell me bullshit, we know the prices
So what your life is? We gon' roll
'Till the wheels fall off, y'all muh'fuckers check the tires
Off we go, let the trumpets blow
And hold on, because the driver of that Bentley is a pro
The ruler's back I am back niggaz
Feels good ha
Pah, holla at me
The ruler's back
Yeah
Yeah yeah yeah Now bounce, c'mon, bounce
Bounce, c'mon, bounce
Yeah, yeah
Bounce, c'mon, bounce
Uhh, yeah, just my thoughts ladies and gentlemen
Just what I'm feelin' at the time, you know what I mean?
You know

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