

# The Ruler's Back

Jay-Z

I, am, back, niggas  
Ladies and gentlemen, H, to the Izzo  
I want to 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 living  
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  
Why y'all can't fuck with Hov', what type of X why 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 fighting all his life so  
What 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 going back  
I'm representing 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, niggas  
Yeah, yeah, yeah  
Turn the motherfucking music up  
The ruler's back  
I, am, back, niggas  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeahWell in these times, well at least to me  
There's a lot of rappers out there trying 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 very big shoe  
And you got a couple of "Beans" and you don't have a "Clue"?  
You situation is "Bleek", I'ma keep it "Rell" cause  
Fucking with me, you gotta drop "Amil"  
Cause if you gonna cop something you gotta cop for 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 skee-os and wife it (uh-uh)  
And you can't sell me bullshit, we know the prices  
So what your life is? We goin' roll  
Till the wheels fall off, why y'all motherfuckers 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, niggas  
Feels good! Ha  
Pah, holla at me!  
The ruler's back  
Yeah,  
Yeah, yeah, yeah Now bounce, see man, bounce  
Bounce, see man, bounce  
Yeah, yeah  
Bounce, see man, bounce  
Yeah, just my thoughts ladies and gentlemen  
Just what I'm feeling at the time, you know what I mean?  
Know what I mean?

Songwriters

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