

Moment of Clarity

Jay-Z

Turn the music up turn the lights down I'm in my zone
Thank God for granting me this moment of clarity, this
moment of honesty

The world'll feel my truths through my "Hard Knock Life" time my gift and a curse

I gave you volume after volume of my work so you can feel my truths

I built the Dynasty by being one of the realest niggas out

Way beyond a Reasonable Doubt (Y'all can't fill my shoes)

From my Blueprint beginnings 'til that Black Album ending

Listen close you hear what I'm about, nigga feel my truths
When pop died, didn't cry, didn't know him that well

Between him doing heroin and me doing crack sales

With that in the egg shell standing at the tabernacle

Rather the church pretending to be hurt

Wouldn't work so a smirk was all on my face

Like damn that mans face was just like my face

So pop I forgive you for all the shit that I live through

It wasn't all your fault homie you got caught

And to the same game I fault that Uncle Ray lost

My big brothers and so many others I saw

I'm just glad we got to see each other

Talk and re-meet each other save a place in Heaven

Til the next time we meet forever
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Listen close you hear what I'm about, nigga feel my truths
The music business hate me 'cause the industry ain't
make me

Hustlers and boosters embrace me and the music I be making

I dumb down for my audience and double my dollars

They criticize me for it yet they all yell "Holla"

If skills sold truth be told

I'd probably be lyrically Talib Kweli

Truthfully I want to rhyme like Common Sense (But I did five Mil)

I ain't been rhyming like Common since

When your sense got that much in common

And you been hustling since, your inception, fuck perception

Go with what makes sense

Since I know what I'm up against

We as rappers must decide what's most important

And I can't help the poor if I'm one of them
So I got rich and gave back to me that's the win, win
The next time you see the homie and his rims spin
Just know my mind is working just like them (The rims that is) Thank God for granting me this moment of
clarity, this moment of honesty
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Listen close you hear what I'm about, nigga feel my truths My homie Sigel's on a tier where no tears should fall
'Cause he was on the block where no squares get off
See in my inner circle all we do is ball
'Til we all got triangles on our wall
He ain't just rapping for the platinum, y'all record
I recall, 'cause I really been there before
Four scores and seven years ago prepared to flow prepare for war
I shall fear no man you don't hear me though
These words ain't just paired to go in one ear out the other ear, no
Yo, my balls and my word is all's I have
What you gonna do to me? Nigga scars'll scab
What you gonna box me homie? I can dodge and jab
Three shots couldn't touch me thank God for that
I'm strong enough to carry Biggie Smalls on my back
And the whole BK nigga holla back Thank God for granting me this moment of clarity, this moment of honesty
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Songwriters

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Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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