

# Moment of Clarity (Produced by Eminem)

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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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  
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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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