

# Intro (Hand It Down)

Jay-Z

Sorry boys  
But all the money in the world can't bring me back again  
Lay down, lay down  
Gonna stretch my mic out in Ponce funeral home on Marcy  
All those new niggaz stop there  
But a lot later than a whole gang of people thought  
The last of the real hustlers, well maybe not the last  
Bleek's gonna be a good rapper, new, improved Jay-ZI quit, I'm retirin'  
Ain't enough money in this game, to keep me around  
Sorry big, I tried honest  
Can't go with me on this ride though  
I'm callin' the shots, the bar's closin'  
Where we goin' to for breakfast?  
Roc a Fella y'all  
Okay, I'm reloadedBringin' the drama, tryin' to come up in the game  
Marcy  
Had a couple of dollar signs to my name  
Roc a Fella y'all  
One of the best  
Waitin' for my day to come  
Just give me the wordNah, this ain't Jigga, it's your lil' nigga Bleek  
Reportin' to these motherfuckers live from the street  
Game I peeped those, my mind so advanced  
At nine I used to geese hoes for Easter clothesPeep the steez, I represent for all those with twenty eight grams  
On a come up, tryin' to creep the keys  
Large niggaz told me park the car, keep the keys  
Find a hoodrat and creep to Mickey D'sFirst gun two bullets, niggaz know I do pull it  
Niggaz tryin' to kill me dog, who wouldn't?  
Screw Gooden, I pitch in the PJ's  
Lit off the EJ, I split Dutchies with my ring fingerYou find a bitch that don't be cream, bring her  
Last seen with Bing, he got dropped between us  
Shit is constant, that's why I pack the Johnson and Johnson  
For the nonsense who wants it?I go to sleep with a picture of a Porsche on my wall  
Man I'm tryin' to come up on y'all  
Get one up on y'all, that's why I hustle in these streets  
From sundown to sunup on y'allMama said, "Keep bullshittin', they'll kill you dead"  
One week of this hustlin' brought a livin' room set  
Went to Tom D's, niggaz mad, veins out  
Copped the Jordans, two weeks before they came outFlashy, fly little nigga

Nosy bitch from the third floor like, "Why little nigga?"  
Bitch please, twist the trees, took a long pull, like bitch to breathe  
That's my answer, life's like cancer and I'm serious Waitin' for my day to come  
Just give me the word

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