Jay-Z Interview

Hit-Boy

All these niggas really know my at bat average,
ridiculous rap patterns
And fuck what you know, this Youngen got the coldest beats
All my old hoes laying in the coldest sheets
Even if they married they still can't get over me
You 0 for 3
, I'm shooting a hundred right from the field now
I'm just a Fresh Prince, buzzing like Uncle Phil's child
And I Will style, peace to all my Hilary's
Stuffin' money in banks,
hitting Marilyn's like a Kennedy
And if you feeling me, just let me know it
'Cos I just set the stage and get these words off like a poet
I'm Robert Frost cold on these hoes, I just give them the
Edgar Allen Poe up
Sippin something expensive and party 'till they throw up
All my niggas roll up, until the cops show up
My momma says momma's son is a millionaire"
And just for that, throw your ones up in the air
This is Freshman Adjustment meets Late Registration
Connected up with the kings all 'cos of Ricky's relations
Tell the nigga I've been studying since I started creating
Now all these niggas is hating, waiting, judging, debating
Tryin' to charge me with a flagrant, but I will not stop
They tryin' to Derek Fisher the boy, but I will not flop
Instead I take it bassline, like Kobe
And I play my own drums and basslines, you know me, homie
I'm getting courted by the bosses
The Ye's, the Hov's, the Puff's, and all them nigga's who's notorious for flossing
Known to be in places these niggas ain't never heard of
and watched thrones up in the Mercer
Sign my signature in cursive for them incidentals
Then we got fucked up off that
Ace
listening to instrumentals
I came a long way from that place where niggas can't wait to get you
And now you copped your favorite mag and I'm in the latest issue
And all the bitches I could never bag, they steadily claiming they miss you
And it's a shame when I get the low-fade

Have all these women feeling like the fourth grade
Crushin on a Youngen, 'cos they know I'm so paid
Once I get the digits consider me so laid
And none of this shit is fiction cos really I don't play
I changed up my old ways, to kill 'em like OJ
Remind them of a young Mike, fresh J's and a gold chain
I stay tailored like politicians, but fuck like I'm out on bond
Women catching feelings trying to be my first son mom
But I'm catching millions tying to be the first one on
And my CD, do you feel me,
if you coming, come on
IE nigga, I'm a IE nigga
Went from Colton High School to the widescreen nigga
Couldn't walk in my shoes or jog by me nigga
Since I play by my rules I acquired these figures
Now a nigga got enough to supersize, ride with him
No surprise, all these Benjamins inside my denim
Couldn't be the nigga sitting on the sideline benching
Open minds will be the ones to oblige my vision
Televise my mission, on channel 5, see me in the news
They monitor my every move, wanna see me lose
Hear the shit I spit like "what the fuck has gotten into you?"
I got 'em tuned in like a Jay-Z interview

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